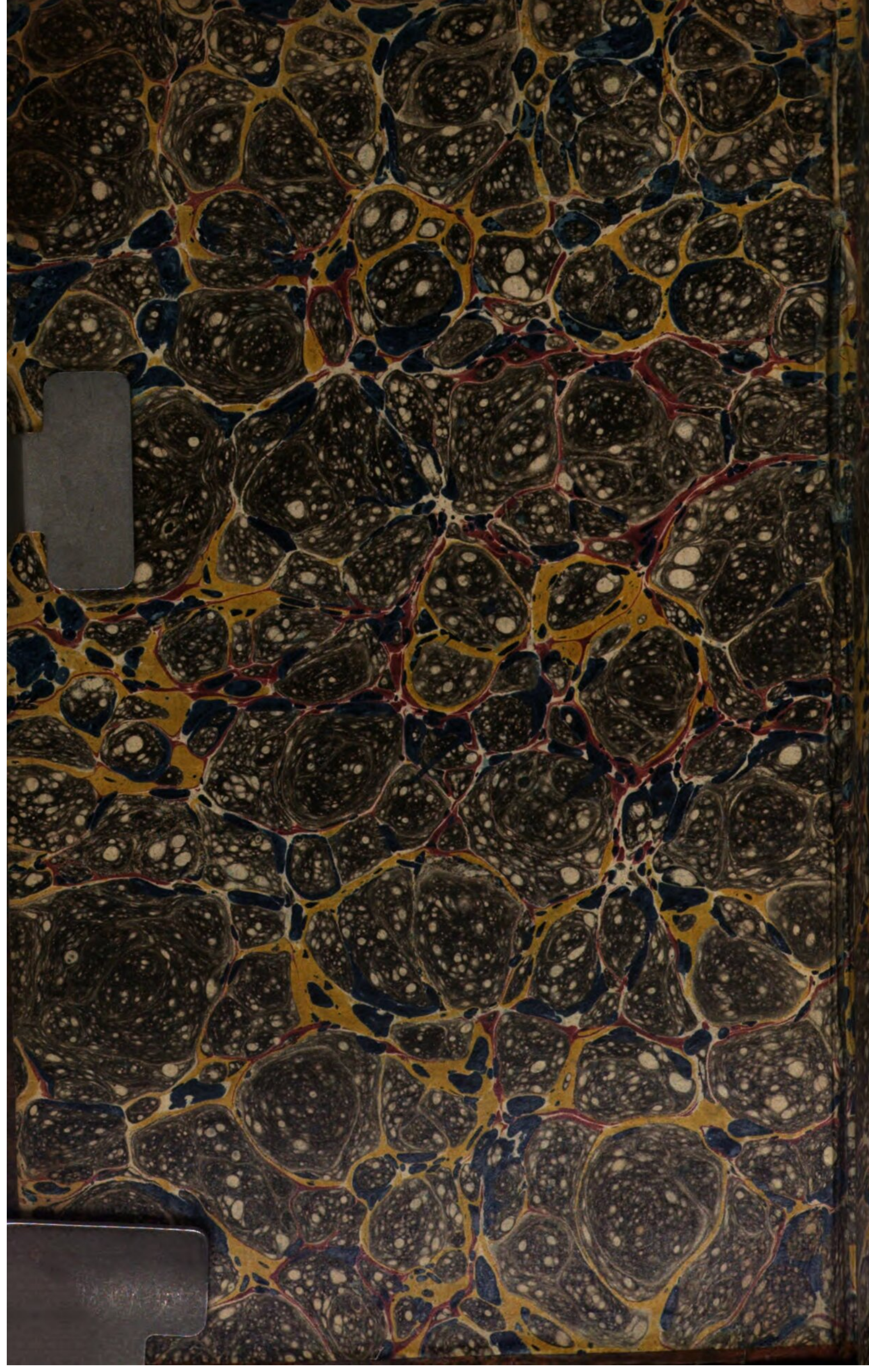








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Volume the Ninth.

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EPITAPHS,
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ENIGMAS,
REBUSES,

U. S. C. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

O SWIFT! if fame be life (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou canst not wholly die: thy works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine!

PARNELL'S VERSES TO SWIFT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

30

Continued

RECEIVED
ENGLAND
THURSDAY
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THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

THE life, writings, and character of SWIFT, have successively employed the researches, exercised the strictures, and exhausted the praises of Mrs. Pilkington, the Earl of Orrery, Deane Swift, Esq. Dr. Delany, Dr. Hawkefworth, Dr. Johnson, and George-Monk Berkeley, Esq. Their several publications, which place his character in very different, and often opposite points of light, have occasioned great diversity in the judgments formed of them by the world, according to the different degrees of prejudice or candour in their several readers. On an attentive perusal, it will be found, that the narrations of Lord Orrery, Dr. Hawkefworth, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Sheridan, entitle them to the exclusive appellation of his biographers. Dr. Delany, Mr. Swift, Mr. Berkeley, and Mrs. Pilkington, come under a different description. The three former must be considered as his apologists, and the latter as a retailer of entertaining anecdotes. These are the several sources from which the facts stated in the present account are chiefly derived. Some particulars of his early life are taken from the *Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, a fragment, written by himself, which now exists in his own hand-writing, in the University Library of Dublin.

Jonathan Swift was, according to the account written by himself, the son of Mr. Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born in Hoey's-Court, in the parish of St. Werburgh, Dublin, on the 30th of November, 1667. He was descended from a younger branch of an ancient family of that name in Yorkshire. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was Vicar of Goodrich in Herefordshire, and married Elizabeth Dryden, aunt of the great poet, by whom he had ten sons and three or four daughters. He died in 1658; and, of his sons, six survived him, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam.

Thomas was bred at Oxford, and took orders: he married the eldest daughter of Davenant, and left an only son, Thomas, who died rector of Puttenham in Surrey, May 1752, in the 87th year of his age. Godwin studied the law, in the Inner-Temple, and was called to the bar before the Restoration. He had four wives, one of whom was a relation to the old Marchioness of Ormond; and, upon that account, the old Duke of Ormond made him his Attorney-General, in the palatinate of Tipperary. He left several children, who obtained estates. William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attorneys, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male issue except Jonathan, the father of Swift.

Jonathan, at the age of twenty-three, married Abigail Erick, descended from an ancient family of that name in Leicestershire, but with little or no fortune. He died young, in about two years after his marriage, seven weeks before the birth of his only son; and, as he was but just beginning the world, left his widow and an infant daughter to the care of his brother Godwin.

When Swift was a year old, his nurse, who was a native of Whitehaven, finding it necessary to visit a sick relation, and being extremely fond of the infant, stole him on shipboard, unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years; for, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders not to hazard a second voyage till he should be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that, before he returned, he had learned to spell, and, before he was five years old, he could read any chapter in the Bible.

His mother, about two years after his father's death, quitted the family of his uncle Godwin, and retired to Leicester, where she was chiefly supported by presents and contributions from her relations.

The infancy of Swift passed without any marks of distinction. At the age of six he was sent to the School of Kilkenny, and, at fourteen, admitted into the University of Dublin. The expence of his education was defrayed by his uncle Godwin, who, having a numerous offspring, by four wives, was under the necessity of reducing his allowance as low as possible.

His other relations seemed at that time to think that their assistance was not necessary, so that he was obliged to make the best shift he could with the small pittance afforded by his uncle; who was supposed by him, as well as by the rest of the world, to be in circumstances that might have afforded a much more liberal allowance, without prejudice to his own family.

This supposition made so deep an impression on him, that he never afterwards could think with

patience of his uncle Godwin, nor could heartily forgive the neglect shown him during that time by his other relations.

During his residence at College, he lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes; but he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, by the ill treatment of his relations, that he could not bear to give the necessary application to the more dry parts of the academic studies, for which he had indeed naturally no great relish; and passed his time chiefly in reading books of history and poetry, which were better suited to his taste, and more calculated to relieve the troubles of his mind. In consequence of this, when the time came for his taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was stopped, as he himself expresses it, "for dulness and insufficiency," and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, as it was inserted in the College register that he obtained it *speciali gratia*, by special favour; where it still remains upon record.

He remained in the College near three years after this disgrace, not through choice, but necessity, little known or regarded. By scholars he was esteemed a blockhead; and, as the lowness of his circumstances would not permit him to keep company of an equal rank, upon an equal footing, he scorned to associate with those of a lower class, or to be obliged to those of a higher.

Shame, however, had its proper effect in producing reformation; for he resolved, from that time, to study eight hours a-day, and he continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is generally known.

At this time the force of his genius broke out, in the first rude draught of the *Tale of a Tub*, written by him at the age of nineteen, though communicated to nobody but his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng, the brother of the lady who received his juvenile addresses, and with whom he corresponded with all the romantic ardour attending a first passion, under the whimsical name of *Varina*.

Soon after, his uncle Godwin was seized with a lethargy, and the broken state of his affairs was made public. He now lost even the poor support that he had before; but his uncle William supplied the place of Godwin to him, though not in a more liberal way, which could not be expected from his circumstances, yet with so much better a grace as engaged his gratitude afterwards.

His cousin Willoughby Swift, eldest son of his uncle Godwin, hearing of his father's unhappy circumstances, and reflecting that Swift's destitute situation demanded immediate relief, sent him a present of a larger sum than ever he had been master of before.

This was the first time that his disposition was tried with regard to the management of money; and he said, that the reflection of his constant sufferings through the want of it, made him nurse it so well, that he was never afterwards without some in his purse.

In 1688, when he was about one-and-twenty, he went to consult his mother, who lived at Leicester, about the future course of his life; and, by her direction, solicited the advice and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of her relations, and whose father, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendship with his uncle Godwin, by whom he had been till that time maintained.

Sir William Temple, who then resided at Shene, received him cheerfully into his house, and treated him with that hospitable kindness to which family connections and his unfortunate situation gave him a double claim. On a nearer acquaintance, his kindness to him was increased from motives of personal regard, and he took upon him the direction and superintendence of his studies, in which he found his progress was far from being so great as might have been expected from his course of education and time of life.

During his residence at Shene, he became known to King William, who sometimes visited Sir William Temple when he was disabled by the gout; and, being attended by Swift in the garden, showed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way. King William expressed his kindness to Swift by offering to make him a Captain of Horse; but Swift appears to have fixed his mind very early on an ecclesiastical life; and, it is therefore probable, that, upon declining this offer, he obtained a promise of preferment in the church, for, in a letter to his uncle William, dated 1692, he says, "I am not to take orders till the King gives me a Prebend."

When Sir William Temple removed to Moor-Park, after the settlement of the government, he took Swift with him, and detained him two years, as his friend and domestic companion.

Being much oppressed by an illness which he contracted in Ireland by a surfeit of fruit, that brought on a coldness of stomach and giddiness, with deafness, he was advised to try his native air, and went to Ireland; but, finding himself growing worse there, he soon returned to

THE LIFE OF SWIFT.

Moor-Park, where he continued his studies, upon the abatement of his illness, which, with irregular intermissions, pursued him through life, and at last sent him to the grave deprived of reason.

He thought exercise of great necessity, and used to run up and down a hill, about half a mile from the house, every two hours, and the distance backwards and forwards, in about six minutes.

He now stood high in Sir William Temple's esteem, though he had written nothing that could give him a very high idea of his genius, except the *Tale of a Tub*, which he revised and corrected about this time, and probably showed to his patron.

He tried his strength only in *Pindaric Odes* to the King, to Sir William Temple, and to the "Athenian Society," in which, though there appeared some vigour of mind, and efforts of an uncommon genius, yet it was apparent that it was vigour improperly exerted, and the efforts of a genius misapplied. The sentiments were strained and crowded, and the numbers irregular and harsh.

When Sir William Temple was consulted by the Earl of Portland about the expedience of complying with a bill then depending for making parliaments triennial, he sent Swift to Kensington with the whole account in writing, to convince the King and the Earl that the proposal involved nothing dangerous to royal power. But the predetermination of the king made his arguments, and his art of displaying them, totally ineffectual; and the measure was rejected.

The consequence of this wrong step in his Majesty, he observes, was very unhappy; for although it be held a part of the King's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the Prince obligeth himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit*.

In this situation Swift continued, still applying close to his studies, till 1692, when he went to Oxford to take his degree of Master of Arts. In the testimonial which he produced from the University of Dublin, the words of disgrace were omitted, probably by the influence of his uncle William. He was admitted *ad eundem*, June 14. and took his Master's degree July 5th 1692; with such reception and regard as fully contented him.

From Oxford he returned to Moor-Park, where he remained two years longer, in expectation of getting some preferment through Sir William Temple's interest with the King, which he had promised to exert in his favour; and, in this time, he assisted him in the revival and correction of his writings, and added the *digressions* to the *Tale of a Tub*.

At length, quite wearied out with fruitless expectation, he determined to leave Sir William Temple, and to take his chance in the world. When this resolution was made known to Sir William, he received it with ardent marks of displeasure; but, that he might seem to fulfil his promise, he offered him an employment then vacant, in the office of the rolls in Ireland, of about 100 l. a-year. Swift, with great readiness and spirit, replied, "that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders;" and so he went away in discontent.

While he lived at Moor-Park, he used to pay his mother at Leicester an yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless the violence of the weather drove him into a waggon; he dined at obscure ale-houses, among pedlars and ostlers; and at night, he would go to a penny lodging, where he procured clean sheets for sixpence. This practice some have ascribed to avarice, and others, perhaps with more probability, to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties.

He went over to Ireland, and was ordained in September 1694. He had at first no higher views in the church than the Chaplainship to the Factory at Lisbon; but being recommended to Lord Capel, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, he obtained the Prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, of about 100 l. a-year.

Soon after, upon receiving a letter from Sir William Temple, with an invitation to Moor-Park, he resigned his living to a poor curate who had only 40 l. a-year, for the maintenance of a very numerous family of children, and returned to England.

The circumstances attending this act of benevolence are well described by Mr. Sheridan; and the following reflection on the "exquisite pleasure" which it afforded the heart of Swift, is singularly happy, both for the thought and the expression: "Nor is this to be wondered at, since it was the first opportunity he ever had of letting loose that spirit of generosity and benevolence, whose greatness and vigour, when pent up in his own breast by poverty and dependence, served only as an evil spirit to torment him."

The editor of the late edition of the "Tatler," has ascribed his leaving Kilroot to no less a crime than an attempt to commit a rape. This ridiculous charge is refuted by Mr. Berkeley, with a mixture of contempt and indignation which it well deserves. It has also been contradicted in the "Gentleman's Magazine," by the person on whose authority it was rested; and is too palpably absurd to be credited, even by those who may meet with the accusation without seeing the defence.

He arrived at Moor-Park, in 1695, with fourscore pounds in his pocket, after somewhat more than a year's absence. The infirmities of Sir William Temple made him more necessary than ever; and having, perhaps, equally repented their separation, they lived on together with mutual satisfaction. In the four years that passed between his return and Sir William Temple's death, he was fully and usefully employed. He took upon himself the office of Preceptor to his niece, teaching her English, and directing her in a proper course of reading. At the same time, Miss Johnson, daughter of his steward, afterwards so well known by the name of *Stella*, partook of the benefit of the same instruction. She was at that time about fourteen years of age, beautiful in her person, and possessed of such fine talents as made Swift take great delight in cultivating and improving her mind. At this time too he wrote the *Battle of the Books*, in honour of his great and learned friend.

In 1699, Sir William Temple died, and left a legacy, with his manuscripts, to Swift; for whom he had obtained from King William a promise of the first prebend that should be vacant at Westminster or Canterbury.

Upon the death of his patron, he removed to London, and soon after dedicated to the King the posthumous works with which he was intrusted; but neither the dedication, nor a memorial which he thought proper to present, revived in King William the remembrance of his promise. He attended the court a while, but soon found his solicitations hopeless. He exonerated the King so far as to say often that he believed the memorial was never received.

He therefore readily accepted of an offer made to him by the Earl of Berkeley to accompany him into Ireland as his Chaplain and Private Secretary; but after having done the business of secretary till their arrival at Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded his Lordship that a Clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself.

He revenged himself by a severe copy of verses against the governor and his new made secretary, which were everywhere handed about, to their no small mortification.

Lord Berkeley had soon after the disposal of the Deanery of Derry, and Swift expected to obtain it; but by the secretary's being secured by a bribe of 1000 l. it was bestowed on another; and Swift was dismissed with the Rectory of Agher, and the Vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, in the diocese of Meath, which, together, did not equal half the value of the deanery.

He continued still in his office of Chaplain to Lord Berkeley, from the respect which he had for his Lady, whose virtues he has celebrated in the introduction to the *Project for the Advancement of Religion*.

About this time, his true humorous vein in poetry began to display itself in several little pieces, written for the entertainment of Lord Berkeley's family, particularly that incomparable piece of low humour, called *The humble Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris, &c.*

When Lord Berkeley quitted the government of Ireland, Swift went to reside on his living at Laracor, where he read prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profession with great decency and exactness.

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland his lovely pupil Miss Johnson, to whom Sir William Temple, in consideration of her father's faithful services, had left 1000 l. With her came a lady of the name of Dingley, who was related to the Temple family, and whose whole fortune was an annuity of 27 l. With these ladies he passed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened his bosom; but they never resided in the same house. They lived at the parsonage when he was away, and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of Dr. Raymond, a neighbouring clergyman, at Trim.

Miss Johnson was then eighteen, and, by his own account, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person he had ever known of either sex. Yet he studiously avoided the appearance of any tender attachment to her, and never saw or conversed with her but in the presence of some third person.

Whatever inclination he might formerly have had to matrimony, it was now much changed. A

few years absence, and some newly discovered faults, made him wish to put an end to a correspondence in the style of courtship, which had been carried on for some time with Miss Waryng. The circumstances of that affair are laid open in an unlover-like and dictatorial epistle to Miss Waryng, dated May 4. 1700, the design of which seems evidently to have been to break off the match, but in such a way as that the refusal might come from the lady. The subsequent fortunes of Miss Waryng are not known; but it is probable Swift's connection with her might occasion the mysterious conduct he observed towards Miss Johnson.

Ambition, not love, was his predominant passion. Urged by this restless spirit, he every year paid a visit to England, in hopes of finding some favourable opportunity of distinguishing himself, and pushing his fortune in the world.

His first political tract, intituled *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome*, was published in 1701, at the time when the nation was in a ferment on account of the impeachment of the Earls of Portland and Orford, Lord Somers and Lord Halifax, by the House of Commons. He concealed his name; nor was he, though he sided with the Whigs, at that time connected with any of the leaders of that party. His motives were wholly of a public nature, and such as became his truly disinterested and patriotic spirit. This was the only piece he ever explicitly avowed as his own production. With respect to all his other publications, to which he did not affix his name, he left the world to make its own conjectures with regard to the author. He maintained a kind of dignified reserve, and seemed always to court that equivocal shade which "half showed," and "half veiled" his intentions and pursuits.

The same year, he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity.

In 1704, he published, *The Tale of a Tub*, which he had kept by him eight years. Mr. Sheridan considers it as a work truly friendly to the interests of religion, by weakening of the powers of popery and fanaticism; but, it is certain, that most of the serious part of the clergy and the laity, even among the high-church-men, blushed for the author, and thought religion the last thing he troubled himself about. It has been ascribed by Mr. Cooksey, in his "Life of Lord Somers," to that nobleman; but he himself did not deny that he was the author, when Archbishop Sharp and the Dukes of Somerset, by showing it to the Queen, debarred him from a bishopric.

After the publication of this work, his acquaintance was much sought after by all persons of taste and genius. There was, particularly, a very close connection between him and Addison, which ended in a sincere and lasting friendship; and he lived in the greatest intimacy with Congreve, Arbuthnot, Prior, Pope, Gay, Parnell, Garth, Berkeley, and others of inferior note.

In 1708, he published *The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man*, the ridicule of astrology, under the name of *Bickerstaff*, the *Argument against abolishing Christianity*, and the defence of the *Sacramental Test*.

In these publications Swift does not rise superior to the prejudices which agitated the contending parties of those days. His principles of toleration may be clearly perceived to have been inimical to a general liberty of conscience. He speaks the language of those days, when bigotry, under the specious names of zeal and orthodoxy, shook the very pillars of the Reformation; and, while it pretended to secure the church from danger, was undermining the best interests of truth, religion, and liberty.

The attention paid to the paper published under the name of *Bickerstaff*, induced Steele, when he projected the "Tatler," to assume an appellation which had already gained possession of the reader's notice.

In 1709, he published a *Project for the advancement of Religion*, addressed to Lady Berkeley, by whose kindness it is not unlikely that he was advanced to his benefices, but chiefly calculated for the Queen's perusal, being covertly aimed at the destruction of the Whigs or Low-church-party.

After the publication of this piece, Swift went to Ireland, where he passed much of his time with Addison, then Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom.

Upon the change of affairs at court the following year, when the Tory ministry was appointed, Swift was employed by the bishops of Ireland to solicit the Queen for a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth-parts to the Irish clergy.

He arrived in London, with his credentials, in September 1710, and waited upon Harley, to

whom he was mentioned as a man neglected and oppressed by the last ministry, because he had refused to co-operate with some of their schemes.

Harley was glad of an auxiliary so well qualified for his service, and readily admitted him to familiarity and his entire confidence.

He was admitted to those meetings in which the first hints and original plan of action are supposed to have been formed; and was one of the sixteen ministers, or agents of the ministry, who met weekly at each other's houses, and were united by the name of "Brother."

He continued, however, to converse indiscriminately with all the wits, and was yet a friend to Steele, and contributed to the "Tatler," which began in April, 1709.

At this time, and during his connection with the Tory ministry, he kept a regular journal of all the most remarkable events, as well as little anecdotes, which he transmitted every fortnight to *Stella*, the name by which he called Miss Johnson, for private perusal, and that of Mrs. Dingley. This journal was luckily preserved, and some time since given to the world.

He was now immersing into political controversy. The writers on both sides had before this taken the field. On the Whig side were Addison, Burnet, Steele, Congreve, Rowe, and many others of less note. On the Tory side, the chief writers were Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Prior, Freind and King. They had published twelve numbers of a weekly paper, called *The Examiner*, when Swift declared himself. The whole conduct of the paper was, from that time, put into his hands. He entered the field alone; he scorned assistance; and despised numbers. His first paper was published November 2. 1710, No. 13. of *The Examiner*; and he continued them without interruption till June 7. 1711, when he dropped it, closing it with No. 44, and then leaving it to be carried on by Mrs. Manley, and other hands.

In 1711, he published a *Letter to the October Club*, "a set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drank October beer at home, and met every evening at a tavern near the parliament to consult on affairs, and drive things to extremes against the Whigs; to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads." Swift seems to have concurred in opinion with the violent members of his own party; but it was not in his power to quicken the tardiness of Harley, whom he stimulated as much as he could, but with little effect. His *Letter*, however, put an end to the cabals of the *October Club*.

The next year, he published a proposal for correcting, improving, and ascertaining the English Tongue, in a letter to Harley; "written," says Dr. Johnson, "without much knowledge of the general nature of language, and without any accurate inquiry into the history of other tongues. The certainty and stability which, contrary to all experience, he thinks attainable, he proposes to secure by instituting an academy, the decrees of which every man would have been willing, and many would have been proud to disobey; and which, being renewed by successive elections, would in a short time have differed from itself."

The same year, he published his celebrated political tract, called *The Conduct of the Allies*. The purpose was to persuade the nation to a peace; and never had any publication more success. It is said that eleven thousand were sold in less than a month. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furnished arguments for conversation, speeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary resolutions.

It was followed by his *Barrier Treaty*, which carries on the design of the *Conduct of the Allies*, and his *Remarks on the Bishop of Sarum's Introduction to the third Volume of his History of the Reformation*, in which he treats Burnet like a political antagonist, whom he is glad of an opportunity to insult.

The ministry were not unmindful of his merits, and had recommended him to the Queen to fill a vacant bishopric; but the recommendation was opposed by Archbishop Sharp, who used this remarkable expression, "that her Majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a Christian." The Duchess of Somerset also showed the Queen that excessive bitter copy of verses which Swift had written against her, called *The Windsor Prophecy*. As a mark of her displeasure, the Queen passed Swift by, and bestowed the bishopric on another.

As soon as it was known that he was in disgrace with the Queen, his court friends either deserted him or looked coldly on him. Speeches were made against him in both Houses of Parliament. The Scottish Peers went in a body to the Queen to complain of the author of a pamphlet, called the

Public Spirit of the Whigs, written in answer to Steele's "Crisis," in which were many passages injurious to the honour of their nation.

His friend Harley, however, and the rest of the ministry, exerted their influence so strongly in his behalf, that he soon appeared again at court, in higher favour than ever.

In April 1713, he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, the best preferment the ministry would venture to give him. "That ministry," says Dr. Johnson, "was, in a great degree, supported by the clergy, who were not yet reconciled to the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, and would not, without much discontent and indignation, have borne to see him installed in an English cathedral."

In June following, he went to take possession of his deanery; but was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Harley and Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increased.

Upon his arrival, he contrived an interview at Lord Masham's, from which they both departed discontented; he procured a second, which only convinced him that the breach was irreconcilable. He told them his opinion, that all was lost, and that he was determined to have no further concern with public affairs.

By the dissension of his great friends, his importance was now at an end; and seeing his services at last useless, he returned in June 1714, to a friend's house at Letcomb in Berkshire, where he wrote that spirited pamphlet, called *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*; but the death of the Queen, soon after it went to press, put a stop to the publication.

This event broke down at once the whole system of Tory politics, put an end to all Swift's noble designs for the public good, and cut off all his own future prospects.

There is an admirable picture given of him upon this occasion, by a few strokes of the masterly pen of Arbuthnot: "I have seen a letter," he writes Pope, "from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit; and though, like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

The brightest and most important part of his life passed during the four last years of Queen Anne, when his faculties were in full vigour, and occasions for displaying them arose adequate to their greatness.

It is recorded to his honour, and to animate others by his example, that, during his connection with those who were in the highest rank, and who in every rank would have been great, he would never suffer himself to be treated but as an equal, and repulsed every attempt to hold him in dependence, or keep him at distance, with the utmost resentment and indignation.

It happened upon some occasion that Harley sent him a bank bill of 50 l. by his private secretary, Mr. Lewis, which he instantly returned with a letter of expostulation and complaint; but he accepted afterwards a draught of 1000 l. upon the Exchequer, which was intercepted by the Queen's death.

When he was desired by Harley to introduce Parnell to his acquaintance, he refused, upon this principle, that a man of genius was a character superior to a lord in a high station. He therefore obliged him to walk with his treasurer's staff from room to room, inquiring which was Parnell, in order to introduce himself, and beg the honour of his acquaintance.

As to his political principles, if his own account of them is to be believed, he was always against a popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by proximity of blood; nor did he regard the right line upon any other account than as it was established by law, and had much weight in the opinions of the people. He was of opinion, that when the grievances suffered under a present government became greater than those which might probably be expected from changing it by violence, a revolution was justifiable; and this he believed to have been the case in that which was brought about by the Prince of Orange. He had a mortal antipathy to standing armies in times of peace; and was of opinion, that our liberty could never be secured upon a firm foundation, till the ancient law should be revived, by which our parliaments were made annual. He abominated the political scheme of setting up a monied interest in opposition to the landed, and was an enemy to a temporary suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act. In these opinions, and in his general scheme of politics, Harley was known to concur; but Bolingbroke sought to gratify his ambition by secretly promoting the restoration of the exiled family.

The period of his political importance is distinguished by the commencement of his passion for Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, celebrated by the name of *Vanessa*, whose history is too well known to be minutely repeated.

The date of it may be traced to March 1712, when a remarkable change took place in his manner of writing to Miss Johnson.

Miss Vanhomrigh was a young woman fond of literature, whom he took pleasure in directing and instructing; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person, and ventured to make him a proposal of marriage.

He now, for the first time, felt what the passion of love was, with all its attendant symptoms, which he had before only known from description, and which he was now enabled to describe himself in the strongest colours. In this situation, soon after his return from his installation, in 1713, he wrote that beautiful poem, called *Cadenus and Vanessa*, in which he is characterised, under the name of *Cadenus* by the transposition of the letters in the word *Decanus*, the Dean. His first design seems to have been to break off the connection in the politest manner possible. To soften the harshness of a refusal of her hand, the greatest of mortifications to a woman, young, beautiful, and possessed of a good fortune; he painted all her perfections, both of body and mind, in such glowing colours, as must at least have highly gratified her vanity, and shown that he was far from being insensible to her charms, though prudence forbade his yielding to his inclinations. If it be said that he should have checked a passion which he never meant to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, "men are but men." Perhaps, however, he did not know his own mind; and, as he represents himself, was undetermined.

A poem written in such exquisite taste, of which she was the subject, and where she saw herself dressed out in the most flattering colours, was not likely to administer to her cure; on the contrary, it only served to add fresh fuel to the flame.

Meantime, the unfortunate *Stella* languished in absence and neglect. The journal was not renewed; while a continual intercourse was kept up between *Vanessa* and him. She was the first person he wrote to on his retirement to Letcumb, before the Queen's death, and the last in his departure from that place to Ireland; whether she soon followed.

He arrived in a much more gloomy state of mind than before. In the triumph of the Whigs, he met with every mortification that a spirit like his could possibly be exposed to. The people of Ireland were irritated against him beyond measure, and every indignity was offered him as he walked the streets of Dublin. Nor was he only insulted by the rabble; but persons of distinguished rank forgot the decorum of common civility, to give him a personal affront. While his pride was hurt by such indignities, his more tender feelings were often wounded by base ingratitude.

In such a situation, he found it in vain to struggle against the tide that opposed him. He silently yielded, and retired from the world to discharge his duties as a clergyman, and attend to the care of his deanery.

He filled his hours with some historical attempts relating to the *Change of the Ministry*, and the *Conduct of the Ministry*. He likewise finished a *History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne*, which he began in her lifetime, and laboured with great attention, but never published. It was afterwards published by Dr. Lucas; but failed to satisfy the curiosity which it excited.

He was now to contrive how he might be best accommodated in a country where he considered himself in a state of exile. He opened his house by a public table two days a-week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Miss Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days she regulated the table; but appeared at it as a mere guest, like other ladies.

On other days, he often dined at a stated price, with Mr. Worral, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living, he was first disposed by care to pay some debts which he had contracted; and he continued it for the purpose of accumulating money.

In 1716, he was privately married to Miss Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to whom he had been a pupil in the College, and who was the common friend to both, in settling the conditions of this extraordinary union. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in separate houses as before; nor did she ever lodge in the deanery but when Swift was seized with a fit of giddiness.

During almost six years after his return to Ireland, he kept his resolution of not meddling at all with public affairs. In 1720, when the ferment seemed to have subsided, he published his first political pamphlet relative to Ireland, intituled, *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures*. The effect of this tract is well known. It roused the indignation of the ministry: a prosecution against the printer was commenced, though it came to nothing in the end. Swift again withdrew into retirement; and "there," as Mr. Sheridan expresses it, by repeating his former allusion, "his patriotic spirit, thus confined, proved only as an evil one to torment him."

His patriotism burst forth with a vehemence still more powerful and effective, in 1724, to obstruct the currency of *Wood's halfpence*, in the assumed character of a *Drapier*.

His zeal was recompensed with success; and he was, in consequence of it, acclaimed the great patriot of Ireland.

After his marriage to Miss Johnson, he continued his secret intercourse and correspondence with Miss Vanhomrigh; and even indulged her hopes, by the most explicit confession of his passion for her. After such a confession, she concluded, that some reports which had reached her of his being married to Miss Johnson was the real obstacle to their union. To put an end to all further suspense, she sent a short note to Miss Johnson, requesting to know whether she was married to Swift or not. Miss Johnson answered her in the affirmative, and then enclosed the note she had received from her to Swift, and immediately went into the country, without seeing him.

Her abrupt departure showed him what passed in her mind. In the first transports of his passion, he immediately rode to Celbridge, Miss Vanhomrigh's country seat. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, and flung a paper on the table, mute, but with a countenance that spoke the highest resentment, and immediately returned to his horse. She found it contained nothing but her note to Miss Johnson. Despair at once seized her, as if she had seen her death warrant; and such indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which, in a short time, put a period to her existence. Before her death, which happened in 1723, she had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to her relation Serjeant Marshall, and the famous Dr. Berkeley, with a strong injunction, that, immediately after her decease, they should publish all the letters which passed between Swift and her, together with the poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa*. The poem was published, but the letters, at the desire of Dr. Sheridan, were suppressed.

Swift made a tour to the south of Ireland for about two months at this time, to dissipate his thoughts, and give place to obloquy; during which Miss Johnson remained in the country; nor did she quit it for some months after his return. However, upon her return to Dublin, a reconciliation soon took place. He welcomed her to town with a beautiful poem, called *Stella at Wood-Park*, which concludes with a high compliment to *Stella*:

For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-Park with you.

Early in 1726, he revisited England, after an absence of twelve years; and collected three volumes of *Miscellanies*, in conjunction with Pope, who prefixed the preface, and had the whole profit, which was very considerable.

The same year, he published *Gulliver's Travels*, a production that was received with such avidity, that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made. It was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave least pleasure was that which describes the *Flying Island*, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the *Houyhnmns*. The charge of misanthropy is founded on his supposed satire on human nature, in the picture he has drawn of the *Yahoos*. The ground of this censure is examined very minutely by Mr. Sheridan, and his defence is conducted with great judgment and ingenuity. This part of his writings reflects neither honour nor reproach on his moral character.

While Swift was passing his time with his friends Pope and Bolingbroke, and the old fraternity, he received accounts that Miss Johnson was dangerously ill. This call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where he had the satisfaction to find her restored to an imperfect and tottering health.

Next year, he returned to England; and, when the news of the King's death arrived, he attended at court, and kissed the hands of the new King and Queen three days after their accession.

By the Queen, when she was Princess, he had been treated with some distinction, and was well received by her on her exaltation; but whether she gave hopes which she never took care to satisfy, or he formed expectations which she never meant, the event was, that he always afterwards thought on her with resentment, and particularly charged her with breaking her promise of some medals which she engaged to send him.

He had likewise gained the kindness of Mrs. Howard, the Queen's favourite, with whom he kept up a correspondence; and was favourably noticed, at that time, by Walpole; to whom, it is said, he offered the service of his pen, which was rejected. The story originated with Chesterfield, or rather it can be traced no farther, and seems without sufficient foundation.

His last short visit to his friends revived the desire which he had of settling in England; and this, he hoped, might be accomplished, by an exchange of his preferments for something like an equivalent in England; but he soon found that all expectations of an exchange were at an end.

It was generally supposed, on the accession of the late King, that the Tories would be no longer proscribed as formerly; more flattering prospects were opened to him than any he could have in view during the late reign. "We have now done with repining," he writes his friend Dr. Sheridan, "if we be used well and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it; and if things do not mend, it is not our faults; we have made our offers; if otherwise, we are as we were."

But he was soon obliged to alter his measures; for, being seized with a fit of giddiness, and at the same time; receiving alarming accounts from Ireland, that Miss Johnson had relapsed, with little hopes of her recovery, he took leave of the Queen, in a polite letter to Mrs. Howard, and set out for that kingdom on the first abatement of his illness.

On his arrival in Dublin, he found Miss Johnson in the last stage of a decay. He had the misery of attending her in that state, and of daily seeing the gradual advances of death during four or five months. As she found her dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she adjured Swift by their friendship, to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived his acknowledged wife. He made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterwards during the few days she lived. His behaviour threw Miss Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and, for a time, she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune, in her own name, to charitable uses. This scene seems to bear more hard on his humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. She died, January 28. 1728, in the 44th year of her age.

How much he wished her life his papers show; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved most, aggravated by the consciousness that himself had hastened it.

Swift's unjustifiable treatment of Miss Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh have been attributed, by Dr. Delany and Mr. Berkeley, "to that love of singularity which, in a greater or less degree, is inseparable from genius." This may be reasonably doubted. His connection with Miss Waryng was probably the immediate cause of his mysterious conduct towards Miss Johnson; and Miss Vanhomrigh, for a time, had power to captivate him, and make Miss Johnson experience that mortification which she herself had occasioned to Miss Waryng. His conduct towards Miss Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh is examined very minutely by Mr. Sheridan; and though not positively *justified*, yet so anxious is he to place it in the most favourable point of view, that he appears more like a vindicator than an apologist. But the partialities of friendship cannot overcome the power of truth; and it would be more for the credit of Swift, if that part of his conduct which respected Miss Vanhomrigh, not as aggravated by his enemies, but as related by Mr. Sheridan himself, were consigned to oblivion. It will not admit of a defence: it scarcely merits an apology.

After the death of Miss Johnson, his benevolence was contracted, and his severity exasperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deserted. In this forlorn state, his spirit was too great to give way to despondence, and, deprived as he was of all his domestic comforts, he turned his views wholly to the good and happiness of others. He wrote, from time to time, such directions, admonitions, or censures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper; and nothing fell from his pen in vain. By the acknowledged superiority of his talents, his in-

flexible integrity, and his unwearied endeavours in serving the public, he obtained such an ascendancy over his countrymen, as perhaps no private citizen obtained in any age or country. He was known over the whole kingdom by the title of *the Dean*, given to him by way of pre-eminence, as it were by common consent; and when *the Dean* was mentioned, it always carried with it the idea of the first and greatest man in the kingdom.

In a variety of publications, he laid open the chief sources of the miseries of the poor infatuated people of Ireland; at the same time, pointing out the means by which they might be alleviated. While he pleaded their cause with others, he constantly disposed of the third part of his own revenue in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the distressed. Soon after he was out of debt, he lent out the first 500 l. which he could call his own, in small sums of 5 l. and 10 l. to diligent and necessitous tradesmen, to be repaid weekly, at 2 s. or 4 s. without interest. This charity was attended with the greatest benefit to numbers of the lowest class of tradesmen.

During this period, his faculties do not seem to have been at all impaired by the near approaches of old age. One of his last pieces, *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, is perhaps one of the best of his compositions in that way: nor are two of his other productions, written about the same time, intitled *An Epistle to a Lady*, and *A Rhapsody on Poetry*, inferior to any of his former pieces.

The two last were written chiefly with a view to gratify his resentment against Walpole, to whom he attributed the ill offices done him by the Queen, who promised him some medals, which she never sent, and affected to believe him to be the author of three forged letters, written in a very unbecoming style, to recommend a subscription to Mrs. Barber's poems. Walpole was exasperated to the highest degree, and threatened a prosecution; but dropped the design.

His severe reflection on Counsellor Bettefworth, in a short poem *on the Words, Brother Protestants and Fellow Christians*, in 1733, is generally known. The provocation given by Swift was certainly very great, but not so great as the lawyer's indiscretion in his manner of resenting it.

After all, Bettefworth's great fault, and what rendered him particularly obnoxious to Swift, was, his being a zealous Whig, and an active man among the leaders of that party, at a time when party animosities ran high in Ireland, and indeed in both kingdoms.

He wrote, from time to time, various trifles in verse or prose, and passed much of his time with Dr. Sheridan, who greatly contributed to his amusement, by little sprightly pieces of the inferior kind of poetry which he was always writing; and yet more to his employment, by hints and materials which he was every moment throwing out.

As his years increased, his fits of giddiness and deafness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult; they grew likewise more severe, till, in 1736, as he was writing a poem, called *The Legion Club*, he was seized with a fit so painful, and so long continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He, however, permitted one book to be published, which had been the production of former years, *Polite Conversation*, which appeared in 1738. The *Directions for Servants* was printed soon after his death. These two performances show a mind incessantly attentive; and, when it was not employed upon great things, busy with minute occurrences.

His mental powers at length declined, and his irascible passions, which at all times he had found difficult to be kept within due bounds, now raged without controul, and made him a torment to himself, and to all who were about him.

Conscious of his situation, he was little desirous of seeing any of his old friends and companions, and they were as little solicitous to visit him in that deplorable state. He could now no longer amuse himself with writing, and a resolution he had formed of never wearing spectacles, to which he obstinately adhered, prevented him from reading. Without employment, without amusement of any kind, his ideas wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour.

In 1741, he became more violent, and it was found necessary that legal guardians should be appointed of his person and fortune. He now lost distinction. His madness was compounded of rage and fatuity. The last face he knew was that of Mrs. Whiteway, a relation, that lived with him since the death of Miss Johnson; and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant staid; and at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a-day.

In 1742, he had an inflammation in his left eye, which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts; he was kept long waking with the pain, and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye.

The tumour at last subsided, and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and family, gave hopes of his recovery; but he sunk into lethargic stupidity, motionless, heedless, and speechless; the effect, as it was suspected, of water in the brain.

He afterwards spoke now and then to Mrs. Ridgeway the house-keeper, or gave some intimation of a meaning, but at last sunk into a perfect silence, which continued till the 19th of October, 1745, when he expired without a struggle, in the 78th year of his age.

He was buried in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, under a stone of black marble, on which was engraved the following epitaph, written by himself:

Hic depositum est corpus
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
Hujus Ecclesię Cathedralis

Decani:

Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius cor conlacerare nequit.

Abi, viator,

Et imitare, si poteris

Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem.

Obiit Anno (1745)

Menfis (Octobris) die (19)

Ætatis Anno (78).

By his will, which is dated May 3. 1740, just before he ceased to be a reasonable being, he left about 1200 l. in specific legacies, and the rest of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000 l. to erect and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics. His sister, Mrs. Fenton, had disoblged him by an imprudent marriage.

His works have been printed often, and in various forms; first by Pope, in 1726, in some volumes of Miscellanies; next by George Faulkener, 1765; afterwards by Dr. Hawkesworth, in 8 vols. 4to. 1775.; three additional volumes 4to. by Deane Swift, Esq.; and three more by Mr. Nichols. These have been reprinted in 25 vols. large 8vo, and in 27 vols. small 8vo. with the life of Swift by Mr. Sheridan, in 1784. A volume of *Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose and Verse*, not inserted in Mr. Sheridan's edition, was printed in 1789, and may be considered either as an 18th volume of Mr. Sheridan's edition, or as a 26th of that of Dr. Hawkesworth and Mr. Nichols.

On the character and writings of Swift, it is the less necessary for the present writer to enlarge, as they have been so accurately illustrated by Lord Orrery, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Sheridan.

"His capacity and strength of mind," says Lord Orrery, "were undoubtedly equal to any task whatever. His pride, his spirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you please, was boundless; but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that disappointment had a visible effect upon all his actions. He was sour and severe, but not absolutely ill-natured. He was sociable only to particular friends, and to them only at particular hours. He knew politeness more than he practised it. He was a mixture of avarice and generosity; the former was frequently prevalent, the latter seldom appeared unless excited by compassion. He was open to adulation, and could not, or would not distinguish between flattery and just applause. His abilities rendered him superior to envy. He was undisguised, and perfectly sincere. I am induced to think that he entered into orders more from some private and fixed resolution than absolute choice. Be that as it may, he performed the duties of the church with great punctuality, and a decent degree of devotion. He read prayers rather in a strong nervous voice than in a graceful manner; and although he has been often accused of irreligion, nothing of that kind appeared in his conversation and behaviour. His cast of mind induced him to think and speak more of politics than religion. His perpetual views were directed towards power, and his chief aim was to be removed into England; but when he found himself entirely disappointed, he turned his thoughts to opposition, and became the patron of Ireland.

"From the gifts of nature, he had great powers, and from the imperfection of humanity, he had

many failings. I always considered him as an *abstract and brief chronicle of the times*, no man being better acquainted with human nature, both in the highest and lowest scenes. His friends and correspondents were the greatest and most eminent men of the age; and the sages of antiquity were often the companions of his closet; and although he avoided an ostentation of learning, and generally chose to draw his materials from his own store, yet his knowledge of the ancient authors evidently appears from the strength of his sentiments, and the classic correctness of his style.

“ His attendance upon the public service of the church was regular and uninterrupted; and, indeed, regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greatest trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied: his motions were guided by his watch, which was so constantly held in his hand, or placed before him upon his table, that he seldom deviated many minutes in the daily revolution of his exercises and employments.

“ The Dean kept company with many of the fair sex, but they were rather his amusement than his admiration; he trifled away many hours in their conversation, he filled many pages in their praise, and, by the powers of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the least assistance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, supported by the heat of his genius, and joined by the excessive coldness of his nature, *Vanessa* owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the same cause, *Stella* remained an unacknowledged wife. If you review his several poems to *Stella*, you will find them fuller of affection than desire, and more expressive of friendship than love.

“ Upon a general view of his poetry, we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising, heteroclite genius, luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his description, and bitter, exceedingly bitter, in his satire. The restlessness of his imagination, and the disappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was sufficient to every labour; no flight could have wearied the strength of his powers; perhaps if the extensive views of his nature had been fully satisfied, his airy motions had been more regular and less sudden; but he now appears like an eagle that is sometimes chained, and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeases his hunger, by destroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched insects that unluckily happen to buzz or flutter within her reach.

“ The subjects of his poems are often nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable. The *Ladies Dressing-room* has been universally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. The two poems, entitled *The Life and genuine Character of Dr. Swift*, and *Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift*, &c. are poems of great wit and humour. In the last, he has summoned the whole powers of satire and poetry; it is a parting blow, the legacy of anger and disappointment. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid triplets. He had the nicest ear, and is remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes: a bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry.”

Mr. Sheridan produces some striking instances of Swift's tenderness of heart, his great humanity, and his universal benevolence, and closes his account of him with laying open one leading part of his character, “ which,” says he, “ may serve as a clue to the whole.”

“ He was perhaps the most disinterested man that ever lived. No selfish motive ever influenced any part of his conduct. He loved virtue for its own sake, and was content it should be its own reward. The means to arrive at rank, fortune, and fame, the three great objects of pursuit in other men, though thrown in his way, he utterly despised, satisfied with having deserved them. The same principle operated equally on the author as on the man, as he never put his name to his works, nor had any solicitude about them after they had once made their appearance in the world. The last act of his life showed how far he made this a rule of conduct, in his choice of the charity to which he bequeathed his fortune, leaving it for the support of idiots and lunatics, beings that could never know their benefactor.

“ Upon the whole, when we consider his character as a man perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and such exalted virtues, and as an author possessed of such uncommon talents, such an inexhaustible fund of wit, joined to so clear and solid an understanding; when we behold these two characters united in one and the same person, perhaps it will not be thought too bold an assertion to say, that his parallel is not to be found either in the history of ancient or modern times.”

At the end of his “ Introduction,” these blazing encomiums are collected into one strong point :

"It is of moment to the general cause of religion and morality, that the greatest genius of the age was a man of the truest piety and most exalted virtue."

The character of Swift as given by Dr. Johnson, is less favourable; and though it may be allowed to be, in some instances, uncandid and unjust, it will by no means warrant the severe and rancorous recrimination of Mr. Sheridan.

"When Swift is considered as an author, it is just to estimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of Queen Anne, he turned the stream of popularity against the Whigs, and must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation. In the succeeding reign, he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression; and showed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. He said truly of himself, that Ireland "was his debtor." It was from the time when he first began to patronize the Irish, that they may date their riches and prosperity. He taught them first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they revered him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

"In his works, he has given very different specimens, both of sentiments and expression. His *Tale of a Tub* has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterwards never possessed, or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; What is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

"In his other works, is found an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections, or abruptness in his transitions.

His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilized by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far-fought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself, and his readers always understand him. The peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

"This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having obtained it he deserves praise, though perhaps not the highest praise. For purposes merely didactic, when something is to be told that was not known before, it is the best mode, but against that inattention by which known truths are suffered to lie neglected, it makes no provision; it instructs, but does not persuade.

"By his political education, he was associated with the Whigs; but he deserted them when they deserted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the disposition which he assigns to the *Church-of-England Man*, of thinking commonly with the Whigs of the state, and with the Tories of the church.

"He was a churchman rationally zealous; he desired the prosperity, and maintained the honour of the clergy; of the dissenters he did not wish to infringe the toleration, but he opposed their encroachments.

"To his duty as Dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy; and it is said by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs than had ever been in the same time since its first erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor understood music, took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges.

"In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental ele-

ments in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

“He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controversies, “he could only preach pamphlets.” This censure of himself, if judgment may be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe.

“The suspicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great measure from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was. He went in London to early prayers, lest he should be seen at church; he read prayers to his servants every morning, with such dexterous secrecy, that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himself had formerly asserted, that hypocrisy is less mischievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has justly condemned this part of his character.

“The person of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which, though he washed himself with oriental scrupulosity, did not look clear. He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gaiety. He stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter.

“To his domestics he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works discover, must have been a master that few could bear. That he was disposed to do his servants good, on important occasions, is no great mitigation: benefaction can be but rare, and tyrannic peevishness is perpetual. He did not spare the servants of others. Once, when he dined alone with the Earl of Orrery, he said, of one that waited in the room, “That man has, since we sat to the table, committed fifteen faults.” What the faults were, Lord Orrery, from whom I heard the story, had not been attentive enough to discover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

“In his economy, he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear that he only liked one mode of expence better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the Deanery more valuable than he found them.—With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered that he was never rich. The revenue of his deanery was not much more than 700 l. a-year.

“His beneficence was not graced with tenderness or civility; he relieved without pity, and assisted without kindness; so that those who were fed by him could hardly love him.

“He made a rule to himself to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always stored his pocket with coins of different value.

“Whatever he did, he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he therefore who indulges peculiar habits is worse than others, if he be not better.

“In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured if the licentiousness of his raillery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolics, was resented or repressed. He predominated over his companions with very high ascendancy, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, “to venture to speak to him.” This customary superiority soon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himself to be delighted with low flattery.

“On all common occasions, he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularly: but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness, in which he was ironical only to be resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

" He told stories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himself to do well; he was therefore captivated by the respectful silence of a steady listener, and told the same tales too often.

" He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had spoken a minute, to give room by a pause for any other speaker. Of time, on all occasions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

" It may be justly supposed, that there was in his conversation, what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was, by himself and his admirers, termed greatness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He then encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension.

" Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his letters can be supposed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy. From the letters that pass between him and Pope, it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engrossed all the understanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hopes of more. They show the age involved in darkness, and shade the picture with sullen emulation.

" When the Queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay scenes, important employment, and splendid friendships; but when time had enabled reason to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at first were natural, became ridiculous because they were useless. But querulousness was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceased to feel. His reiterated wailings persuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an English parish; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift still retained the pleasure of complaining.

" The greatest difficulty that occurs, in analysing his character, is to discover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almost every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this gross corruption before his long visit to Pope. He does not consider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an ascendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had described his Yahoos before the visit; and he that had formed those images had nothing filthy to learn.

" In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gaiety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of "proper words in proper places."

" To divide this collection into classes, and show how some pieces are gross, and some are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote not often to his judgment, but his humour.

" It was said, in a preface to one of the Irish editions, that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps no writer can easily be found that has borrowed so little, or that in all his excellencies and all his defects has so well maintained his claim to be considered as original."

P O E M S.

O D E

TO THE

HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Written at Moor-Park, June 1689.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies !
 Till, its first emperor rebellious man
 Depos'd from off his seat,
 It fell, and broke with its own weight
 Into small states and principalities,
 By many a petty lord possess'd,
 But ne'er since seated in one single breast !
 'Tis you who must this land subdue;
 The mighty conquest's left for you,
 The conquest and discovery too ;
 Search out this Utopian ground,
 Virtue's Terra Incognita,
 Where none ever led the way,
 Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
 Like the philosopher's stone,
 With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

We have too long been led astray ;
 Too long have our misguided souls been taught
 With rules from musty morals brought,
 'Tis you must put us in the way ;
 Let us (for shame !) no more be fed
 With antique relics of the dead,
 The gleanings of philosophy,
 Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
 The roguery of alchemy ;
 And we, the bubbled fools,
 Spend all our present life in hopes of golden rules.

But what does our proud ignorance learning call ?
 We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
 Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all ;
 Remembrance is our treasure and our food ;
 Nature's fair table-book our tender souls,
 We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
 Stale memorandums of the schools :
 For learning's mighty treasures look
 In that deep grave a book ;
 Think that she there does all her treasures hide,
 And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since
 she dy'd.

Confine her walks to colleges and schools ;
 Her priests, her train, and followers show
 As if they all were spectres too !
 They purchase knowledge at th' expence
 Of common breeding, common sense,
 And grow at once scholars and fools ;
 Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
 Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,

VOL. IX.

And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
 Which greedily they swallow down,
 Still cast it up, and nauseate company.

Curst be the wretch ! nay, doubly curst !
 (If it may lawful be
 To curse our greatest enemy)
 Who learnt himself that heresy first
 (Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
 That knowledge forfeits all humanity ;
 Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
 And fling our scraps before our door !
 Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this general pest ;
 Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
 Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances
 We find in you at last united grown. [meet ;
 You cannot be compar'd to one :
 I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
 Borrow from every one a grace ;
 Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
 Their courting a retreat like you ;
 Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too :
 Your happy frame at once controls
 This great triumvirate of souls.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate ;
 He sav'd his country by delays,
 But you by peace.
 You bought it at a cheaper rate ;
 Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
 To show it cost its price in war ;
 War ! that mad game the world so loves to play,
 And for it does so dearly pay ;
 For, though with loss or victory a while
 Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
 Yet at the last the box sweeps all away.

Only the laurel got by peace
 No thunder e'er can blast :
 Th' artillery of the skies
 Shoots to the earth, and dies ;
 Nor ever green and flourishing 't will last,
 Nor dipt in blood, nor widow's tears, nor orphan's
 cries.
 About the head crown'd with these bays,
 Like lambent fire the lightning plays ;
 Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
 Makes up its solemn train with death ;
 It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the
 sheath.

The wily shifts of state, those juggler's tricks,
 Which we call deep designs and politics
 (As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
 Because the cords escape their eye,
 Wonder to see the motions fly) ;

A

Methinks, when you expose the scene,
 Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
 Off fly the vizards, and discover all:
 How plain I see through the deceit!
 How shallow, and how gross the cheat!
 Look where the pully's tied above!
 Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
 On what poor engines move
 The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states!
 What petty motives rule their fates!
 How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake!
 The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
 Away the frighten'd peasants fly,
 Scar'd at th' unheard-of prodigy,
 Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
 Lo! it appears!
 See how they tremble! how they quake!
 Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle
 fears.

Then tell, dear favourite muse!
 What serpent's that which still resorts,
 Still lurks in palaces and courts?
 Take thy unwonted flight,
 And on the terrace light.
 See where she lies!
 See how she rears her head,
 And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
 To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
 'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
 And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
 Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
 So he wore his within,
 Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
 And though he oft renew'd the fight,
 And almost got priority of fight,
 He ne'er could overcome her quite
 (In pieces cut, the viper still did re-unite),
 Till, at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
 Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.
 Sing belov'd muse! the pleasures of retreat,
 And in some untouched virgin strain
 Show the delights thy sister nature yields;
 Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy
 fields;
 Go publish o'er the plain
 How mighty a profelyte you gain!
 How noble a reprisal on the great!
 How is the muse luxuriant grown!
 Whene'er she takes this flight,
 She soars clear out of sight.
 These are the paradises of her own:
 (The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
 Though ne'er so gently led
 To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
 Runs violently o'er his usual course.)
 Wake from thy wanton dreams,
 Come from thy dear-lov'd streams,
 The crooked paths of wandering Thames!
 Fain the fair nymph would stay,
 Oft she looks back in vain,
 Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
 And softly steals in many windings down,
 As loath to see the hated court and town,
 And murmurs as she glides away.
 In this new happy scene
 Are nobler subjects for your learned pen;
 Here we expect from you
 More than your predecessor Adam knew;

Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
 Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
 How that which we a kernel see
 (Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
 Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
 Shall ere long grow into a tree;
 Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
 Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
 Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
 How some go downward to the root,
 Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
 And form the leaves, the branches and the fruit.
 You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
 Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
 Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.
 Shall I believe a spirit so divine
 Was cast in the same mould with mine?
 Why then does nature so unjustly share
 Among her elder sons the whole estate,
 And all her jewels and her plate?
 Poor we! cadets of heaven not worth her care,
 Take up at best with lumber and the leavings of a fair:
 Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
 Some to the drudgery of a trade,
 Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
 Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for
 Some she condemns for life to try [straw:
 To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
 Me she has to the muse's galleys tied,
 In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
 In vain I tug and pull the oar,
 And, when I almost reach the shore,
 Straight the muse turns the helm, and I launch
 out again:
 And yet, to feed my pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
 With promise of a mad reversion after death.
 Then, Sir, accept this worthless verse,
 The tribute of an humble muse,
 'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
 Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease;
 And, since too oft' debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease:
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy;
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow.
 What'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
 By an equivocal birth
 Seeds and runs up to poetry.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

On his Success in Ireland.

To purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown;
 Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
 You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
 And solid virtue does your name advance.
 Your matchless courage with your prudence joins,
 The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
 With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
 And into adoration turns our praise.
 Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown
 (Cowards are monarchs by that title made),
 Part of your merit chance would call her own,
 And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have :
 What trophies and what triumphs are your due ;
 Who could so well a dying nation save,
 At once deserve a crown, and gain it too !

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
 You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on ;
 And timely on the coming danger thought,
 Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stripp'd from her sole guard the laws,
 Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice ;
 You straight stepp'd in, and from the monster's jaws
 Did bravely snatch the lovely helpless prize.

Nor this is all ; as glorious is the care
 To preserve conquests, as at first to gain :
 In this your virtue claims a double share,
 Which, what it bravely won, does all maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
 An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
 To which they look as to some guardian god,
 That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see !
 When Schomberg started at the vast design :
 The boundless glory all redounds to thee, [thine.
 Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm ;
 You need but now give orders and command,
 Your name shall the remaining work perform,
 And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply,
 To interrupt the fortune of your course :
 Your influence does the vain attacks defy
 Of secret malice, or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
 Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ :
 William's the pledge and earnest given by fate
 Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

ODE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-Park, Feb. 14. 1691.

As when the deluge first began to fall
 That mighty ebb never to flow again
 (When this huge body's moisture was so great,
 It quite o'ercame the vital heat) ;
 That mountain which was highest, first of all
 Appear'd above the universal main,
 To bless the primitive sailor's weary fight !
 And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
 It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And high to heaven as is its name :
 So after th' inundation of a war,
 When learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
 Philosophy's exalted head appears ;
 And the dove-muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings and flies away ;
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,
 To show the flood begins to cease,
 And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.
 The eager muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
 When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,

When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
 And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat
 On the high top of peaceful Ararat ;
 And pluck'd a laurel branch (for laurel was the
 first that grew,
 The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and rain) ;
 And thence, with joyful nimble wing,
 Flew dutifully back again,
 And made an humble chaplet for the king *.
 And the dove-muse is fled once more
 (Glad of the victory, yet frighten'd at the war) ;
 And now discovers from afar
 A peaceful and a flourishing shore :
 No sooner did she land
 On the delightful strand,
 Than straight she sees the country all around,
 Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
 Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens
 And many a pleasant wood ! [crown'd,
 As if the universal Nile
 Had rather water'd it than drown'd :
 It seems some floating piece of paradise,
 Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
 Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
 Fam'd Delos did of old,
 And the transported muse imagin'd it
 To be a fitter birth-place for the god of wit,
 Or the much talk'd oracular grove ;
 When with amazing joy she hears
 An unknown music all around
 Charming her greedy ears
 With many a heavenly song
 Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
 Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the
 tongue.

In vain she catches at the empty sound,
 In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
 And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far-exalted men,
 The wild excursions of a youthful pen ;
 Forgive a young, and (almost) virgin-muse,
 Whom blind and eager curiosity
 (Yet curiosity, they say,
 Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)

Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
 After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye.
 No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense
 For a dear ramble through impertinence ;
 Impertinence ! the scurvy of mankind.
 And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
 Though we be of two different factions still,
 Both the good natur'd and the ill,
 Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
 We join, like flies and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
 In me, who am of the first sect of these,
 All merit, that transcends the humble rules
 Of my own dazzled scanty sense,
 Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
 Of admiration and of praise.
 And our good brethren of the surly sect
 Must e'en all herd us with their kindred fools :
 For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've
 Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade ; [made
 Yet the same want of brains produces each effect.
 And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
 From us the blind and thoughtless crowd,
 Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,

* The ode I writ to the King in Ireland.

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

But censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp heav'n sets on all that's great
and good,

Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war methinks has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade;
Instead of boldly sailing far, to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.

The wits, I mean the atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the
Wondrous refiners of philosophy, [stage;
Of morals and divinity,
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own th' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who you be,
Will quickly take another course:
And, by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods fall,
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at
all.

I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap:
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,
And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms jostling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Jostling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now, as naturally born,
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see;
Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess
That this new, noble, and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye),
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round,
To make some great discovery;
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head,
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay th' impertinence of being known:
Else why should the fam'd Lydian king

(Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,
With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be
great,

Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait)
Still wear, still doat, on his invisible ring?

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
As to paint echo to the sight;
I would not draw th' idea from an empty name;
Because alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know,
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days:

These days! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less.

Then tell us what is fame, where shall we search
Look where exalted virtue and religion sit [for it?
Enthron'd with heavenly wit!

Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity!
And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who, by that, vainly talks of baffling death;
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of
breath,

Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind!
And when you find out these, believe true fame
is there,

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown? is only known in
you.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepan'd
By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, strait became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vext at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But, disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly slippery god, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame,
and air,

So well you answer all phenomena there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and
fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and
shame, [doubt;

Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ig-
norance and night,

The god of learning and of light
Would want a god himself to help him out.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste

Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
 From every age through which it pass'd,
 But always with a stronger relish of the last.
 This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
 To be the great original
 For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
 In what mock habits have they put her since the
 fall! [ages,
 More oft' in fools' and madmen's hands than
 She seems a medley of all ages,
 With a huge fardingale to swell her fustian stuff,
 A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
 Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
 With a long sweeping train
 Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
 All of old cut with a new dye:
 How soon have you restor'd her charms,
 And rid her of her lumber and her books,
 Drest her again genteel and neat,
 And rather tight than great!
 How fond we are to court her to our arms!
 How much of heaven is in her naked looks!
 Thus the deluding Muse oft' blinds me to her ways,
 And ev'n my very thoughts transfers
 And changes all to beauty, and the praise
 Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.
 The rebel Muse, alas! take part
 But with my own rebellious heart,
 And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
 To fan th' unhappy fire.
 Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
 Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your
 friend!
 Rather forgive what my first transport said:
 May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn
 be shed,
 Lie upon you and on your children's head!
 For you (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
 The fatal time when that could be!)
 Have ev'n increas'd their pride and cruelty,
 Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
 Still boasting of her great unknown
 Platonic champions, gain'd without one female
 Or the vast charges of a smile; [wile,
 Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
 You've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-
 rate,
 And which they've now the consciences to weigh
 In the same balance with our tears,
 And with such scanty wages pay
 The bondage and the slavery of years.
 Let the vain sex dream on; the empire comes from
 And, had they common generosity, [us,
 They would not use us thus.
 Well—though you've rais'd her to this high
 Ourselves are rais'd as well as she; [degree,
 And, spite of all that they or you can do,
 'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
 Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.
 Alas, how fleeting and how vain
 Is ev'n the nobler man, our learning and our wit!
 I sigh whene'er I think of it:
 As at the closing of an unhappy scene
 Of some great king and conqueror's death,
 When the sad melancholy muse
 Stays but to catch his utmost breath.
 I grieve, this nobler work most happily begun,

So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
 May fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
 There is a noon-tide in our lives,
 Which still the sooner it arrives,
 Although we boast our winter-sun looks bright,
 And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy
 night.
 No conquest ever yet begun,
 And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
 E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
 It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it pass'd,
 And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.
 For, when the animating mind is fled
 (Which nature never can retain,
 Nor e'er call back again),
 The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead,
 And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
 With what unhappy men shall dare
 To be successors to their great unknown,
 On Learning's high established throne.
 Censure, and pedantry, and pride,
 Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
 Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come
 From ignorance's universal north. [forth
 And with blind rage break all this peaceful go-
 vernment:
 Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
 Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
 Of conquest in your short and happy reign;
 And to all future mankind show
 How strange a paradox is true,
 That men who liv'd and dy'd without a name
 Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

WRITTEN IN

A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK, 1699.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
 And think thou seest my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light;
 Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
 But hid with caution from the wife.
 Here you may read, "Dear charming faint!"
 Beneath, "A new receipt for paint;"
 Here, in beau-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
 There, in her own, "For an el breth;"
 Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
 There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
 Here, a page fill'd with billets-doux;
 On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes"—
 "Madam, I die without your grace"—
 "Item, for half a yard of lace."
 Who that had wit would place it here,
 For every peeping fop to jeer;
 In power of spittle and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place?
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy, and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION, 1699.

To their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland *, the humble petition of Frances Harris, Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries;

Humbly sheweth,

That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's † chamber, because I was cold ;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold ;

So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last night,

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,

Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my smock.

So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it flipt ;

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light :

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord ! I thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord ! Madam, says Mary, how d' ye do ? Indeed, says I, never worse :

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse ?

Lord help me ! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of this place ;

Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm : However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think, [wink.

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept at So I was adream'd, methought that we went and search'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's ‡ box, ty'd in a rag, the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle §, and he fell a-swearing ;

Then my dame Wadgar || came ; and she, you know, is thick of hearing.

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ¶ folks are all very sad ; [out fail.

For my Lord Dromedary ** comes a Tuesday with-Pugh ! said I, but that's not the business that I ail.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

‡ Wife to one of the footmen.

§ Earl of Berkeley's valet.

|| The old deaf housekeeper.

¶ Galway.

** The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two Earls.

Says Cary *, says he, I have been a servant this five and twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing.

Yes, says the steward, †, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of gooseberries.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief,

(Now, you must know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief.) [about :

However, I am resolv'd to bring the discourse slyly Mrs. Dukes, said I, here's an ugly accident has

happen'd out ; [louse ‡ :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.

'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, makes a great hole in my wages :

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body understands,

That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.

The devil take me ! said she (blessing herself) if ever I saw't !

So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.

So you know, what could I say to her any more ? I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well ; but then they would had me gone to the cunning man ! [here anon.

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will be So the chaplain § came in. Now the servants say

he is my sweetheart,

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.

So as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity, when a body's plunder'd !

(Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd parson like the devil !)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil ;

If your money begone, as a learned divine says, d'ye see, [from me ;

You are no text for my handling ; so take that I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know.

Lord ! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so ;

You know I honour the cloth ; I design to be a parson's wife ; [my life ;

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope,

as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went away.

Well : I thought I would have swoon'd. Lord ! said I, what shall I do ! [too !

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true love

* Clerk of the kitchen.

† Ferris.

‡ An usual saying of hers.

§ Dr. Swift.

Then my Lord call'd me : Harry*, said my Lord,
 don't cry ;
 I'll give you something towards thy loss; and, says
 my Lady, so will I.
 Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain
 won't come to ?
 For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*) I
 must petition you.
 The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies protection, [lection ;
 And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
 And, over and above, that I may have your *Ex-*
cellencies letter,
 With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, in-
 stead of him, a better ;
 And then your poor *petitioner*, both night and day,
 Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his trade), as in duty bound,
 shall ever pray.

A BALLAD

ON THE GAME OF TRAFFIC,

Written at the Castle of Dublin, 1699.

My Lord †, to find out who must deal,
 Deliver cards about,
 But the first knave does seldom fail
 To find the Doctor out.

But then his Honour cry'd, Gadzooks!
 And seem'd to knit his brow :
 For on a knave he never looks,
 But h' thinks upon Jack How ‡.

My Lady, though she is no player,
 Some bungling partner takes,
 And, wedg'd in corner of a chair,
 Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd looks out in grave suspense
 For pair-royals and sequents ;
 But wisely cautious of her pence,
 The castle seldom frequents.

Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
 I'd won it on my word,
 If I had but a pair of aces,
 And could pick up a third.

But Weston has a new-cast gown
 On Sundays to be fine in,
 And, if she can but win a crown,
 'Twill just new-dye the lining,

" With these is *Parson Swift*,
 " Not knowing how to spend his time,
 " Does make a wretched shift,
 " To deafen them with puns and rhyme."

A BALLAD,

To the tune of the Cut-Purse §.

ONCE on a time, as old stories rehearse,
 A friar would needs show his talent in Latin ;

* *A cant word of Lord and Lady B. to Mrs. Harris.*† *The Earl of Berkeley.* ‡ *Paymaster of the army.*§ *Lady Betty Berkeley, finding the preceding verses in the author's room unfinished, wrote under them the concluding stanza, which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.*

But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
 Because he could find no word to come pat in :
 Then all in the place
 He left a void space,

And so went to bed in a desperate case ; [dle !
 Then behold the next morning a wonderful rid-
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.
 Cho. *Let censuring critics then think what they list*
on't ; [sistant ?
Who would not write verses with such an as-

This put me, the friar, into an amazement :
 For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite ;
 That he came through the key-hole, or in at the
 casement ; [and write :
 And it needs must be one that could both read
 Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :
 However, 'twas civil in angel or elf,
 For he ever could have fill'd it so well of himself.
 Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand : [pains ;
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of
 When he found a new help from invisible hand.
 Then, good Doctor Swift,
 Pay thanks for the gift ; [list :
 For you freely must own, you were at a dead
 And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
 Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

THE DISCOVERY.

WHEN wise Lord Berkeley first came here*,
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders,
 Nor thought to find so great a peer
 Ere a week past committing blunders.

Till, on a day cut out by fate,
 When folks came thick to make their court,
 Out slipt a mystery of state,
 To give the town and country sport.

Now enters † Bush with new state airs,
 His Lordship's premier minister ;
 And who in all profound affairs
 Is held as needful as his ‡ clyster.

With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder
 Asks of his neighbour, Who is that ?

With this he put up to my Lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due,
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word ;
 Then to a corner both withdrew.

Imagine now, my Lord and Bush
 Whispering in unto most profound,
 Like good king § Phyz, and good king Ush,
 While all the rest stood gaping round.

* *To Ireland, as one of the Lords Justices.*† *Bush, by some underhand insinuation, obtained the**post of secretary, which had been promised to Swift.*‡ *Always taken before my Lord went to council.*§ *See "The Rehearsal."*

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

At length a spark not too well bred,
Of forward face and ear acute,
Advanc'd on tipto, lean'd his head,
To over-hear the grand dispute:

To learn what northern kings design,
Or from Whitehall some new express,
Papiſts diſarm'd, or fall of coin:
For ſure (thought he) it can't be leſs.

My Lord, ſaid Buſh, a friend and I,
Diſguiſ'd in two old thread-bare coats,
Ere morning dawn, ſtole out to ſpy
How markets went for hay and oats.

With that he draws two handſuls out,
The one was oats, the other hay;
Puts this to's Excellency's ſnout,
And begs he would the other weigh.

My Lord ſeems pleas'd, but ſtill directs
By all means to bring down the rates;
Then, with a congee circumflex,
Buſh, ſmiling round on all, retreats.

Our liſtner ſtood a while confus'd,
But, gathering ſpirits, wiſely ran for't,
Enrag'd to ſee the world abus'd
By two ſuch whiſpering kings of Brentford.

THE PROBLEM,

" THAT MY LORD BERKELEY STINKS, WHEN HE
IS IN LOVE."

DID ever problem thus perplex,
Or more employ, the female ſex?
So ſweet a paſſion, who would think,
Jove ever form'd to make a ſtink?
The ladies vow and ſwear, they'll try,
Whether it be a truth or lie.
Love's fire, it ſeems, like inward heat,
Works in my Lord by ſtool and ſweat,
Which brings a ſtink from every pore,
And from behind and from before;
Yet, what is wonderful to tell it,
None but the favourite nymph can ſmell it.
But now, to ſolve the natural cauſe
By ſober philoſophic laws:
Whether all paſſions, when in ferment,
Work out as anger does in vermin;
So, when a weazel you torment,
You find his paſſion by his ſcent.
We read of kings, who, in a fright,
Though on a throne, would fall to ſh—
Beſide all this, deep ſcholars know,
That the main ſtring of Cupid's bow
Once on a time was an a— gut;
Now to a nobler office put,
By favour or deſert preferr'd
From giving paſſage to a t—;
But ſtill, though fix'd among the ſtars,
Does ſympathize with human a—.
Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
Conclude love's bow-ſtring at full ſtretch,
Till the kind looſeneſs comes, and then
Conclude the bow relax'd again.
And now, the ladies all are bent
To try the great experiment,
Ambitious of a regent's heart,
Spread all their charms to catch a f—;

Watching the firſt unfavoury wind,
Some ply before, and ſome behind.
My Lord, on fire amidſt the dames,
F—ts like a laurel in the flames.

The fair approach the ſpeaking part,
To try the back-way to his heart:
For, as when we a gun diſcharge,
Although the bore be ne'er ſo large,
Before the flame from muzzle burſt,
Juſt at the breech it ſaſhes firſt;
So from my lord his paſſion broke,
He f—d firſt, and then he ſpoke.

The ladies vaniſh in the ſmother,
To confer notes with one another;
And now they all agreed to name
Whom each one thought the happy dame.
Quoth Neal, whate'er the reſt may think,
I'm ſure 'twas I that ſmelt the ſtink.
You ſmell the ſtink! by G—, you lie,
Quoth Roſs, for I'll be ſworn 'twas I.
Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear:
Let's not fall out; we all had ſhare;
And, by the moſt I can diſcover,
My lord's an univerſal lover.

THE DESCRIPTION

OF

A SALAMANDER. 1706.

Pliny, Nat. Hiſt. Lib. x. c. 67. lib. xxix. c. 4.

As maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got, from bird and brute,
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hieroglyphics fit
To ſhow their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name*?
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A different way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump?
Think of a *bucket* or a *pump*.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cuts a ſalamander.
'Tis well;—but, ſince we live among
Detraſtors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.

Fiſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a ſnake in human form,

All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a general, peer, and beau,
Till peace has made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

"All this we grant—why, then, look yonder:
"Sure that must be a Salamander!"

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This serpent is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out Love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And should some nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcase to pursue,
As from the Salamander's spue;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.
"Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
"If this be not a Salamander?"

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN
SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast;

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette à-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone;
The roads are with her followers strown;
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition:

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE Queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH heart;
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with SCOTCH.
Blest revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies;
Like a rich coat with skirts of frieze:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesmen dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel:
Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY†.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove entreat
To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found far in a country scene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus cleans from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

APPOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Countess
of Winchelsea, under her name of *Ardelia*.

PHOEBUS, now shortening every shade,
Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;

* The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.

† An elegant Latin version of this little poem is in
the sixth volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*.

But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft' had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her, to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said;
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The God could not refuse her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due:
But she the charm already tried.
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the muses wait:
But Palla's owns Ardelia's power;
For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name!

Of modest poets thou be first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A whig, and one that wears a gown!

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL, 1706.

IN times of *old*, when Time was *young*,
And poets their own verses sung;
A verse would draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its different power:
Heroic strains could build a tower;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

But, to their own or landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging *for a song*:
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race;
And, should they build as fast as *write*,
"T would ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to *build castles* there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say:
Sing, muse, the house of poet Van
In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skilled
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *house* gone to decay;
Or, by *achievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And, as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still,
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise,
Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast.
So Van resolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke*;
And (like a wag set down to write)
Would whisper to himself, *a bite*;
Then, from this motley, mingled style,
Proceeded to erect his pile.

So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest:
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
Ay, thought the God, are these your tricks?
Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks*;
And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.
He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid;
Th' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second-hand),
Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit:
And first the Prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompass all.
The Scene a wood produc'd, no more
Than a few scrubby trees before.
The Plot as yet lay deep; and so
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work so hard was found,
Two Acts it cost him under ground:
Two other Acts, we may presume,
Were spent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fifth.
The Epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the house of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no such house was to be found.

One asks the watermen hard-by,
"Where may the poets palace lie?"

Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van:

Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
Thy house about thee like a snail;
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it like a chaise;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt!
Capacious house! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small:
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, are born again,
Born like a phoenix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same:
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of *modern* wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile.
So chemists boast they have a power
From the dead ashes of a flower
Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice:
So modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past;

Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

TWO RIDDLES. 1707.*

I. ON A FAN.

FROM India's burning clime I'm brought,
With cooling gales like zephyrs fraught.
Not Iris, when she paints the sky,
Can show more different hue than I:
Nor can she change her form so fast;
I'm now a sail, and now a mast:
I here am red, and there am green;
A beggar there, and here a queen.
I sometimes live in house of hair,
And oft' in hand of lady fair:
I please the young, I grace the old,
And am at once both hot and cold:
Say what I am then, if you can,
And find the rhyme, and you're the man.

ANSWER.

YOUR house of hair, and lady's hand,
At first did put me to a stand.
I have it now—'tis plain enough—
Your hairy business is a *muff*.
Your engine fraught with cooling gales,
At once so like your masts and sails;
Your thing of various shape and hue,
Must be some painted toy, I knew:
And for the rhyme to *you're the man*,
What fits it better than a *fan*?

II. ON A BEAU.

I'm wealthy and poor,
I'm empty and full,
I'm humble and proud,
I'm witty and dull.
I'm foul, and yet fair;
I'm old, and yet young;
I lie with Moll K—r,
And toast Mrs. —.

ANSWER, BY MR. F—R.

IN rigging he's rich, though in pocket he's poor;
He cringes to courtiers, and cocks to the cits;
Like twenty he dresses, but looks like threescore;
He's a wit to the fools, and a fool to the wits.
Of wisdom he's empty, but full of conceit; [scab;
He paints and perfumes, while he rots with the
'Tis a Beau you may swear by his sense and his gait;
He boasts of a beauty, and lies with a drab.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How *Miss* pick'd every painted card,

* Originally communicated by Swift to Oldisworth,
who published them in "The Muse's Mercury,"
1707.

And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child;
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.

But, when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all,
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a *house* to build;
A *real house*, with *rooms* and *stairs*,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than *Mifs's* by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:
And so he did; for, in a while,
He built up such a monstrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little school-boys run,
Envyng to see themselves outdone.

From such deep rudiments as these,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd,
At Court, Vitruvius the *second*:
No wonder, since wise *authors* show
That *best foundations* must be low:
And now the Duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.

But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in every art;
Or if his Grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A *mouse-trap* man chief engineer!

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

ON THE EVER-LAMENTED LOSS OF THE TWO
YEW-TREES IN THE PARISH OF CHILTHORNE,
SOMERSET. 1708.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,

Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last!
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *saints*, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a superior force,
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course:
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower:
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see 't;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning-chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe*.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style:
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of *tithes* and *dues*;
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against *dissenters* would repine,
And stood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on,
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black fatten flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

* The tribes of Israel are sometimes distinguished in country churches by the ensigns given to them by Jacob.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discourfing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous!
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to *yeaws*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening-prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either *yeaw*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubbed, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

E L E G Y

On the supposed Death of Partridge, the Almanack
Maker. 1708.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'squire ly'd.
Strange, an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky!
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his herse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt * *cobling* and *astrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* rise
From a *soe-sole* to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear, derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now a-days
Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*.

* Partridge was a cobbler.

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

Besides, that flow-pac'd sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it ** boots*.

The *borned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *shoeing-horns*,
Shows how the art of *cobbling* bears
A near resemblance to the *spheres*.

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.

Thus Partridge by his wit and parts
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*,
And set the *planets* by the ears;
To show his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aspect malign*;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip king of Greece was dead,
His *soul* and *spirit* did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The *cobbling* and *star-gazing* part;
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.

Triumphant star! some pity show
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by pissing out their lights;
Or through a chink convey their smoke,
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

Thou, high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the *ends*:
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and set astride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

** See his almanack.*

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back,
A *cobler*, *starmonger*, and *quack*;
Who to the *stars* in pure good will
Does to his best look upward still,
Weep, all you customers that use
His *pills*, his *almanacks*, or *shoes*:
And you that did your fortunes seek,
Step to his grave but once a-week.
This earth which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in 't,
That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In *physic*, *stolen-goods*, or *love*,
As he himself could when above.

MERLIN'S PROPHECY. 1709.

SEVEN and ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her woe this is the sygne;
Tamys rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng shoes ne hozen.
Then comyth foorthè, ich understonde,
From towne of stoffe to fattyn londe,
An hardie chiftan *, woe the morne,
To Fraunce that evere he was born.
Then shall the fyfhe † beweyle his bosse;
Nor shall grin berrys ‡ make up the losse.
Yonge Symnele § shall again miscarrye;
And Norways pryd § again shall marrey;
And from the tree where bloums feeble,
Rife fruit shall come, and all is wele.
Reaums shall daunce honde in honde **,
And it shall be merye in old Inglonde;
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be forie therefore.
Geryon †† shall have three hedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge †† makyth them but twayne.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING. 1709.

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous aire,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the
The turnkey now his flock returning fees, [street.
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:

* D. of Marlborough.

† The Dauphin.

‡ D. of Berry.

§ The young Pretender.

§ Q. Anne.

** By the Union.

†† A king of Spain slain by Hercules.

†† The Archduke Charles was of the Hapsburg family.

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF
A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics. 1710.

CAREFUL observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offending sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns preface,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A fable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up semstresses walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quack'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
And from the conduit prone to Holbourn bridge.

Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and
blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd
in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down
the flood.

ON THE LITTLE HOUSE BY THE CHURCH-YARD
OF CASTLENOCK. 1710.

WHOEVER pleaseth to inquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The gray old fellow poet * Joe
The philosophic cause will show.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reckoning roof, weathercock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And turning topsy-turvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground;
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile,
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock;
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, *Knock*; the vicar, † *Walls*.

The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here conns his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.

A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought,
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

Warburton ‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson § gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout.

The reverend Dr. || Raymond guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

The Doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry;
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child;

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

† Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.

‡ Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor. § Stella.

|| Minister of Trim.

That thing, I mean, among the kale:
And here 's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou 'lt make another.

Says * Nancy, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

THE VIRTUES OF

SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

THE rod was but a harmless wand,
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feasts the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain magic rod †,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect.
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid;
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Whilst other girls confess the genial spring,
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Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
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Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is
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Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal shame!)
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On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
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Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
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Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
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Resum'd the figure of a stick.

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The peaceful state of common brooms.

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About a certain *magic rod* †,
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And here 's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.

Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou 'lt make another.

Says * Nancy, I can make for miss
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SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.

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But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
'Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feasts the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magick of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain magic rod †,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect.
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottish hills found precious ore ‡,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divin'd,
How well a cully's purse was lin'd:
To a forlorn and broken rake
Stood without motion, like a stake.

The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was just a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft' he us'd to fish withal;
A plaice was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took:

* The waiting-woman.

† The virgula divina, said to be attracted by minerals.

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Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish, and sav'd his bait!

Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in:
But, when th' enchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line,
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
The sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom, bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No bobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's * shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then, why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad!
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd it to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket † switch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
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Just as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest;
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest a while.

Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
Great statesmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier minister of state;
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Too long upon his single shoulders,
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A TOWN ECLOGUE. 1710.

SCENE, THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Corydon.

Now the keen rigour of the winter's o'er,
No hail descends, and frosts can pinch no more;
Whilst other girls confess the genial spring,
And laugh aloud, or amorous ditties sing,
Secure from cold their lovely necks display,
And throw each useless chafing-dish away;
Why sits my Phillis discontented here;
Nor feels the turn of the revolving year?
Why on that brow dwell sorrow and dismay,
Where loves were wont to sport, and smiles to
play!

Phillis. Ah, Corydon! survey the 'Change
Through all the 'Change no wretch like me is
found:

Alas! the day, when I, poor heedless maid,
Was to your rooms in Lincoln's-Inn betray'd;
Then how you swore, how many vows you made!
Ye listening zephyrs, that o'erheard his love,
Waft the soft accents to the Gods above.
Alas! the day; for (oh, eternal shame!)
I sold you handkerchiefs, and lost my fame.

Cor. When I forget the favour you bestow'd,
Red herrings shall be spawn'd in Tyburn Road,
Fleet-street transform'd become a flowery green,
And masts be sung where operas are seen;
The wealthy cit, and the St. James's beau,
Shall change their quarters, and their joys forego;
Stock-jobbing this to Jonathan's shall come,
At the Groom Porter's that play off his plum.

Phil. But what to me does all that love avail,
If, while I doze at home o'er porter's ale,
Each night with wine and wenches you regale?
My live-long hours in anxious cares are past,
And raging hunger lays my beauty waste.
On templars spruce in vain I glances throw,
And with shrill voice invite them as they go.
Expos'd in vain my glossy ribbands shine,
And unregarded wave upon the twine.
The week flies round; and, when my profit's
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I hardly clear enough to change a crown.

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Thou fairest of thy trade, and far the best!
As fruitmen's stalls the summer-market grace,
And ruddy peaches them; as first in place
Frum-cake is seen o'er smaller pastry ware,
And ice on that; so Phillis does appear
In play-house and in park, above the rest
Of belles mechanic, elegantly drest.

Phil. And yet Crepundia, that conceited fair,
Amidst her toys, affects a saucy air,
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Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:

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He *chip'd* his beard; the pieces round
 Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
 A codling, ere it went his lip in,
 Would straight become a *golden* pippin:
 He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold on *golden cup*:
 His empty paunch that he might fill,
 He suck'd his victuals through a quill:
 Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
 Or 't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
 He cock'd his hat, you would have said
 Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
 Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
 On *magazines* of corn or bay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
 Of paltry provender and bread;
 Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old bay is equal to old gold;
 And hence a critic deep maintains,
 We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by grains.

This fool had got a *lucky bit*;
 And people fancy'd he had wit.
 Two gods their skill in music try'd,
 And both chose Midas to decide:
 He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
 And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
 The god of wit, to show his grudge,
 Clapt *asses'* ears upon the judge;
 A goodly pair erect and wide,
 Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
 And now the virtue of his *hands*
 Was lost among Pætolus' sands,
 Against whose torrent while he swims,
 The *golden* scurf peels off his limbs:
 Fame spreads the news, and people travel
 From far to gather *golden* gravel;
 Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
 Had lost his *art*, and kept his *ears*.

This tale inclines the gentle reader
 To think upon a certain *leader*;
 To whom, from Midas down, descends,
 That virtue in the finger's ends.
 What else by *perquisites* are meant,
 By *pensions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
 By *places* and *commissions* sold,
 And turning *dung* itself to *gold*?
 By starving in the midst of store,
 As *rother* Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas choose,
 Subject or patron of his Muse,
 But found him thus their merit scan,
 That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
 He values not the poet's praise,
 Nor will exchange his *plums* for *bays*.
 To Pan alone rich miser's call;
 And there's the jest, for *Pan* is *ALL*.
 Here English wits will be to seek,
 Howe'er, 'tis *all one in the Greek*.

Besides, it plainly now appears
 Our Midas too hath *asses'* ears;
 Where every fool his mouth applies,
 And whispers in a thousand lies:
 Such gross delusions could not pass
 Through any ears but of an *ass*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
 There's nothing fouls the hand so much:

And scholars give it for the cause
 Of British Midas' dirty paws;
 Which while the *senate* strove to scour,
 They wash'd away the *chemic* power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
 To swim against this *popular tide*,
 The *golden* spoils flew off apace;
 Here fell a *pension*, there a *place*;
 The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, *perquisites*, and *bribes*,
 By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
 And Midas now neglected stands,
 With *asses'* ears, and *dirty hands*.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG. 1711.

BEING THE INTENDED SPEECH OF A FAMOUS
 ORATOR AGAINST PEACE*.

AN Orator *dismal* of Nottinghamshire,
 Who has forty years let out his conscience to hire,
 Out of zeal for his country, and *want of a place*,
 Is come up, *vi & armis*, to break the *Queen's* peace.
 He has vamp'd an old speech; and the court, to
 their sorrow,
 Shall hear him harangue against Prior to-morrow.
 When once he begins, he never will flinch,
 But repeats the same note a whole day, like a
 Finch.

I have heard all the speech repeated by Hoppy,
 And, "Mistakes to prevent, I've obtained a
 "copy."

THE SPEECH.

Whereas, notwithstanding, I am in great pain,
 To hear we are making a peace without Spain;
 But, *most noble* Senators, 'tis a great shame
 There should be a peace, while I'm *Not-in-game*.
 The Duke show'd me all his fine house; and the
 Duchess

From her closet brought out a full purse in her
 clutches.

I talk'd of a peace, and they both gave a start;
 His grace swore by G—d, and her grace let a
 f—t:

My *long old-fashion'd* pocket was presently
 cramm'd

And sooner than vote for a peace I'll be damn'd.

But some will cry *Turn-coat*, and rip up old
 stories,

How I always pretended to be for the Tories.
 I answer; the Tories were in my good graces,
 Till all my *relations* were put into *places*:
 But still I'm in principle ever the same,
 And will quit my best friends, while I'm *Nct-*
in-game.

When I and some others subscribed our names
 To a plot for expelling my master King James;
 I withdrew my subscription by help of a *blot*,
 And so might discover or gain by the plot:
 I had my advantage, and stood at defiance,
 For Daniel was got from the den of the lions:

* The Lord Treasurer having hinted a wish
 one evening that a ballad might be made on the
 Earl of Nottingham, this song was written and
 printed the next morning.

I came in without danger, and was I to blame?
For, rather than *hang*, I would be *Not-in-game*.
I swore to the Queen, that the Prince of Ha-
nover

During her sacred life would never come over:
I made use of a *trope*; that "an heir to invite,
" Was like keeping her monument always in
" fight."

But, when I thought proper, I alter'd my note;
And in her own hearing I boldly did vote,
That her Majesty stood in great need of a Tutor,
And must have an *old* or a *young* Coadjutor:
For why; I would fain have put all in a flame,
Because, for some reasons, I was *Not-in-game*.

Now my new benefactors have brought me a-
bout,
And I'll vote against Peace, *with* Spain, or *without*
Though the Court gives my *nephews*, and *bro-*
thers, and *cousins*,

And all my whole family, places by dozens;
Yet, since I know where a *full-purse* may be found,
And hardly pay eighteen-pence tax in the pound;
Since the Tories have thus disappointed my hopes,
And will neither regard my *figures* nor *tropes*;
I'll *speech* against peace while Dismal's my name,
And be a *true* Whig, while I am *Not-in-game*.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY. 1711.

WHEN a holy black *Swede*, the son of Bob*,
With a *saint*† at his chin, and a *seal*‡ at his fob,
Shall not see one † New-year's-day in that year,
Then let old *England* make good cheer:
Windsor § and *Bristol* § then shall be
Join'd together in the *Low-coun-tree* §.
Then shall the tall black *Daventry Bird* ||
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good *groats* his tongue shall slit.
But, spight of the *Harpy* that *crawls on all four*,
There shall be peace, *pardie*, and war no more.
But *England* must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the *stick* be taken from the *dead sea*.
And, dear *England*, if aught I understand,
Beware of *Carrots* ** from *Northumberland*.
Carrots sown *Thynne* †† a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer* set:

* Dr. John Robinson, bishop of Bristol, one of
the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht.

† He was dean of Windsor, and lord privy-
seal.

‡ The bishop set out from England the latter
end of December, O. S.; and on his arrival at
Utrecht, by the variation of the style, he found
January somewhat advanced.

§ Alluding to the deanery and bishoprick being
possessed by the same person, then at Utrecht.

|| Earl of Nottingham.

** The Duchess of Somerset.

†† Thomas Thynne, of Longleat, Esq. a gentle-
man of very great estate, married the above lady
after the death of her first husband, Henry Caven-
dish, Earl of Ogle, only son to Henry Duke of
Newcastle, to whom she had been betrothed in her
infancy.

Their * *Conyngs mark* thou; for I have been told,
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these *Carrots*, O thou †, whose name
Is backwards and forwards always the same;
And keep close to thee always that *name*,
Which backwards and forwards ‡ is almost the
same.

And, *England*, would'st thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill* §.

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE,

BY DR. SWIFT ||.

ON Britain Europe's safety lies;
Britain is lost if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your skill;
Think what you save, or what you kill.

EPIGRAM. 1712.

As Thomas was cudgel'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life:
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble, [rabble;
And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warn-
ing, [ing:
That he sent to all three a challenge next morn-
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his wife.

CORINNA. 1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.
But Cupid with a Satyr comes:
Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums,
While the poor child lay fast asleep.
Then Cupid thus: This little maid,
Of love shall always speak and write.
And I pronounce (the Satyr said)
The world shall feel her scratch and bite.
Her talent she display'd betimes;
For in twice twelve revolving moons,
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
And all her gestures were lampoons.
At six years old the subtle jade
Stole to the pantry door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
And you may swear the tale went round.

* Count Koningmark.

† Anna.

‡ Masbam.

§ Lady Masbam's maiden name was Hill.

|| Inscribed to the physician who attended Mr.
Harley whilst he lay wounded.

She made a song, how little miss
Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad:
And how, when master went to p---,
Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette;
Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

TOLAND'S INVITATION TO DISMAL,

TO DINE WITH THE CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from Horace, Lib. I. Epist. 5.

Ir, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single dish, and tavern-wine,
Toland to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves-head with your trusty friends.
Suspend awhile your vain ambitious hopes,
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.
To-morrow we our *mystic feast* prepare,
Where thou, our latest *profelyte*, shalt share:
When we, by proper signs and symbols, tell,
How, by *brave hands*, the *royal traitor* fell;
The meat shall represent the *tyrant's* head,
The wine his blood our *predecessors* shed;
Whilst an *alluding* hymn some artist sings,
We toast, "Confusion to the race of kings!"
At monarchy we nobly show our spight,
And talk *what fools call treason* all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill-fortune sunk,
Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
Wine can clear up Godolphin's cloudy face,
And fill Jack Smith with hopes to keep his place:
By force of wine, ev'n Scarborough is brave,
Hal grows more pert, and Somers not so grave;
Wine can give Portland wit, and Cleveland sense,
Montague learning, Bolton eloquence:
Cholmondoley, when drunk, can never lose his
And Lincoln then imagines he has land. [wand;

My province is, to see that all be right,
Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
From our *mysterious club* to keep out spies,
And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise.
You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love.

Sunderland, Orford, Boyle, and Richmond's
Grace, [place.
Will come; and Hampden shall have Walpole's
Wharton, unless prevented by a whore,
Will hardly fail; and there is room for more.
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink;
And honest Harry † is too apt to stink.

Let no pretence of business make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way.
If Guernsey calls, send word you're gone abroad;
He'll tease you with King Charles and Bishop
Laud,

* This poem, and that which follows it, are two of the penny papers mentioned in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, Aug. 7. 1712. They are here printed from folio copies in the Lambeth Library.

† Right Honourable Henry Boyle, mentioned twice before.

Or make you fast, and carry you to prayers:
But, if he will break-in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him
there:

Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

PEACE AND DUNKIRK:

BEING AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG UPON THE
SURRENDER OF DUNKIRK TO GENERAL HILL.
1712.

*To the Tune of "The King shall enjoy his own
"again."*

SPIGHT of Dutch friends and English foes,
Poor Britain shall have peace at last:
Holland got towns, and we got blows;
But Dunkirk 's ours, we 'll hold it fast:
We have got it in a string,
And the Whigs may all go swing,
For among good friends I love to be plain;
All their false deluded hopes
Will or ought to end in ropes:
But the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

Sunderland's run out of his wits,
And Dismal double-Dismal looks;
Wharton can only swear by fits,
And strutting Hal is off the hooks;
Old Godolphin full of spleen
Made *false moves*, and lost his *queen*;
Harry look'd fierce, and shook his ragged mane:
But a Prince of high renown
Swore he 'd rather lose a *crown*,
Than the Queen should enjoy her own again.

Our merchant-ships may cut the Line,
And not be snapt by privateers;
And commoners who love good wine,
Will drink it now as well as peers:
Landed-men shall have their rent,
Yet our stocks rise *cent. per cent.*
The Dutch from hence shall no more millions
drain:
We 'll bring on us no more debts,
Nor with bankrupts fill Gazettes;
And the Queen shall enjoy her own again.

The towns we took ne'er did us good:
What signified the French to beat?
We spent our money and our blood,
To make the Dutchmen proud and great:
But the Lord of Oxford swears,
Dunkirk never shall be theirs.
The Dutch-hearted Whigs may rail and com-
plain;
But true Englishmen may fill
A good health to General Hill;
For the Queen now enjoys her own again.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. VII.

ADDRESS'D TO THE EARL OF OXFORD. 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All Europe's business in his breast)

Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall
Cheapening old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And show'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say 't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest,
And bid friend Lewis * go in quest,
(This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this *parson* be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift,
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In state opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had given the *faction* many a wound,
And libel'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-stamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
"I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent;
So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cry'd;
"He does, with insolence and pride."

Some few days after, Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Charing-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse---
"My Lord---the honour you design'd---
"Extremely proud---but I had din'd---

* *Erasmus Lewis, Esq. the treasurer's secretary.*

"I'm sure I never should neglect---
"No man alive has more respect---"
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
"If you'll be sure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Displays his talent, sits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In summer round the park to ride;
In winter, never to reside.

A *canon*! that's a place too mean;
No Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*;
Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse,
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a *Dean* complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side:
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, instalments, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and cheats---
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parvifol * discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horie, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, "Welcome, Reverend Dean!
"What makes your worship look so lean?
"Why, sure you won't appear in town
"In that old wig and rusty gown?
"I doubt your heart is set on pelf
"So much, that you neglect yourself.
"What! I suppose, now stocks are high
"You've some good purchase in your eye?
"Or is your money out at use?"---
"Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"
(The Doctor in a passion cry'd)
"Your raillery is misapply'd;

* *The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.*

† *The Lord Treasurer's porter.*

" Experience I have dearly bought ;
 " You know I am not worth a groat :
 " But you resolv'd to have your jest ;
 " And 'twas a folly to contest ;
 " Then, since you have now done your worst,
 " Pray leave me where you found me first."

HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. VI.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store ;
 ' But here a grievance seems to lie,
 ' All this is mine but till I die ;
 ' I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
 ' To me and to my heirs for ever.
 ' If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
 ' By any trick, or any fault ;
 ' And if I pray by reason's rules,
 ' And not like forty other fools :
 ' As thus, " Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker !
 " To grant me this and t'other acre ;
 " Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 " Direct my plough to find a treasure !"
 ' But only what my station fits.
 ' And to be kept in my right wits,
 ' Preserve, Almighty Providence !
 ' Just what you gave me, competence :
 ' And let me in these shades compose
 ' Something in verse as true as prose ;
 ' Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
 ' Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content,
 Let me but live on this side Trent ;
 Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
 To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the Crown.
 " Lewis, the Dean will be of use ;
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great Ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found,
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away,
 Not thinking it is levee-day ;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green :
 How should I thrust myself between ?
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And, smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the Dean had been too proud,
 " To juggle here among the crowd !"
 Another, in a surly fit,
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove.

" But rudely press before a duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
 And take it kindly meant, to show
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case---
 That begs my interest for a place---
 A hundred other men's affairs,
 Like bees, are humming in my ears.

" To-morrow my appeal comes on ;
 " Without your help the cause is gone---"

The duke expects my lord and you,
 About some great affair, at two---

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,

" To get my warrant quickly sign'd :

" Consider, 'tis my first request."---

Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best.

Then presently he falls to teaze,

" You may for certain, if you please :

" I doubt not, if his lordship knew---

" And, Mr. Dean, one word from you---

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,

(October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Would take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that ;

As, " What's o'clock ? And, " How's the
 wind ?"

" Whose chariot's that we left behind ?"

Or gravely try to read the lines

Writ underneath the country signs ;

Or, " Have you nothing new to-day

" From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"

Such tattle often entertains

My lord and me as far as Staipes,

As once a week we travel down

To Windsor, and again to town,

Where all that passes *inter nos*

Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,

Because they see me us'd so well :

" How think you of our friend the Dean ?

" I wonder what some people mean ?

" My lord and he are grown so great,

" Always together, *tête à tête* ;

" What ! they admire him for his jokes !---

" See but the fortune of some folks !"

There flies about a strange report

Of some express arriv'd at court :

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

And catechis'd in every street.

" You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;

" Inform us, will the Emperor treat ?

" Or do the prints and papers lie ?

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

" Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest !

" 'Tis now no secret"---I protest

'Tis one to me---" Then tell us, pray,

" When are the troops to have their pay ?"

And, though I solemnly declare

I know no more than my lord mayor,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town*.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

[A few of the first lines are wanting.]

* * * * *

By an old ——— pursued
A crazy prelate†, and a royal prude‡;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And, pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God:
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit; [grace;
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat,
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords, *saw those that saw the Queen*;
At Child's § or Truby's § never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But, after sage monitions from his friends,
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private, when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks; the yeoman cry,
Make room, as if a duke were passing by.

Now Finch¶ alarms the Lords: he hears for certain

This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain,
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.

Walpole and Aislabie**, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons that the secret's out:

* See the rest of this satire among Pope's Poems.

† Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York.

‡ Q. Anne.

§ Coffee-houses much frequented by the Clergy.

¶ The Earl of Nottingham.

** They both spoke against him in the House of Commons.

"A certain doctor is observ'd of late
"To haunt a certain minister of state;
"From whence with half an eye we may dis-
"cover [lover.]

"The peace is made, and Perkin must come
York is from Lambeth sent, to show the Queen
A dangerous treatise* writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but
Swift.

Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon†, and repents too late.

Now, angry Somerset‡ her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her * * * * *
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear instills.

The Queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot §.
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head ||.
While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now careis'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now Delawar ¶ again familiar grows,
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend**.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN WHEN THE MINISTRY WERE AT
VARIANCE. 1713.

OBSERVE the dying father speak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well bound heap of sticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot,
And strove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the fire, how soon 'tis done;
Then took and broke them one by one.
So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel;
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards;

* Tale of a Tub.

† He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.

‡ See the Windsor prophecy.

§ The Duke of Argyll.

|| For writing "The Public Spirit of Whigs."

¶ Then lord treasurer of the household, who cautiously avoided Swift whilst the proclamation was impending.

** He was visited by the Scottish lords more than ever.

And others who in solemn fort
Appear with slender wands at court;
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round:
While wise men think they ought to fight
With *quarter-staffs*, instead of *white*;
Or constable with *staff* of peace
Should come and make the clattering cease,
Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
The Consuls' Fasces were unbound:
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said,
The Prætor broke the Consul's head!
Or Consul, in his purple gown,
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!
Come, Courtiers: every man his stick!
Lord Treasurer, for once be quick:
And, that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt*, bring your mace;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northey†
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be assur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er sticks, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond, lend thy General's staff:
And, if the Crozier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden!
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig;
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me but for all her art,
I find, that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me but I love her dearly.

EPIGRAM.

From the French. †

Who can believe with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence;
Or, how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

On a CURATE's Complaint of HARD DUTY.

I MARCH'd three miles through scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;

* Lord Chancellor.

† Sir Edward Northey, Attorney General.

† Written extempore by a gentleman who was
reproved by some of his companions for eating
eggs and bacon on a fast-day.

I rode four more to Great St. Mary,
Using four legs when two were weary;
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen:
I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mother after.
Within an hour, and eke a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf;
Where thundering out, with lungs long winded,
I chopp'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else could e'er go through it!

A True and Faithful INVENTORY of the GOODS
belonging to Dr. SWIFT, Vicar of Laracor;

*Upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath,
till his Palace was re-built.*

AN oaken, broken elbow-chair;
A cawdle-cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal, without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A backword-poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock, without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water:
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all;
And thus his household goods you have all,
These to your Lordship as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend:
They'll serve your Lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as Doctor Swift?

CADENUS AND VANESSA*.

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature man.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;

* Founded on an offer of marriage made by
Miss Vanhomrigh to Dr. Swift, who was occasion-
ally her preceptor.

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league.
Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Ingross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare,
From visits to receive and pay;
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witnesses ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further these deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:

For if the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
And then, said she, my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their King's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on their right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft' were seen to frown;
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddesses soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said she must consult her books,
The *lovers' Fletas*, *Bractons*, *Cokes*.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide Dido's case*):
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day.
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it---there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoin,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddesses, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;

If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush, because they understand.

The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
"By which thou shalt be known to fame;
"Vanessa, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth shall not be told."

But still the work was not complete:
When Venus thought on a deceit;
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit,
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;

That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
"I would come to just five thousand pound.

The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame:
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.

But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatso'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother-god in heaven;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deek'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She study'd well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought;
And therefore the deductions 's nought,

And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.

In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold):
Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me:
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes!
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.

First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops;
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady---you know who:
Mention'd a new Italian come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell a talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.

With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these she, offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.

She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
—That lady is the dullest soul!—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say---she wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!

A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, 'lightning from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discouraging, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next---What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said, her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain Earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight!

They raily'd next Vanessa's dress:
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear Madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spight,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most:
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.

I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment, how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face.
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her, few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit;
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrel'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake,
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's *Morals* struck, were spoil'd.

The queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent the Fates' decree:

And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamant chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was conquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a Doctor,
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable fires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Careless'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate,
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
No farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines:
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms a part,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit.
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
 She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd, without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought:
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd, to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind:
 For, though she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before,
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride,
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
 But, in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain;
 Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
 Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age;
 That every nymph with envy own'd,
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*;
 And every shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme:
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
 A project far above his skill;
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he were bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,
 She might excuse a man of letters;
 Thus tutors often treat their betters:
 And, since his talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
 Would still her dignity maintain,
 Instructed from her early years
 To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employed his time so long
 To teach her what was right and wrong;
 Yet could such notions entertain
 That all his lectures were in vain?
 She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
 But he must answer for her faults.
 She well remember'd, to her cost,
 That all his lessons were not lost.
 Two maxims she could still produce,
 And sad experience taught their use;
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dares not own;
 Can make us without fear disclose
 Our inmost secrets to our foes:
 That common forms were not design'd
 Directors to a noble mind.
 Now, said the nymph, to let you see
 My actions with your rules agree;
 That I can vulgar forms despise,
 And have no secrets to disguise:
 I knew, by what you said and writ,
 How dangerous things were men of wit;
 You caution'd me against their charms,
 But never gave me equal arms;

Your lessons found the weakest part,
 Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
 Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
 He knew not how to reconcile
 Such language with her usual style:
 And yet her words were so express'd,
 He could not hope she spoke in jest.
 His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
 To form and cultivate her mind.
 He hardly knew, till he was told,
 Whether the nymph were young or old;
 Had met her in a public place.
 Without distinguishing her face:
 Much less could his declining age
 Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
 And, if her youth indifference met,
 His person must contempt beget:
 Or, grant her passion be sincere,
 How shall his innocence be clear?
 Appearances were all so strong,
 The world must think him in the wrong;
 Would say, he made a treacherous use
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
 The town would swear, he had betray'd
 By magic spells the harmless maid:
 And every beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks;
 And, when Platonic flights were over,
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
 So tender of the young and fair!
 It show'd a true paternal care—
 Five thousand guineas in her purse!
 The doctor might have fancy'd worse—

Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd every word he spoke;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans consequence*.
 She rallied well, he always knew:
 Her manner now was something new;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player.
 But those who aim at ridicule
 Should fix upon some certain rule,
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest:
 For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies;
 A science which he never taught,
 And, to be free, was dearly bought;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
 Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
 What he had planted now was grown;
 His virtues she might call her own;
 As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last:
 Why she likes him, admire not at her;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient days!

(Those authors he so oft' had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom, fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead !
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face !
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend ;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach :
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit ;
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more :
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd ;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass ;
As rivers though they bend and twine,
Still to their sea their course incline ;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event ;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes :
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought,
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get ;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice ;
And oft' the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedent gets a mistress by 't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose ;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !
So bright a nymph to come unsought !
Such wonder by his merit wrought !
'Tis merit must with her prevail !
He never knew her judgment fail !
She noted all she ever read !
And had a most discerning head !

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride ;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast ;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love, why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all ?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet ;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
Or virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return ;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymphs in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits :
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances ?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise ?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne ;
The government is now her own ;
He has a forfeiture incur'd ;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor ; and the pupil, he :
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn ;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach :
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain ;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends ;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together ;

Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wife:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd;
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cause* decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the *cause* against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains;"
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)---

"She was at Lord knows what expence
"To form a nymph of wit and sense,
"A model for her sex design'd,
"Who never could one lover find.
"She saw her favour was misplac'd;
"The fellows had a wretched taste;
"She needs must tell them to their face,
"They were a stupid, senseless race;
"And, were she to begin again,
"She'd study to reform the *men*;
"Or add some grains of folly more
"To *women*, than they had before,
"To put them on an equal foot;
"And this, or nothing else, would do 't.
"This might their mutual fancy strike,
"Since every being loves its *like*.

"But now, repenting what was done,
"She left all business to her son;
"She puts the world in his possession,
"And let him use it at discretion."

The cryer was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last *O yes*!
The goddesses would no longer wait;
But rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE*.

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering God is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden-pointed darts away;
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless God, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats:
But the poor nymph who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such fends between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches, still subside.
Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY A LADY †.

HAIL, blushing goddesses, beauteous Spring,
Who, in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling Hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets; no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene;
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire:
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine, impress their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;

* Found in Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the hand-writing of Swift.

† This and the next ode have been ascribed to Vanessa.

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

Oh! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

ODE TO WISDOM.

BY THE SAME.

Oh, Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart
Inflicted by the subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random-shot from Cupid's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O goddess! break the fatal league;
Let Love with folly and intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone within my breast,
O! deign to soothe my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

A REBUS.

BY VANESSA.

Cut the name of the man * who his mistress de-
And let the first of it be only apply'd [ny'd,
To join with the prophet † who David did chide;
Then say what a horse is that runs very fast ‡;
And that which deserves to be first put the last;
Spell all then, and put them together, to find
The Name and the Virtues of him I design'd.
Like the Patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the
state; [great;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the
Like a racer he flies to succour with speed,
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean,
The first but a Rebus, the last but a Dean.
A Dean's but a parson: and what is a Rebus?
A thing never known to the Muses or Phœbus.
The corruption of verse; for, when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun.
But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
It shows and discovers itself through a trifle.
By reading this trifle, I quickly began
To find her a great wit, but the dean a small man.
Rich ladies will furnish their garrets with stuff,
Which others for mantuas would think fine enough;
So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a second-rate poet a year.
Thus much for the verse; we proceed to the next
Where the Nymph had entirely forsaken her text:

* Jo-seph. † Nathan. ‡ Swift.

Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
And what she describes to be merit is treason:
The changes which faction has made in the state,
Have put the dean's politics quite out of date:
Now no one regards what he utters with free-
dom,
And, should he write pamphlets, no great man
would read 'em;
And should want or desert stand in need of his
aid,
This racer would prove but a dull-founder'd jade

HORACE, BOOK. II. ODE I.

PARAPHRASED.

Addressed to Richard Steel, Esq. 1714.

"En qui promittit cives, urbem sibi curæ,
"Imperium fore, & Italiam, & delubra deorum."
HOR. I. Sat. vi. 34.

DICK, thou'rt resolv'd, as I am told,
Some strange arcana to unfold,
And, with the help of Buckley's pen,
To vamp the good old cause again,
Which thou (such Burnet's shrew'd advice is)
Must furbish up, and nickname Crisis.
Thou pompously wilt let us know
What all the world knew long ago,
(E'er since Sir William Gore was mayor,
And Harley fill'd the Common's chair)
That we a German Prince must own
When Anne for heaven resigns her throne.
But, more than that, thou'lt keep a rout
With—who is in—and who is out;
Thou'lt rail devoutly at the peace,
And all its secret causes trace,
The bucket-play 'twixt Whig and Tories,
Their ups and downs, with fifty stories
Of tricks the Lord of Oxford knows,
And errors of our Plenipoes.
Thou'lt tell of leagues among the great,
Portending ruin to our state;
And of that dreadful coup d'eclat,
Which has afforded thee much chat.
The queen, forsooth, (despotic) gave
Twelve coronets without thy leave!
A breach of liberty, 'tis own'd,
For which no heads have yet aton'd:
Believe me, what thou'lt undertaken
May bring in jeopardy thy bacon;
For madmen, children, wits, and fools,
Should never meddle with edg'd tools.
But, since thou'rt got into the fire,
And can'st not easily retire,
Thou must no longer deal in farce,
Nor pump to cobble wicked verse;
Until thou shalt have eas'd thy conscience,
Of spleen, of politics, and nonsense;
And, when thou'lt bid adieu to cares,
And settled Europe's grand affairs,
'Twill then, perhaps, be worth thy while
For Drury-Lane to shape thy style:
"To make a pair of jolly fellows,
"The son and father join, to tell us
"How sons may safely disobey,
"And father's never should say nay;

"By which wise conduct they grow friends
 "At last—and so the story ends *."

When first I knew thee, Dick, thou wert
 Renown'd, for skill in Faustus' art †,
 Which made thy closet much frequented
 By buxom lasses—some repented
 Their luckless choice of husbands—others,
 Impatient to be like their mothers,
 Receiv'd from thee profound directions
 How best to settle their affections.
 Thus thou, a friend to the distress'd,
 Didst in thy calling do thy best.

But now the Senate (if things *bit*,
 And thou at Stockbridge wert not *bit*)
 Must feel thy eloquence and fire,
 Approve thy schemes, thy wit admire,
 Thee with *immortal honours* crown,
 Whilst, *Patriot-like*, thou'lt strut and frown.

What though by enemies 'tis said,
 The *laurel* which adorns thy head,
 Must one day come in competition
 By virtue of some fly *petition* :
 Yet *mum* for that ; hope still the best,
 Nor let such cares disturb thy rest.

Methinks I hear thee loud as trumpet,
 As bag-pipe shrill, or oyster-strumpet ;
 Methinks I see thee, spruce and fine,
 With coat embroider'd richly shine,
 And dazzle all the *idol faces*
 As through the *ball* thy worship paces ;
 (Though this I speak but at a venture,
 Supposing thou hast *tick* with Hunter)
 Methinks I see a *black-guard rout*

Attend thy coach and hear them shout
 In approbation of thy tongue,
 Which (in their style) is *purely bung*,
 Now! now you carry all before you!

Nor dares one Jacobite or Tory
 Pretend to answer one syl—lable,
 Except the matchless hero Abel ‡.

What though her highness and her spouse
 In Antwerp § keep a frugal house,
 Yet, not forgetful of a friend,
 They'll soon enable thee to spend,
 If to Macartney || thou wilt coast,
 And to his *pious patron's ghost*.

Now manfully thou'lt run a tilt
 "On *popes*, for all the blood they've spilt,
 "For massacres, and racks, and flames,
 "For lands enrich'd by crimson streams,
 "For inquisitions taught by Spain,
 "Of which the Christian world complain."

Dick, we agree—all's true thou'lt said,
 As that my muse is yet a maid.
 But, if I may with freedom talk,
 All this is foreign to thy walk :
 Thy *genius* has perhaps a knack
 At trudging in a beaten track,
 But is for *state affairs* as fit
 As mine for politics and wit.

* This is said to be a plot of a comedy with which
 Mr. Steele has long threatened the town.

† Mr. Steele had a laboratory at Poplar.

‡ Abel Roper.

§ Where the Duke of Marlborough then resided.

|| General Macartney, who killed Duke Hamilton.

Then let us both in time grow wise,
 Nor higher than our talents rise ;
 To some snug cellar let's repair
 From duns and debts, and drown our care ;
 Now quaff of honest ale a quart,
 Now venture at a pint of port,
 With which inspir'd, we'll club each night
 Some tender sonnet to indite,
 And with Tom D'Urfey, Philips, Dennis,
 Immortalize our Dolls and Jenneys.

HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.

John Dennis the sheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard Steele, the secluded Party-writer, and Member, to come and live with him in the Mint. 1714.*

FIT TO BE BOUND UP WITH THE CRISIS.

If thou canst lay aside a spendthrift's air,
 And condescend to feed on homely fare,
 Such as we Minters, with ragouts unstor'd,
 Will, in defiance of the law, afford :
 Quit thy patrols with Toby's Christmas-box,
 And come to me at The Two Fighting Cocks ;
 Since printing by subscription now is grown
 The stalest, idlest cheat about the town ;
 And ev'n Charles Gildon, who, a Papist bred,
 Has an *alarm* against that worship spread,
 Is practising those beaten paths of cruising,
 And for new levies on Proposals musing.

'Tis true, that Bloomsbury Square's a noble place :
 But what are lofty buildings in thy case ?
 What's a fine house embellish'd to profusion,
 Where shoulder-dabbers are in execution ?
 Or whence its timorous tenant seldom fallies,
 But apprehensive of insulting bailiffs ?
 This once be mindful of a friend's advice,
 And cease to be improvidently nice ;
 Exchange the prospects that delude thy sight,
 From Highgate's steep ascent, and Hampstead's
 height,

With verdant scenes, that, from St. George's field,
 More durable and safe enjoyments yield.

Here I, ev'n I, that ne'er till now could find
 Ease to my troubled and suspicious mind,
 But ever was with jealousies possess'd,
 Am in a state of indolence and rest ;
 Fearful no more of Frenchmen in disguise,
 Nor looking upon strangers as on spies,
 But quite divested of my former spleen,
 Am unprovok'd without and calm within :
 And here I'll wait thy coming, till the sun
 Shall its diurnal course completely run.
 Think not that thou of sturdy butt shalt fail ;
 My landlord's cellar is stock'd with beer and ale,]
 With every sort of malt that is in use,
 And every county's generous produce.
 The ready (for here Christian faith is sick,
 Which makes us seldom trespass upon tick)
 Instantly brings the choicest liquors out,
 Whether we ask for home-brew'd or for stout,
 For mead or cyder, or, with dainties fed,
 Ring for a flask or two of white or red,

* This and the preceding poem are printed from copies in the Lambeth Library.

Such as the drawer will not fail to swear
Was drunk by Pilkington when third time mayor.
That name, methinks, so popularly known
For opposition to the church and crown,
Might make the Lusitanian grape to pass,
And almost give a sanction to the glass;
Especially with thee, whose hasty zeal
Against the late rejected *commerce-bill*
Made thee *rise up*, like an audacious elf,
To do the speaker honour, not thyself.

But, if thou soar'st above the common prices,
By virtue of subscription to thy Crisis,
And nothing can go down with thee, but wines
Press'd from Burgundian and Campanian vines,
Bid them be brought; for, though I hate the French,
I love their liquors, as though lov'st a wench;
Else thou must humble thy expensive taste,
And, with us, hold contentment for a feast.

The fire's already lighted; and the maid
Has a clean cloth upon the table laid,
Who never on a Saturday had struck,
But for thy entertainment, up a buck.
Think of this *act of grace*, which by your leave
Susan would not have done on Easter Eve,
Had she not been inform'd over and over,
'Twas for the ingenious Author of *The Lover*.

Cease therefore to beguile thyself with hopes,
Which is no more than making sandy ropes,
And quit the vain pursuit of loud applause,
That must bewilder thee in faction's cause.
Pry thee what is't to thee who guides the state?
Why Dunkirk's demolition is so late?
Or why her Majesty thinks fit to cease
The din of war, and hush the world to peace?
The clergy too, without thy aid, can tell
What texts to choose, and on what topics dwell;
And, uninstructed by thy babbling, teach
Their flocks celestial happiness to reach.
Rather let such poor souls as you and I
Say that the holidays are drawing nigh,
And that to-morrow's sun begins the week,
Which will abound with store of ale and cake,
With hams of bacon, and with powder'd beef,
Stuff'd to give field-itinerants relief.

Then I, who have within these precincts kept,
And ne'er beyond the chimney-sweeper's stept,
Will take a loose, and venture to be seen,
Since 'twill be Sunday, upon Shanks's green;
There, with erected looks and phrase sublime,
To talk of unity of place and time,
And with much malice, mix'd with little satire,
Explode the wits on t'other side o'th' water.

Why has my Lord Godolphin's special grace
Invested me with a queen's-waiter's place,
If I, debarr'd of festival delights,
Am not allow'd to spend the perquisites?
He's but a short remove from being mad,
Who at a time of jubilee is sad;
And, like a griping usurer, does spare
His money to be squander'd by his heir;
Flutter'd away in liveries and in coaches,
And washy sorts of feminine debauches.
As for my part, whatever the world may think,
I'll bid adieu to gravity, and drink;
And, though I can't put off a woeful mien,
Will be all mirth and cheerfulness within:
As, in despite of a censorious race,
I most incontinently suck my face.

What mighty projects does not he design, [wine?
Whose stomach flows, and brain turns round with
Wine, powerful wine, can thaw the frozen cit,
And fashion him to humour and to wit;
Makes even S**** to disclose his art,
By racking every secret from his heart,
As he flings off the statesman's fly disguise,
To name the cuckold's wife with whom he lies.
Ev'n Sarum, when he quaffs it stead of tea,
Fancies himself in Canterbury's see;
And S*****, when he carousing reels,
Imagines that he has regain'd the seals:
W*****, by virtue of its juice, can fight,
And Stanhope of commissioners make light.
Wine gives Lord William aptitude of parts,
And swells him with his family's deserts:
Whom can it not make eloquent of speech?
Whom in extremest poverty not rich?
Since, by the means of the prevailing grape,
Th****n can Lechmere's warmth not only ape,
But, half-seas-o'er, by its inspiring bounties,
Can qualify himself in several counties.
What I have promis'd, thou mayst rest assur'd,
Shall faithfully and gladly be procur'd.
Nay, I'm already better than my word,
New plates and knives adorn the jovial board:
And, lest thou at their sight shouldst make wry faces,
The girl has scower'd the pots, and wash'd the glasses,
Ta'en care so excellently well to clean 'em,
That thou mayst see thine own dear picture in 'em.

Moreover, due provision has been made,
That conversation may not be betray'd;
I have no company but what is proper
To sit with the most flagrant Whig at supper.
There's not a man among them but must please,
Since they're as like each other as are peas.
Toland and Hare have jointly sent me word,
They'll come; and Kennet thinks to make a third,
Provided he's no other invitation,
From men of greater quality and station.
Room will for Oldmixon and J—s be left;
But their discourses smell too much of theft:
There would be no abiding in the room,
Should two such ignorant pretenders come.
However, by this trusty bearer write,
If I should any other scabs invite;
Though if I may my serious judgment give,
I'm wholly for King Charles's number five:
That was the stint in which that monarch fix'd,
Who would not be with noisiness perplex'd:
And that, if thou'lt agree to think it best,
Shall be our tale of heads, without one other guest.

I've nothing more, now this is said, to say,
But to request thou'lt instantly away,
And leave the duties of thy present post,
To some well-skill'd retainer to a host;
Doubtless he'll carefully thy place supply,
And o'er his Grace's horses have an eye, [onec,
While thou, who'lt slunk through postern more than
Dost by that means avoid a crowd of duns,
And, crossing o'er the Thames at Temple-stairs,
Leav'st Philips with good words to cheat their ears.

TO LORD HARLEY,
ON HIS MARRIAGE, 1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,

Dear Harley! generous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.

Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
'The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
'The Nymph had soon been brought to yield:
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursued,
'The Nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
'Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For such is all the sex's flight,
'They fly from learning, wit, and light:
'They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.

How then, Dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success?
For, if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you:
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And, since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.

Then where, said I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover?

This character shall Ca'endish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among the glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain:
But Pallas, guardian of the Maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
The Nymph with indignation view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd:
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purify'd her mortal sight;
Show'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.

'Terrestrial nymphs, by former arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
'Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet, wanting skill and power to choose,
'Their only pride is to refuse.
But, when a gooddeſs would beſtow
Her love on ſome bright youth below,
Round all the earth ſhe caſts her eyes;
And then, deſcending from the ſkies,
Makes choice of him ſhe fancies beſt,
And bids the raviſh'd youth be bleſs'd.

Thus the bright Empreſs of the Morn
Chose, for her ſpouſe, a mortal born:
'The Goddeſs made advances firſt;
Elſe what aſpiring hero durſt?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She bluſhes when by mortals ſeen;

Still bluſhes, and with ſpeed retires,
When Sol purſues her with his fires.

Diana thus, Heaven's chaſteſt queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her ſilver chariot came,
And to the Shepherd own'd her flame.

Thus Ca'endiſh, as Aurora bright,
And chaſter than the Queen of Night,
Deſcended from her ſphere, to find
A mortal of ſuperior kind.

IN SICKNESS.

Written in Ireland, October 1714.

'Tis true—then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a tear will tend my herſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.

Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick;
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will ſave a double ſorrow.

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1715.

On an Attempt to repeal the Teſt Act.

A BITCH that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her ripen'd time was come,
Her litter teeming from her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay-her.

At length to Muſic's houſe* ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame;
"My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
"You ſee 'tis mere neceſſity
"Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp;
"I'll die, if you deny your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With couchant cringe, and flattering tale,
Smooth Bawty† did ſo far prevail,

* The Church of England.

† A Scotch name for a bitch; alluding to the kirk.

That Music gave her leave to litter :
But mark what follow'd—faith ! she bit her.

Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps ;
For well she knew, her numerous brood,
For want of milk, would suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone ;
In civil terms—" My friend," says she,
" My house you 've had on courtesy ;
" And now I earnestly desire,
" That you would with your cubs retire :
" For, should you stay but one week longer,
" I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger."

The guest reply'd—" My friend, your leave
" I must a little longer crave ;
" Stay till my tender cubs can find
" Their way—for now, you see, they 're blind ;
" But, when we 've gather'd strength, I swear,
" We 'll to our barn again repair."

The time pass'd on ; and Music came,
Her kennel once again to claim ;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her ;
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—" A bite ! a bite !"

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Grecian wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force :
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the Tower, 1716.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since Death pursues the coward as he flies !
The youth in vain would fly from Fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back ;
Though Fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattained honour shine ;
Nor stoops to take the staff*, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky ;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward ;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd !
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest, with the wicked, heaven involve the just ?
And, though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

The ensign of the Lord Treasurer's office.

PHYLLIS ;

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE, 1716.

Desponding Phyllis was endued
With every talent of a prude :
She trembled when a man drew near ;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear ;
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist :
She 'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head :
In church you hear her, through the crowd,
Repeat the *absolution* loud :
In church, secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster *man* ;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red ;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.

At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke :
Guests, how could such a match be broke ?
See then what mortals place their bliss in !
Next morn betimes the bride was missing :
The mother scream'd, the father chid ;
Where can this idle wench be hid ?
No news of Phyl ! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame ;
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl *had such a bashful way !*

Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop ;
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wherefoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do !
For truly John was missing too :
The horse and pillion both were gone !
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phyl had left behind,
A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much-honour'd father—these—
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like cases.

" That long ago a fortune-teller
" Exactly said what now befel her ;
" And in a *glass* had made her see
" A *serving-man* of low degree.
" It was *her fate*, must be forgiven ;
" For *marriages were made in heaven* :
" His pardon begg'd : but, to be plain,
" She 'd do 't, if 'twere to do again :
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin* ;
" For John was come of *honest kin*.
" Love never thinks of rich and poor :
" She 'd beg with John from door to door.
" Forgive her, if it be a crime ;
" She 'll never do 't another time.

"She ne'er before in all her life
 "Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
 "One argument she summ'd up all in,
 "The *thing was done, and past recalling*;
 "And therefore hop'd she should recover
 "His favour, when his *passion's over*.
 "She valued not what others thought her,
 "And was—his *most obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the Muse,
 Who now the wandering pair pursues:
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their journey long, their money short;
 The loving couple well bemir'd;
 The horse and both the riders tir'd:
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse;
 Phyl cry'd, and John began to curse;
 Phyl wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him;
 John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more befel them,
 The Muse hath now no time to tell them,
 How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
 Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
 How oft' she broke her marriage vows
 In kindness to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
 For now the surgeons must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites are gone,
 In Christian justice due to John.

When food and raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetic justice;
 For John was landlord, Phyllis hostess;
 They kept, at Staines, the Old Blue Boar,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN, 1717.

DELICIÆ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis amice,
 Si tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
 Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
 Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Ma'les; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
 Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
 Astitit; & dixit, mentis præfaga futuræ,
 Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
 Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
 Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
 Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
 Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
 Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *salutifer orbi*.
 Ast, illi causas orant; his insula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Conscius, expeditas puero seu lætus Apollo
 Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
 Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
 Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras

Erumpent, promiss; quo ritu sæpè puella
 Sub cinere hesternis sopitos suscitatur ignes.
 Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub ære natus;
 Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
 Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
 Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Æneæ sedes tantum patefecit Avernus;
 Sæpè puer tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga
 Cælumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IX.

ADDRESSED TO ARCHBISHOP KING, 1718.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast,
 Is inactivity at best:
 But never shall the muse endure
 To let your virtues lie obscure,
 Or suffer Envy to conceal
 Your labours for the public weal.
 Within your breast all wisdom lies,
 Either to govern or advise;
 Your steady soul preserves her frame
 In good and evil times the same.
 Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
 Stand in your sacred presence aw'd;
 Your hand alone from gold abstains,
 Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,
 Whose fortune is not overgrown;
 And happy he, who wisely knows
 To use the gifts that Heaven bestows;
 Or, if it please the Powers Divine,
 Can suffer want, and not repine.
 The man who, infamy to shun,
 Into the arms of death would run,
 That man is ready to defend
 With life his country, or his friend.

TO MR. DELANY, Nov. 10. 1718.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
 With shame, I have too lately known;
 To you, by art and nature taught
 To be the man I long have sought,
 Had not ill fate, perverse and blind,
 Plac'd you in life too far behind;
 Or, what I should repine at more,
 Plac'd me in life too far before:
 To you the muse this verse bestows,
 Which might as well have been in prose;
 No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
 But simple topics told in rhyme.

Talents for conversation fit,
 Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit;
 The last, as boundless as the wind,
 Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd:

For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
 Applying well what we invent.
 What humour is, not all the tribe
 Of logic-mongers can describe;
 Here nature only acts her part,
 Unhelp'd by practice, books, or arts:
 For wit and humour differ quite;
 That gives surprise, and this delight.
 Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
 Only by affectation spoil'd:

'Tis never by invention got,
Men have it when they know it not.

Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to railly well,
Wherein sometimes the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair:
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire, where he most commends.

But, as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place:
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse;
To show their parts, will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boisterous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags, a tribe
That meet for nothing but a gibe;
Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence *The Club*.

I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Leigh
As rudeness is to repartee.

If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke:
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend;
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.

What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd:
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.

You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light:
Some part of what I here design,
Regards a friend* of yours and mine;
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft' beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend to blame:
For, though men cry they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;

* Dr. Sheridan.

And (would you have their meaning known)
They love a jest that is their own.

You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, observe with care,
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor indistinctly to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose*.
To study the obliging jest,
By reading those who teach it best;
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence;
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd muse.

If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

A LEFT-HANDED LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN†. 1718.

S I R,

DELANY reports it, and he has a shrewd tongue,
That we both act the part of the clown and cow-
dung; [burst,
We lie cramming ourselves, and are ready to
Yet still are no wiser than we were at first.

*Pudet hæc opprobria, I freely must tell ye,
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.*

Though Delany advis'd you to plague me no longer,
You reply and rejoin like Hoadly of Bangor.
I must now, at one sitting, pay off my old score;
How many to answer? One, two, three, four.
But, because the three former are long ago past,
I shall, for method sake, begin with the last.
You treat me like a boy that knocks down his foe,
Who, 'ere t'other gets up, demands the rising blow.
Yet I know a young rogue, that, thrown flat on
the field,

Would, as he lay under, cry out, Sirrah! yield,
So the French, when our Generals soundly did
pay 'em, [Deum.

Went triumphant to church, and sang stoutly *Te*
So the famous Tom Leigh, when quite runaground,
Comes off by out-laughing the company round.
In every vile pamphlet you'll read the same fancies,
Having thus overthrown all our further advances.
My offers of peace you ill understood: [good?
Friend Sheridan, when will you know your own
'Twas to teach you in modester language your
duty;

For, were you a dog, I could not be rude t'ye;
As a good quiet soul, who no mischief intends,
To a quarrelsome fellow, cries, Let us be friends.
But we like Antæus and Hercules fight;
The oftener you fall, the oftener you write:
And I'll use you as he did that overgrown clown,
I'll first take you up, and then take you down:
And, 'tis your own case, for you never can wound
The worst dunce in your school, till he's heav'd
from the ground.

* Which was afterwards the subject of several poems
by Dr. Swift and others.

† The humour of this poem is partly lost, by the im-
possibility of printing it left-handed as it was written.

I beg your pardon for using my left hand, but I was in great haste, and the other hand was employed at the same time in writing some letters of business.—I will send you the rest when I have leisure: but pray come to dinner with the company you met here last.

A MOTTO FOR MR. JASON HASARD,

WOOLEN-DRAPER IN DUBLIN,

Whose Sign was the GOLDEN FLEECE.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece:
We comb the wool, refine the stuff,
For modern Jason, that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful * Dragon,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1718.

WHATE'ER your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence.
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too vicious and too prophane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis
Down in the Strand†, just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can
(You will not find it in the Vatican).
He and Cratinus us'd, as Horace says,
To take his greatest grandees for asses.
Poets, in those days, us'd to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence,
My judgment of the old comedians.

Proceed to tragics: first, Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censured by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman, in these tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is.
At least, I'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.

And now I find my muse but ill able,
To hold out longer in trifflable.
I chose those rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY,

MARCH 13. 1718-19.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green:

* England.

† The fact may be true; but the rhyme cost me some trouble.

So little is thy form declin'd:
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size,
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship too in twain!

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT. 1719.

DEAR Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I
deal,

Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this
morning,

In bed as I lay, Sir, a-tossing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
All women as Eve, all women are mysteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the sex a Belphegor.
But that will not do, for I mean to commend them;
I swear without jest, I an honour intend them.
In a sieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their power and their title.
This I told you before: do you know what I
mean, Sir?

"Not I, by my troth, Sir."—Then read it again,
Sir.

The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity, to save you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last
When your Pegasus canter'd it triple, and rid fast.
As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses,
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded,
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, basti-
naded.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack
nigh:

And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve (for with that you begin),
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle, can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But, grant her a sieve, I can say something archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a * maid, was the first man's dam-
nation?

If your worship will please to explain me this *rebus*,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11. }
1719, past 12. at noon. }

* Fir Gin, Man-trap,
C. W.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where-e'er they see the fairest sign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.

Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd
(Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six):
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense;
And puts them but to small expence;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Cloc's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Clœe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace:
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

TO STELLA,

Who collected and transcribed his Poems. 1720.

As, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire Inigo Jones;

So, if this pile of scattered rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times;
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts?
With Friendship and Esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen show their trash at first);
But his pursuits were at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning all topics like a parrot,
Invokes his mistress and his muse,
And stays at home for want of shoes:
Should but his muse descending drop
A slice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surprise him with a pint of stout;
Or patch his broken stocking-foals,
Or send him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the stars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make inquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phyllis, Iris;
Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
The bowers that hold those nymphs divine,
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged smocks,
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddesses enroll'd
In Curll's collection, new and old,
Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
Are Lords of infamy and praise;
They are not scurrilous in satire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
And all the fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our power*,
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock,
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Mævius, when he drain'd his skull
To celebrate some suburb trull,

His similes in order set,
And every crambo he could get,
Had gone through all the common-places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose,

Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Lest you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;
And, when a friend in kindness tries
To show you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incense;
Perverseness is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spight,
Regardless both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all suspended wait
Till time hath open'd reason's gate;
And, what is worse, your passion bends
Its force against your nearest friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for, see, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous mind;
And may compare to *Aetna's* fire,
Which, though with trembling, all admire;
The heat, that makes the summit glow,
Enriching all the vales below,
Those who in warmer climes complain
From *Phœbus*' rays they suffer pain,
Must own that pain is largely paid
By generous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
And anger sparkling in your eyes,
I grieve those spirits should be spent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One passion with a different turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn:
So the sun's heat with different powers
Ripens the grape, the liquor fours:
Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd
By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by resentment, seeks
For vengeance on his friends the Greeks.

You think this turbulence of blood
From stagnating preserves the blood,
Which thus fermenting by degrees
Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees.

Stella, for once you reason wrong;
For, should this ferment last too long,
By time subsiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind;
From passion you may then be freed,
When peevishness and spleen succeed.

Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep strictly to the text?
Dare you let these reproaches stand,
And to your failing set your hand?

Or, if these lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baser flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
They'll prove my accusation just.

TO STELLA,

Visiting me in my Sickness, 1720.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human kind,
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

But (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine,
As natural life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those numerous virtues which the tribes
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm,
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpeners at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to her assignation;
Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd,
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own.
How shall I act? is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human kind:
Ambition, avarice, and lust,
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous sneer,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside.

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise
Ten thousand oaths upon record
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.

By honour seated in her breast
 She still determines what is best:
 What indignation in her mind
 Against enslavers of mankind!
 Base kings, and ministers of state,
 Eternal objects of her hate!

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to man alone confin'd.
 Can cowardice her sex adorn,
 Which most exposes ours to scorn?
 She wonders where the charm appears
 In Florimel's affected fears;
 For Stella never learn'd the art
 At proper times to scream and start;
 Nor calls up all the house at night,
 And swears she saw a thing in white.
 Doll never flies to cut her face,
 Or throw cold water in her face,
 Because she heard a sudden drum,
 Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
 Proceeds that fund of wit and sense;
 Which, though her modesty would shroud,
 Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
 While gracefulness its art conceals,
 And yet through every motion steals.

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
 And, forming you, mistook your kind?
 No; 'twas for you alone he stole
 The fire that forms a manly soul;
 Then, to complete it every way,
 He moulded it with female clay:
 To that you owe the nobler flame,
 To this the beauty of your frame.

How would ingratitude delight,
 And how would censure glut her spite,
 If I should Stella's kindness hide
 In silence, or forget with pride!
 When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd every power to ease my pains;
 Then Stella ran to my relief
 With cheerful face and inward grief:
 And, though by Heaven's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require,
 From slaves employed for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes;
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught;
 And so obligingly am caught,
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends! beware:
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger your's;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for a house decay'd.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER.

Who died the 6th of July 1720.

Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer,
 By mortgage, hath secur'd the corpse of Demar:
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below,
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk:
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor, if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble
 And under band and seal the Irish nation [debtors;
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.
 His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern *! thou hast lost a friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
 He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize;
 "† But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in
 "spight

"Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
 "And, as he saw his darling money fail,
 "Blew his last breath, to sink the lighter scale."
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
 If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
 Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
 A dismal banker must that banker be,
 Who gives no bills but of mortality.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
 Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
 His heirs, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his carcase in a chest;
 The very chest in which, they say,
 His other self, his money, lay.
 And, if his heirs continue kind
 To that dear self he left behind,
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his better half alive.

TO MRS. HOUGHTON OF BORMOUNT,

Upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.

You always are making a god of your spouse;
 But this neither reason nor conscience allows:

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

† These four lines were written by Stella.

Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him, because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW,

At the Deanry House, St. Patrick's.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be
cheated? [be treated.
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves should
In the days of good John *, if you came here to
dine, [wine.
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of
good meat.
O Jove! then how fully might all fides be blest,
Wouldst thou but agree to this humble request;
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much
trouble,
Instead of the deans, make the deanry double.

ON ANOTHER WINDOW †.

A BARD on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t' acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing:
To the god he'd be grateful; but mortals he'd
choose,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the god would in honour bear most of th'
expence: [treat
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit and sheer wine.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN, 1720.

RIGHT trusty, and so forth—we let you to know,
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
For first, I have often by chemists been told,
Though I know nothing on 't, it is I that make
gold, [it,
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide
That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.
Then it must be allow'd, that, whenever I shine,
I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief, [beef:
Without whom they could neither get claret nor
Yet their wine and their victuals these curmud-
geon lubbards
Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye, they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd.
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.

* Dean Sterne was distinguished for his hospitality.

† By Dr. Delany, in conjunction with Stella.

This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and free-
dom; [em:
And as for their works, when I please I may read
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls;
And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I for your sake love better than any,
And, of my mere motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,
On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the deanry house, and on the north glass,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and traiterously write,
Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My sister had lately depos'd upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding:
And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-
day, [with gray;
But her graceful black locks were all mingled
And by the description I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never yet went:
That the letters appeared revers'd through the
pane, [again;
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess that the fancy was mine.
She can swear to the person whom oft she has seen
At night between Cavan Street and College Green.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown;
The reason is plain, they are none of his own:
And observe while you live, that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought, he will certainly steal it,
And, when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;
And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear that they're all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
Through the zodiac around, it shall quickly be
spread
In all parts of the globe where your language is read.
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are
But the secret is this, I did lately intend [usual:
To write a few verses on you, as my friend:
I studied a fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolv'd the next winter (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus;
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick, [Nick)
(For I think in my conscience he deals with Old

And, from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and then calls them his
own;

And you, like a booby, the bubble can swallow:
Now who but Delany can write like Apollo?
High treason by statute! yet here you object,
He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely ex-
press'd;

So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now, whereas the sad criminal seems past repent-
ance,

We Phœbus think fit to proceed to his sentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire;
'To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.

And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me;
And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.

And lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much revenged already by time.

In return to her scorn, I send her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases:
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives to be gray as a badger all over.

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS,

BY DR. DELANY.

PARNASSUS, February the twenty-seventh,
The poets assembled here on the eleventh,
Conven'd by Apollo, who gave them to know,
He'd have a vicegerent in his empire below;
But declar'd that no bard should this honour inherit,
Till the rest had agreed he surpass'd them in merit.
Now this, you'll allow, was a difficult case,
For each bard believ'd he'd a right to the place;
So, finding th' assembly grow warm in debate,
He put them in mind of his Phaëton's fate:
'Twas urg'd to no purpose; disputes higher rose,
Scarce Phœbus himself could their quarrels com-
pose;

Till at length he determin'd that every bard
Should (each in his turn) be patiently heard.

First, one who believ'd he excell'd in translation,
Founds his claim on the doctrine of man's trans-
migration:

"Since the soul of great Milton was given to me,
I hope the convention will quickly agree."

"Agree!" quoth Appollo, "from whence is this
fool?" [school?

"Is he just come from reading Pythagoras at
Be gone, Sir! you've got your subscriptions in
time,

"And given in return neither reason nor rhyme."
To the next, says the god, "Though now I won't
choose you,

"I'll tell you the reason for which I refuse you:

"Love's goddess has oft to her parents complain'd

"Of my favouring a bard who her empire disdain'd;

"That, at my instigation, a poem you writ,

"Which to beauty and youth preferri'd judgment

"and wit;

"That, to make you a laureat, I gave the first
voice,

"Inspiring the Britons t' approve of my choice.

"Jove sent her to me, her power to try;

"The goddess of beauty what god can deny?

"She forbids your preferment; I grant her desire.

"Appease the fair goddess; you then may rise
higher." [ceeding,

The next that appear'd had good hopes of suc-
cess

For he merited much for his wit and his breeding,

'Twas wise in the Britons no favour to show him,

He else might expect they should pay what they
owe him.

And therefore they prudently chose to discard

The patriot, whose merits they would not reward.

The god, with a smile, bade his favourite advance,

"You were sent by Astrea her envoy to France:

"You bent your ambition to rise in the state;

"I refuse you, because you could stoop to be
great." [lator,

Then a bard who had been a successful trans-
lator

"The convention allows me a versificator."

Says Appollo, "You mention the least of your merit;

"By your works it appears you have much of
my spirit.

"I esteem you so well, that to tell you the truth,

"The greatest objection against you's your youth:

"Then be not concern'd you are now laid aside;

"If you live, you shall certainly one day preside."

Another, low bending, Appollo thus greets,

"'Twas I taught your subjects to walk through
the streets." [before:

"You taught them to walk! why, they knew it

"But give me the bard that can teach them to
speak.

"Whenever he claims, 'tis his right, I'll confess,

"Who lately attempted my style with success;

"Who writes like Appollo has most of his spirit,

"And therefore 'tis just I distinguish his merit;

"Who makes it appear, by all he has writ,

"His judgment alone can set bounds to his wit;

"Like Virgil, correct with his own native ease,

"But excels even Virgil in elegant praise;

"Who admires the ancients, and knows 'tis their
due,

"Yet writes in a manner entirely new; [due,

"Though none with more ease their depths can
explore,

"Yet whatever he wants he takes from my store:

"Though I'm fond of his virtues, his pride I can
see,

"In scorning to borrow from any but me; [see,

"It is owing to this, that, like Cynthia, his lays
enlighten the world by reflecting my rays."

This said, the whole audience soon found out
his drift:

The convention was summon'd in favour of Swift.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS, 1720.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune, with one general sweep,
Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas;
Which, breaking bankers and the banks,
Resume their own when'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
 Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
 Unless a proper *circulation*
 Its motion and its heat maintains.
 Because 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in state
 Like *peers* have *levees* every day
 Of duns attending at their gate.
 We want our money on the nail;
 The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
 They seem to act an ancient tale;
 The *birds* are met to strip the *joys*.
 Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
 "Make pinions for themselves to fly:"
 They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
 And geese their *silver* plumes supply.
 No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
 The wish of Nero now is theirs,
 "That they had never known their letters."
 Conceive the works of midnight hags,
 Tormenting fools behind their backs:
 Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
 Sits squeezing *images of wax*.
 Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
 The witches left in open air,
 With power no more than other folk,
 Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.
 So powerful are a banker's bills,
 Where creditors demand their due;
 They break up counters, doors, and tills,
 And leave the empty chests in view.
 Thus when an earthquake lets in light
 Upon the god of *gold* and *bell*,
 Unable to endure the sight,
 He hides within his darkest cell.
 As when a conjuror takes a lease
 From Satan for a term of years,
 The tenant's in a dismal case,
 Whene'er the *bloody bond* appears.
 A *baited* banker thus desponds,
 From his own hand foresees his fall;
 They have his *soul*, who have his *bonds*;
 'Tis like the *writing on the wall*.
 How will the catiff wretch be scar'd,
 When first he finds himself awake
 At the last trumpet unprepar'd,
 And all his *grand account* to make!
 For in that universal call
 Few bankers will to heaven be mounters;
 They'll cry, "Ye shops, upon us fall!"
 "Conceal and cover us, ye counters!"
 When *other* hands the *scales* shall hold,
 And they in *men and angels' sight*
 Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
 "Weigh'd in the balance, and found light!"

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST,

Translated almost literally out of the original Irish,
 1720.

OROURK's noble fare will ne'er be forgot,
 By those who were there, or those who were not.

His revels to keep, we sup and we dine
 On seven score sheep, fat bullocks, and swine.
Uisquebaugh to our feast in pails was brought up,
 An hundred at least, and a madder * our cup.
 O there is the sport! we rise with the light
 In disorderly sort from snoring all night.
 O how was I trick'd! my pipe it was broke,
 My pocket was pick'd, I lost my new cloak.
 I'm rifled, quoth Nell, of mantle and kercher †:
 Why then fare them well, the de'el take the
 searcher.
 Come, harper, strike up; but, first, by your favour,
 Boy, give us a cup: ah! this has some favour.
 Orourk's jolly boys ne'er dreamt of the matter, ‡
 Till, rous'd by the noise and musical clatter,
 They bounce from their nest, no longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest, without one *ave-mary*. [ing;
 They dance in a round, cutting capers, and ramp-
 A mercy the ground did not burst with their
 stamping.
 The floor is all wet with leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat splish-splash in their
 pumps.
 Bless you late and early, Laughlin O' Enagin!
 By my hand ‡, you dance rarely, Margery Grinagin.
 Bring straw for our bed, shake it down to the feet,
 Then over us spread the winnowing sheet:
 To show I don't flinch, fill the bowl up again;
 Then give us a pinch of your sneezing, a *yeen* §.
 Good Lord! what a fight, after all their good
 cheer,
 For people to fight in the midst of their beer!
 They rise from their feast, and hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least the length of their *skeans* ||.
 What stabs and what cuts, what clattering of sticks;
 What strokes on the guts, what bastings and kicks!
 With cudgels of oak well harden'd in flame,
 An hundred heads broke, an hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I'll maintain my father built Lusk,
 The Castle of Slain, and Carrick Drumrusk:
 The Earl of Kildare, and Moynalta his brother,
 As great as they are, I was nurs'd by their mother.
 Ask that of old *madam*; she'll tell you who's who
 As far up as Adam, she knows it is true,
 Come down with that beam, if cudgels are scarce.
 A blow on the weam, or a kick on the a—se.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

ON A SEDITIOUS PAMPHLET ¶, 1720.

To the tune of "Packington's Pound."

BROCADOS and damasks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
 Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
 With forty things more; now hear what the law
 says, [lover.
 Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's
 Though a printer and dean
 Seditiously mean
 Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;

* A wooden vessel.

† Handkerchief.

‡ An Irish oath.

§ Irish for a woman.

|| Daggers, or short swords.

¶ Proposals for the universal use of Irish manufactures, for which Waters the printer was severely prosecuted.

We'll buy English filks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fy on;
To be cloth'd like a carcase, would make a Teague
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion. [mad,

Our wives they grow fullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shop-keepers must our horns
pull in. [daughters,
Then we'll buy English filks for our wives and our
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.

Therefore I assure you,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the dean's book, they were in a
great fury.

They would buy English filks for their wives and
their daughters,
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *corum nobis* so oft has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor
linen, [mawl'd:

And, if swearing can do't, shall be fwingly
And as for the dean,

You know whom I mean,
If the printer will 'peach him, he'll scarce come off
clean. [daughters,

Then we'll buy English filks for our wives and our
In spite of his deanship and journeyman Waters.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and steams her looks disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different scite,
They form a frightful hideous face;

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose:

5

So Celia went entire to bed;
All her complexion safe and sound;
But, when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in fight, had chang'd their ground:

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks;
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint and brush;
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more,
But fill'd with admiration stands;
As other painters oft' adore
The workmanship of their own hands!

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say, which among the heavenly powers
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish;
When first she taught them where to find
White lead and Lusitanian* dish.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
White-lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China-ware.

She ventures now to lift the fash:
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your *sister* star:
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a *form* subsist;
And *form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no gift.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

While Partridge† wisely shows the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show;
That swain Endymion‡ is not found,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

* Portugal.

† Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

‡ A young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamsteed † can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she waxes, she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed:

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain;
No painting can restore a *nose*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye powers, who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If ye would have us well supply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon!

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door fill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare:
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case:
Now his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and clothes;

† John Flamsteed, the celebrated astronomer royal.

And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT. 1721.

" Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
" Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troia gaza per undas."

VIRG.

YE wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropp'd into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preslo! be gone—"Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling
Then fill the vessel to the brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The ponderous metal seems to swim

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a soap;
The liquid medium cheats your sight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pound;
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate!

Thus, the deluded bankrupt raves;
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamel'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Five hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led;
They with their *spoils* went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle-way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight,
With *wax* the *father* bound them fast;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;

Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*,
He melts the *wax* at every flame;
His credit funk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in yon' dangerous gulph profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wise* are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geese* jump down together;
Swim, where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact,
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd,
Each knave hath made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stor'd;
But, if a *sharp* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So when upon a moon-shine night
An *ass* was drinking at a stream;
A cloud arose, and stopp'd the light,
By intercepting every beam:

The day of judgment will be soon
(Cries out a sage among the crowd);
An *ass* hath swallow'd up the moon!
(The moon lay safe behind a cloud).

Each poor *subscriber* to the sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the Queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth;
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
"Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;

Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round and see how thick it lies!

We, Gentlemen, are your assistants,
We'll come, and hold you by the chin.—"
Alas! all is not gold that glisters,
Ten thousand sink by leaping in.

Oh! would those patriots be so kind,
Here in the deep to *wash their hands*,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

A shilling in the *batb* you fling;
The silver takes a nobler hue,
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying-glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the *Southern Seas*,
Or view it through a *jobber's bill*;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The *golden stars* for guineas took,
And *silver Cynthia* for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leapt into the flood;
There sprawl'd awhile, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
"And after many days thou'lt find it;"
But gold upon this ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulph, where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as hell;
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat;
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"Now bury'd in the depth below,
"Now mounted up to heaven again,
"They reel and stagger to and fro,
"At their wits end, like drunken men."

Mean time secure on Garraway † cliffs,
A savage race by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For, where *Directors* get a prize,
The Swifts and Dutch whole millions drain.

* Psalm cvii. † A coffee-house in 'Change-Alley.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is ply'd,
 Some cully often wins a bet,
 By venturing on the cheating side,
 Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
 For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft' by mariners are shown
 (Unless the men of Kent are liars)
 Earl Godwin's castles overflown.
 And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
 Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
 The monsters nestle in the deep,
 To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
 Who, taught by instinct how to shun
 The crocodile, that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
 Recover strength when'er he fell;
 Alcides held him in his arms,
 And sent him up in air to bell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
 Recover strength and vigour there;
 But may be tam'd another way,
 Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
 By long experience we have found
 What plannet rul'd when you were born:
 We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
 Nor come within your cully's reach;
 For, if the sea should sink so low
 To leave you dry upon the beach,

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
 Your foes already waiting stand,
 To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
 While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
 The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
 The monster into parts divide,
 And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
 These locusts whom our fruits have fed,
 That plague *Directors* to the deep,
 Driv'n from the South-Sea to the Red!

May he, whom Nature's laws obey,
 Who lifts the poor, and sinks the proud,
 "Quiet the raging of the sea,
 "And still the madness of the crowd!"

But never shall our isle have rest,
 Till those devouring swine run down,
 (The devils leaving the posselt)
 And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
 South-Sea at best a mighty bubble.

VOL. IX.

THE DOG AND SHADOW.

ORE cibum portans catulus dum spectat in undis,
 Apparet liquido prædæ melioris imago:
 Dum speciosa diu damna admiratur, et alte
 Ad latice inhiat, cadit imo vortice præceps
 Ore cibus, nec non simulachrum corripit una.
 Occupat ille avibus deceptis faucibus umbram;
 Illudit species, ac dentibus aëra mordet.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abused in many different Libels.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
 And fortune help the murderer in his flight;
 The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
 Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
 And calumny, by working under ground,
 Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.
 What's to be done? Shall wit and learning choose
 To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
 By censure frightened out of honour's road,
 Nor dare to use the gifts by Heaven bestow'd?
 Or fearless enter in through virtue's gate,
 And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

BILLET TO THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

THE inclosed Prologue is formed upon the story
 of the Secretary's not suffering you to act, unless
 you would pay him 300l. per annum; upon which
 you got a licence from the Lord Mayor to act as
 strollers.

The Prologue supposes, that, upon your being
 forbidden to act, a company of country strollers
 came and hired the Playhouse, and your clothes,
 &c. to act in.

THE PROLOGUE.

OUR set of strollers, wandering up and down,
 Hearing the house was empty, came to town;
 And, with a licence from our good Lord Mayor,
 Went to one Griffith, formerly a player;
 Him we persuaded, with a moderate bribe,
 To speak to Erlington and all the tribe,
 To let our company supply their places,
 And hire us out their scenes, and clothes, and faces.
 Is not the truth the truth? Look full on me;
 I am not Erlington, nor Griffith he.

When we perform, look sharp among our crew,
 There's not a creature here you ever knew.
 The former folks were servants to the king;
 We, humble strollers, always on the wing.
 Now, for my part, I think upon the whole,
 Rather than starve, a better man would stroll.

Stay, let me see—Three hundred pounds a year,
 For leave to act in town! 'Tis plaguy dear.
 Now, here's a warrant; Gallants, please to mark,
 For three thirteens and sixpence to the clerk.
 Three hundred pounds! Were I the price to fix,
 The public should bestow the actors six.
 A score of guineas, given underhand,
 For a good word or so, we understand.

D

To help an honest lad, that's out of place,
May cost a crown or so; a common case:
And, in a crew, 'tis no injustice thought
To ship a rogue, and pay him not a groat.
But, in the chronicles of former ages,
Who ever heard of servants paying wages?

I pity Erlington with all my heart;
Would he were here this night to act my part!
I told him what it was to be a stroller;
How free we acted, and had no comptroller:
In every town we wait on Mr. Mayor,
First get a licence, then produce our ware;
We sound a trumpet, or we beat a drum;
Huzza! the (school-boys) roar the players are come!
And then we cry, to spur the bumpkins on,
Gallants, by Tuesday next we must be gone.
I told him, in the smoothest way I could,
All this and more, yet it would do no good.
But Erlington, tears falling from his cheeks,
He that has shone with Betterton and Wilks,
To whom our country has been always dear,
Who chose to leave his dearest pledges here,
Owns all your favours, here intends to stay,
And, as a stroller, act in every play:
And the whole crew this resolution takes,
To live and die all strollers for your sakes;
Not frightened with an ignominious name,
For your displeasure is their only shame.

A pox in Erlington's majestic tone!
Now to a word of business in our own.
Gallants, next Thursday night will be our last;
Then, without fail, we pack up for Belfast.
Lose not your time, nor our diversions miss,
The next we act shall be as good as this.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold;
Lord! how politely they can scold!
While a coarse English tongue will itch
For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DISTRESSED
WEAVERS, BY DR. SHERIDAN.

Spoken by Mr. Erlington, 1721.

GREAT cry and little wool—is now become
The plague and proverb of the weaver's loom:
No wool to work on, neither weft nor warp;
Their pockets empty, and their stomach's sharp.
Provok'd, in loud complaints to you they cry:
Ladies, relieve the weavers, or they die!
For sake your silks for stuffs; nor think it strange
To shift your clothes, since you delight in change.
One thing with freedom I'll presume to tell—
The men will like you every bit as well.

See, I am dress'd from top to toe in stuff;
And, by my troth, I think I'm fine enough:
My wife admires me more, and swears she never,
In any dress, beheld me look so clever.
And, if a man be better in such ware,
What great advantage must it give the fair!
Our wool from lambs of innocence proceeds:
Silks come from maggots, calicoes from weeds:
Hence 'tis by sad experience that we find
Ladies in silks to vapours much inclin'd—
And what are they but maggots in the mind?

For which I think it reason to conclude
That clothes may change our temper like our food.
Chintzes are gaudy, and engage our eyes
Too much about the party-colour'd dyes:
Although the lustre is from you begun,
We see the rainbow, and neglect the sun.

How sweet and innocent's the country maid,
With small expence in native wool array'd;
Who copies from the fields her homely green,
While by her shepherd with delight she's seen!
Should our fair ladies dress like her in wool,
How much more lovely, and how beautiful,
Without their Indian drapery, they'd prove,
Whilst wool would help to warm us into love!
Then, like the famous Argonauts of Greece,
We'd all contend to gain the Golden Fleece!

EPILOGUE BY THE DEAN.

SPOKEN BY MR. GRIFFITH.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who, at best, are hardly saviors,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay—let me see, how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, From his Grace* an hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors.

Item, The actors freely gave a day—
The Poet had no more who made the play.
But whence this wondrous charity in players?
They learnt it not at Sermons, or at Prayers:
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
(To own the truth) we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our kings and generals at The Comb†.
We'll rig from Meath-street Ægypt's haughty
queen,

And Antony shall court her in *ratteen*.
In *blue shalloon* shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish *purple plaid*.
In *drugget* dress'd, of thirteen pence a yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of *crape* shall sweep the stage.
In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd this project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashion of the Court.

Oh! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade
enough:

But *chintz*, *brocades*, and *lace*, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the Weavers and us Play-house Kings;
But Wit and Weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us Poetry and Spinning:
And, next, observe how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are just as poor as Wits:

* Archbishop King.

† A street famous for Woollen Manufactures.

Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page;
But Weavers will be Kinder to the Players,
And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The Poet's wit, than in the Player's dressing.

A POEM, BY DR. DELANY,

ON THE PRECEDING PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

"Fœmineo generi tribuantur."

THE muses, whom the richest silks array,
Refuse to fling their shining gowns away:
The pencil clothes the nine in bright brocades,
And gives each colour to the pictur'd maids;
Far above mortal-dress the sisters shine,
Pride in their Indian robes, and must be fine.
And shall two bards in concert rhyme and huff,
And fret these muses with their play-house stuff?

The player in mimic piety may storm,
Deplore the comb, and bid her heroes arm:
The arbitrary mob, in paltry rage,
May curse the belles and chintzes of the age:
Yet still the artist worm her silk shall share,
And spin her thread of life in service of the fair.

The cotton-plant, whom satire cannot blast,
Shall bloom the favourite of these realms, and
last;

Like yours, ye fair, her fame from censure grows,
Prevails in charms, and glares above her foes:
Your injur'd plant shall meet a loud defence,
And be the emblem of your innocence.

Some bard, perhaps, whose landlord was a
weaver,

Penn'd the low prologue, to return a favour:
Some neighbour wit, that would be in the vogue,
Work'd with his friend, and wove the epilogue.
Who weaves the chaplet, or provides the bays,
For such wool-gathering sonnetteers as these?
Hence then, ye *home-spun* witlings, that persuade
Miss Chloe to the fashion of her maid.
Shall the *wide* hoop, that standard of the town,
Thus act subservient to a poplin gown?
Who 'd smell of wool all over? 'Tis enough
The under-petticoat be made of stuff.
Lord! to be wrapt in flannel just in May,
When the fields dress'd in flowers appear so
gay!

And shall not Miss be *flower'd* as well as they.

In what weak colours would the plaid appear,
Work'd to a quilt, or studded in a chair!
The skin, that vies with silk, would fret with stuff;
Or who could bear in bed a thing so rough?
Ye knowing fair, how eminent that bed,
Where the chintze diamonds with the silken
thread,

Where rustling curtains call the curious eye,
And boast the streaks and paintings of the sky!
Of flocks they 'd have your milky ticking full;
And all this for the benefit of wool!

"But where," say they, "shall we bestow
these weavers,

"That spread our streets, and are such piteous
cravers?"

The silk-worms (brittle beings!) prone to fate,
Demand their care to make their webs complete:

These may they tend, their promises receive;
We cannot pay *too much* for what *they* give!

ON GAULSTOWN HOUSE.

BY DR. DELANY *.

'Tis so old, and so ugly, and yet so convenient,
You 're sometimes in pleasure, though often in pain
in't: [ease in 't;

'Tis so large, you may lodge a few friends with
You may turn and stretch at your length if you
please in't:

'Tis so little, the family live in a press in't,
And poor Lady Betty † has scarce room to dress
in't: [in't;

'Tis so cold in the winter, you can't bear to lie
And so hot in the summer, you 're ready to fry
in't: [a tun;

'Tis so brittle, 'twould scarce bear the weight of
Yet so staunch, that it keeps out a great deal of
sun: [through it,

'Tis so crazy, the weather with ease beats quite
And you 're forc'd every year in some part to re-
new it.

'Tis so ugly, so useful, so big, and so little;

'Tis so staunch, and so crazy, so strong, and so
brittle;

'Tis at one time so hot, and another so cold;

It is part of the new, and part of the old;

It is just half a blessing, and just half a curse---

I wish then, dear George, it were better or worse.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT GAULSTOWN-
HOUSE.

THALIA, tell in sober lays,
How George ‡, Nim §, Dan ||, Dean ¶, pass
their days;

And, should our Gaulston's art grow fallow,
Yet *Neget quis carmina Gallo*?

Here (by the way) by Gallus mean I

Not Sheridan, but friend Delany.

Begin, my Muse. First from our bowers

We sallly forth at different hours;

At seven the Dean, in night-gown dress'd,

Goes round the house to wake the rest;

At nine, grave Nim, and George facetious,

Go to the Dean, to read Lucretius;

At ten, my lady comes and hectors,

And kisses George, and ends our lectures;

And when she has him by the neck fast,

Halls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.

* The seat of George Rochfort, Esq. (father
to the Earl of Belvidere); where Dr. Swift and
an agreeable set of friends spent part of the sum-
mer of 1721.

† Daughter to the Earl of Drogheda, and the
wife of Mr. Rochfort.

‡ Mr. Rochfort.

§ His brother, Mr. John Rochfort, who was
called Nimrod, from his great attachment to the
chase.

|| Rev. Daniel Jackson. ¶ Dr. Swift.

We squander there an hour or more,
 And then all hands, boys, to the oar;
 All, heteroclite Dan except,
 Who neither time nor order kept,
 But, by peculiar whimsies drawn,
 Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
 O'ersees the work, or Dragon * rows,
 Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
 Or---but proceed we in our journal---
 At two, or after, we return all:
 From the four elements ascending,
 Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
 From airy garrets some descend,
 Some from the lake's remotest end:
 My Lord † and Dean the fire forsake;
 Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
 The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
 And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
 Now water 's brought, and dinner 's done:
 With " Church and King " the lady 's gone;
 (Not reckoning half an hour we pass
 In talking o'er a moderate glass).
 Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief
 Steals off to dose away his beef;
 And this must pass for reading Hammond---
 While George and Dean go to backgammon.
 George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
 And then again, boys, to the oar.
 But when the sun goes to the deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,
 Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out, and he a-bed)
 We watch his motions to a minute,
 And leave the flood when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the shortening day,
 We go to prayers, and then to play,
 Till supper comes; and after that
 We sit an hour to drink and chat.
 'Tis late---the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam ‡ lighted, walk up stairs. §
 The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
 And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
 So when the circle we have run,
 The curtain falls, and all is done.
 I might have mention'd several facts,
 Like episodes between the acts;
 And tell who loses and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins;
 How Dan caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was overset.
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
 It would be an exploit to brag on,
 How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon;
 How steady in the storm he sat,
 And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
 Now Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:
 How skillfully Dan mends his nets;
 How fortune fails him when he sets;
 Or how the Dean delights to vex
 The ladies, and lampoon their sex.

* A small boat so called.

† Mr. Rochfort's father was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.

‡ The Butler.

I might have told how oft' Dean Percivale
 Displays his pedantry unmerciful;
 How haughtily he cocks his nose,
 To tell what every school-boy knows;
 And with his finger and his thumb,
 Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
 But now there needs no more be said on't,
 Nor how his wife, that female pedant,
 Shows all her secrets of house-keeping;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast,
 To brew her ale, and raise her paste;
 Tells every thing that you can think of,
 How she cur'd Charley of the chincough;
 What gave her brats, and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night.
 But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers and Gazettes;
 But for the politics of Pue,
 Thinks every syllable is true.
 And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
 " Why, Muscovy is not so far:
 " Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
 " And in a month he's at your gates;
 " Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 " By Christmas we shall see strange things."
 Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
 What carps we met with for our pains;
 Of sparrows tame, and nuts innumerable
 To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below,
 How prone to change is human life!
 Last night arriv'd Clem * and his wife---
 This grand event hath broke our measures;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures:
 The Dean must with his quilt supply
 The bed in which those tyrants lie:
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan
 (My lady says, she can't afford one);
 George is half-scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
 Henceforth expect a different survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvy:
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

THOMAS SHERIDAN, CLERK, TO
 GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

July 15. 1721, at night.

I'd have you t' know, George†, Dan‡, Dean§, and
 Nim||,
 That I've learned how verse t' compose trim,
 Much better b' half th'n you, n'r him,

* Mr. Clement Barry.

† Geo. Rochfort.

§ Dr. Swift.

‡ Mr. Jackson.

|| J. Rochfort.

And th't I'd rid'cule their 'nd your flam-flim.
 Ay' b't then, p'rhaps, says you, t's a m'rry whim
 With 'bundance of mark'd notes i' th' rim,
 So th't I ought n't for t' be morose 'nd t' look grim,
 Think n't your 'p'stle put m' in a meagrim;
 Though 'n rep't't'on day, I 'ppear ver' slim,
 Th' last bowl 't Hellsham's did m' head t' swim,
 So th't I h'd man' aches 'n 'v'ry scrubb'd limb,
 Cause th' top of th' bowl I h'd oft us'd t' skim;
 And b'sides D'lan' swears th't I h'd swallow'd
 f'v'r'l brim-

mers, 'nd that my vis'ge 's covr'd o'er with r'd pim-
 ples: m'r'o'er though m' scull were (s' tis n't) 's
 strong's tim-

ber, 't must have ak'd. Th' clans of th' c'ledge
 Sanh'drim,

Pres'nt the'r humbl' and 'fect'nate respects; that
 'st' say, D'lan', 'chlin, P. Ludl', Dic' St'wart,
 H'llsham, capt'n P'rr' Walmsl', 'nd Longsh'nks
 Timm*.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Sheridan! a gentle pair
 Of Gaulstown lads (for such they are)
 Besides a brace of grave divines,
 Adore the smoothness of thy lines;
 Smooth as our bason's silver flood,
 Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
 Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
 Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
 The board on which we set our a---s,
 Is not so smooth as are thy verses,
 Compar'd with which (and that's enough)
 A smoothing-iron itself is rough.
 Nor praise I less that circumcision,
 By modern poets call'd ellusion,
 With which, in proper station plac'd,
 Thy polish'd lines are firmly brac'd.
 Thus a wise tailor is not pinching,
 But turns at every seam an inch in;
 Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
 Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.
 Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
 When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
 Thy words so closely wedg'd and short are
 Like walls, more lasting without mortar:
 By leaving out the needless vowels,
 You save the charge of lime and trowels.
 One letter still another locks,
 Each groov'd and dove-tail'd like a box.
 Thy muse is tuckt-up and succinct;
 In chains thy syllables are linkt;
 Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
 Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
 Or like the *umbo* of the Romans,
 Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
 The critic to his grief will find,
 How firmly these indentures bind.
 So, in the kindred painter's art,
 The shortening is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
 How will they pore upon thy pages!

* Dr. James Stopford, afterwards bishop of
 Cloyne.

Nor will they dare to break the joints,
 But help thee to be read with points:
 Or else, to show their learned labour, you
 May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
 Where they need not lose a bit
 Or of thy harmony or wit.
 To make a work completely fine,
 Number and weight and measure join;
 Then all must grant your lines are weighty.
 Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
 All must allow your numbers more,
 Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
 Nor can we think our measure short,
 Where less than forty fill a quart,
 With Alexandrian in the close,
 Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITA- TION TO THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gaulstown, Aug. 2. 1721.

DEAR Tom, this verse, which however the be-
 ginning may appear, yet in the *end's good metre*,
 Is sent to desire that, when your August vacation
 comes, your *friends you'd meet here*.
 For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean
 the *city so smoky*,
 When you have not one friend left in town, or at
 least not one that's *witty, to joke w' ye?*
 For, as for honest John*, though I'm not sure on't,
 yet I'll be *hang'd, lest he*
 Be gone down to the county of Wexford with that
 great peer the Lord *Anglesey*.
 Oh! but I forgot; perhaps, by this time, you may
 have one come to town, but I don't know whe-
 ther he be friend or *foe, Delany*:
 But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and
 you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know
 there's *no delaying ye*.
 Oh! I forgot too; I believe there may be one
 more: I mean that great fat joker, friend *Hel-*
sham, he
 Th't wrote the prologue†, and if you stay with
 him, depend on't, in the *end, he'll sham ye*.
 Bring down Long Shanks Jim too; but now I
 think on't, he's not yet come from *Courtown, I*
fancy;
 For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there,
 a-courting *sly Nancy*.
 However, bring down yourself, and you bring
 down all; for, to say it *we may venture*,
 In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Hellsham's
 jokes, and the soft soul of amorous *Jemmy centre*.

* Supposed to be Dr. Walmsley.

† One spoken by young Putland, 1720, before
 Hippolytus; in which Dr. Sheridan (who had
 written a prologue for the occasion) was most
 unexpectedly and egregiously laughed at. Both
 the prologues are printed in the "Supplement to
 Swift's Works."

P O S T S C R I P T.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it ;
 I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of *pan*, and *own wit*.
 And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) *trim and clean* ;
 And so I conclude, with humble respects as usual,
 Your most dutiful and obedient
 GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Verses, &c.

BY DR. DELANY, IN SHERIDAN'S NAME *.

HAIL, human compound quadrifarious,
 Invincible as Wight Briareus !
 Hail ! doubly-doubled mighty merry one,
 Stronger than triple-body'd Geryon !
 O may your vastness deign t' excuse
 The praises of a puny muse,
 Unable, in her utmost flight,
 To reach thy huge Colossian height.
 T' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
 Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
 Yet let me blest, in humbler strain,
 Thy vast, thy bold Cambyesian vein,
 Pour'd out t' enrich thy native isle,
 As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
 Oh, how I joy to see thee wander,
 In many a winding loose meander,
 In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
 And ending in a clink quadruple ;
 Loud, yet agreeable withal.
 Like rivers rattling in their fall !
 Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
 Where wit and majesty combine ;
 Where every line, as huge as seven,
 If stretch'd in length, would reach to Heaven ;
 Here all comparing would be slandering,
 The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time fees with pain,
 He whets his envious scythe in vain ;
 For, though from thee he much may pare,
 Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
 With Roman elegance of taste,
 Who hast of rhymes as fast resources
 As Pompey's caterer of courses.

Oh thou, of all the Nine inspir'd !
 My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
 How is it raptur'd, when it thinks
 On thy harmonious set of clinks ;
 Each answering each in various rhymes,
 Like echo to St. Patrick's chimes !

Thy muse, majestic in her rage,
 Moves like Statira on the stage ;
 And scarcely can one page sustain
 The length of such a flowing train :
 Her train, of variégated dye,
 Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky ;

* These were all written in circles.

Alike they glow, alike they please,
 Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.

Thy verse--(Ye Gods ! I cannot bear it)
 To what, to what shall I compare it ?
 'Tis like, what I have oft' heard spoke on,
 The famous statue of Laocoon.
 'Tis like---O yes, 'tis very like it,
 The long, long string, with which you fly kite,
 'Tis like what you, and one or too more,
 Roar to your Echo * in good humour ;
 And every couplet thou hast writ
 Conclude like *Rattab-whittab-whit* †.

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Upon his Verses written in Circles.

BY DR. SWIFT.

It never was known that circular letters,
 By humble companions, were sent to their bet-
 ters :

And, as to the subject, our judgment, *meherc'le*,
 Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
 But now for your verses ; we tell you, *imprimis*,
 The segment so large 'twixt your reason and
 rhyme is,

That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
 And, before we find either, our noddles turn
 round. [rant,

Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad
 To give us your measures of line by a quadrant.

But we took our dividers, and found your d---n'd
 metre,

In each single verse took up a diameter.

But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
 George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the
 centre ‡ ?

'Twill appear, to your cost, you are fairly tre-
 pann'd,

For the chord of your circle is now in their hand ;
 The chord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
 By which your jade Pegasus, fixt in a tether,
 As her betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the
 ring. [the string.

Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds
 Will Hancock declares, you are out of your com-
 pafs,

To encroach on his art by writing of bombasts ;
 And has taken just now a firm resolution
 To answer your style without circumlocution.

Lady Betty§ presents you her service most hum-
 ble,

And is not afraid your worship will grumble.
 That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss
 Tam ||,

Which is all at present ; and so I remain—

* At Gaulstown there is a remarkably famous
 echo.

† An allusion to the sound produced by the
 echo.

‡ Their figures were in the centre of the ver-
 ses.

§ The Lady of George Rockfort, Esq.

|| Miss Thomason, Lady Betty's daughter.

ON DR. SHERIDAN'S CIRCULAR
VERSES.

BY MR. GEORGE ROCHFORD.

WITH music and poetry equally blest,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly addrest;
" Great Author of harmony, verses, and light!
" Assisted by thee, I both fiddle and write.
" Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day;
" My verse is neglected, my tune's thrown away.
" Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo, disdains
" To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains;
" Thy manuel signet refuses to put
" To the airs I produce from the pen or the gut.
" Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus; and
" grant
" Relief, or reward, to my merit, or want.
" Though the Dean and Delany transcendently
" shine,
" O brighten one solo or sonnet of mine!
" With them I'm content thou should'st make
" thy abode:
" But visit thy servant in jig or in ode,
" Make one work immortal; 'tis all I request."
Apollo look'd pleas'd; and, resolving to jest,
Reply'd, " Honest friend, I've consider'd thy case;
" Nor dislike thy well meaning and humourous
" face.
" Thy petition I grant: the boon is not great:
" Thy works shall continue; and here's the re-
" ceipt,
" On rondeaus hereafter thy fiddle-strings spend:
" Write verses in circles; they never shall end."

ON DAN JACKSON'S PICTURE,

Cut in Silk and Paper.

To fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
And defy'd her to draw him so oft' as he *piqu'd*
her.
He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might safely defy
her.
Come sit, says my Lady; then whips up her scissar,
And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, Sir.
Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprize
How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd
his eyes;
But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
That his thin lantern jaws all her art would de-
feat.
Lady Betty observ'd it, then pulls out a pin,
And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin;
And, to make roasted silk to resemble his raw-
bone,
She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;
Till at length in exactest proportion he rose,
From the crown of his head to the arch of his
nose. [all,
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and
'Tis certain the copy had out-done the original.

* See "Apollo to the Dean." p. 190.

Well, that's but my outside, says Dan with a
vapour.
Say you so, says my Lady; I've lin'd it with pa-
per.
PATR. DELANY *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

GLARISSA draws her scissars from the case,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face.
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin;
A nick produc'd a mouth, and made him grin, }
Such as in tailors' measure you have seen.
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which grey worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye con-
vey'd
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard head.
How came the scissars to be thus out-done?
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art! now look at Dan---
You'll swear the pasteboard was the better man.
" The devil!" says he, " the head is not so full!"
Indeed it is---behold the paper skull.
THO. SHERIDAN *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice.
Chloe, observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G--, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!
G. ROCHFORD *sculp.*

ON THE SAME PICTURE.

WHILST you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic;
I spend my time in making Sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans,
Or murmuring at Whigs' preferments.
But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort,
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly forc'd to botch for't.
Bid Lady Betty recollect her,
And tell, who was it could direct her
To draw the face of such a spectre.
I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear it is hers.
'Tis true no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.
Take courage, Dan; this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows
What fortune may befall his nose.
Shew me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song, or two at most;
For thee three poets now are drudging all
To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and the original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend,
So far, dear Dan, that every friend
Tries who shall have it by the end.

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise
Thy nose out-shining Cælia's eyes.

JON. SWIFT.

DAN JACKSON'S DEFENCE.

"My verse little better you'll find than my face is
"A word to the wise—*ut pictura pōis.*"

THREE merry lads, with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own;
As if they'd run it down much better
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white,
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew.
Let them such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace:
Whilst every line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.
But yet methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name them who do rehearse
The story of the picture-farce;
The Squire, in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face, on cards is very brisk, Sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any:
And yet much more, than half-name-fake
Should join a party in the freak;
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be,
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan?
This is the case whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sherridane:
'Tis hard then he should be decry'd
By Dan with Sherry by his side.
But, if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I?
Back-biters only we defy:
Faces are free from injury.

MR. ROCHFORT'S REPLY.

You say your face is better hung
Than ours---by what? by nose or tongue?
In not explaining, you are wrong

Because we thus must state the case,
That you have got a hanging face,
Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace

to us, Sir.

of noose, Sir.

But yet be not cast down; I see
A weaver will your hangman be;
You'll only hang in tapestry

with many.

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your clothes,

dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of every age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage

of love, Sir.

All their region will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison be sent

to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become,
As gardens grac'd in ancient Rome,
By matron's worship'd in the gloom

of night.

O happy Dan! thrice happy sure!
Thy fame for ever shall endure,
Who after death can love secure

at sight.

So far I thought it was my duty
To dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t' ye,

in answer

To that party where you carry on
This paradox, that rock and stone
In your opinion are all one.

How can, Sir,

A man of reasoning so profound,
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so differently to confound

t' our senses?

Except you judg'd them by the knock
Of near an equal hardy block:
Such an experimental stroke

convinces.

Then might you be, by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion;
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,

is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit;
Thy head to prove the truth of it

we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name

refin'd, Sir.

You'll see most grossly you mistook:
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took)

you'll find, Sir,

S, H, E, *She*---and R, I, *ri*,
Both put together make *Sherry*;
D, A, N, *Dan*---makes up the three

syllables.

Dan is but one, and *Sherri* two;
Then, Sir, your choice will never do;
Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you

the tables.

DR. DELANY'S REPLY.

ASSIST me, my Muse, whilst I labour to limn him :
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae persimilem.

You look and you write with so different a grace,
That I envy your verse, tho' I did not your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason
enough,

'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd you should think my
design } quin grin,
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your harle-
Which you yourself wonder the de'el should
malign. }

And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's crany
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.

Though I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.

And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of Hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphael.

Next, as to the charge, which you tell us is true
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew;
Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it:
Had your nose been the muse, we had ne'er been
inspir'd,

Though perhaps it might justly 've been said we
were fir'd.

As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three
halves,

I meddle not with't, but presume to make merry.
You call'd Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry:
Now if Dan's a half, as you call 't o'er and o'er,
Then it can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more:
For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.

But perhaps, Sir you did it to fill up the verse: }
So crowds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce. }
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan sends to Merry Dan answer.

SHERIDAN'S REPLY.

THREE merry lads you own we are;
'Tis very true, and free from care;
But envious we cannot bear,

believe, Sir.

For, were all forms of beauty thine,
Were you like Nereus soft and fine,
We should not in the least repine,

or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man;
'Tis women should be pale and wan,

and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows, and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops,

meer vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
To cull and gather out a face;
Is this the way you take your glass?

Forbear it.

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it;
It looks as if you did par-boil it:

Drink claret

Your cheeks, by sleeking, are so lean,
That they're like Cynthia in the wane.
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,

or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done:
You've made your phiz a skeleton,
From the long distance of your crown

t' your gullet!

A REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

WEARIED with saying grace and prayer,
I hasten down to country air,
To read your answer and prepare,

reply to't.

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me, or bespatter?
I must suspect you mean the latter---

Ah! fly-boot!

It must be so! what else, alas,
Can mean by culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,

and box-comb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a dawb, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-

er coxcomb

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes, and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,

nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scare-crow of skin and bone;
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,

who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed to curry friends,
You seem to praise, to make amends,
And yet, before your stanza ends,

you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me knows
That I have nothing like my nose

about me.

I pass now where you flee and laugh.

'Cause I call Dan my better half!

Oh there you think you have me safe!

But hold, Sir:

Is not a penny often found
to be much greater than a pound?

By your good leave, my most profound

and bold, Sir.

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less:
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,

dull pedant!

As to your spelling, let me see,
If SHE makes *sher*, and RI makes *ry*,
Good spelling-master! your crany

has lead on't.

ANOTHER REJOINDER,

BY THE DEAN, IN JACKSON'S NAME.

THREE days for answer I have waited ;
 I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated ;
 And art thou forc'd to yield, ill-fated
 poetaster ?
 Henceforth acknowledge that a nose
 Of thy dimension's fit for prose ;
 But every one that knows Dan, knows
 thy master.
 Blush for ill-spelling, for ill lines,
 And fly with hurry to *ramines* ;
 Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
 proud boaster.
 I hear with some concern you roar,
 And flying think to quit the score
 By clapping billets on your door
 and posts, Sir,
 Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant ;
 I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
 But pleas'd to find you do relent
 and cry on.
 I maul'd you, when you look'd so bluff,
 But now I'll secret keep your stuff ;
 For know, prostration is enough
 to th' lion.

SHERIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

BY THE DEAN.

" Cedo jam, miseræ cognoscens præmia rixæ,
 " Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum."

POOR Sherry, inglorious,
 To Dan the victorious,
 Presents as 'tis fitting,
 Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave,
 Your now-subdued and suppliant slave
 Most humbly sues for pardon ;
 Who when I fought still cut me down,
 And when I vanish'd fled the town,
 Pursued and laid me hard on.
 Now lowly crouch'd I cry *peccavi*,
 And prostrate supplicate *pour ma vie* :
 Your mercy I rely on ;
 For you, my conqueror and my king,
 In pardoning as in punishing,
 Will shew yourself a lion.
 Alas ! Sir, I had no design,
 But was unwarily drawn in ;
 For spite I ne'er had any :
 'Twas the damn'd squire with the hard name ;
 The de'ol too that ow'd me a shame,
 The devil and Delany ;
 They tempted me t' attack your highness,
 And then, with wonted wile and slyness,
 They left me in the lurch :
 Unhappy wretch ! for now, I ween,
 I've nothing left to vent my spleen
 But ferula and birch :
 And they, alas ! yield small relief,
 Seem rather to renew my grief ;
 My wounds bleed all anew :

For every stroke goes to my heart,
 And at each lash I feel the smart
 Of lash laid on by you.

To the Rev. DANIEL JACKSON ;

To be humbly presented by Mr. SHERIDAN in
 Person, with Respect, Care, and Speed.

DEAR DAN.

HERE I return my trust, nor ask
 One penny for remittance ;
 If I have well perform'd my task,
 Pray send me an acquittance.
 Too long I bore this weighty pack,
 As Hercules the sky ;
 Now take him you, Dan Atlas, back,
 Let me be stander-by.
 Not all the witty things you speak
 In compais of a day,
 Not half the puns you make a week,
 Should bribe his longer stay.
 With me you left him out at nurse,
 Yet are you not my debtor ;
 For, as he hardly can be worse,
 I ne'er could make him better.
 He rhymes and puns, and puns and rhymes,
 Just as he did before ;
 And when he's lash'd a hundred times,
 He rhymes and puns the more.
 When rods are laid on school-boys bums,
 The more they frisk and skip :
 The school-boy's top but louder hums,
 The more they use the whip.
 Thus, a lean beast beneath a load
 (A beast of Irish breed)
 Will, in a tedious, dirty road,
 Outgo the prancing steed.
 You knock him down and down in vain,
 And lay him flat before ye ;
 For, soon as he gets up again,
 He'll strut, and cry, *Victoria* !
 At every stroke of mine he fell :
 'Tis true he roar'd and cry'd ;
 But his impenetrable shell
 Could feel no harm beside.
 The tortoise thus, with motion slow,
 Will clamber up a wall ;
 Yet, senseless to the hardest blow,
 Gets nothing but a fall.
 Dear Dan, then, why should you or I,
 Attack his pericrany ?
 And, since it is in vain to try,
 We'll send him to Delany.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lean Tom, when I saw him, last week, on his
 horse awry,
 Threaten'd loudly to turn me to stone with his
 forcery.
 But, I think, little Dan, that, in spite of what
 our foe says,
 He will find I read Ovid and his *Metamorphosis*.

For omitting the] (first where I make a comparison,

With a sort of allusion to Putland or Harrison)
Yet, by my description, you'll find he in short is
A pack and a garran, a top and a tortoise.

So I hope from henceforward you ne'er will ask,
can I maul

This teasing, conceited, rude, insolent animal?
And, if this rebuke might turn to his benefit,
(For I pity the man) I should be glad then of it.

TO DR. SHERIDAN,

ON HIS "ART OF PUNNING."

HAD I ten thousand *mouthis* and *tongues*,
Had I ten thousand pair of *lungs*,
Ten thousand *sculls* with *brains* to think,
Ten thousand *standishes* of *ink*,
Ten thousand *hands* and *pens*, to write
Thy praise I'd *study* day and night.

Oh may thy Work for ever live!
(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive)
May no vile miscreant saucy Cook
Presume to tear thy *learned Book*,
To *finge his fowl* for nicer guest,
Or *pin it on the turkey's breast*.
Keep it from *pasty bak'd* or *flying*,
From *broiling stake*, or *fritters frying*,
From *lighting pipe*, or *making snuff*,
Or *casing up a feather muff*;
From all the several ways the Grocer
(Who to the learned world's a foe, Sir)
Has found in *twisting*, *folding*, *packing*,
His *brains* and *ours* at once a *racking*.
And may it never *curl the bead*,
Of either *living block* or *dead*!
Thus, when all dangers they have past,
Your *leaves*, like *leaves of brass*, shall last.
No *blast* shall from a *critic's breath*,
By *vile infection*, cause their *death*,
Till they in *flames* at last expire,
And *help to set the world on fire*.

STELLA TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30. 1721.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the rest attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female strains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Descend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Show'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid:
Forsook by her admiring train,
She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain:

Short was her part upon the stage;
Went smoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, she wanted art,
As the scene chang'd, to change her part;
She, whom no lover could resist,
Before the second act was hiss'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That she has ne'er resembled those;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her course of years behind,
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.
The sight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives me not the spleen;
The idol now of every fool,
Till time shall make their passions cool;
Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
While Stella holds her station still.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cause;
Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.

Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth!
Late dying may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow!

TO STELLA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY. 1721-2.

WHILE, Stella, to your lasting praise,
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung:
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stella's of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

ON THE GREAT BURIED BOTTLE.

BY DR. DELANY.

AMPHORA, quæ mæstum linquis, lætumque revives
 Arentem dominum, sit tibi terra levis. [mor ;
 Tu quoque depositum serves, neve opprime, mar-
 Amphora non meruit tam pretiosa mori.

EPITAPH, BY THE SAME.

Hoc tumulato jacet proles Lenæa sepulchro,
 Immortale genus, nec peritura jacet ;
 Quin oritura iterum, matris concreditur alvo ;
 Bis natum referunt te quoque, Bacche Pater.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY:

*A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that
 Day dug up. 1722-3.*

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
 By beauty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think :
 I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head,
 But found my wit and fancy fled :
 Or, if with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme :
 And, what was yet a greater curse.
 Long thinking made my fancy worse.
 Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
 I waited at Apollo's shrine :
 I told him what the world would say,
 If Stella were unfung to-day ;
 How I should hide my head for shame,
 When both the Jacks and Robin came ;
 How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer ;
 How Sheridan the rogue would sneer,
 And swear it does not always follow,
 That *semel 'n anno ridet Apollo*.
 I have assur'd them twenty times,
 That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes ;
 Phœbus inspir'd me from above,
 And he and I were hand and glove.
 But, finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetic licence ;
 And, when a brag of aid divine,
 Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
 Nor do I ask for Stella's sake ;
 'Tis my own credit lies at stake :
 And Stella will be fung, while I
 Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little,
 Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
 I furnish hints, and you shall use all 'em,
 You yearly sing as she grows old,
 You'd leave her virtue's half untold.
 But, to say truth, such dullness reigns
 Through the whole set of Irish deans,
 I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
 Dean W—, Dean D—, and Dean Smedley,
 That, let what Dean soever come,
 My orders are, I'm not at home ;
 And, if your voice had not been loud,
 You must have pass'd among the crowd.

But now, your danger to prevent,
 You must apply to Mrs. Brent ;
 For she, as priestess, knows the rites
 Wherein the god of *earth* delights,
 First, nine ways looking, let her stand
 With an old poker in her hand ;
 Let her describe a circle round
 In Saunders' cellar, on the ground :
 A spade let prudent Archy hold,
 And with discretion dig the mould ;
 Let Stella look with watchful eye,
 Rebecca, Ford, and Grattans by.

Behold the bottle, where it lies
 With neck elated towards the skies !
 The god of winds and god of fire
 Did to its wondrous birth conspire ;
 And Bacchus, for the poet's use,
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
 See ! as you raise it from its tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious womb,
 And in the spacious womb contains
 A sovereign medicine for the brains.

You'll find it soon, if fate consents ;
 If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,
 Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
 May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
 And boldly then invoke the Muse
 (But first let Robert, on his knees,
 With caution drain it from thee lees) :
 The Muse will at your call appear,
 With Stella's praise to crown the year.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.

His Grace ! impossible ! what dead !
 Of old age too, and in his bed !
 And could that mighty warrior fall,
 And so inglorious, after all !
 Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trump must wake him now :
 And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the news-papers we're told ?
 Threescore, I think is pretty high ;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die !
 This world he cumber'd long enough ;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff ;
 And that's the reason some folks think,
 He left behind *so great a f—k*.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his herse.
 But what of that ? his friends may say,
 He had those honours in his day.
 True to his profit and his pride,
 He made them weep before he dy'd.
 Come hither, all ye empty things !
 Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of kings !
 Who float upon the tide of state ;
 Come hither, and behold your fate ;
 Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
 How very mean a thing 's a Duke ;

From all his ill-got honour's flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

DEAN SMEDLEY'S PETITION TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"Non domus aut fundus—"

HOR.

It was, my lord, the dextrous shift
Of t'other Jonathan, viz. Swift;
But now St. Patrick's saucy dean,
With silver verge and surplice clean,
Of Oxford, or of Ormond's grace,
In looser rhyme to beg a place.

A place he got, yclept *a stall*,
And eke a thousand pounds withal;
And, were he a less witty writer,
He might as well have got a mitre.

Thus I the Jonathan of Clogher,
In humble lays my thanks to offer,
Approach your grace with grateful heart,
My thanks and verse both void of art,
Content with what your bounty gave,
No larger income do I crave;
Rejoicing that, in *better times*,
Grafton requires my loyal lines.
Proud! while my patron is polite,
I likewise to the patriot write!
Proud! that at once I can commend
King George's and the Muses' friend!
Endear'd to Britain; and to thee
(Disjoin'd, Hibernia, by the sea)
Endear'd by twice three anxious years,
Employ'd in guardian toils and cares;
By love, by wisdom, and by skill;
For he has fav'd thee 'gainst thy will.

But where shall Smedley make his nest,
And lay his wandering head to rest?
Where shall he find a decent house,
To treat his friends and cheer his spouse?
Oh! *tack*, my lord, some pretty cure;
In wholesome soil, and æther pure;
The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
In either angle shady bowers.
No gay parterre, with costly green,
Within the ambient hedge be seen:
Let Nature freely take her course,
Nor fear from me ungrateful force;
No sheers shall check her sprouting vigour,
Nor shape the yews to antic figure:
A limpid brook shall trout supply,
In May, to take the mimic fly;
Round a small orchard may it run,
Whose apples redden to the sun.
Let all be snug and warm, and neat;
For fifty turn'd a safe retreat.
A little Euston may it be,
Euston I'll crave on every tree.
But then, to keep it in repair,
My lord—*twice fifty pounds* a year
Will barely do; but if your grace
Could make them *hundreds*—charming place!
Thou then would'st show another face.

Clogher! far north, my lord, it lies,
Midst snowy hills, inclement skies;
One shivers with the arctic wind;
One hears the *polar axis* grind.

Good John * indeed, with beef and claret,
Makes the place warm that one may bear it,
He has a purse to keep a table,
And eke a soul as hospitable.
My heart is good; but affets fail,
To fight with storms of snow and hail.
Besides the country's thin of people,
Who seldom meet but at the steeple:
The strapping dean, that's gone to Down,
Ne'er nam'd the thing without a frown;
When, much fatigu'd with sermon-study,
He felt his brain grow dull and muddy;
No fit companion could be found,
To push the lazy bottle round;
Sure then, for want of better folks
To pledge, *his clerk* was *orthodox*.

Ah! how unlike to Gerard-street,
Where beaux and belles in parties meet;
Where gilded chairs and coaches throng,
And jostle as they trowl along:
Where tea and coffee hourly flow,
And gape-seed does in plenty grow;
And Griz (no clock more certain) cries,
Exact at seven, "Hot mutton-pies!"
There lady Luna in her sphere
Once shone, when Paunceforth was not near;
But now she wanes, and, as 'tis said,
Keeps sober hours, and goes to bed.
There—but 'tis endless to write down
All the amusements of the town;
And spouse will think herself quite undone,
To trudge to Connor † from sweet London;
And care we must our wives to please,
Or else—we shall be ill at ease.

You see, my lord, what 'tis I lack;
'Tis only some convenient *tack*,
Some parsonage-house, with garden sweet,
To be my late, my last retreat;
A decent church close by its side,
There preaching, praying, to reside;
And, as my time securely rolls,
To save my own, and other souls.

THE DUKE'S ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DEAR Smed, I read thy brilliant lines,
Where wit in all its glory shines;
Where compliments, with all their pride,
Are by their numbers dignified:
I hope to make you yet as clean
As that same *Viz.* St. Patrick's dean.
I'll give thee *surplice*, *verge*, and *stall*,
And may be something else withal;
And, were you not so good a writer,
I should present you with a mitre.
Write worse then, *if you can*—Be wise—
Believe me, 'tis *the way to rise*.
Talk not of *making of thy nest*:
Ah! never lay thy head to rest!
That head so well with wisdom fraught,
That writes without the toil of thought!

* Bishop Sterne.

† The bishoprick of Connor is united to that of Down; but there are two deans.

While others rack their busy brains,
 You are not in the least at pains.
 Down to your deanry now repair,
 And build a *castle in the air*.
 I'm sure a man of your fine sense
 Can do it with a small expence.
 There your *dear spouse* and you together
 May breathe your bellies full of *æther*.
 When lady Luna is your neighbour,
 She'll help your *wife* when she's in labour;
 Well skill'd in midwife artifices,
 For she herself oft' *falls in pieces*.
 There you shall see a *raree-show*
 Will make you scorn this *world below*,
 When you behold the milky way,
 As white as snow, as bright as day;
 The glittering constellations roll
 About the grinding Arctic pole;
 The lovely tingling in your ears,
 Wrought by the music of the spheres—
 Your spouse shall then no longer hector,
 You need not fear a curtain-lecture;
 Nor shall she think that she is *undone*
 For quitting her belov'd London.
 When she's exalted in the skies,
 She'll never think of mutton-pies;
 When you're advanc'd above *dean Viz*,
 You'll never think of goody Griz.
 But ever, ever, live at ease,
 And strive, and strive, *your wife to please*;
 In her you'll centre all your joys,
 And get ten thousand *girls and boys*:
 Ten thousand girls and boys you'll get,
 And they like stars shall *rise and set*;
 While *you and spouse*, transform'd, shall soon
 Be a *new sun* and a *new moon*:
 Nor shall you strive your horns to hide,
 For then your horns shall be your pride.

VERSES BY STELLA.

If it be true, celestial Powers,
 That you have form'd me fair,
 And yet, in all my vainest hours,
 My mind has been my care;
 Then, in return, I beg this grace,
 As you were ever kind,
 What envious Time takes from my face,
 Bestow upon my mind!

JEALOUSY. BY THE SAME*.

O SHIELD me from his rage, celestial Powers;
 This tyrant that imbitters all my hours!
 Ah, Love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part:
 You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
 When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
 I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
 But you would raise him to support your throne;
 And now he claims your empire as his own.
 Or tell me, tyrants! have you both agreed,
 That where one reigns, the other shall succeed?

* On the publication of "*Cadenus and Vanessa*."

DR. DELANY'S VILLA.

Would you that Delville I describe?
 Believe me, Sir, I will not gibe:
 For who would be satirical
 Upon a thing so very small?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
 Before you're at the very centre.
 A single crow can make it night,
 When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
 Yet, in this narrow compass, we
 Observe a vast variety;
 Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
 Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
 And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
 And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
 All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
 Without the mowing or the reaping:
 A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
 Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
 Full large to entertain a mouse,
 But where a rat is dreaded more
 Than savage Caledonian boar;
 For, if it's enter'd by a rat,
 There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
 Down through a thing you call a vale,
 Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
 Like rain along a blade of leek;
 And this you call your sweet *meander*,
 Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
 Could he but force his nether bill
 To scoop the channel of the rill:
 For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
 Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
 Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;
 And round this garden is a walk,
 No longer than a tailor's chalk:
 Thus I compare what space is in it,
 A snail creeps round it in a minute.
 One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
 Up through a tuft you call your trees;
 And, once a year, a single rose
 Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
 In vain then you expect its bloom!
 It cannot blow for want of room.

In short, in all your boasted seat,
 There's nothing but yourself that's GREAT.

ON ONE OF THE WINDOWS AT DELVILLE.

A BARD, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
 Built a house he was sure would hold none but
 himself.
 This enrag'd god Apollo, who Mercury sent,
 And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
 "Some foe to my empire has been his adviser:
 "'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns
 miser!"
 "Tell him, Hermes, from me, tell that subject
 "of mine,
 "I have sworn by the Styx to defeat his design;

" For wherever he lives, the Muses shall reign ;
 " And the Muses, he knows, have a numerous
 " train."

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSIS. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
 Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
 Decidit in fluctus: maria undique & undique faxa
 Horrifono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
 Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
 Æquorei laticis, spicus imâ rupe cavatur:
 Jam ultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
 Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
 Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
 Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum.
 In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
 Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
 Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
 Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
 Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.
 Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
 Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
 Immenso volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis;
 Non obfessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
 Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
 Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
 Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
 Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
 Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
 Vi salientis aque de summo præcipitantur,
 Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linqunt.

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem;
 Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra sudum
 Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS,

TRANSLATED BY DR. DUNKIN.

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
 Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
 Hangs a huge fragment; destitute of props,
 Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops;
 With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
 From shore to shore the rocks return the sound:
 The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
 And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves;
 For long the whirling winds and beating tides
 Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
 Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
 Their headlong course, and lash the foundering
 surge.

Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
 When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains
 hurl'd;

Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
 To crush Earth's rebel-sons beneath the load.

Oft' too with hideous yawn the cavern wide
 Presents an orifice on either side,
 A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
 Extended, pervious to the God of Day:

Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
 An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
 High on the cliff their nests the Woodquests make,
 And Sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his fullen train
 Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
 When o'er the craggy steep without control,
 Big with the blast, the raging billows roll;
 Not towns beleaguér'd, not the flaming brand,
 Darted from Heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
 Oft' as on impious men his wrath he pours,
 Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded towers,
 Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:

Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
 The neighbouring race, though wont to brave
 the shocks

Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
 Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
 Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
 The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
 Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
 Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd
 deep.

The frightened fisher, with desponding eyes,
 Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
 Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
 Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON THE HORRID PLOT DISCOVERED
BY HARLEQUIN,

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG *.

In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory. 1723.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
 How came this wicked plot to light?
 He answer'd, that a *dog* of late
 Inform'd a minister of state.
 Said I, from thence I nothing know;
 For are not all informers so?
 A villain who his friend betrays,
 We style him by no other phrase;
 And so a perjur'd *dog* denotes
 Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
 And forty others I could name.

Whig. But, you must know, this *dog* was lame.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
 Your *evidence* was lame:---proceed:
 Come, help your *lame dog* o'er the *style*.

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
 I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
 Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to speak, which *dog* you mean;
 Whether cur Plunkett, or whelp Skee, or
 An English or an Irish hound;
 Or t'other puppy, that was drown'd;
 Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch:
 Then pray be free, and tell me which:
 For every stander-by was marking
 That all the noise they made was *barking*.
 You pay them well; the *dogs* have got
 Their dog-heads in a porridge pot:

* See the "State Trials," Vol. VI.

And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
That *every dog must have his day*.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of *nog* on't,
He'd either *make a hog or dog on't*;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had *thrown down a dish*.
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon *return to his own vomit*.

Whig. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.

Whig. I prov'd my proposition full:
But *Jacobites* are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real *cur*,
A dog of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a name in every *plot*:
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence plainly dated,
Was all decypher'd and *translated*:
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise committee:
Confess'd as plain as he could bark;
Then with his fore-foot set his *mark*.

Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet*:
The matter now no longer sticks;
For statesmen never want *dog-tricks*.
But since it was a real *cur*,
And not a dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.

Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
A turn-spit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occasion for a *plot*:
And, when we found the *dog* begin it,
We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it.

Tory. I own it was a dangerous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic*.
Sure such intelligence between
A *dog* and bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your bishops all are *dogs* indeed!

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

A House of Charles Ford, Esq. near Dublin. 1723.

" —Cuicumque nocere volebat,
" Vestimenta dabat pretiosa."

DON Carlos in a merry spight,
Did Stella to his house invite;
He entertain'd her half a year
With generous wines and costly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That she might o'er the servants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the highest price:
Now at the table-head she sits,
Presented with the nicest bits:

She look'd on partridges with scorn,
Except they tasted of the corn;
A haunch of venison made her sweat,
Unless it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earnestly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
To see that every glass was fine.
At last, grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he design'd.
The winter-sky began to frown;
Poor Stella must pack off to town:
From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's stinking tide at Dublin;
From wholesome exercise and air,
To flogging in an easy chair;
From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding;
From ruling there the household singly,
To be directed here by Dingley *;
From every day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked*;
From every meal Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To visits of — — —
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean;
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running-out by starving here.

But now arrives the dismal day;
She must return to Ormond Quay †.
The coachman stopt; she look'd, and swore
The rascal had mistook the door:
At coming in, you saw her stoop;
The entry brush'd against her hoop:
Each moment rising in her airs,
She curst the narrow winding stairs;
Began a thousand faults to spy:
The cieling hardly six feet high;
The smutty waincoat full of cracks;
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Lady-day;
She vows she will no longer stay
In lodgings like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.

Howe'er to keep her spirits up,
She sent for company to sup:
When all the while you might remark,
She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her store;
The cupboard could contain but four):
A supper worthy of herself,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.

Thus for a week the farce went on
When, all her country-savings gone,
She fell into her former scene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest: though now, I fear,
You think my jesting too severe;

* The constant companion of Stella.

† Where the two ladies lodged.

But poets, when a hint is new,
 No matter whether false or true :
 Yet raillery gives no offence,
 Where truth has not the least pretence ;
 Nor can be more securely plac'd
 Than on a nymph of Stella's taste.
 I must confess, your wine and vittle
 I was too hard upon a little :
 Your table neat, your linen fine ;
 And, though in miniature, you shine :
 Yet, when you sigh to leave Wood-park,
 The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
 To languish in this odious town,
 And pull your haughty stomach down ;
 We think you quite mistake the case,
 The virtue lies not in the place :
 For, though my raillery were true,
 A cottage is Wood-park with you.

COPY OF THE BIRTH-DAY VERSES

ON MR. FORD.

COME, be content, since out it must,
 For Stella has betray'd her trust ;
 And, whispering, charg'd me not to say
 That Mr. Ford was born to-day ;
 Or, if at last I needs must blab it,
 According to my usual habit,
 She bid me, with a serious face,
 Be sure conceal the time and place ;
 And not my compliment to spoil,
 By calling this your native soil ;
 Or vex the ladies, when they knew
 That you are turning forty-two :
 But, if these topics shall appear
 Strong arguments to keep you here,
 I think, though you judge hardly of it,
 Good-manners must give place to profit.

The nymphs with whom you first began
 Are each become a *barridan* ;
 And Montague so far decay'd,
 Her lovers now must all be paid ;
 And every belle that since arose
 Has . . . contemporary beaux.
 Your former comrades, once so bright,
 With whom you toasted half the night,
 Of rheumatism and pox complain,
 And bid adieu to dear champaign.
 Your great protectors, once in power,
 Are now in exile or the Tower.
 Your foes triumphant o'er the laws,
 Who hate your person and your cause,
 If once they get you on the spot,
 You must be guilty of the plot :
 For, true or false, they'll ne'er inquire,
 But use you ten times worse than Prior.

Vol. IX

Hear him blaspheme, and swear, and rail,
 Threatening the pillory and jail :
 If this you think a pleasing scene,
 To London straight return again ;
 Where, you have told us from experience,
 Are swarms of bugs and presbyterians.

I thought my very spleen would burst,
 When fortune hither drove me first ;
 Was full as hard to please as you,
 Nor persons names nor places knew :
 But now I act as other folk,
 Like prisoners when their jail is broke.

If you have London still at heart,
 We'll make a small one here by art :
 The difference is not much between
 St. James's Park, and Stephen's Green ;
 And Dawson-street will serve as well
 To lead you thither as Pall-Mall.
 Nor want a passage through the palace,
 To choke your sight, and raise your malice :
 The Deanry-house may well be match'd,
 Under correction, with the Thatcht *.

Nor shall I, when you hither come,
 Demand a crown a quart for stum.
 Then, for a middle-aged charmer,
 Stella may vie with your Monthermer ;
 She's now as handsome every bit,
 And has a thousand times her wit.
 The Dean and Sheridan, I hope,
 Will half supply a Gay and Pope.
 Corbet †, though yet I know his worth not,
 No doubt will prove a good Arbuthnot.
 I throw into the bargain Tim ;
 In London can you equal him ?
 What think you of my favourite clan,
 Robin ‡, and Jack, and Jack and Dan,
 Fellows of modest worth and parts,
 With cheerful looks and honest hearts ?
 Can you on Dublin look with scorn ?
 Yet here were you and Ormond born.

Oh ! were but you and I so wise,
 To see with Robert Grattan's eyes !
 Robin adores that spot of earth,
 That literal spot which gave him birth ;
 And swears, " Belcamp || is, to his taste,
 " As fine as Hampton-court at least."
 When to your friends you would enhance
 The praise of Italy or France,
 For grandeur, elegance, and wit,
 We gladly hear you, and submit :
 But then, to come and keep a clutter,
 For this or that side of the gutter,
 To live in this or t' other isle,
 We cannot think it worth your while ;
 For, take it kindly or amiss,
 The difference but amounts to this :
 We bury on our side the channel
 In linen ; and on yours in flannel §.

* A famous tavern in St. James's Street.

† Dr. Corbet, afterwards dean of St. Patrick's.

‡ R. and I. Grattan, and J. and D. Jackson.

|| In Fingall, about five miles from Dublin.

§ The law for burying in woollen was extended to Ireland in 1733.

You for the news are ne'er to seek;
While we, perhaps, may wait a week:
You happy folks are sure to meet
An hundred whores in every street;
While we may trace all Dublin o'er
Before we find out half a score.

You see my arguments are strong;
I wonder you held out so long:
But, since you are convinc'd at last,
We'll pardon you for what is past.
So---let us now for whist prepare;
Twelve-pence a corner, if you dare.

JOAN CUDGELS NED. 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she *combs his head*.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY, ON JUDGE BOAT. 1723.

To mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our justice Boat.
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to
press,

His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less?
Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world,
At length, his anchor fixt and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *founders* in the port.
With *water* † fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.

A post so fill'd on nature's laws entrenches:
Benches on boats are plac'd, not boats on benches.
And yet our Boat (how shall I reconcile it?)
Was both a Boat, and in one sense a pilot.
With every wind he sail'd, and well could tack;
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a Jack ‡.
He's gone, although his friends began to hope
That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench, on which he sat!
He was as hard and ponderous wood as that:
Yet, when his sand was out, we find at last,
That death has *overfet* him with a blast.
Our Boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry souls to hell;
A trade our Boat § hath practis'd here so well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimstone*, to fill up his flaws.
Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place Boat in his old post again.
The way is thus; and well deserves your thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken planks,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's-green ||;

* Two villages near the sea.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

§ In condemning malefactors, as a judge.

|| Where the Dublin gallows stands.

And, when we view it thus with thief at end
on 't, [the pendant!
We'll cry, Look, here's our Boat, and there's

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentle folks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes, you must agree,
No Boat was better deckt than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

PETHOX * THE GREAT.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race;
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy fire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sing'd the soil
(From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee);
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came,
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before,
And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend;
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefather came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name
(For so conjecturers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude);
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from justling seeds arose,
Which, mingling with prolific strife
In chaos, kindled into life:
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round;
Beneath thy decent steps the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his post,
Thee to attend, where'er thou goest.

Eyzantians boast, that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horse had trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree:
The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.

* This name is plainly an anagram.

The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack;
And, as an instance of thy power,
Inclose him in a wooden tower.
With pungent pains on every side:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports;
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen!
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants to the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t' other half for private use.

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half-encompass'd round,
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then, by a soldiery retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

MARY THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER TO DR. SHERIDAN. 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since my
mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder
where you were bred.
I'm sure such words do not become a man of
your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith
and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. She-
ridan! 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name,

Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a
shame and a sin;

And the Dean, my master, is an honefter man
than you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger, than
you have in your whole body:

My master is a parsonable man, and not a spindle-
shank'd hoddie-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an
excuse,

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
goose;

Which, and I am sure I have been his servant
four years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober:

Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
to my knowledge,

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
so late in your college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave: a chris-
tian eat grass!

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my master
should die before ye;

Well, well, that 's as God pleases; and I don't
believe that 's a true story:

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Mary,

Every body knows that I love to tell truth and
shame the devil;

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day
that you was here:

I remember it was on a Tuesday of all days in
the year.

And Saunders the man says you are always jest-
ing and mocking:

Mary, said he, (one day as I was mending my
master's stocking)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school---

I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of
ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a dish-clout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct
this letter;

For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Mar-
get, she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from prayers;

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him com-
ing up stairs;

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
write written hand:

And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command,

MARY.

A NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT

FOR BEC *. 1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
 For Bec, a new supply of cares,
 Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
 Who thus displays the New-year's-gift.
 First, this large parcel brings you tidings
 Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
 Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leafings,
 And Sheridan's perpetual teasings.
 This box is cramm'd on every side
 With Stella's magisterial pride.
 Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
 First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
 Now to this hamper I invite you,
 With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
 Here in this bundle Janus sends
 Concerns by thousands for your friends:
 And here's a pair of leathern pokes,
 To hold your cares for other folks.
 Here from this barrel you may broach
 A peck of troubles for a coach.
 This ball of wax your ears will darken,
 Still to be curious, never hearken.
 Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
 Bring all your Quilca's † cares to Dublin,
 For which he sends this empty sack;
 And so take all upon your back.

DINGLEY AND BRENT ‡.

A SONG,

To the Tune of "Ye Commons and Peers."

DINGLEY and Brent,
 Wherever they went,
 Ne'er minded a word that was spoken;
 Whatever was said,
 They ne'er troubled their head,
 But laugh'd at their own silly joking.
 Should Solomon wise
 In majesty rise,
 And show them his wit and his learning;
 They never would hear,
 But turn the deaf ear,
 As a matter they had no concern in.
 You tell a good jest;
 And please all the rest;
 Comes Dingley, and asks you, What was it?
 And, curious to know,
 Away she will go
 To seek an old rag in the closet.

TO STELLA. 1623-4.

*Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the
 Subject, when I was sick in Bed.*

TORMENTED with incessant pains,
 Can I devise poetic strains?

* Mrs. Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.

† A country-house of Dr. Sheridan.

‡ Dr. Swift's house-keeper.

Time was, when I could yearly pay
 My verse on Stella's native day:
 But now, unable grown to write,
 I grieve she ever saw the light.
 Ungrateful! since to her I owe
 That I these pains can undergo.
 She tends me, like an humble slave;
 And, when indecently I rave,
 When out my brutish passions break,
 With gall in every word I speak,
 She, with soft speech, my anguish cheers,
 Or melts my passions down with tears:
 Although 'tis easy to descry
 She wants assistance more than I;
 Yet seems to feel my pains alone,
 And is a Stoic in her own.
 When, among scholars, can we find
 So soft, and yet so firm a mind?
 All accidents of life conspire
 To raise up Stella's virtue higher,
 Or else to introduce the rest
 Which had been latent in her breast.
 Her firmness who could e'er have known,
 Had she not evils of her own?
 Her kindness who could ever guess,
 Had not her friends been in distress?
 Whatever base returns you find
 From me, dear Stella, still be kind.
 In your own heart you'll reap the fruit,
 Though I continue still a brute.
 But, when I once am out of pain,
 I promise to be good again:
 Mean time, your other juster friends
 Shall for my follies make amends;
 So may we long continue thus,
 Admiring you, you pitying us.

ON DREAMS.

AN IMITATION OF PETRONIUS.

"Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus um-
 bris," &c.

THOSE dreams that on the silent night intrude,
 And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
 Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
 But all are mere productions of the brain,
 And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
 The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
 The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
 The scenes and actions of the day before.

The drowsy tyrants, by his minions led,
 To regal rage devote some patriot's head.
 With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
 The murderer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries,
 And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
 With like remorse his brother of the trade,
 The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
 And dreams of forfeitures by treason got.

Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mold,
Collects the city filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer fees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's sob.

The kind physician grants the husband's prayers
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead men's shoes.

The grave divine, with knotty points perplexed,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the sly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise:
And Dick the scavenger, with equal grace,
Flirts from his cart the mud in * * * * *'s face.

WHITSHED'S * MOTTO

ON HIS COACH. 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale solum:

Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it.
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an un-complying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention,
To favour Wood, and keep my pension;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal, and turn out Broderick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, sixthly, for my soul, to barter it
For fifty times its worth to Carteret †.

Now, since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.

Libertas et natale solum:

You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

SENT BY DR. DELANY TO Dr. SWIFT,

*In order to be admitted to speak to him when he
was deaf. 1724.*

DEAR sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That, if you heard, you'd be no gainer?

* The chief justice who prosecuted the Drapier.

† Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern.
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your business, sir, is to be heard.

THE ANSWER.

THE wise pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When by experience one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Because, among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t' other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir:
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you will find, by this device,
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining.
So, when an eye has lost its brother,
You see the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t' other hand the work of two;
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother limb re-acts.

But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing:
For, though the place of either ear
Be distant as one head can bear;
Yet Galen most acutely shows you,
(Consult his book *de partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t' other ear;
Which made my grand-dame always stuff her
ears,

Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.
You see my learning; but, to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t' other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I solve this hard *phenomenon*.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes;
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post;
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger and almost as good;
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes.*
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

* There have been instances of a man's writing
with his foot.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

To a Friend who married a Shrew. 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in;
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But, when he saw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear!
At sight of Will, she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

Why Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy house is worse than hell:
Why what a peal the jade has rung!
D—m her, why don't you slit her tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.

Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it*.

Will went again to visit Dick;
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows,

But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims;
Ods-buds! why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z—nds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:

I'd send her far enough away—
Dear Will; but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out shame.

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
But who believ'd him, when he said it!
Can he who makes himself a slave,
Consult his peace, or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success.
His quiet small, his credit less.

She serv'd him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke, his pate:
And, what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;
Those men who wore the breeches least,
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home he was pursued with noise;
Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
Within his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones:
The 'prentices procur'd a *riding**,
To act his patience, and her chiding.

False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside,
Slaves to their quiet and good name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

* A well-known humorous cavalcade, in ridicule of a scolding wife and hen-peck'd husband.

THE BIRTH OF MANLY VIRTUE,

Inscrib'd to Lord CARTERET, 1724.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus."

VIRG.

ONCE on a time, a righteous sage,
Griev'd at the vices of the age,
Applied to Jove with fervant prayer:

"O Jove, if Virtue be so fair
"As it was deem'd in former days
"By Plato and by Socrates,
"Whose beauties mortal eyes escape,
"Only for want of outward shape;
"Make then its real excellence,
"For once, the theme of human sense:
"So shall the eye, by form confin'd,
"Direct and fix the wandering mind,
"And long-deluded mortals see
"With rapture what they us'd to flee."

Jove grants the prayer, gives Virtue birth,
And bids him bless and mend the earth.
Behold him blooming fresh and fair,
Now made—ye gods—a son and heir:
An heir; and, stranger yet to hear,
An heir; an orphan of a peer;
But prodigies are wrought to prove
Nothing impossible to Jove.

Virtue was for this sex design'd
In mild reproof to womankind;
In manly form to let them see
The loveliness of modesty,
The thousand decencies that shone
With lessen'd lustre in their own;
Which few had learn'd enough to prize,
And some thought modish to despise.

To make his merit more discern'd,
He goes to school—he reads—is learn'd;
Rais'd high, above his birth, by knowledge,
He shines distinguish'd in a college;
Resolv'd nor honour, nor estate,
Himself alone should make him great.
Here soon for every art renown'd,
His influence is diffus'd around;
Th' inferior youth, to learning led,
Less to be fam'd than to be fed,
Behold the glory he has won,
And blush to see themselves outdone;
And now inflam'd with rival rage,
In scientific strife engage;
Engage—and, in the glorious strife,
The arts new-kindle into life.

Here would our hero ever dwell,
Fix'd in a lonely learned cell;
Contented to be truly great,
In Virtue's best-belov'd retreat;
Contented he—but Fate ordains,
He now shall shine in nobler scenes
(Rais'd high, like some celestial fire,
To shine the more, still rising higher);
Completely form'd in every part,
To win the soul and glad the heart.
The powerful voice, the graceful mien,
Lovely alike, or heard, or seen;
The outward form and inward vie,
His soul bright beaming from his eye,

Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere.

Accomplish'd thus, his next resort
Is to the council and the court,
Where Virtue is in least repute,
And interest the one pursuit;
Where *right* and *wrong* are bought and sold,
Barter'd for beauty, and for gold;
Here Manly Virtue, even here,
Pleas'd in the person of a peer,
A peer; a scarcely-bearded youth,
Who talk'd of justice and of truth,
Of innocence the surest guard,
Tales here forgot, or yet unheard;
That he alone deserv'd esteem,
Who was the man he wish'd to seem;
Call'd it unmanly and unwise,
To lurk behind a mean disguise;
(Give fraudulent Vice the mask and screen,
'Tis Virtue's interest to be seen);
Call'd want of shame want of sense,
And found, in blushes, eloquence.

Thus, acting what he taught so well,
He drew dumb Merit from her cell,
Led with amazing art along
The bashful dame, and loos'd her tongue;
And, whilst he made her value known,
Yet more display'd and rais'd his own.

Thus young, thus proof to all temptations,
He rises to the highest stations
(For where high honour is the prize,
True Virtue has a right to rise):
Let courtly slaves low bend the knee
To Wealth and Vice in high degree:
Exalted Worth disdains to owe
Its grandeur to its greatest foe.

Now rais'd on high, see Virtue shows
The godlike ends for which he rose;
For him, let proud Ambition know
The height of glory here below,
Grandeur, by goodness made complete!
To bless, is truly to be great!
He taught how men to honour rise,
Like gilded vapours to the skies,
Which, howsoever they display
Their glory from the god of day,
Their noblest use is to abate
His dangerous excess of heat,
To shield the infant fruits and flowers,
And bless the earth with genial showers.
Now change the scene; a nobler care
Demands him in a higher sphere*:
Distress of nations calls him hence,
Permitted so by Providence;
For models, made to mend our kind,
To no one clime should be confin'd;
And Manly Virtue, like the sun,
His course of glorious toils should run;
Alike diffusing in his flight
Congenial joy, and life, and light.
Pale Envy sickens, Error flies,
And Discord in his presence dies;
Oppression hides with guilty dread,
And Merit rears her drooping head;

* Lord Carteret had the honour of mediating peace
for Sweden with Denmark and with the Czar.

The arts revive, the vallies sing,
And winter softens into spring:
The wondering world, where'er he moves,
With new delight looks up and loves;
One sex consenting to admire,
Nor less the other to desire;
Whilst he, though seated on a throne,
Confines his love to one alone;
The rest condemn'd, with rival voice
Repining, do applaud his choice.

Fame now reports, the Western Isle
Is made his mansion for a while,
Whose anxious natives night and day
(Happy beneath his righteous sway)
Weary the gods with ceaseless prayer,
To bless him, and to keep him there;
And claim it as a debt from fate,
Too lately found, to lose him late.

VERSES ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE

Who condemned the Drapier's Printer.

THE church I hate, and have good reason
For there my grandfire cut his weazand:
He cut his weazand at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandfire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He should have had my hearty vote
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(The Judge speaks.)

I'm not the grandson of that ass * Quin;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice.
This when my grandfire knew, they tell us he
In Christ-Church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

RIDDLES

BY DR. SWIFT AND HIS FRIENDS.

Written in or about the year 1724.

I. ON A PEN.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side
No wonder now I look so thin:
The tyrant stript me to the skin:

* An alderman.

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt;
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak:
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft' employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust:
From me no secret he can hide;
I see his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not show his reading.

Nay, man my master is my slave;
I give command to kill or save;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.
But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on some dunghill left to rot.

II. ON GOLD.

ALL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gaudy livery drest!
No haughty nymph has power to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian god, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars' flame expire,
If I refuse to lend them fire.

III.

By fate exalted high in place,
Lo, here I stand with double face;
Superior none on earth I find;
But see below me all mankind.
Yet, as it oft' attends the great,
I almost sink with my own weight.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my look.
I sometimes give advice in writing,
But never of my own inditing.

I am a courtier in my way;
For those who rais'd me, I betray;
And some give out, that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice;
Who punishments on me inflict;
Because they find their pockets pickt.

By riding *post*, I lose my health;
And only to get others wealth.

IV. ON THE POSTERIOBS.

BECAUSE I am by nature blind,
I wisely choose to walk behind;
However, to avoid disgrace,
I let no creature see my face.
My words are few, but spoke with sense;
And yet my speaking gives offence:
Or, if to whisper I presume,
The company will fly the room.
By all the world I am oppress'd;
And my oppression gives them rest.
Through me, though fore against my will,
Instructors every art instil.
By thousands I am sold and bought,
Who neither get nor lose a groat;
For none, alas! by me can gain,
But those who give me greatest pain.
Shall man presume to be my master,
Who's but my caterer and taster?
Yet, though I always have my will,
I am but a mere dependor still;
An humble banger on at best,
Of whom all people make a jest.

In me detractors seek to find
Two vices of a different kind:
I'm too profuse, some censurers cry;
And all I get, I let it fly:
While others give me many a curse,
Because too close I hold my purse.
But this I know, in either case
They dare not charge me to my face.
'Tis true indeed, sometimes I save,
Sometimes run out of all I have;
But, when the year is at an end,
Computing what I get and spend,
My goings-out, and comings-in,
I cannot find I lose or win;
And therefore all that know me say,
I justly keep the middle way.
I'm always by my betters led;
I last get up, and first a-bed;
Though, if I rise before my time,
The learn'd in sciences sublime
Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V. ON A HORN.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domestic subjects for disputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care!
I saw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the British crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste Diana's infant face;
And whensoever you please to shine,
Less useful is her light than thine:
Thy numerous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's tresses play.
To place thee in another view,
I'll show the world strange things and true;

What lords and dames of high degree
May justly claim their birth from thee.
The soul of man with spleen you vex;
Of spleen you cure the female sex.
Thee for a gift the courtier sends
With pleasure to his special friends:
He gives, and with a generous pride,
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft' can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.
On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unseen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix;
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most.
Mean time, the wise a question start,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain.
But the fly giver better knows thee,
Who feels true joys when he bestows thee.

VI. ON A CORKSCREW.

THOUGH I, alas! a prisoner be,
My trade is prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such *insinuating* ways.
My genius, *piercing, sharp, and bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease
And *turn and wind* me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show
Of raising spirits from below;
In *scarlet* some, and some in *white*;
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the *spirits* pass,
Distinctly seen, as through a glass;
O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at last all *secrets* out:
And still, the more I show my art,
The more they *open every heart*.

A greater chemist none than I,
Who from *materials hard and dry*
Have taught men to *extract* with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often *out of case*,
I'm not *asham'd* to show my *face*.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the *side-board* take my seat;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him stand,
And often takes me by the *hand*.
I twice a day a *bunting* go,
Nor ever fail to *seize my foe*;
And, when I have him by the *pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *bole*;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end;
For I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

VII. THE GULF OF ALL HUMAN POSSESSIONS.

Come hither, and behold the fruits,
Vain man! of all thy vain pursuits.

Take wise advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.
Here you may see, as in a glass,
How soon all human pleasures pass.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial side!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the sad *reverse* appears!

This cave within its womb confines
The last result of all designs:
Here lie deposited the spoils
Of busy mortals' endless toils:
Here, with an easy search, we find
The *soul* *corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchase here behold
Of traitors who their country sold.

This gulf insatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes.
Here, in their proper shape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
All human race must hither draw;
All prompted by the same *desire*,
The vigorous youth, and aged fire.
Behold, the coward and the brave,
The haughty prince, the humble slave,
Physician, lawyer, and divine,
All make *oblations* at this shrine.
Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
For while the bashful sylvan maid,
As half *asham'd*, and half afraid,
Approaching finds it hard to part
With that which dwelt so near her heart;
The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
Profusely pours her *offerings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
Huge heaps of never-dying works;
Labours of many an ancient sage,
And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all offerings pass
And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
Deucalion, to restore mankind,
Was bid to throw the stones *behind*;
So those who here their gifts convey
Are forc'd to *look another way*;
For few, a chosen few, must know
The mysteries that lie below.

Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
For which all mortals leave their home!
The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave!
Where each supply of *dead* renews
Unwholesome *damps*, *offensive dews*;
And lo! the *writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms* and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die!
A comely dame, once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft' in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:

In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest:
I saw them of their garments stript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft' the curious traveller finds
The combat of *opposing winds*;
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws,
Why at this *cave's* tremendous mouth
He feels at once both *north* and *south*;
Whether the winds, in caverns pent,
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *opening all his stores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet, from this *mingled mass* of things,
In time a new creation springs.
These *crude* materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies;
In various forms appear again,
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII. LOUISA * TO STREPHON.

AH! Strephon, how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have still been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair issue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy bosom bred;
Embrac'd thee closer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.
Why should my shepherd take amiss,
That oft' I wake thee with a kiss?
Yet you of every kiss complain;
Ah! is not love a pleasing pain?
A pain which every happy night
You cure with ease and with delight;
With pleasure, as the poet sings,
Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,
Observes me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her desperate nails,
And with relentless hands destroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a spurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.
Consider, Strephon, what you do;
For, should I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
And all my kin (a numerous host,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian king;
Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
And scorn the pleasures of a court,
From whom great Sylla found his doom,
Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome)

* This Riddle is solved by an Anagram.

Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,
When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
And skin and flesh in pieces tore.
Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
Cut from the piece that made her shift,
Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

DEPRIV'D of root, and branch, and rind,
Yet flowers I bear of every kind;
And such is my prolific power,
They bloom in less than half an hour;
Yet standers-by may plainly see
They get no nourishment from me.
My head with giddiness goes round,
And yet I firmly stand my ground:
All over naked I am seen,
And painted like an Indian queen.
No couple-beggar in the land
E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
I join them fairly with a *ring*;
Nor can our parson blame the thing:
And, though no marriage words are spoke,
They part not till the *ring* is broke;
Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
I'm but an idol rais'd on high:
And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down,
I lay a prisoner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post, restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

X. ON THE MOON.

I WITH borrow'd silver shine,
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar;
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
And what will raise your admiration,
I am not one of God's creation,
But sprung (and I this truth maintain)
Like Pallas from my father's brain.
And, after all, I chiefly owe
My beauty to the shades below.
Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
A man, a woman, lion bear,
A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field,
All figures heaven or earth can yield;
Like Daphne, sometimes in a tree:
Yet am not one of all you see.

XI. ON A CIRCLE.

I'm up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in every garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

XII. ON INK.

I AM jet black, as you may see,
The son of pitch, and gloomy night,
Yet all that know me will agree,
I'm dead except I live in light.

Sometimes in panegyric high,
Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
And raise a virgin to the sky,
Or sink her to a pocky whore.

My blood this very day is sweet,
To-morrow of a bitter juice;
Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
And so apply'd to different use.

Most wondrous is my magic power:
For with one colour I can paint;
I'll make the devil a faint this hour,
Next make a devil of a faint.

Through distant regions I can fly,
Provide me but with paper wings;
And fairly show a reason, why
There should be quarrels among kings.

And, after all, you'll think it odd,
When learned doctors will dispute,
That I should point the word of God,
And show where they can best confute.

Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
'Tis I that must the lands convey,
And strip the clients to their coats,
Nay, give their very souls away.

XIII. ON THE FIVE SENSES.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one tittle of the other.
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules:
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,
But the moment that he closes,
Every brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
One enjoys them for the rest.

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand cannons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

XIV. FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

WHEN on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heavenly beams,
I feel not the least love-surprise,
Yet endless tears flow down in streams;
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare;
In me you see them full as white.
The roses of your cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more delight.
Then, since I show as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace?

Ah! lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime!
And so am I whilst thou art here;
But soon will come the fatal time,
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just reflexion,
And yours to follow my direction.

Then catch admirers while you may;
Treat not your lovers with disdain;
For time with beauty flies away,
And there is no return again.
To you the sad account I bring,
Life's autumn has no second spring.

XV. ON AN ECHO.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue.
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.
Now I am a dog, or cow;
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring.
Let the love-sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I join my helping voice;
Both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport or toy.
Though a lady, I am stout,
Drums and trumpets bring me out:
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
Join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
Yet so tender is my ear,
That the lowest voice I fear.
Much I dread the courtier's fate,
When his merit's out of date;
For I hate a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

XIV. ON A SHADOW IN A GLASS.

By something form'd, I nothing am,
Yet every thing that you can name.

In no place have I ever been,
 Yet every where I may be seen;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same—but ever new.
 Lifeless, life's perfect form I wear,
 Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
 All shapes and features I can boast,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost;
 All colours, without paint, put on,
 And change like theameleon.
 Swiftly I come, and enter there,
 Where not a chink lets in the air;
 Like thought, I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone;
 All things on earth I imitate,
 Faster than nature can create;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggar's rags appear;
 A giant now, and strait an elf,
 I'm every one, but ne'er myself;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
 I move my lips, but want a voice;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
 Then prythee tell me what am I.

XVII.

Most things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they're great and small;
 Invading foes, without resistance,
 With ease I make to keep their distance;
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the foe
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains.
 The greatest whale that swims the sea
 Does instantly my power obey.
 In vain from me the sailor flies;
 The quickest ship I can surprise,
 And turn it as I have a mind,
 And move it against tide and wind.
 Nay, bring me here the tallest man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little span;
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a giant;
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my magic gives no pain.

XVIII. ON TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full repast,
 Till I eat the world at last.

XIX. ON THE GALLOWS.

There is a gate, we know full well,
 That stands 'twixt heaven, and earth, and hell,
 Where many for a passage venture,
 Yet very few are fond to enter;
 Although 'tis open night and day,
 They for that reason shun this way:

Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
 They can't come near it for their blood.
 What other way they take to go,
 Another time I'll let you know.
 Yet commoners with greatest ease
 Can find an entrance when they please.
 The poorest hither march in state
 (Or they can never pass the gate),
 Like Roman generals triumphant,
 And then they take a turn and jump on't.
 If gravest parsons here advance,
 They cannot pass before they dance;
 There's not a soul that does resort here,
 But strips himself to pay the porter.

XX. ON THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
 All of different voice and features:
 One of us in glass is set,
 One of us you'll find in jet,
 T'other you may see in tin,
 And the fourth a box within;
 If the fifth you should pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

XXI. ON SNOW.

From heaven I fall, though from earth I begin:
 No lady alive can show such a skin.
 I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;
 But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
 Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
 Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
 Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
 The foulest impressions I easily take.
 My parent and I produce one another,
 The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

XXII. ON A CANON.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,
 The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
 Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
 I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
 For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
 But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
 Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
 Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
 One property more I would have you remark,
 No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
 The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
 And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

XXIII. ON A PAIR OF DICE.

We are little brethren twain,
 Arbiters of loss and gain;
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone:
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost.
 Though we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.

XXIV. ON A CANDLE.

TO LADY CARTERET.

Of all inhabitants on earth,
 To man alone I owe my birth;
 And yet the cow, the sheep, the bee,
 Are all my parents more than he.
 I, a virtue strange and rare,
 Make the fairest look more fair;
 And myself, which is yet rarer,
 Growing old, grow still the fairer.
 Like fots, alone I'm dull enough,
 When dos'd with smoke, and smear'd with snuff;
 But, in the midst of mirth and wine,
 I with double lustre shine.
 Emblem of the fair am I,
 Polish'd neck, and radiant eye;
 In my eye my greatest grace,
 Emblem of the Cyclop's race;
 Metals I like them subdued,
 Slave like them to Vulcan too.
 Emblem of a monarch old,
 Wise, and glorious to behold,
 Wasted he appears, and pale,
 Watching for the public weal:
 Emblem of the bashful dame,
 That in secret feeds her flame,
 Often aiding to impart
 All the secrets of her heart.
 Various is my bulk and hue;
 Big like Bess, and small like Sue;
 Now brown and burnish'd as a nut,
 At other times a very flut;
 Often fair, and soft, and tender,
 Taper, tall, and smooth, and slender;
 Like Flora deck'd with various flowers;
 Like Phœbus, guardian of the hours:
 But, whatever be my dress,
 Greater be my size or less,
 Swelling be my shape or small,
 Like thyself I shine in all.
 Clouded if my face is seen,
 My complexion wan and green,
 Languid like a love-sick maid,
 Steel affords me present aid.
 Soon or late, my date is done,
 As my thread of life is spun;
 Yet to cut the fatal thread
 Oft' revives my drooping head:
 Yet I perish in my prime,
 Seldom by the death of time;
 Die like lovers as they gaze,
 Die for those I live to please;
 Pine unpitied to my urn,
 Nor warm the fair for whom I burn;
 Unpitied, unlamented too,
 Die like all that look on you.

XXV. TO LADY CARTERET.

BY DR. DELANY.

I REACH all things near me, and far off to boot,
 Without stretching a finger, or stirring a foot;
 I take them all in too, to add to your wonder,
 Though many and various, and large and afunder.

Without jostling or crowding they pass side by side,
 Through a wonderful wicket, not half an inch
 wide:

Then I lodge them at ease in a very large store,
 Of no breadth or length, with a thousand things
 more.

All this I can do without witchcraft or charm;
 Though sometimes, they say, I bewitch and do
 harm.

Though cold, I inflame; and though quiet, invade;
 And nothing can shield from my spell but a shade.
 A thief that has robb'd you, or done you disgrace,
 In magical mirror I'll show you his face:

Nay, if you'll believe what the poets have said,
 They'll tell you I kill, and can call back the dead.

Like conjurers safe in my circle I dwell;

I love to look black too, it heightens my spell.

Though my magic is mighty in every hue,

Who see all my power must see it in you.

ANSWERED BY DR. SWIFT.

WITH half an eye your riddle I spy.

I observe your wicket hemm'd in by a thicket,

And whatever passes is strained through glasses.

You say it is quiet: I flatly deny it.

It wanders about, without stirring out;

No passion so weak but gives it a tweak;

Love, joy, and devotion, set it always in motion.

And as for the tragic effects of its magic,

Which you say it can kill or revive at its will,

The dead are all found, and revive above ground.

After all you have writ, it cannot be wit;

Which plainly does follow, since it flies from Apollo.

Its cowardice such, it cries at a touch:

'Tis a perfect milkop, grows drunk with a drop.

Another great fault, it cannot bear salt:

And a hair can disarm it of every charm.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE STELLA'S YOUTH. 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house

In frosty nights their starving cows,

While not a blade of grass or hay

Appears from Michaelmas to May,

Must let their cattle range in vain

For food along the barren plain.

Meagre and lank with fasting grown,

And nothing left but skin and bone;

Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,

They just keep life and soul together,

Till summer-showers and evening's dew

Again the verdant glebe renew;

And, as the vegetables rise,

The famish'd cow her want supplies:

Without an ounce of last year's flesh,

Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;

Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,

As rising from Medea's kettle,

With youth and beauty to inchant

Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,

If I compare you to the cow?

'Tis just the case; for you have fasted

So long, till all your flesh is wasted,

And must against the warmer days
Be sent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood:
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever understood,
By human kind, but flesh and blood?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices *o' quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca's gates.
But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case:
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away;
The 'squire in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse;
But here, before the frost can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724-5.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old house-keeper, and get her
To fill a place, for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit, and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen.
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave, and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express,
Will not require poetic dress;

And, if the muse deny her aid
To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits, with his scythe, to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm asham'd to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit:
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better *bear* than *see*.
Oh, ne'er may fortune show her spight,
To make me *deaf*, and mend my *sight*!

AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

CARTERET was welcomed to the shore
First with the brazen cannons roar;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums;
Approaching near the town he hears
The brazen bells salute his ears:
But, when Wood's brass began to sound,
Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells, were drown'd.

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER:

And the only Way to Remedy it. 1725.

As when of old some forceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell.
The moon deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again
(Note here, that in the chemic style,
The moon is *silver* all this while).
So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician*,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment† of prodigious size;
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no silver to be seen.

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood,

† The patent for coining halfpence.

But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil:
And, when the sky is grown serene,
Our silver will appear again.

WOOD AN INSECT. 1725.

By long observation I have understood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The first is an insect they call a *wood-louse*,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pe* in a strong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears:
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone*.
The louse of the *wood* for a medicine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruise'd.
And, let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood either bruise'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice posses'd,
Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her chest*.

The next is an insect we call a *wood-worm*,
That lies in old *wood* like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch;
And chambermaids christen this worm a dead-watch,
Because like a watch it always cries *click*:
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick;
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries *click* when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd
at the door

Of a governing statesman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now, since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps* † in a cauldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring
a faggot, [maggot
For our fear's at an end with the death of the

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copper-smith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep;
Among a crew of roystering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse:

* He was in goal for debt.

† Counterfeit halfpence.

His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With *brass* two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch;
With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity:
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling;
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulter'd copper;
Which, as he scatter'd, we like bolts,
Mistook at first for thunder-bolts;
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which, lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WILL WOOD'S PETITION

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND;

*Being an excellent New Song, supposed to be made and
sung in the streets of Dublin, by William Wood,
Ironmonger and Halfpenny-monger. 1725.*

My dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you delight;
Observe how they glisten and shine!

They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or tofs on the knife.

Come hither, and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing:
Come; three-pence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Hardinge*.

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By night and by day for to rob him:
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

* The Drapier's printer.

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine and be d—'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.
Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden:
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket cries chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.
You will be my thankers,
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade*:
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty brags,
And then you'll be all of a trade.
I'm a son of a whore
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition.
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass;
And so I conclude my petition.

A NEW SONG

ON WOOD'S HALF-PENCE.

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience, and hear out my ditty:
At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty.
Which nobody can deny.
The halfpence are coming, the nation's undoing.
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking,
and brewing:
In short, you must all go to rack and to ruin.
Which, &c.
Both high men and low men, and thick men and
tall men, [thrall men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and
Will suffer; and this man, and that man, and all men.
Which, &c.
The soldier is ruin'd, poor man! by his pay;
His five-pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink; or he must run away.
Which, &c.
When he pulls out his two-pence, the tapster
says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot.
Which, &c.
If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twenty-pence have for a two-penny loaf,
Then, dog, rogue, and rascal, and so kick and cuff.
Which, &c.
Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes;
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose.
Which, &c.

* Two famous bankers.

The butcher is stout, and he values no swagger;
A cleaver's a match any time for a dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may
stagger.
Which, &c.
The beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor farthings are sunk in their
price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their lice.
Which, &c.
The squire possess'd of twelve thousand a year,
O Lord! what a mountain his rents would appear!
Should he take them, he would not have house-
room, I fear.
Which, &c.
Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse;
But the squire's too wise, he will not take a soufe
Which, &c.
The farmer, who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters, and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors, both himself and his trash.
Which, &c.
For, in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mold.
Which, &c.
The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't.
Which, &c.
And I think, after all, it would be very strange
To give current money for base in exchange,
Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange.
Which, &c.
But read the king's patent, and there you will find,
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind.
Which, &c.
Now God blest the Drapier who open'd our eyes!
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise;
He shows us the cheat, from the end to the rise.
Which, &c.
Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place.
Which, &c.
That he and his halfpence should come to weigh
down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.
Which, &c.
This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book against Mr. Wood's;
If you stand true together, he's left in the fuds.
Which, &c.
Ye shop-men, and trades-men, and farmers, go
read it;
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it;
Or egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit.
Which nobody can deny.

A SERIOUS POEM

UPON WILLIAM WOOD,

Brasier, Tinker, Hardwareman, Coiner, Founder, and Esquire.

WHEN foes are o'ercome, we preserve them from slaughter,

To be *beavers* of wood, and *drawers* of water.

Now, although to *draw water* is not very good;

Yet we all should rejoice to be *beavers* of Wood.

I own, it has often provok'd me to mutter,

That a rogue so *obscure* should make such a clutter:

But ancient Philosophers wisely remark,

That old rotten Wood will shine in the dark.

The Heathens, we read, had *Gods* made of Wood,

Who could do them no harm, if they did them no

But this idol Wood may do us great evil; [good:

Their Gods were of Wood; but our Wood is the Devil.

To cut down fine Wood, is a very bad thing;

And yet we all know much gold it will bring.

Then, if cutting down Wood brings money good store,

Our money to keep, let us cut down one more.

Now hear an old tale. There anciently stood

(I forget in what church) an image of Wood.

Concerning this image there went a prediction,

It would burn a whole forest; nor was it a fiction.

'Twas cut into faggots and put to the flame,

To burn an old Friar, one Forest by name.

My tale is a wise one, if well understood:

Find you but the Friar; and I'll find the Wood.

I hear, among scholars there is a great doubt

From what kind of tree this Wood was hewn out.

Teague made a good pun by a *brogue* in his speech;

And said, *By my soul, he's the son of a BEECH.*

Some call him a *Thorn*, the curse of the nation,

As *Thorns* were design'd to be from the creation.

Some think him cut out from the poisonous Yew,

Beneath whose ill shade no plant ever grew.

Some say he's a *Birch*, a thought very odd;

For none but a *dunce* would come under his rod.

But I'll tell you the secret; but pray do not blab;

He is an old stump cut out of a *Crab*;

And England has put this *Crab* to a hard use,

To cudgel our bones, and for drink give us *verjuice*;

And therefore his *witneses* justly may boast,

That none are more properly knights of the *Post*.

I ne'er could endure my talent to smother;

I told you one tale, and I'll tell you another.

A joiner, to fasten a saint in a *nitcb*,

Bor'd a large *auger-hole* in the image's breech;

But, finding the *statue* to make no complaint,

He would ne'er be convinc'd it was a *true saint*.

When the *true Wood* arrives, as he soon will, no doubt,

(For that's but a sham Wood they carry about *)

What *stuff* he is made of you quickly may find,

If you make the same trial, and bore him *behind*.

I'll hold you a groat, when you *wimble* his *bum*,

He'll bellow as loud as the Devil in a drum.

From me, I declare, you shall have no denial;

And there can be no harm in making a trial:

And, when to the joy of your hearts he has roar'd,

You may show him about for a new *groaning-board*.

Hear one story more, and then I will stop.

I dreamt Wood was told he should die by a drop;

* He was frequently burnt in effigy.

So methought he resolved no liquor to taste,
For fear the *first drop* might as well be his *last*.
But *dreams* are like oracles; 'tis hard to explain 'em;
For it prov'd that he died of a *drop* at Kilmainham *.
I wak'd with delight; and not without hope,
Very soon to see Wood drop down from a rope.
How he! and how we, at each other should grin!
'Tis kindness to hold a friend up by the chin.
But soft! says the Herald; I cannot agree;
For *metal* on *metal* is false *Heraldry*.
Why, that may be true; yet Wood upon Wood,
I'll maintain with my life, is *Heraldry* good.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

Dec. 14. 1719 †, 9 at night.

It is impossible to know by your letter whether
the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you, in plain Eng-
lish, tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit
with the ladies ‡ this night:

And if they had not told me there was a letter from
you; and your man Alexander had not gone,
and come back from the deanry; and the boy
here had not been sent to let Alexander know
I was here; I should have missed the letter out-
right.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for
corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man
Alexander to buy corks; for Saunders already
has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson say, truly they
don't care for your wife's company, though they
like your wine; but they had rather have it at
their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheri-
dan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.
I wish Alexander safe at St. Catharine's to-night,
with all my heart and soul, upon my word and
honour:

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow
out so late at this time of year, when one would
not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to
your friend Mr. Connor.

I would present my humble service to my lady
Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would
have made advances to have been acquainted
with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly
my paper is ended.

I P. S.

I wish, when you prated, your letter you'd dated:
Much plague it created. I scolded and rated;
My soul is much grated; for your man I long waited.
I think you are fated, like a bear to be baited:
Your man is belated; the case I have stated;
And me you have cheated. My stable's unstated.
Come back t' us well freighted.
I remember my late head; and wish you translated,
For teasing me.

* Their place of execution.

† This is probably dated too early.

‡ Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson.

2 P. S.

Mrs. Dingley desires me singly [you ;
Her service to present you ; hopes that will content
But Johnson Madam is grown a sad dame,
For want of converse, and cannot send one verse.

3 P. S.

You keep such a twattling with you and your bottling ;

But I see the sum total, we shall ne'er have a bottle ;
The long and the short, we shall not have a quart.
I wish you would sign 't, that we have a pint.
For all your colloquing, I'd be glad of a knoggin :
But I doubt 'tis a sham ; you won't give us a dram.
'Tis of shine a month moon-full, you won't part
with a spoonful ;

And I must be nimble, if I can fill my thimble.
You see I won't stop, till I come to a drop ;
But I doubt the oraculum is a poor supernaculum ;
Though perhaps you tell it for a grace, if we smell it.

STELLA.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN,

In no very good Repair. 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabbin dropping rain ;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
'Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
'The goddess Want in triumph reigns ;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

THE BLESSINGS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

1725.

FAR from our debtors ; no Dublin letters ;
Not seen by our betters.

THE PLAGUES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A COMPANION with news ; a great want of shoes ;
Eat lean meat, or choose ; a church without pews.
Our horses astray ; no straw, oats, or hay ;
December in May ; our boys run away ; all servants at play.

DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

I'd have you to know, as sure as you're Dean,
On Thursday my cask of Obrien I'll drain :
If my wife is not willing, I say she's a quean ;
And my right to the cellar, egad I'll maintain
As bravely as any that fought at Dunblain :
Go tell it her over and over again.
I hope, as I ride to the town, it won't rain ;
For, should it, I fear it will cool my hot brain,
Entirely extinguish my poetic vein ;
And then I should be as stupid as Kain.
Who preach'd on three heads, though he mention'd but twain.

* The name of an Irish servant.

Now Wardel's in haste, and begins to complain ;
Your most humble servant, Dear Sir, I remain,
T. S—N.

Get Hellsham, Walmsley, Delany,
And some Grattans, if there be any * :
Take care you do not bid too many.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

THE verses you sent on the bottling your wine
Were, in every one's judgment, exceedingly fine ;
And I must confess, as a dean and divine,
I think you inspir'd by the Muses all nine.
I nicely examin'd them every line, [shine.
And the worst of them all like a barn-door did
Oh, that Jove would give me such a talent as
thine !

With Delany or Dan I would scorn to combine.
I know they have many a wicked design ;
And, give Satan his due, Dan begins to refine.
However, I wish, honest comrade of mine,
You would really on Thursday leave St. Catharine†,
Where I hear you are cramm'd every day like a
swine ;

With me you'll no more have a stomach to dine,
Nor after your victuals lie sleeping supine :
So I wish you were toothless, like Lord Masserine.
But, were you as wicked as lew'd Aretine,
I wish you would tell me which way you incline
If, when you return, your road you don't line,
On Thursday I'll pay my respects at your shrine,
Wherever you bend, wherever you twine,
In square, or in opposite circle, or trine.
Your beef will on Thursday be fatter than brine :
I hope you have swill'd, with new milk from the
kine,

As much as the Liffey's outdone by the Rhine ;
And Dan shall be with us, with nose asquiline.
If you do not come back, we shall weep out our
eyne ;

Or may your gown never be good Lutherine.
The beef you have got, I hear, is a chine :
But, if too many come, your madam will whine ;
And then you may kiss the low end of her spine.
But enough of this poetry Alexandrine :
I hope you will not think this a pasquine.

A PORTRAIT

FROM THE LIFE.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw :
In chattering a magpie, in pride a jackdaw ;
A temper the devil himself could not bridle ;
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle ;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed ;
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit :
A housewife in bed, at table a flattern ;
For all an example, for no one a pattern.
Now tell me, friend Thomas‡, Ford§, Grattan||,
and merry Dan ¶,
Has this any likeness to good madam Sheridan ?

* i. e. in Dublin.

† The seat of Lady Mountcastle, near Dublin.

‡ Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

§ Charles Ford of Woodpark, Esq.

¶ Reverend John Grattan.

¶ Reverend Daniel Jackson.

UPON STEALING A CROWN, WHEN THE
DEAN WAS ASLEEP.

BY DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wife
Have op'd your mouth and clos'd your eyes;
Like ghost, I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour-door:
For, should I break your sweet repose,
Who knows what money you might lose;
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound?
Then sleep, my friend; dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own;
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

So, about twelve at night, the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the least difference find,
But that you left no clap behind.
But, jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens* and six-pence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut—
But 'tis observ'd, that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the lady † at St. Catharine's
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham ‡,
And for his victuals let a ragman dish'em.

THE STORM:

MINERVA'S PETITION.

PALLAS, a goddess chaste and wise,
Descending lately from the skies,
To Neptune went, and begg'd in form
He'd give his orders for a storm;
A storm, to drown that rascal Horte,
And she would kindly thank him for't:
A wretch! whom English rogues, to spite her,
Had lately honour'd with a mitre,
The god, who favour'd her request,
Assur'd her he would do his best:
But Venus had been there before,
Pleaded the bishop lov'd a whore,
And had enlarg'd her empire wide;
He own'd no deity beside.
At sea or land, if e'er you found him
Without a mistress, hang or drown him.
Since Burnet's death, the bishop's bench,
Till Horte arriv'd, ne'er kept a wench:
If Horte must sink, she grieves to tell it,
She'll not have left one single prelate;

* A shilling passeth for thirteen pence in Ireland.

† Lady Mountcasel.

‡ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, for whom the Dean had a great esteem.

For, to say truth, she did intend him;
Elect of Cyprus in commendam.

And, since her birth the ocean gave her,
She could not doubt her uncle's favour.

Then Proteus urg'd the same request,
But half in earnest, half in jest;
Said he—"Great sovereign of the main,
"To drown him all attempts are vain;
"Horte can assume more forms than I,
"A rake, a bully, pimp, or spy;
"Can creep or run, or fly or swim;
"All motions are alike to him:
"Turn him adrift, and you shall find
"He knows to sail with every wind;
"Or, throw him overboard, he'll ride
"As well against as with the tide.
"But, Pallas, you've apply'd too late;
"For 'tis decreed, by Jove and Fate,
"That Ireland must be soon destroy'd,
"And who but Horte can be employ'd?
"You need not then have been so pert,
"In sending Bolton* to Clonfert.
"I found you did it, by your grinning;
"Your business is, to mind your spinning.
"But how you came to interpose
"In making bishops, no one knows:
"Or who regarded your report;
"For never were you seen at court.
"And if you must have your petition,
"There's Berkeley† in the same condition:
"Look, there he stands, and 'tis but just,
"If one must drown the other must;
"But, if you'll leave us bishop Judas,
"We'll give you Berkeley for Bermudas.
"Now, if 'twill gratify your spight,
"To put him in a plaguy fright,
"Although 'tis hardly worth the cost,
"You soon shall see him soundly tost.
"You'll find him swear, blaspheme, and damn
"(And every moment take a dram)
"His ghastly visage with an air
"Of reprobation and despair:
"Or else some hiding-hole he seeks,
"For fear the rest should say he squeaks;
"Or, as Fitzpatrick‡ did before,
"Resolve to perish with his whore;
"Or else he raves, and roars, and swears,
"And, but for shame, would say his prayers.
"Or, would you see his spirits sink,
"Relaxing downwards in a stink?
"If such a sight as this can please ye,
"Good madam Pallas, pray be easy,
"To Neptune speak, and he'll consent;
"But he'll come back the knave he went."
The goddess, who conceiv'd an hope
That Horte was destin'd to a rope,
Believ'd it best to condescend
To spare a foe, to save a friend:
But, fearing Berkeley might be fear'd,
She left him virtue for a guard.

* Afterwards Archbishop of Cashell.

† Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, and afterwards bishop of Cloyne.

‡ Brigadier Fitzpatrick was drowned in one of the packet-boats in the bay of Dublin, in a great storm.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

Oh, heavenly-born! in deepest dells
If fairest science ever dwells

Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods;
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flowery carpets lave;

For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obstructed and depress'd;
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,
By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws.
Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred suns be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring swift Philosophy along
In metaphysic dreams;
While raptur'd bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold
In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thralldom with malignant hand,
To curse some other destin'd land
By Folly led astray:
Ierne bear on azure wing;
Energic let her soar and sing
Thy universal sway.

So, when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To sculpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

March 13. 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old;
Nor think on your approaching ills,
And talk of spectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.

Yet, since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought,
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days;
From not the gravest of Divines
Accept for once some serious lines.

Although we now can form no more
Long schemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.

Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain;
As atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes):
Grant this the case; yet sure 'tis hard
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die; nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well spent;
Your skillful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before?
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.
Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress;
That patience under tottering pain,
Where stubborn stoics would complain;
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms neglected from a glass?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no mark behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And, had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have died.
Then who with reason can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action past,
And still continued by the last?
Then, who with reason can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends;
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue, in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where she has gone;
And therefore goes with courage on;

She at your sickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
Who gladly would your suffering share:
Or give my scrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You to whose care so oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you so.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIV.

Paraphrased, and inscribed to Ireland. 1726.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating isle, tost on ill-fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style:

UNHAPPY ship, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves shall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
Loft are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors, on either side.
Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,
To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind.
Your cable's burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke.
Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail,
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in the public cause
His pen, to save a sinking nation, draws.
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper-sail;
Till power, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in poplar breath.

A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
There's not a power above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft' Heaven's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heaven relief expects.

'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line;
Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns:
Yet, from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights and lost her own.

In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides;

Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birth-day night:
They on the gold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just,
Nor change thy course with every sudden gust;
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with every gale that blows from court.
Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
As those who long have stood the storms of state
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware; and when you hear the surges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
They lie, alas! too easy to be found;
For thee alone they lie the island round.

V E R S E S

ON THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S
WELL,

Near Trinity College, Dublin. 1726.

By holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once favourite isle, with joy I came;
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy * o'er-run.
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy and arts.

Hither from Colchos †, with the fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown ‡:
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race:
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize:
Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came §.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which
runs

Within their veins, who are thy younger sons ||,

* Italy was not properly the native place of St. Patrick, but the place of his education, and where he received his mission; and because he had his new birth there, hence, by poetical licence, and by scripture figure, our author calls that country his native Italy. IRISH ED.

† Orpheus, or the ancient author of the Greek poem on the Argonautic expedition, whoever he be, says, that Jason, who manned the ship Argos at Theffaly, sailed to Ireland. IRISH ED.

‡ Tacitus, in the life of Julius Agricola, says, that the harbours of Ireland, on account of their commerce, were better known to the world than those of Britain. IRISH ED.

§ The argument here turns on, what the author of course took for granted, the present Scots being the descendants of Irish emigrants.

|| On the authority of Buchanan and his predecessors, the historical part of this poem seems founded, as well as the notes signed IRISH ED., some of which, it is supposed, were written by the Dean himself.

A conquest and a colony from thee.
The mother-kingdom left her children free;
From thee no mark of slavery they felt:
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid *,
Those whom they could not conquer, they be-
tray'd.

Britain, by thee we fell, ungrateful isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile:
Britain, with shame, confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine †;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense:
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.

Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes Time hath made on thee!
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain:
Lo! infidelity return'd again!

Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.

By faith and prayer, this crosser in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing ‡,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, nor scorpion's sting.

With omens oft' I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil,
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in Bishops' geer,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here;
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state?

As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate walls,
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls!

* In the reign of King Henry II. Dermot M'Morrough, king of Leinster, being deprived of his kingdom by Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, he invited the English over as auxiliaries, and promised Richard Strangbow, Earl of Pembroke, his daughter and all his dominions as a portion. By this assistance, M'Morrough recovered his crown, and Strangbow became possessed of all Leinster. IRISH ED.

† St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in the year 431, and completed the conversion of the natives, which had been begun by Palladius and others. And, as bishop Nicholson observes, Ireland soon became the fountain of learning, to which all the Western Christians, as well as the English, had recourse, not only for instructions in the principles of religion, but in all sorts of literature, viz. *Legendi et scholasticæ eruditionis gratiâ*. IRISH ED.

‡ There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known here until about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before; and the Norway rats since. IRISH ED.

See, where that new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
Th' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.

Where is the holy well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly
And blessings equally on all bestows. [flows,
Here, from the neighbouring * nursery of arts,
The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;
Or, for the classics, read "Th' Attorney's Guide;"
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

Oh! that I had been apostle to the Swifs,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combin'd in arms, they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Now fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run,
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons (the time is just at hand)
Be all made captives in their native land;
When, for the use of no Hibernian born,
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford the brass †.
But all turn leasers to that ‡ mongrel breed,
Who, from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.

I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

ON READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION,

By which he means Pride. 1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king;
A minister § so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:

* The University of Dublin, called Trinity College, was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1591. IRISH ED.

† Wood's ruinous project in 1724. IRISH ED.

‡ The absentees, who spent the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England. IRISH ED.

§ Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

If he * who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in the glorious scheme:
If every peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines,
Her scale to neither side inclines;
Now pride and cruelty are flown,
And mercy here exalts her throne:
For such is good example's power
It does its office every hour,
Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling like the sun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?

Or take it in a different view.
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage:
If that same *universal passion*
With every vice had fill'd the nation:
If virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown:
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise *classics* more than holy writ:
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate:
If law be such a partial whore,
To spare the rich, and plague the poor:
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

THE DOG AND THIEF. 1726.

Quoth the thief to the dog, let me into your door
And I'll give you these delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I shall then be more villian than
And besides must be out of my wits. [you're,

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread;
You'll fly, when you get what ye came here to
And I must be hang'd in your stead. [steal,

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes
And tips you the freeman a wink; [down,
Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Says the freeman, your guinea to-night will be
Your offers of bribery cease: [spent!

I'll vote for my landlord, to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.

* Sir Spencer Compton, then speaker, afterwards Earl of Wilmington.

From London they come, silly people to choose,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own!

A D V I C E

TO THE GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS. 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive.
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
And let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing * Pope;
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

T O A L A D Y,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME
VERSES UPON HER IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

Written at London, in 1726.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
Those, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my lady says:
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem too dull t'ye;
I can solve the diffi---culty.
You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and honour how to prize;

* The original copy of Mr. Pope's celebrated translation of Homer (preserved in the British Museum) is almost entirely written on the covers of letters, and sometimes between the lines of the letters themselves.

How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate---
Mr. Dean, you come too late.
Well I know, you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heiress,
Drest like any Lady Mayorefs,
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground;
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continual play-day---
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.

But, I beg, suspend a while
That same paltry, burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape you;
Court nor Parliament can 'scape you;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime:
Treat me not with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just, you should produce,
With each fault, each fault's excuse;
Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle,
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all our modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to flatter and gibe?
Who with less designing ends
Kindlier entertains their friends;
With good words, and countenance sprightly;
Strives to treat them more politely?

Think not cards my chief diversion:
'Tis a wrong, unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'em,
But to dose my head like *laudanum*.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights, to drive out thinking.
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure;

Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true:
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.

Though you lead a blameless life,
Are an humble prudent wife,
Answer all domestic ends;
What is this to us your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without a rod;
Though, by your obliging sway,
Servants love you, and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile;
Clear your looks, and smooth your style;
Load our plates from every dish;
This is not the thing we wish.
Colonel — may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it *tasting* and *imbibing*:
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus;
And let others carve for us:
To discourse and to attend,
Is to *help* yourself and friend,
Conversation is but *carving*;
Carve for all, yourself is starving;
Give no more to every guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but a little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough;
Let them neither starve nor stuff:
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours *carve* for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instill?

To conclude this long essay;
Pardon, if I disobey:
Nor, against my natural vein,
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate:
And I find it answers right;
Scorn torments them more than spight.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Where I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm;

Should a monkey wear a crown,
Must I tremble at his frown?
Could I not, through all his ermine?
Spy the strutting, chattering vermin?
Safely write a smart lampoon,
To expose the brisk baboon*?

When my Muse officious ventures
On the nation's representers:
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools:
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves;
With the freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen of Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them, if I could):
If I can but fill my nitch,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state.
Pultney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let † Caleb hoise 'em;
Then apply Alecta's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Deuce is in you, Mr Dean:
What can all this passion mean?
Mention courts! you'll ne'er be quiet
On corruptions running riot.
End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application:
Nor with senates keep a fuss.
I submit; and answer thus:

If the machinations brewing,
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the power
To affect me half an hour;
Sooner would I write in buskins,
Mournful elegies on ‡ Blueskins.
If I laugh at Whig and Troy,
I conclude, *a fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on; for, as
It is well observ'd by § Horace,
Ridicule hath greater power
To reform the world, than frowns.
Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels.

* This poem, for an obvious reason, has been mutilated in many editions.

† Caleb D'Anvers was the name assumed by Amburst, the ostensible writer of the *Craftsman*. This unfortunate man was neglected by his noble patrons, and died in want and obscurity.

‡ The famous thief, who, whilst on his trial at the Old Bailey, stabbed Jonathan Wild.

§ "Ridiculum acri, &c."

Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce;
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;
Gives imagination scope;
Never lets the mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.

I should make a figure scurvy,
And your head turn topsy-turvy.

I, who love to have a fling
Both at senate-house and king;
That they might some better way tread,
To avoid the public hatred;
Thought no method more commodious,
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear,
Not by anger, but a sneer.
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault);
Would you have me change my style?
On your faults no longer smile;
But, to patch up all our quarrels,
Quote you texts from Plutarch's *Morals*;
Or from Solomon produce
Maxims teaching Wisdom's use?

If I treat you like a crown'd-head,
You have cheap enough compounded;
Can you put-in higher claims,
Than the owners of St. James?
You are not so great a grievance,
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brags.
None of these have mercy found;
I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky:
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there:
Thousand sparkles falling down
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the sport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my muse:
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop;
All my fire would fall in scraps;
Give your head some gentle raps;
Only make it smart awhile:
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon fight
To decide of wrong and right;

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

Talk with sense whate'er you please on;
Learn to relish truth and reason?
Thus we both shall gain our prize:
I to laugh, and you grow wise.

A YOUNG LADY'S COMPLAINT,

For the Stay of the DEAN in ENGLAND. 1726.

BLOW, ye Zephyrs, gentle gales;
Gently fill the swelling sails,
Neptune, with thy trident long,
Trident three-fork'd, trident strong;
And ye Nereids fair and gay,
Fairer than the rose in May,
Nereids living in deep caves,
Gently wash'd with gentle waves;
Nereids, Neptune, lull asleep
Ruffling storms, and ruffled deep;
All around, in pompous state,
On this richer Argo wait:
Argo, bring my Golden Fleece;
Argo, bring him to his Greece.
Will Cadenus longer stay?
Come, Cadenus, come away;
Come with all the haste of love,
Come unto thy turtle-dove.
The ripen'd cherry on the tree
Hangs, and only hangs for thee;
Lucious peaches, mellow pears,
Ceres with her yellow ears,
And the grape, both red and white,
Grape inspiring just delight;
All are ripe, and courting sue
To be pluck'd and press'd by you.
Pinks have lost their blooming red,
Mourning hang their drooping head;
Every flower languid seems,
Wants the colour of thy beams,
Beams of wondrous force and power,
Beams reviving every flower.
Come, Cadenus, blest once more,
Blest again thy native shore;
Blest again this drooping isle,
Make its weeping beauties smile,
Beauties that thine absence mourn,
Beauties wishing thy return.
Come, Cadenus, come with haste,
Come before the winter's blast;
Swifter than the lightning fly;
Or I, like Vanessa, die.

A LETTER TO THE DEAN,

WHEN IN ENGLAND. 1726.

You will excuse me, I suppose,
For sending rhyme instead of prose,
Because hot weather makes me lazy,
To write in metre is more easy.
While you are trudging London town,
I'm strolling Dublin up and down;
While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here, my books:
Fix'd in an elbow-chair at ease,
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself;
For, after all that can be said,
Our best acquaintance are the dead;

While you're in raptures with Faustina*;
I'm charm'd at home with our Sheelina.
While you are starving there in state,
I'm cramming here with butchers meat.
You say, when with those lords you dine,
They treat you with the best of wine,
Burgundy, Cyprus, and Tokay;
Why so can we, as well as they.
No reason then, my dear good Dean,
But you should travel home again.
What though you may n't in Ireland hope
To find such folk as Gay and Pope;
If you with rhymers here would share
But half the wit that you can spare,
I'd lay twelve eggs, that, in twelve days,
You'd make a dozen of Popes and Gays.

Our weather's good, our sky is clear;
We've every joy, if you were here;
So lofty and so bright a sky
Was never seen by Ireland's eye!
I think it fit to let you know,
This week I shall to Quilca go;
To see M'Fayden's horny brothers
First suck, and after bull their mothers;
To see, alas! my wither'd trees!
To see what all the country sees!
My stunted quicks, my famish'd beeves,
My servants such a pack of thieves;
My shatter'd firs, my blasted oaks,
My house in common to all folks;
No cabbage for a single snail,
My turnips, carrots, parsnips, fail;
My no green peas, my few green sprouts;
My mother always in the pouts;
My horses rid, or gone astray;
My fish all stol'n, or run away;
My mutton lean, my pullets old,
My poultry starv'd, the corn all sold.

A man, come now from Quilca, says,
"They've† stol'n the locks from all your keys:"
But, what must fret and vex me more,
He says, "They stole the keys before."
"They've stol'n the knives from all the forks;
"And half the cows from half the sturks."
Nay more, the fellow swears and vows,
"They've stol'n the sturks from half the cows:"
With many more accounts of woe.
Yet, though the devil be there, I'll go:
'Twixt you and me, the reason's clear,
Because I've more vexation here.

PALINODIA.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XVI.

GREAT Sir, than Phœbus more divine,
Whose verses far his rays out-shine,
Look down upon your quondam foe;
Oh! let me never write again,
If e'er I disoblige you, Dean,
Should you compassion show.
Take those Iambics which I wrote,
When anger made me piping hot,

* Signora Faustina, a famous Italian singer.

† They is the grand thief of the county of Cavan; for whatever is stolen, if you inquire of a servant about it, the answer is, "They have stolen it."

And give them to your cook,
To finge your fowl, or save your paste,
The next time when you have a feast;
They'll save you many a book.
To burn them, you are not content;
I give you then my free consent,
To sink them in the harbour:
If not, they'll serve to set off blocks,
To roll on pipes, and twist in locks;
So give them to your barber.
Or, when you next your phyfic take,
I must entreat you then to make
A proper application;
'Tis what I've done myself before,
With Dan's fine thoughts, and many more,
Who gave me provocation.
What cannot mighty anger do?
It makes the weak the strong pursue,
A goose attack a swan;
It makes a woman, tooth and nail,
Her husband's hands and face assail,
While he's no longer man.
Though some, we find, are more discreet,
Before the world are wondrous sweet,
And let their husbands hector:
But, when the world's asleep, they wake,
That is the time they choose to speak;
Witness the curtain-lecture.
Such was the case with you, I find:
All day you could conceal your mind;
But when St. Patrick's chimes
Awak'd your muse (my midnight curse,
When I engag'd for better for worse),
You scolded with your rhymes.
Have done! have done! I quit the field;
To you, as to my wife, I yield:
As she must wear the breeches;
So shall you wear the laurel-crown,
Win it, and wear it, 'tis your own;
The poet's only riches.

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

NOVEMBER 8. 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec, is thy nativity;
Had Fate a luckier one, she'd give it ye:
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength;
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out in that.
For she, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As, if the gout should sieze the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But, if they can, by all their arts,
Eject it to th' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy, and praise
The gout, that will prolong his days;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet:
For, though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's led,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,

By arbitrary power convey her;
She ne'er considers why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander;
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.
Thus nature hath resolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
Long may she live, and help her friends
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
Till coffee has her stomach lin'd;
But, when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tiger * has been serv'd,
Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.

May Bec have many an evening nap,
With Tiger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair!
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tiger's barking!
And when she's in another scene,
Stella long dead, but first the Dean,
May fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that may please her better!
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her,
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christening,
To teach her ears the art of listening.
And please her more to hear them tattle,
Than the Dean storm, or Stella rattle.
Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there shall be no cares to fright her!

ON THE COLLAR OF TIGER,

MRS. DINGLEY'S LAP-DOG.

PRAY steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's,
Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies,

EPIGRAMS ON WINDOWS.

Most of them written in 1726.

I. ON A WINDOW AT AN INN.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
To hardships, in pursuit of health;
From generous wines and costly fare,
And dosing in an easy chair;
Pursue the Goddess Health in vain,
To find her in a country scene,
And every where her footsteps trace,
And see her marks in every face;
And still her favourites we meet,
Crowding the roads with naked feet.
But, oh! so faintly we pursue,
We ne'er can have her in full view.

* Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

II. AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

THE glass, by lovers nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight:
So when our passions Love hath stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light.

III. ANOTHER.

THE church and clergy here no doubt,
Are very near a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within.

IV. AT CHESTER.

My landlord is civil,
But dear as the d---l:
Your pockets grow empty,
With nothing to tempt ye:
The wine is so sour,
I'll give you a scour;
The beer and the ale,
Are mingled with stale;
The veal is such carrion,
A dog would be weary on.
All this I've felt,
For I live on a smelt.

V. ANOTHER, IN CHESTER.

THE walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em:
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em, or drown 'em.

VI. ANOTHER, AT HOLYHEAD*.

O NEPTUNE! Neptune! must I still
Be here detain'd against my will?
Is this your justice when I'm come
Above two hundred miles from home?
O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
Half chok'd with dust, half drown'd with rains;
Only your godship to implore,
To let me kiss your other shore?
A boon so small! but I may weep,
While you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

VII. ANOTHER, written upon a window where
there was no writing before.

THANKS to my stars, I once can see
A window here from scribbling free;
Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
To scratch their paltry drabs on glass;
Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

VIII. On seeing verses written upon windows
at inns.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confest;

* These verses are signed J—K—, but written
as it is presumed, in Dr. Swift's hand.

His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover;
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

IX. ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree:
None e'er made verses worse than he,
And thine I swear are such.

X. ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO JANUS, ON THE NEW-YEAR'S-DAY

Two-fac'd Janus, god of Time!
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme;
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a new-year's-gift:
She has got but half a face:
Janus, since thou hast a brace,
To my lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.

God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes;
What imports thy forward sight
Well, if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor * isle's approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation, were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind!

Drown your morals, madam cries,
I'll have none but forward eyes;
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back.
Give me Time when coming on:
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told,
New-years help to make me old;
Yet I find a new-year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face:
Give me velvet and quadrille.
I'll have youth and beauty still.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN AFTER THE NEWS OF THE † KING'S
DEATH.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park
belonging to the crown. It was usually granted
by the Crown for a lease of two years. The
Duke of Ormond was the last who had it.
After his exile, it was given to the Prince of

* Ireland.

† George I. who died after a short sickness by
eating a melon, at Osnaburg, in his way to Han-
over, June 11. 1727.---The poem was carried to
court, and read to King George II. and Queen
Caroline.

of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and groom of the stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler and keeper of the Ice-house. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following Dialogue.

In spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You'll find it soon by woeful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree;
But he's now grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God, they now may find as true!

MARBLE-HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling;
For all the courtly madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound:
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn:
For those we dextrous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their master's fall;
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king;
And by his crown will nothing get,
But like a king to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no--wine;
My ice-house rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;

Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedraggled in my walks so green:
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope;
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here won't the Dean, when he's to seek,
To sponge a breakfast once a week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be said,
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen,
For want of tattling to the queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His reverence and her highness walking:
Whilst lady Charlotte*, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller,
A goodly sight to see her ride
With ancient Mirmont† at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for show beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some South Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste:
Chang'd for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head:
Except her majesty prevails
To place me with the prince of Wales;
And then shall I be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's:
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a week I here expect,
To rattle Moody‡ for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to brush my gown.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness---and so adieu.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

‡ The gardener.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION. 1727.

'Tis strange, what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession and Desire;
Think what they wish so great a blessing;
So disappointed when possessing!

A moralist profoundly sage
(I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale)
Related thus the following tale.

Possession, and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race;
And kept at first an equal pace:
'Tis said their course continued long;
For this was active, that was strong:
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misted them many a league about.
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew;
Till, entering on a broad highway,
Where *power* and *titles* scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game;
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tower of monstrous height,
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire in raptur^e gaz'd a while,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down.
He tumbled in the gulph profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumberous weight:
And, as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE. 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;

Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are try'd in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit:
All others who inferior sit,
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join, and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lye;
Alas! they would not do you wrong;
But all appearances are strong!

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is---to let them talk.

THE FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

A SET of phrases learnt by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat?
When at a play, to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for it;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions, cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And, placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor make a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg, or crooked nose;
Can at her morning tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille.

In choosing lace, a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute,
What linen best the silk will suit,
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;

So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
 Can dextrously her husband tease,
 By taking fits whene'er she please;
 By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity.
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
 Admires how modest women can
 Be so *robustious*, like a man.

In party, furious to her power;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory four;
 Her arguments directly tend
 Against the side she would defend;
 Will prove herself a Tory plain,
 From principles the Whigs maintains;
 And to defend the Whiggish cause,
 Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes! if any man can find
 More virtues in a woman's mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs Harding*;
 She'll pay the charges to a farthing;
 Take notice, she has my commission
 To add them in the next edition;
 They may out-sell a better thing:
 So, halloo, boys; God save the king!

CLEVER TOM CLINCH GOING TO BE HANGED. 1727.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was
 bawling, [calling,
 Rode stately through Holbourn to die in his
 He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
 His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were
 white;

His cap had a new cherry riband to tie't.
 The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
 And said, "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young
 man!"

But, as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
 Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each
 side; [cry,
 And when his last speech the loud hawkers did
 He swore from his cart, "It was all a damn'd
 "lie!"

The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
 Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
 Then said, I must speak to the people a little;
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will *whittle*†.
 My honest friend Wild‡ may he long hold his
 place,
 He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
 Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
 Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;

* Widow of John Harding, the Drapier's printer.

† A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

‡ The noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
 And thus I go off without prayer-book or psalm;
 Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
 Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

WHILE HE WAS WRITING THE DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to speak,
 But not to reach the ear;
 His loudest voice is low and weak,
 The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
 Then different studies choose:
 The Dean sits plodding on a book;
 Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters*, though design'd
 For those who more will need 'em,
 Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
 Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck
 All turns and motions tries:
 Till, in a lump together stuck,
 Behold a Poem rise!

Yet to the Dean his share allot;
 He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is, causa sine qua non.

Thus Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
 For, had our deaf Divine
 Been for your conversation fit,
 You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock† thus, for preaching fam'd,
 The Sexton reason'd well;
 And justly half the merit claim'd,
 Because he rang the bell.

A LOVE POEM FROM A PHYSICIAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

WRITTEN AT LONDON IN THE YEAR 1727.

By poets we are well assur'd
 That love, alas! can ne'er be cur'd:
 A complicated heap of ills,
 Despising *boluses* and *pills*.
 Ah! Chloe, this I find is true,
 Since first I gave my heart to you.
 Now, by your cruelty *hard bound*,
 I strain my *guts*, my *colon* wound.
 Now jealousy my *grumbling* *tripes*
 Assaults with grating, grinding *gripes*.
 When pity in those eyes I view,
 My *bowels* wambling make me *spew*.
 When I an amorous kiss design'd,
 I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
 Once you a gentle sigh let fall;
 Remember how I *suck'd* it all:
 What *colic* pangs from thence I felt,
 Had you but known, your heart would melt,

* An allusion to the singularity mentioned in Advice to the Grub-street Verse Writers, 1726.

† The Dean of St. Paul's, father to the bishop.

Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till Nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces
With maggots, humours, and caprices!
By which I got the *hæmorrhoids*;
And loathsome *worms* my *anus* voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd;
Which, breaking out in *boils* and *blanes*,
With *yellow filth* my linen stains;
Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *thirst*,
Small beer I *guzzle* till I *burst*:
And then I drag a bloated *corpus*,
Swell'd with a *dropfy*, like a porpoise;
When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
I must be tapp'd to fill a *pail*.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S

IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill;
Our invitation was but slight:
I said---Why let him, if he will;
And so I bade Sir Arthur write.
His manners would not let him wait,
Left we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.
After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.
I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't;
But he cares not for it a rush,
Nor for my life will take the hint.
But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.
Or you may say---My wife intends,
Though I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends;
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.
Or, Mr. Dean---I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still;
But we must go to Aghnacloy*,
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.
The house accounts are daily rising;
So much his stay doth swell the bills;
My dearest life, it is surprising
How much he eats, how much he swills.
His brace of puppies how they stuff!
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough;
His horses too eat all our hay.
Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His tallow face, and wainscot-paws,
His beetle-brows, and eyes of wall,
And make him soon give up the cause!

* The seat of Acheson Moore, Esq.

Must I be every moment chid
With * Skinny bonia, Snipe, and Lean?
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of this insulting Tyrant Dean!

ON A VERY OLD GLASS AT MARKET-HILL.

FRAIL glass! thou bear'st that name as well as I;
Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

ANSWERED EXTEMPORE BY DR. SWIFT.

ME only chance can kill; thou, frailer creature,
May'st die, like me, by chance; but must by nature.

ON CUTTING DOWN THE OLD THORN
AT MARKET-HILL †.

AT Market-Hill, as well appears,
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.
Hither came every village maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung;
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from satyrs sat and sung.
Sir Archibald‡, that valorous knight,
The lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come and listen with delight;
For he was fond of rural strain.
(Sir Archibald, whose favourite name
Shall stand for ages on record,
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wife Hawthorden and Stirling's lord §.)
But time with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining towards the ground.
This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand,
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.
Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek;
And mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

* The Dean used to call Lady Acheson by those names.

† A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit. The tree, which was a remarkable one, was much admired by the knight. Yet the Dean, in one of his unaccountable humours, gave directions for cutting it down in the absence of Sir Arthur, who was of course highly incensed, nor would see Swift for some time after. By way of making his peace, the Dean wrote this poem; which had the desired effect.

‡ Sir Archibald Acheson, secretary of state for Scotland.

§ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The sylvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion, sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chattering with incessant din;
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat;
And fled in haste, with all her brood,
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trolled forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump,
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus, when the gentle Spina found
The thorn committed to her care
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murderer's ears;
And, in a shrill revengeful tone,
This prophecy he trembling hears:

"Thou chief contriver of my fall,
"Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
"My kindred oft' thine hide shall gall,
"Thy gown and cassock oft' be torn.

"And thy confederate dame, who brags
"That she condemn'd me to the fire,
"Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
"And wound her legs with every brier.

"Nor thou, lord Arthur*, shalt escape;
"To thee I often call'd in vain,
"Against that assassin in crape;
"Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful blow,
"Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse;
"Since you could see me treated so
"(An old retainer to your house):

"May that fell Dean, by whose command
"Was form'd this Machiavilian plot,
"Not leave a thistle on thy land;
"Then who will own thee for a Scot?

"Pigs and fanatics, cows, and teagues,
"Through all thy empire I foresee,
"To tear thy hedges, join in leagues,
"Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.

"And now, the wretch ordain'd by fate,
"Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
"With hatchet blunter than thy pate,
"To hack my hallow'd timber down;

"When thou, suspended high in air,
"Dy'st on a more ignoble tree
"(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare),
"Then, bloody caitif! think on me.

* Sir Arthur Acheson.
VOL. IX.

CANTATA*.

In harmony would you excel,
Suit your words to your music well;
For Pegasus runs every race
By galloping high, or level pace,
Or ambling, or sweet Canterbury,
Or with a down, a high down derry.
No victory he ever got
By joggling, joggling, joggling trot;
No Muse harmonious entertains
Rough, roistering, rustic, roaring strains.
Nor shall you twine the crackling bays
By sneaking, sniveling roundelays.
Now slowly move your fiddle-stick;
Now, tantan, tantantivi, quick;
Now trembling, shivering, quivering, quaking,
Set hoping hearts of lovers aching.
Fly, fly, above the sky,
Rambling, gambling, trolloping, lolloping, gal-
loping.
Now sweep, sweep the deep.
See Celia, Celia dies,
While true lovers' eyes
Weeping sleep, Sleeping weep,
Weeping sleep, Bo peep, bo peep.

E P I T A P H

AT BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,

HERE lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men call'd him Dicky Pearce;
His folly serv'd to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone,
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind,
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

MY LADY'S † LAMENTATION AND COM-
PLAINT AGAINST THE DEAN.

July 28. 1728.

SURE never man did see
A wretch like poor Nancy,

* This Cantata is printed with the music in all the London editions of Swift. Dr. Beattie, after censuring the practice of what he calls "illicit imitation," observes, that "this abuse of a noble art did not escape the satire of Swift; who, though deaf to the charms of music, was not blind to the absurdity of musicians. He recommended it to Dr. Echlin, an ingenious gentleman of Ireland, to compose a Cantata in ridicule of this puerile mimicry. Here we have motions imitated, which are the most inharmonious, and sounds the most unmusical.—In a word, Swift's Cantata may convince any person, that music, if only imitative, would be ridiculous."

† Lady Acheson.

So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins,
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe;
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.

Before he came here
To sponge for good cheer,
I sate with delight
From morning till night,
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my old gums,
Or scratching my nose,
And jogging my toes;
But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees,
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops,
And just as I handle 'em
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops,
From my head to my heels,
Like a clock without wheels;
I sink in the spleen,
An useless machine.

If he had his will,
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath,
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led;
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill;
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast, out of spite:
For I'd rather be dead,
Than it e'er should be said,
I was better for him
In stomach or limb.

But now to my diet;
No eating in quiet,
He's still finding fault,
Too four or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick;
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.

Next for his diversion
He rails at my person:
What court-breeding is this!
He takes me to pieces;

From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and am lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meets it half way;
My fingers, prolix,
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el---bows
Are two iron crows,
Or sharp-pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them, Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusk of a boar.

Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;
If he sees her but once,
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell by her looks
A hater of books;
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace;
Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by nature;
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face:
Wife books and reflection
Will mend the complexion;
(A civil Divine!
I suppose, meaning mine)!
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.

I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff;
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
What, Madam! No walking,
No reading, nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.

Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the huffies will flee
Where'er you appear:
"That silly old pufs
Would fain be like us.
What a figure she made
In her tarnish'd brocade!"

And then he grows mild;
Come, be a good child:
If you are inclin'd
To polish your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen;
I'll show you the way:
Read six hours a day.
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.

Thus was I drawn in;
Forgive me my sin.
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my talk.

Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And, as I am serious,
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But, instead of new plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge,
Let all the world judge,
'Twere better be blind,
Than thus be confin'd.

But, while in an ill tone,
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or prayer.
He's all the day sauntering,
With labourers bantering,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus).
Hail fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man;
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks;
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gew-gaws,
And gapes for applause;
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour;
He calls it a bower.

But, oh! how we laugh
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbor, for shelter,
Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing:
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briars
And thorns, to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on 't,
I smell when I tread on 't.

Dear friend, doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,

Since Fortune, my foe,
Will needs have it so,
That I 'm, by her frowns,
Condemn'd to black gowns;
No squire to be found
The neighbourhood round
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those);
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here, out of pity,
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a play-day.
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen!
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey-face!
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses!

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 1728.

DERMOT. SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who went to weed the court of * Gosford Knight;
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots,
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots;
As at their work they sat in counterview,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew.
Sing, heavenly Muse, in sweetly flowing strain
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

DERMOT.

My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones be-
twixt:

My spud these nettles from the stones can part;
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

SHEELAH.

My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again: but oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that brier thy tender leg shall rake
(I spare the thistles for Sir Arthur's † sake).
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rusty mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside:
Nor need I blush; although you feel it wet,
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug:
A longer ha'porth never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt:
† Dennis was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

* Sir Arthur Acheson.

† Who was a great lover of Scotland.

‡ Sir Arthur's butler.

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,
You fate and lous'd him all a fun-shine day.
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his betwixt your nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Onah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kifs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch these nasty sluts?
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.

DERMOT.

If Onah once I kifs'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side:
But, if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain!

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, though Tady's locks could
hold
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold;
Him on my lap you never more shall see;
Or may I lose my weeding knife---and thee!

DERMOT.

Oh, could I earn for thee, my lovely las,
A pair of * brogues to bear thee dry to mafs!
But see, where Norah with the sowins comes---
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

ON THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S-HOLE †,

WITH THE DOCTOR ‡ AT THEIR HEAD.

N. B. The ladies treated the Doctor.

Sent as from an OFFICER in the ARMY.

FAIR ladies, number five,
Who, in your merry freaks,
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks;
While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole:
Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a goad,
He'll put you in a ballad;
Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
Than Venus like an owl.
And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.
It fills my heart with woe,
To think, such ladies fine
Shall be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

* Shoes with flat low heels.

† An alehouse in Dublin, famous for beef-steaks.

‡ Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants!

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs;
Z---ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight,
I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad! I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch *;
And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER TO THE
BEAU.

WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

You little scribbling beau,
What dæmon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy,
I wish we had you here;
We'd turn you topsy-turvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth an hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver-clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of Things!

Because around your cane
A ring of diamonds is set;
And you, in some bye-lane,
Have gain'd a paltry grizette;

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle;
And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle
Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

WHY, how now, dapper Black!
I smell your gown and cassock,

* Dr. Sheridan was a school-master.

As strong upon your back,
As Tiddall * smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
Nor scold, nor keep a splutter:
Their verses give delight,
As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
Such haggard lines as these:
They stick athwart my maw,
As bad as Suffolk-cheese.

THE JOURNAL

OF A MODERN LADY.

In a Letter to a Person of Quality. 1728.

SIR,

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several verses are omitted.]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write;
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well
(As we shall show you in the sequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon
(Some authors say, not quite so soon),
Because, though sore against her will,
She sate all night up at quadrille.

* A clergyman in the north of England, who
had made proposals of marriage to Stella.

She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of head-ach and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille*!
"Depend upon 't, I never will.
"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
"He says, his business is to know
"If you'll redeem the silver cup
"He keeps in pawn?"—"First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
"To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*
"And, Madam, there's my lady Spade
"Hath sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
"And hath she sent so soon to dun?
"Here, carry down those ten pistoles;
"My husband left to pay for coals:
"I thank my stars, they all are light;
"And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipt *spadillo* in her breast,
"Then thought to turn it to a jest:
"There's Mrs. Cut and she combine;
"And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
"I can have customers enough.
"Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
"This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
"Madam, if there be truth in man,
"I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back awhile:
"I never can have time to dress
"(No woman breathing takes up less)
"I'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
"I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone;
"My dear; for sure, if I had known
"This company would come to day—
"But really 'tis my spouse's way!
"He's so unkind, he never sends
"To tell when he invites his friends:
"I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff,

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit.

But let me now awhile survey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the God of Silence flew,
And fair discretion left the place,
And modesty with blushing face:
Now enters overweening pride,
And scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scarrility with gibing air;
Rude laughter seeming like to burst,
And malice always judging worst;
And vanity with pocket-glass,
And impudence with front of bras;
And study'd affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few?
Or how shall I, alas, relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal-charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I must conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says,
That Florimel wears iron stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Takes half a day in praise of silence:
And Sylvia full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;

All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:

"And was not Tom this morning sent?
"I'd lay my life he never went:
"Past six, and not a living soul!
"I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!

How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
"And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
"This head of mine, Lord, how it swims!
"And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap."

But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run and light the ladies up:
"It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night:
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *spadillo* rise:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
"I said I should not win a game.
"This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
"I think I never had good luck in't.
"I'm so uneasy in my stays;
"Your fan a moment, if you please.
"Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
"I always lose when you look on."

Lord! madam, you have lost *codille*:
 I never saw you play so ill."
 Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
 'Twas you that threw the game away:
 When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
 You took it with a *mattadore*;
 "I saw you touch your wedding-ring
 "Before my lady call'd a king;
 "You spoke a word began with H,
 "And I know whom you meant to teach,
 "Because you held the king of hearts;
 "Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
 "That 's not so bad as one that rubs
 "Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
 "And makes her partner understand
 "A *mattadore* is in her hand."
 "Madam, you have no cause to flounce;
 "I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
 "And truly, madam, I know when,
 "Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
 "Spadillo here has got a mark;
 "A child may know it in the dark:
 "I guess the hand: it seldom fails:
 "I wish some folks would pair their nails."
 While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
 It passes but for common form:
 But, conscious that they all speak true,
 And give each other but their due,
 It never interrupts the game,
 Or makes them sensible of shame.
 The time too precious now to waste,
 The supper gobbled up in haste;
 Again afresh to cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun.
 But I shall not again repeat,
 How oft' they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
 At last they hear the watchmen knock,
 "A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
 The chairmen are not to be found,
 "Come, let us play the other round."
 Now all in haste they huddle on
 Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
 But, first, the winner must invite
 The company to-morrow night.
 Unlucky madam, left in tears
 (Who now again quadrille forswears),
 With empty purse, and aching head,
 Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX* AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

M. I own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
 But prythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
 Why ever in these raging fits,
 Damning to hell the Jacobites?
 When, if you search the kingdom round,
 There's hardly twenty to be found;
 No, not among the *priests and friars*--
 T. 'Twixt you and me, G--- d---n the liars!
 M. The Tories are gone every man o'er
 To our illustrious house of Hanover;

* A fictitious name. See the history of this poem in the "Intelligencer," No. VIII.

From all their conduct this is plain;
 And then---
 T. G--- d---n the liars again!
 Did not an earl but lately vote,
 To bring in (I could cut his throat)
 Our whole accounts of public debts?
 M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets!

[Aside.]

T. Did not an able statesman bishop
 This dangerous horrid motion dish-up
 As *popish* craft? did he not rail on't?
 Show fire and faggot in the tail on't?
 Proving the earl a great offender,
 And in a plot for the Pretender;
 Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
 Was then embarking at Avignon?

[A few dull lines are here purposely omitted.]

M. These wrangling jars of Whig and Tory
 Are stale and worn as Troy-town story:
 The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
 And now you find you fought for nothing.
 Your faction, when their game was new,
 Might want such noisy fools as you;
 But you, when all the show is past,
 Resolve to stand it out the last;
 Like Martin Marrall*, gaping on,
 Not minding when the song is done.
 When all the *bees* are gone to settle,
 You clatter still your brazen kettle.
 The leaders whom you listed under
 Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
 And when the war is past, you come
 To rattle in their ears your drum:
 And as that hateful hideous Grecian
 Therfites (he was your relation)
 Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
 With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
 So thou art grown the detestation
 Of all thy party through the nation:
 Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason,
 Thy busy, never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
 Thy formal nods, important sneers,
 Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But nonsense wrapt up in a stink),
 Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
 To thy own side so d---n'd a nuisance,
 That, when they have you in their eye,
 As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix forbear;
 I vow to G---, you're too severe.
 If it could ever yet be known
 I took advice except my own,
 It should be yours: but, d---n my blood!
 I must pursue the public good.
 The faction (is it not notorious?)
 Keck at the memory of Glorious†:
 'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
 My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a creature can be found
 To prance with me the statue round.

* A character in one of Dryden's comedies.
 † King William III.

The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite:
The Tories! you are their *delight*;
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
And often see a *puppet-show*:
Observe, the audience is in pain;
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But, when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws,
How Solomon decides the cause,
Which the true mother, which *pretender*;
Nor listen to the witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the stage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to stir their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again;
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorraine drew his sword;
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd;
Reviles all people in his jargon,
And sells the king of Spain a bargain;
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose;
The reason why no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of Puppet-shows;
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You riggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother puppets out;
Run on in a perpetual round,
To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey-grin and clatter,
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories;

They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this toil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at court.

T. Got? D—m my blood! *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters;
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer—
Got? D—m me! why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, nor ne'er stand still!
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast, and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs.
But, could you bring me once to think,
That, when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Reville and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,
And fret the Tories' soul to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And, when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game;
Consume my vitals! they shall know,
I am not to be treated so:
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renowned, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
“There's nimble Tim a-passing by?”
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party hatred*.
Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue,
When through the streets I cry *balloo*?
Must all my d—m me's! bloods and wounds!
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And, when I roar, “A plot, a plot!”
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualify'd to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a *spy*?

Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you see the case is nice:
Oh! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town!
Or bless'd with such engaging parts
To win the truant school-boys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the *fable guard*.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful steps, and colonel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.

M. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Your parts are good, 'tis not deny'd:
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my council, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia*;
(There's Latin too, that you may see
How much improved by Dr. —).

I have a coat at home, that you may try ;
 'Tis just like this, that hangs by geometry.
 My hat has much the nicer air ;
 Your block will fit it to a hair.
 That wig, I would not for the world
 Have it so formal and so curl'd ;
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You'll find it well prepar'd to take
 The figure of toupee and snake.
 Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
 That which is which 'tis hard to know ;
 When first in public we appear,
 I'll lead the van, you keep the rear :
 Be careful as you walk behind ;
 Use all the talents of your mind ;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mien, and gait :
 Mark my address, and learn my style,
 When to look scornful, when to smile ;
 Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
 But keep your swearing to the last.
 Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the streets divert the city ;
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions aping.
 Your conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some friends of mine ;
Choice spirits, who employ their parts
 To mend the world by useful arts ;
 Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
 Direct the zenith of the sky ;
 Some have the city in their care,
 From noxious steams to purge the air ;
 Some teach us, in these dangerous days
 How to walk upright in our ways ;
 Some whose reforming hands engage
 To lash the lewdness of the age ;
 Some for the public service go
 Perpetual envoys to and fro,
 Whose able heads support the weight
 Of twenty ministers of state.
 We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
 Of parties o'er our *bonny clabber* :
 Nor are we studious to inquire,
 Who votes for manors, who for hire :
 Our care is, to improve the mind
 With what concerns all human kind ;
 The various scenes of mortal life ;
 Who beats her husband, who his wife ;
 Or how the bully at a stroke
 Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
 One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal ;
 Another when he got a hot meal ;
 One gives advice in proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold ;
 One shows how bravely Audouin dy'd,
 And at the gallows all deny'd ;
 How by the *almanack* 'tis clear,
 That herrings will be cheap this year.

T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
 My precious time so long mis-spent,
 By nature meant for nobler ends :
 Oh ! introduce me to your friends !
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 Till politics debas'd my mind :
 I give myself entire to you ;
 G--d d---n the Whigs and Tories too !

TIM * AND THE FABLES.

*MY meaning will be best unravel'd,
 When I premise that Tim has travel'd.*
 In Lucas's by chance there lay
 The fables writ by Mr. Gay.
 Tim set the volume on a table,
 Read over here and there a fable ;
 And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
 The monkey who had seen the world :
 (For Tonson had, to help the sale,
 Prefix'd a cut to every tale.)
 The monkey was completely dress'd,
 The beau in all his airs exprest.
 Tim, with surprise and pleasure staring,
 Ran to the glass, and then comparing
 His own sweet figure with the print,
 Distinguish'd every feature in't,
 The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the sidge in all,
 Just as they look'd in the original.
 " By ———," says Tim, and let a fart,
 " This graver understood his art.
 " 'Tis a true copy I'll say that for't ;
 " I well remember when I sat for't.
 " My very face, as first I knew it ;
 " Just in this dress the painter drew it."
 Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
 Would read what underneath was written,
 The merry tale, with moral grave.
 He now began to storm and rave :
 " The curst villain ! now I see
 " This was a libel meant at me :
 " These scribblers grow so bold of late
 " Against us ministers of state !
 " Such Jacobites as he deserve---
 " D---n me ! I say, they ought to starve."

TOM MULLINIX AND DICK.

Tom and Dick had equal fame,
 And both had equal knowledge ;
 Tom could write and spell his name,
 But Dick had seen the college.
 Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad,
 And both alike diverting ;
 Tom was held the merrier lad,
 But Dick the best at farting.
 Dick would cock his nose in scorn,
 But Tom was kind and loving ;
 Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
 But Dick was from an oven.
 Dick could neatly dance a jig,
 But Tom was best at botees :
 Tom would pray for every Whig,
 And Dick curse all the Tories.
 Dick would make a woeful noise,
 And scold at an election ;
 Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
 And held them in subjection.
 Tom could move with lordly grace,
 Dick nimbly skipt the gutter ;
 Tom could talk with solemn face,
 But Dick could better sputter.

* See an account of him in the "*Intelligencer*,"
 No. X.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenc'd physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler swing,
His hat could nicely put on;
Dick knew better how to swing
His cane upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit,
And Tom for deep discerning;
Dick was thought the brighter wit,
But Tom had better learning.

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
Could roar as loud as Stentor,
In the house 'tis all he says;
But Tom is eloquenter.

DICK.

A MAGGOT.

As when, from rooting in a bin,
All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
A lively maggot sallies out,
You know him by his hazel snout:
So when the grandson of his grandfire
Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcanfir,
With powder'd rump and back and side,
You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
For 'tis beyond the power of meal
The gipsy visage to conceal:
For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
Down every mealy atom drops,
And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
Like a fresh t--d just dropt on snow.

GLAD ALL IN BROWN. TO DICK.

IMITATED FROM COWLEY.

FOULEST brute that stinks below,
Why in this brown dost thou appear?
For, wouldst thou make a fouler show,
Thou must go naked all the year.
Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow,
Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun,
His hide emits a foulness out;
Not one jot better looks the sun
Seen from behind a dirty clout:
So t--ds within a glass enclose,
The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
All outward and within is foul;
Condensed filth in every part,
Thy body's clothed like thy soul;
Thy soul, which through thy hide of buff
Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear
When pelted all with dirt they shine;
Such their exalted bodies are,
As shrivel'd and as black as thine.

If thou wert in a cart, I fear
Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet, when we see thee thus array'd,
The neighbours think it is but just,

That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
And weekly carry out the dust.
Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
When Dick cries, "Dust to carry out?"

DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.
You, Mullinix, and slobbering C—,
Who every day and hour the same are;
That vulgar talent I despise
Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
And when I listen to the noise
Of ideots roaring to the boys;
To better judgments still submitting,
I own I see but little wit in:
Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
Can please at most but once or twice.
But then consider Dick, you'll find
His genius of superior kind;
He never muddles in the dirt,
Nor scowrs the streets without a shirt;
Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
Could do such feats as well as they.
Dick I could venture every where,
Let the boys pelt him if they dare;
He'd have them tried at the assizes
For priests and Jesuits in disguises;
Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
And lifting troops for the Pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk,
No other monkey half so brisk;
Now has the speaker by the ears,
Next moment in the House of Peers;
Now scolding at my lady Eustace,
Or thrashing Baby in her new stays.
Presto! be gone! with t'other hop
He's powdering in a barber's shop;
Now at the anti-chamber thrusting
His nose to get the circle just in,
And d—ns his blood, that in the rear
He sees one single Tory there:
Then, woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
Again he'll tell him, and again on't.

AN EPITAPH

ON

GENERAL GORGES* AND LADY MEATH†.

UNDER this stone lie Dicky and Dolly.
Doll dying first, Dick grew melancholy;
For Dick without Doll thought living a folly.

Dick lost in Doll a wife tender and dear;
But Dick lost by Doll twelve hundred a year;
A loss that Dick thought no mortal could bear.

Dick sigh'd for his Doll, and his mournful arms
cross;
Thought much of his Doll, and the jointure he lost:
The first vex'd him much, the other vex'd most.

* Of Kilbrue, in the county of Meath.

† Dorothy dowager of Edward earl of Meath.
She was married to the General in 1716; and
died April 10. 1728. Her husband survived but
two days.

'Thus loaded with grief, Dick sigh'd and he
cry'd:
To live without both full three days he try'd;
But lik'd neither loss, and so quietly dy'd.

Dick left a pattern few will copy after:
Then, reader, pray shed some tears of salt-water;
For so sad a tale is no subject of laughter.

Meath smiles for the jointure, though gotten so
late;
The son laughs, that got the hard-gotten estate;
And Cuffe* grins, for getting the Alicant plate.

Here quiet they lie, in hopes to rise one day,
Both solemnly put in this hole on a Sunday,
And here rest—*fit transit gloria mundi!*

VERSES ON I KNOW NOT WHAT.

My latest tribute here I send,
With this let your collection end.
Thus I consign you down to fame
A character to praise or blame:
And, if the whole may pass for true,
Contented rest, you have your due.
Give future times the satisfaction,
To leave one handle for detraction.

DR. SWIFT'S COMPLAINT ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS.

WITH AN ANSWER.

DOCTOR.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone;

ANSWER.

Except the first, the fault's your own.

DOCTOR.

To all my friends a burthen grown:

ANSWER.

Because to few you will be shown.
Give them good wine, and meat to stuff,
You may have company enough.

DOCTOR.

No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell.

ANSWER.

Then write and read 'twill do as well.

DOCTOR.

At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart.

ANSWER.

Think then of thunder when you fart.

DOCTOR.

And, what's incredible, alack!
No more I hear a woman's clack.

ANSWER.

A woman's clack, if I have skill,
Sounds somewhat like a throwster's mill;
But louder than a bell, or thunder;
That does, I own, increase my wonder.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF,

ON SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to
pass,

That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of Drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrappers?

To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear, [ing,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and sing-
Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in.
No Protestant Prelate, his Lordship or Grace,
Durst there show his Right or Most Reverend
face:

How would it pollute their crofiers and rockets
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets!

[*The rest is wanting.*]

ON PADDY'S CHARACTER OF THE IN- TELLIGENCER*.

As a thorn bush, or oaken bough,
Stuck in an Irish cabin's brow,
Above the door, at country fair,
Betokens *entertainment there*;
So bays on poets' brows have been
Set, for a sign of wit within.
And, as ill neighbours in the night
Pull down an ale-house bush for spite;
The laurel so, by poets worn,
Is by the teeth of envy torn;
Envy, a canker-worm, which *tears*
Those sacred leaves that *lightning spares*.

And now t' exemplify this moral:
Tom having earn'd a twig of laurel
(Which, measur'd on his head, was found
Not long enough to reach half round,
But, like a girl's cockade, was ty'd,
A trophy, on his temple side;) Paddy
repin'd to see him wear
This badge of honour in his hair;
And, thinking this cockade of wit
Would his own temples better fit,
Forming his Muse by Smedley's † model,
Lets drive at Tom's devoted noddle,
Pelts him by turns with verse and prose,
Hums like a hornet at his nose,
At length presumes to vent his satire on
The Dean, Tom's honour'd friend and patron;
The eagle in the tale, ye know,
Teaz'd by a buzzing wasp below,
Took wing to Jove, and hop'd to rest
Securely in the thunderer's breast:

* Dr. Sheridan was publisher of the "Intelligencer," a weekly paper, written principally by himself; but Dr. Swift occasionally supplied him with a letter. Dr. Delany, piqued at the approbation those papers received, attacked them violently both in conversation and print; but unfortunately stumbled on some of the numbers which the Dean had written, and all the world admired; which gave rise to these verses.

† Dean of Ferns.

* John Cuffe of Desart, Esq. married the General's eldest daughter.

In vain; even there, to spoil his nod,
The *spiteful insect* stung the god.

PARODY

ON A CHARACTER OF DEAN SMEDLEY *,

Written in Latin by himself.

THE very reverend Dean Smedley,
Of *dullness, pride, conceit*, a medley,
Was equally allow'd to shine,
As *poet, scholar*, and *divine*;
With *godliness* could well dispense;
Would be a *rake*, but wanted sense;
Would strictly after truth inquire,
Because he dreaded to come nigher.
For liberty no champion bolder,
He hated *bailiffs* at his shoulder.
To half the world a standing jest;
A perfect *nuisance* to the rest:
From many (and we may believe him)
Had the best wishes they could give him.
To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they had *cash* to lend.
One thing he did before he went hence,
He left us a *laconic* sentence,
By cutting of his phrase, and trimming,
To prove that bishops were old women.
Poor envy durst not show her phiz,
She was so terrified at his.
He waded, without any shame,
Through thick and thin to get a name,
Tried every sharpening trick for bread,
And after all he seldom sped.
When fortune favour'd, he was nice;
He never once would cog the *dice*:
But, if she turn'd against his play,
He knew to stop a *quatre trois*,
Now sound in mind, and sound in *corpus*,
(Says he) though swell'd like any *porpoise*,
He heys from hence at forty-four
(But by his leave he *sinks a score*)
To the East Indies, there to cheat,
Till he can purchase an estate;
Where, after he has fill'd his chest,
He'll mount his *tub*, and preach his best,
And plainly prove, by dint of text,
This world is his, and their's the next.
Left that the reader should not know
The bank where last he set his toe,
'Twas Greenwich. There he took a ship,
And gave his creditors the slip.
But lest *chronology* should vary,
Upon the Ides of February;
In *seventeen hundred eight and twenty*,
To Fort St. George a *pedlar* went he.
Ye fates, when all he gets is spent,
RETURN HIM BEGGAR AS HE WENT!

PAULUS.

BY MR. LINDSAY †.

Dublin, Sept. 7. 1728.

"A SLAVE to crowds, scorch'd with the summer's
"heats,
"In courts the wretched lawyer toils and sweats;

* The original is in the "Supplement to Swift."

† Mr. Lindsay, a polite and elegant scholar, at

"While smiling Nature, in her best attire,
"Regales each sense, and vernal joys inspire.
"Can he who knows that real good should please,
"Barter for gold his liberty and ease?"
Thus Paulus preach'd:—When, entering at the
door,

Upon his board the client pours the ore:
He grasps the shining gift, pores o'er the cause,
Forgets the sun, and doseth on the laws.

THE ANSWER, BY DR. SWIFT.

LINDSAY mistakes the matter quite,
And honest Paulus judges right.
Then, why these quarrels to the sun,
Without whose aid you're all undone?
Did Paulus e'er complain of sweat?
Did Paulus e'er the sun forget;
The influence of whose golden beams
Soon licks up all unfavoury steams?
The sun, you say, his face hath kiss'd:
It has; but then it greas'd his fist.
True lawyers, for the wisest ends,
Have always been Apollo's friends.
Not for his superficial powers
Of ripening fruits, and gilding flowers;
Not for inspiring poets' brains
With pennyless and starveling strains;
Not for his boasted healing art;
Not for his skill to shoot the dart;
Nor yet because he sweetly fiddles;
Nor for his prophecies in riddles:
But for a more substantial cause—
Apollo's patron of the laws;
Whom Paulus ever must adore,
As parent of the golden ore,
By Phœbus, an incestuous birth,
Begot upon his grand-dame Earth;
By Phœbus first produc'd to light;
By Vulcan form'd so round and bright:
Then offer'd at the shrine of justice,
By clients to her priests and trustees,
Nor, when we see Astræa stand
With even balance in her hand,
Must we suppose she hath in view,
How to give every man his due;
Her scales you see her only hold,
To weigh her priests' the lawyers gold,
Now, should I own your case was grievous,
Poor sweaty Paulus, who'd believe us?
'Tis very true, and none denies,
At least, that such complaints are wise:
'Tis wise, no doubt, as clients fat you more,
To cry, like statesmen, *Quanta patimur!*
But, since the truth must needs be stretched,
To prove that lawyers are so wretched;
This paradox I'll undertake,
For Paulus' and for Lindsay's sake;
By topics, which, though I abomine 'em,
May serve as arguments *ad hominem*:
Yet I disdain to offer those
Made use of by detracting foes.
I own, the curses of mankind
Sit light upon a lawyer's mind:

that time an eminent pleader in Dublin, afterwards one of the justices of the court of common pleas.

The clamours of ten thousand tongues
Break not his rest, nor hurt his lungs.

I own, his conscious always free
(Provided he has got his fee);
Secure of constant peace within,
He knows no guilt, who knows no sin.

Yet well they merit to be pitied,
By clients always over-witted.
And though the gospel seems to say
What heavy burthens lawyers lay
Upon the shoulders of their neighbour,
Nor lend a finger to the labour,
Always for saving their own bacon;
No doubt, the text is here mistaken:
'The copy's false, and sense is rack'd:
To prove it, I appeal to fact;
And thus by demonstration show
What burthens lawyers undergo.

With early clients, at his door,
Though he was drunk the night before,
And crop-sick with unclubb'd-for wine,
The wretch must be at court by nine;
Half sunk beneath his briefs and bag,
As ridden by a midnight hag:
Then from the bar, harangues the bench,
In English vile, and viler French,
And Latin, vilest of the three;
And all for poor ten moidores fee!

Of paper how is he profuse,
With periods long, in terms abstruse!
What pains he takes to be prolix,
A thousand lines to stand for fix!
Of common sense without a word in!
And is not this a grievous burden?

The lawyer is a common drudge,
To fight our cause before the judge:
And, what is yet a greater curse,
Condemn'd to bear his client's purse;
While he, at ease, secure and light,
Walks boldly home at dead of night;
When term is ended, leaves the town,
Trots to his country-mansion down;
And, disencumber'd of his load,
No danger dreads upon the road;
Despiseeth rapparees, and rides
Safe through the Newry mountains' sides.

Lindsay, 'tis you have set me on,
To state this question *pro* and *con*.
My satire may offend, 'tis true;—
However, it concerns not you.
I own, there may, in every clan,
Perhaps, be found one honest man;
Yet link them close, in this they jump,
To be but rascals in the lump.

Imagine Lindsay at the bar,
He's much the same his brethren are;
Well taught by practice to imbibe
The fundamentals of his tribe:
And, in his client's just defence,
Must deviate oft' from common sense;
And make his ignorance discerned,
To get the name of Council Learned
(As *lucus* comes à *non lucendo*),
And wisely do as other men do:
But shift him to a better scene,
Among his crew of rogues in grain;
Surrounded with companions fit,
To taste his humour, sense, and wit;

You'd swear he never took a fee,
Nor knew in law his A, B, C.

'Tis hard, where dulness over-rules,
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.
And we admire the man who saves
His honesty in crowds of knaves;
Nor yields up virtue, at discretion,
To villains of his own profession.
Lindsay, you know what pains you take
In both, yet hardly save your stake;
And will you venture both anew,
To sit among that venal crew,
That pack of mimic legislators,
Abandon'd, stupid, slavish praters!
For, as the rabble daub and rifle
The fool who scrambles for a trifle;
Who for his pains is cuff'd and kick'd,
Drawn through the dirt, his pockets pick'd;
You must expect the like disgrace,
Scrambling with rogues to get a place;
Must lose the honour you have gain'd,
Your numerous virtues foully stain'd;
Disclaim for ever all pretence
To common honesty and sense;
And join in friendship with a strict tie,
To M---l, C---y, and Dick Tighe*.

A DIALOGUE

*Between an eminent Lawyer † and Dr. Jonathan
Swift, D. S. P. D.*

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK II. SAT. I.

" Sunt quibus in Satira, &c.

DR. SWIFT.

SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein;
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding;
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters:
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice? shall I give o'er?
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humerous prose;
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?

LAWYER.

Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend,
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks;
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ.
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;

* This gentleman who was a privy counsellor,
incurred the severe displeasure of the Dean, who
has taken several opportunities of censuring him.

† Mr. Lindsay.

Affert, that Hyde *, in writing story,
Shows all the malice of a Tory ;
While Burnet † in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage.
To Woolston ‡ recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth ;
That noble genius, who unbinds
The chain which fetter free-born minds ;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years ;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

DR. SWIFT.

Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense ?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom fate,
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should enthrall ?
Or shall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the muses' bower ?

LAWYER.

As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear from my desk the words that follow :
" Some, by philosophers misled,
" Must honour you alive and dead ;
" And such as know what Greece hath writ
" Must taste your irony and wit ;
" Whilst most that are, or would be great,
" Must dread your pen, your person hate ;
" And you on Drapier's § hill must lie,
" And there without a mitre die."

ON BURNING A DULL POEM. 1729.

AN ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain ;
I mean, the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts :
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb.
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire :
When, (who could think ?) though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.

How could I more enhance its fame ?
Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.

* Edward Hyde, the first earl of Clarendon.

† The celebrated Bishop of Salisbury.

‡ A degraded clergyman of the church of England, who wrote against the miracles of Christ.

§ In the county of Armagh, where Dr. Swift, in the year 1729, had some thoughts of building ; as appears by several of the following Poems.

AN EPISTLE

To his Excellency John Lord Carteret.

BY DR. DELANY. 1729.

" Credis ob hoc, me, Pastor, opes fortasse rogare,
" Propter quod, vulgus, crassaque turba rogat."
MART. Epig. lib. ix.

THOU wise and learned ruler of our isle,
Whose guardian care can all her griefs beguile ;
When next your generous soul shall condescend
T' instruct or entertain your humble friend ;
Whether, retiring from your weighty charge,
On some high theme you learnedly enlarge ;
Of all the ways of wisdom reason well,
How Richelieu rose, and how Sejanus fell :
Or, when your brow less thoughtfully unbends,
Circled with Swift and some delighted friends ;
When, mixing mirth and wisdom with your wine,
Like that your wit shall flow, your genius shine ;
Nor with less praise the conversation guide,
Than in the public councils you decide :
Or when the Dean, long privileg'd to rail,
Asserts his friends with more impetuous zeal ;
You hear (whilst I sit by abash'd and mute),
With soft concessions shortening the dispute ;
Then close with kind inquiries of my state,
" How are your tithes, and have they rose of late ?
" Why Christ-Church is a pretty situation,
" There are not many better in the nation !
" This, with your *other things*, must yield you clear
" Some six---at least five hundred pounds a year."
Suppose, at such a time, I took the freedom
To speak these truths as plainly as you read 'em
(You shall rejoin, my lord, when I've replied,
And, if you please, my lady shall decide) :
" My lord, I'm satisfied you meant me well ;
" And that I'm thankful all the world can tell ;
" But you'll forgive me, if I own th' event
" Is short, is very short, of your intent ;
" At least, I feel some ills unfelt before,
" My income less, and my expences more."
" How, doctor ! double vicar ! double rector !
" A dignitary ! with a city lecture !
" What glebes---what dues---what tithes---what
" fines--- what rent !
" Why, doctor !---will you never be content ?"
" Would my good lord but cast up the account,
" And see to what my revenues amount,
" My titles ample ! but my gain so small,
" That one good vicarage is worth them all :
" And very wretched sure is he, that's double
" In nothing but his titles and his trouble.
" Add to this crying grievance, if you please,
" My horses founder'd on Fermanah ways ;
" Ways of well-polish'd and well-pointed stone,
" Where every step endangers every bone ;
" And more to raise your pity and your wonder,
" Two churches---twelve Hibernian miles asunder !
" With complicated *cures*, I labour hard in,
" Besides whole summers absent from my garden !---
" But that the world would think I play'd the
fool, [school *---
" I'd change with Charley Grattan for his

* A free-school at Inniskillen, founded by Erasmus Smith, Esq.

"What fine cascades, what vistas, might I make,
 "Fixt in the centre of th' Iernian lake!
 "There might I sail delighted, smooth and safe,
 "Beneath the conduct of my good Sir Ralph †:
 "There's not a better steerer in the realm;
 "I hope, my lord, you'll call him to the *helm*."—
 "Doctor---a glorious scheme to ease your grief!
 "When *cures* are crofs, a school's a sure relief.
 "You cannot fail of being happy there,
 "The lake will be the Lethe of your care;
 "The scheme is for your honour and your ease;
 "And, doctor, I'll promote it when you please.
 "Mean while, allowing things below your merit,
 "Yet, doctor, you've a philosophic spirit;
 "Your wants are few, and, like your income,
 small,
 "And you've enough to gratify them all:
 You've trees and fruits, and roots enough, in
 store:
 "And what would a philosopher have more?
 "You cannot wish for coaches, kitchens, cooks---"
 "My lord I've not enough to buy me books---"
 "Or pray, suppose my wants were all supplied,
 "Are there no wants, I should regard beside?
 "Whose breast is so unmann'd, as not to grieve,
 "Compas'd with miseries he can't relieve?
 "Who can be happy---who should wish to live,
 "And want the godlike happiness to give?
 "(That I'm a judge of this, you must allow:
 "I had it once---and I'm debarr'd it now.)
 "Ask your own heart, my lord, if this be true,
 "Then how unblest am I! how blest are you!"
 "'Tis true---but, doctor, let us wave all that---"
 "Say, if you had your wish, what you'd be at."
 "Excuse me, good my lord---I won't be founded,
 "Nor shall your favour by my wants be bounded.
 "My lord, I challenge nothing as my due,
 "Nor is it fit I should prescribe to you.
 "Yet this might Symmachus himself avow
 "(Whose rigid rules are antiquated now)---
 "My lord, I'd wish to *pay the debts I owe*---
 "I'd wish besides---to *build*, and to *bestow*."

AN EPISTLE ON AN EPISTLE

From a certain Doctor to a certain great Lord.

BEING A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR DR. DELANY.

As Jove will not attend on less,
 When things of more importance press;
 You can't grave Sir, believe it hard,
 That you, a low Hibernian bard,
 Should cool your heels awhile, and wait
 Unanswer'd at your *patron's* gate:
 And would my lord vouchsafe to grant
 This one, poor, humble boon I want,
 Free leave to play his *Secretary*,
 As Falstaff acted old King Harry;
 I'd tell of yours in rhyme and print:
 Folks shrug, and cry *There's nothing in't*.
 And, after several readings over,
 It shines most in the marble cover.

How could so fine a taste dispense,
 With mean degrees of wit and sense?

† Sir Ralph Gorr, who had a villa in the lake of Erin.

Nor will my lords so far *beguile*
 The *wise* and *learned* of our *isle*;
 To make it pass upon the nation,
 By dint of his sole approbation.
 The task is arduous, patrons find,
 To warp the sense of all mankind;
 Who think your muse must first aspire,
 Ere he advance the doctor higher.

You've cause to say he *meant you well*:
 That you *are thankful*, who *can tell*?
 For still you're short (which grieves your spirit)
 Of his intent; you mean, your merit.

Ah! *quantum rebus, tu adeptus,*
Qui nil moliris tam inepte?
 Smedley*, thou Jonathan of Clogher,
 "When thou thy humble lay dost offer
 "To Grafton's grace, with grateful heart,
 "Thy thanks and verse devoid of art:
 "Content with what his bounty gave,
 "No larger income dost thou crave."

But you must have cascades, and all
 Ierne's lake for your canal,
 Your vistas, barges, and (a pox on
 All pride!) our speaker for your coxon:
 It's pity that he can't bestow you
 Twelve commoners in caps to row you.
 Thus Edgar proud, in days of yore,
 Held monarchs labouring at the oar;
 And, as he pass'd, so swell'd the Dee,
 Enrag'd, as Ern would do at thee.

How different is this from Smedley!
 (His name is up, he may in bed lie)
 "Who only asks some pretty cure,
 "In wholesome soil and æther pure;
 "The garden stor'd with artless flowers,
 "In either angle shady bowers:
 "No gay parterre with costly green
 "Must in the ambient hedge be seen;
 "But Nature freely takes her course,
 "Nor fears from him ungrateful force:
 "No sheers to check her sprouting vigour,
 "Or shape the *yew*s to antic figure."

But you, forsooth, your *all* must squander
 On that poor spot, call'd Dell-ville yonder:
 And when you've been at vast expences
 In whims, parterres, canals, and fences,
 Your assets fail, and cash is wanting;
 Nor farther buildings, farther planting:
 No wonder, when you raise and level,
 Think this wall low, and that wall bevel.
 Here a convenient box you found,
 Which you demolish'd to the ground:
 Then built, then took up with your arbour,
 And set the house to Rupert Barber.
 You sprang an arch, which, in a scurvy
 Humour, you tumbled topsy-turvy.
 You change a circle to a square,
 Then to a circle as you were:
 Who can imagine whence the fund is,
 That you *quadrata* change *rotundis*?

To Fame a temple you erect,
 A Flora does the dome protect;
 Mounts, walks, on high: and in a hollow
 You place the Muses and Apollo;

* See the Petition to the Duke of Grafton.

There shining 'midst his train, to grace
Your whimsical poetic place.

These stories were of old design'd
As fables; but you have refin'd
The poets' mythologic dreams,
To real muses, gods, and streams.
Who would not swear when you contrive thus,
That you're Don Quixote Redivivus?

Beneath, a dry canal there lies,
Which only winter's rain supplies.
Oh! couldst thou, by some magic spell,
Hither convey St. Patrick's well!
Here may it re-assume its stream*,
And take a greater Patrick's name!
If your expences rise so high,
What income can your wants supply?
Yet still you fancy you inherit
A fund of such superior merit,
That you can't fail of more provision,
All by my lady's kind decision.
For, the more livings you can fish up,
You think you'll sooner be a bishop:
That could not be *my lord's intent*,
Nor can it *answer the event*.

Most think what has been heap'd on you,
To other sort of folk was due:
Rewards too great for your slim-flams,
Epistles, riddles, epigrams.

Though now your depth must not be founded,
The time was, when you'd have compounded
For less than Charley Grattan's school:
Five hundred pound a year's no fool!

Take this advice then from your friend:
To your ambition put an end.
Be frugal, Pat: pay what you owe,
Before you *build* and you *bestow*.
Be modest; nor address your betters
With begging, vain, familiar letters.

A passage may be found†, I've heard,
In some old Greek or Latian bard,
Which says, "Would crows in silence eat
" Their offals, or their better meat,
" Their generous feeders not provoking
" By loud and unharmonious croaking;
" They might, unhurt by envy's claws,
" Live on, and stuff to boot their maws."

A L I B E L

On the Reverend Dr. Delany and his Excellency

JOHN LORD CARTERET. 1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his *lordship* was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you *laugh'd* at every joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
That you and he are *cup* and *can*:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake *preferment's* road.

* See Dr. Swift's verses on the sudden drying
up of St. Patrick's well.

† Hor. Lib. I. Ep. xvii.

Suppose my *lord* and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant *post*,
He'll turn it off with, "Name your toast!"
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandors to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a *place*,
You forfeit all your *patron's* grace,
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to *dine*.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenes of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes:
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair;
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to *party* zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene,
Took proper *principles* to thrive;
And so might every *dunce* alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.

Thus Gay, the *bare* with many friends,
Twice seven long years the *court* attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a *princely* youth†:
Who paid his courtship with the crowd
As far as *modest pride* allow'd;
Rejects a servile *usher's* place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.

Thus Addison, by lords carest,
Was left in foreign lands distress;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a *squire*:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shap'd the *poet's* quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the *courtier's* trade,
And, grown a *minister of state*,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning *courts*, at *courts* unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By *sages, priests, or poets* taught;

† William Duke of Cumberland, son to George II.

Whose filial piety excels
 Whatever Grecian story tells;
 A genius for all stations fit,
 Whose *meanest talent* is his wit;
 His heart too great, though fortune little,
 To lick a *rascal statesman's* spittle;
 Appealing to the nation's taste,
 Above the reach of want is plac'd:
 By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
 Which Homer never could alive;
 And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
 Despising *slaves* that *cringe* for bread.

True *politicians* only pay
 For solid *work*, but not for *play*;
 Nor ever choose to work with tools
 Forg'd up in *colleges* and *schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *journeymen* than you:
 At table you can Horace quote;
 They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
 You show your skill in Grecian story;
 But they can manage Whig and Tory:
 You, as a *critic*, are so curious
 To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
 But they can smoke the deep designs,
 When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a *place* already;
 An office for your talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
 To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
 And get a *dinner* for your hire.
 What claim have you to *place* or *pension*?
 He overpays in condescension.

But, reverend *doctor*, you, we know,
 Could never condescend so low:
 The *vice-roy*, whom you now attend,
 Would, if he durst, be more your friend;
 Nor will in you those gifts despise,
 By which himself was taught to rise:
 When he has virtue to retire,
 He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
 And place you in a better station,
 Although it might have pleas'd the nation.

This may be true---submitting still
 To Walpole's more than royal will;
 And what condition can be worse?
 He comes to drain a *beggar's* purse;
 He comes to tie our chains on faster,
 And show us, England is our master:
 Careless knaves, and dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his traps,
 Or bring his *vermin* in, but *scraps*?
 The offals of a *church* distress;
 A hungry *vicarage* at best;
 Or some remote inferior *post*,
 With forty pounds a year at most?

But here again you interpose—
 Your favourite *lord* is none of those
 Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications:
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *learning* none will call in doubt;
 His *learning*, though a *poet* said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Phillips writ,

VOL. IX.

I own, he hates an action base,
 His *virtues* battling with his *place*;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
 Can sometimes drop a *voter's* claim,
 And give up party to his fame.

I do the most that *friendship* can;
 I hate the *vice-roy*, love the *man*.

But you who, till your fortune's made,
 Must be a *sweetener* by your trade,
 Should swear he never meant us ill;
 We suffer sore against his will;
 That, if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part:
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his *place*.

Since this reflection slip your pen,
 Insert it when you write again:
 And, to illustrate it produce
 This *simile* for his excuse:

"So to destroy a guilty land
 "An *angel* sent by *heaven's* command,
 "While he obeys *almighty* will,
 "Perhaps may feel compassion still;
 "And wish the task had been assign'd
 "To *spirits* of less gentle kind."

But I, in *politicks* grown old,
 Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
 Who from my soul sincerely hate
 Both *kings* and *ministers* of *state*,
 Who look on *courts* with stricter eyes
 To see the seeds of *vice* arise,
 Can lend you an illusion fitter,
 Though *flattering knaves* may call it *bitter*;
 Which, if you durst but give it place,
 Would show you many a *statesman's* face:
 Fresh from the *tripod* of Apollo
 I had it in the words that follow
 (Take notice, to avoid offence,
 I here except *his excellence*).

"So, to effect his *monarch's* ends,
 "From *hell* a *vice-roy* devil ascends;
 "His *budget* with *corruptions* cramm'd,
 "The contributions of the *damn'd*;
 "Which with unsparing hand he strows
 "Through *courts* and *senates* as he goes;
 "And then at Beelzebub's *black ball*
 "Complains his *budget* was too small."

Your *simile* may better shine
 In verse; but there is *truth* in mine.
 For no imaginable things
 Can differ more than gods and kings:
 And *statesmen* by ten thousand odds
 Are angels just as kings are gods.

T O D R. D E L A N Y,

ON THE

LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

"---Tanti tibi non sit opaci

"Omnis arena Tagi."

Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
 To arms by thirst of honour led,

* "So when an angel by divine command," &c.
 ADDISON'S Campaign,

H

When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft' without a wound;
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops:
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print, you see him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus fame and censure with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be prefer'd
In wit before the common herd:
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annexed?

'Tis eminence makes envy rise:
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find:
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarler's jokes,
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing:
How jealous of the nations freedom,
And for corruptions how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft' am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilst every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.

Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unfold upon the printer's lines.

A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
Point out the surest men to rise:
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight,
For as, of old, mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *free-thinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soothe your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare; the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.

Say, did you ever know by fight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poet's nest;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd---Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG. 1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best:
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs, sons of Saturn.
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his fire;
For Jove, as every school-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose:
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a heathen!
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your Hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a--s.

Behold his glittering falchion now
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his fire,
Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes:
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus had lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-house we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenus;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo fit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
"How from his altitude he stoops
"To raise up virtue when she droops;
"On learning how his bounty flows,
"And with what justice he bestows:
"Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
"Be witness if I tell a flam.
"What prodigies in arts we drain,
"From both your streams, in George's reign.
"As from the flowery bed of Nile"—

But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendos, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter,
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.

Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't:
And, if provok'd, he soundly firsks his
Rebellions waves with rods, like Xerxes.

He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before;
I think this practice only fit

For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong,
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes' love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
'To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true:

And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued;
Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.

Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.

Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great grandam:
Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she hath graces of her own;
Three graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three; and every grace a daughter.

Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins:
Besides a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne

With genuine lustre, all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light:
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.

But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every god,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little Highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wife.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever---till the conflagration.

But, now it runs into my mind,
We left a little Duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:
Hesse-Darmstadt make a rugged sound,
And Guelph the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clicks to Caroline.

Hail! Queen of Britain, Queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fixt,
No jarring consonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!--in song.

What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn'd to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms are exempt from blows.

Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sebrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.

Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport.
For, since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound Divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

BOUTS RIMES.

ON SIGNORA DOMITILLA.

Our school-master may rave i' th' fit
Of classic beauty *hæc et illa*,
Not all his birch inspires such wit.
As th' ogling beams of Domitilla.

Let nobles toast, in bright champain,
Nymphs higher born than Domitilla;
I'll drink her health, again, again,
In Berkeley's tar, or fars-parilla.

At Goodman's-Fields I've much admir'd
The postures strange of Monsieur Brilla;
But what are they to the soft step,
'The gliding air, of Domitilla?

Virgil has eterniz'd in song
The flying footsteps of Camilla:
Sure, as a prophet, he was wrong;
He might have dreamt of Domitilla.

Great Theodose condemn'd a town
For thinking ill of his Placilla;
And deuce take London, if some knight
O' th' city wed not Domitilla!

Wheeler, Sir George, in travels wise,
Gives us a medal of Plantilla;
But, oh! the empress has not eyes,
Nor lips, nor breast, like Domitilla.

Nor all the wealth of plunder'd Italy,
Pil'd on the mules of king At-tila,
Is worth one glove (I'll not tell a bit a lie)
Or garter, snatch'd from Domitilla.

Five years a nymph at certain hamlet,
Y-cleped Harrow of the Hill, a—
—bus'd much my heart, and was a dam'nd let
To verse—but now for Domitilla.

Dan Pope consigns Belinda's watch
To the fair Sylphid Momentilla,
And thus I offer up my catch
To th' snow-white hands of Domitilla.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES,
UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

Now the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Mars's,
With their tilts at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd;
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey-coats complete,
And with boots so very greasy.
And with saddles eke so easy;
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day;
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big Sir;
And with powder'd caps and wigs, Sir;
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambrick ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts be-wrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters;
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies;
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim—
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;

From the vintner and the tailor,
 Like the felon from the jailor;
 Into this and t' other county,
 Living on the public bounty;
 Thorough town and thorough village,
 All to plunder all to pillage;
 Thorough mountains, thorough valleys,
 Thorough stinking lanes and alleys;
 Some to—kiss with farmers' spouses,
 And make merry in their houses;
 Some to—tumble country wenches
 On their rushy-beds and benches,
 And, if they begin a fray,
 Draw their swords, and—run away;
 All to murder equity,
 And to take a double fee;
 Till the people all are quiet,
 And forget to broil and riot:
 Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
 Safely glad to sup their porridge;
 And vacation's over—then,
 Hey, for London town again.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd,
 As rational, the human-kind.
 "Reason," they say, "belongs to man;"
 But let them prove it if they can.
 Wife Aristotle and Smigleſius,
 By ratiocinations specious,
 Have strove to prove with great precision,
 With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum:
 But, for my soul, I cannot credit 'em,
 And must, in spite of them maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature;
 That instinct is a surer guide
 Than reason-boasting mortals' pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
 Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute;
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court.
 They never to the levee go,
 To treat as dearest friend, a foe:
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob:
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at Pater-noster-row.
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
 No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds:
 No single brute his fellows leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape;

Like man, he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion:
 But, both in malice and grimaces,
 A courtier any ape surpasses:
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minister of state;
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors:
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators:
 At court, the porters, lacquey's waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract;
 And footmen lords and dukes can act.
 Thus, at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike; for all ape all.

THE PUPPET-SHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
 And turn it all to ridicule,
 Wit did a *puppet-show* invent,
 Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
 And worship was to *puppets* paid;
 In antic dress the idol stood,
 And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
 The simple votaries to frame,
 To shape in *timber* foolish man,
 And consecrate the *block* to fame.

From hence poetic fancy learn'd
 That trees might rise from human forms,
 The body to a trunk be turn'd,
 And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
 That man's a blockhead, have confess'd;
 Powel and Stretch * the hint pursue;
 Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South-Sea hath prov'd
 On that fam'd theatre, the *alley*;
 Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
 Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
 The same a Harlequin is now;
 The former was *buffoon* above,
 The latter is a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
 Where various images appear;
 In different parts of youth and age
 Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
 False pomp conceals mere wood within;
 And legislators rang'd in state
 Are oft' but wisdom in machine.

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
 And timber as a lord take place;
 A statue may put on a frown,
 And cheat us with a thinking face.

* Two famous puppet-show men.

Others are blindly led away,
 And made to act for ends unknown;
 By the mere spring of wires they play,
 And speak in language not their own.
 Too oft', alas! a scolding wife
 Ufurps a jolly fellow's throne;
 And many drink the cup of life,
 Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.
 In short, whatever men pursue,
 Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
 This mimic race brings all to view:
 Alike they dress, they talk, they move.
 Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
 Mortals to please and to deride;
 And, when death breaks thy vital band,
 Thou shalt put on a *puppet's* pride.
 Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
 Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
 Ages to come thy worth shall own,
 Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.
 Tell Tom, he draws a *farce* in vain,
 Before he looks in nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
 Nor *pedantry* for humour pass.
 To make men act as senseless wood,
 And chatter in a mystic strain,
 Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
 And shows some error in the brain.
 He that would thus refine on thee,
 And turn thy stage into a school,
 The jest of Punch will ever be,
 And stand confest the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:

*Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into
 a Barrack or a Malt-House. 1729.*

Thus spoke to my lady the knight * full of care:
 " Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
 " This Hamilton's bawn †, whilst it sticks on my
 " hand,
 " I lose by the house what I get by the land;
 " But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
 " For a *barrack* ‡ or *malt-house*, we now must
 " consider.
 " First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
 " Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
 " There's nine hundred pounds for labour and
 " grain,
 " I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
 " A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
 " Three dishes a day, and three hogheads a year:
 " With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be
 " stor'd;
 " No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
 " And you and the Dean no more shall combine
 " To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was
 written.

† A large old house, two miles from Sir Ar-
 thur's seat.

‡ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong build-
 ings, over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

" Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to pur-
 " loin
 " A stone and a quarter of beef from my furloin.
 " If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
 " My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
 " In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
 " Whatever they give me, I must be content,
 " Or join with the court in every debate;
 " And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
 Thus ended the knight: thus began his *meek*
 " It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life. [wife:
 " I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
 " But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull * rums.
 " With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
 " I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
 " But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
 " The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
 " I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
 " For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in
 " awe;
 " Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 " Will tell him that chaplains should not be so
 " pert;
 " That men of his coat should be minding their
 " prayers,
 " And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
 Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
 The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
 But Hannah †, who listen'd to all that was past,
 And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
 As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, " Madam, why surely my master's posses't.
 " Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
 " I'd rather the *bawn* were sunk under ground.
 " But madam, I guess'd there would never come
 " good,
 " When I saw him so often with ‡ Darby and
 " Wood.
 " And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
 " That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
 " And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
 " And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill
 " news.
 " Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 " You might have a *barrack* whenever you please;
 " And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 " That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 " If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 " Till he gave me my will, I would give him
 " no rest;
 " And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 " With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets;
 " But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 " And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
 " Dear madam, whene'er of a *barrack* I think,
 " An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
 " For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 " I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
 " I fancy already a *barrack* contriv'd
 " At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor clergy-
 man.

† My lady's waiting-woman.

‡ Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

H iiiij

" Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
 " And waits on the captain betimes the next
 " morning.
 " Now see, when they meet, how their honours
 " behave:
 " Noble captain, your servant"—" Sir Arthur,
 " your slave;
 " You honour me much"—" The honour is mine."
 " 'Tas a sad rainy night"—" But the morning
 " is fine."
 " Pray how does my lady?"—" My wife's at
 " your service."
 " I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."
 " Good morrow, good captain. I'll wait on you
 " down."
 " You shan't stir a foot."—" You'll think me a
 " clown:
 " For all the world, captain—" " Not half an
 " inch farther."
 " You must be obey'd!"—" Your servant, Sir
 " Arthur!
 " My humble respects to my lady unknown."
 " I hope you will use my house as your own."
 " Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
 " prate,
 " Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
 " Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
 " You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
 " Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
 " At the head of his troops, with trumpet and
 " drum.
 " Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
 " The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
 " Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
 " Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
 " See how comes the captain all daub'd with
 " gold lace:
 " O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
 " And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 " With the fine flaming sword that he holds in
 " his hand;
 " And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and
 " rears;
 " With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
 " At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
 " Drawn up in the court; when the captain cries,
 " STAND!
 " Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
 " (For sure I had *dixen'd* you out like a queen).
 " The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
 " Looks up to your window, and cocks up his
 " beaver
 " (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
 " For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
 " Because he has never a hand that is idle;
 " For the right holds the sword, and the left
 " holds the bridle).
 " Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air.
 " As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
 " (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath
 " spilt!) [the hilt.
 " Then he lowers down the point, and kisses
 " Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;
 " Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
 " The captain salutes you with congee profound,
 " And your ladyship curtsies half way to the
 " ground.

" Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
 " to us;
 " I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
 " And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
 " And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
 " You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer;
 " You come in the very worst time of the year:
 " If I had expected so worthy a guest—"
 " Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
 " You banter me, madam; the kingdom must
 " grant—"
 " You officers, captain, are so complaisant!"
 " Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming."
 " No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
 " To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
 " The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
 " The dean and the * doctor have humbled their
 " pride,
 " For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
 " And, because he's their betters, you carve for
 " him first;
 " The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
 " The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
 " To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the
 " table,
 " And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 " To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
 " Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
 " Do but here on the clergy how glib his tongue
 " ran;
 " And, madam, says he, if such dinners you give,
 " You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you
 " live.
 " I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
 " But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
 " G—d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
 " But, z—ds! by their looks they never keep Lent.
 " Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
 " afraid
 " You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
 " I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 " In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
 " band
 " (For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like
 " a ninny,
 " That the captain suppos'd he was curate to
 " Jinny).
 " Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 " A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
 " Observe how a parson comes into a room;
 " G—d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
 " A *scholard*, when just from his college broke
 " loose,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
 " Your † *Novels*, and *Bluturcks*, and *Omnus*,
 " and stuff,
 " By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
 " To give a young gentleman right education,
 " The army's the only good school in the nation;
 " My school-master call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
 " school:

* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbour-
 hood.

† Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.

" I never could take to my book for the blood
 " o' me,
 " And the puppy confess'd he expected no good
 " o' me.
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his wife ;
 " But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in
 " my life :
 " So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 " The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G---.
 " Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing
 " to say,
 " But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
 " day."
 " Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 " And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should
 " split.
 " So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
 " As who should say, *Now am I † skinny and lean ?*
 " But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 " And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.
 Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the Dean call, " Will your lady-
 " ship walk ?"
 Her ladyship answers, " I'm just coming down :"
 Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, " Huffy, why sure the *wench* is gone mad !
 " How could these *chimeras* get into your brains?--
 " Come hither, and take this old gown for your
 " pains,
 " But the Dean, if this secret should come to
 " his ears,
 " Will never have done with his gibes and his
 " jeers :
 " For your life, not a word of the matter, I
 " charge ye :
 " Give me but a *barrack*, a fig for the *Clergy*."

TO DEAN SWIFT.

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

Good cause have I to sing and vapour,
 For I am landlord to the Drapier :
 He that of every ear's the charmer,
 Now condescends to be my farmer,
 And grace my villa with his strains.
 Lives such a bard on British plains ?
 No ; not in all the British court ;
 For none but wittings there resort,
 Whose names and works (though dead) are made
 Immortal by the Dunciad ;
 And, sure as monument of brass,
 Their fame to future times shall pass,
 How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
 Of brazen knight they vainly sung :
 A subject for their genius fit ;
 He dares defy both sense and wit.
 What dares he not ? He can, we know it,
 A laureat make that is no poet ;
 A judge, without the least pretence
 To common law, or common sense ;
 A bishop that is no divine ;
 And coxcombs in red ribbons shine :

† Nick-names for my lady.

Nay, he can make, what's greater far,
 A middle state 'twixt peace and war ;
 And say, there shall, for years together,
 Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
 Happy, O Market-hill ! at least,
 That court and courtiers have no taste :
 You never else had known the Dean,
 But, as of old, obscurely lain ;
 All things gone on the same dull track,
 And Drapier's-hill * been still Drumlack ;
 But now your name with Penshurst vies,
 And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

DRAPIER'S-HILL.

We give the world to understand,
 Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land ;
 A purchase which will bring him clear
 Above his rent four pounds a year ;
 Provided, to improve the ground,
 He will but add two hundred pound ;
 And, from his endless hoarded store,
 To build a house, five hundred more.
 Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
 And call the mansion Drapier's-hill :
 That, when a nation, long enslav'd,
 Forgets by whom it once was sav'd ;
 When none the Drapier's praise shall sing ;
 His signs aloft no longer swing ;
 His medals and his prints forgotten ;
 And all his † handkerchiefs are rotten ;
 His famous letters made waste-paper ;
 This hill may keep the name of Drapier ;
 In spite of envy, flourish still,
 And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

THE DEAN'S REASONS

FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S-HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount :
 And, should you call me to account,
 Consulting with myself, I find
 It was no levity of mind.
 Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
 No fault of mine, the scheme is ended :
 Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
 I have a hundred causes ready ;
 All risen since that flattering time,
 When Drapier's-hill appear'd in rhyme.
 I am, as now too late I find,
 The greatest cully of mankind :
 The lowest boy in Martin's school
 May turn and wind me like a fool.
 How could I form so wild a vision,
 To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian ?
 To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
 With thieves, fanatics, and barbarians ?

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill ; and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

† Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the Dean, under the name of M. B. Drapier.

THE WORKS OF SWIFT.

But here my Lady will object :
Your Deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the Knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;
Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way;
If all my rhetoric must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?

Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's Knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.

But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body propping,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysics smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble,
Than dream of worlds intelligible;
And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?

Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms an union in the mind:
But here I differ from the Knight
In every point, like black and white:
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met;
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetoric, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In public schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding-pies.

The neighbours wonder why the Knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;

Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns:
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns;
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.

Those thankless and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,
From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain;
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine.
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH.

1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless muse shall sing your fame.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well, to win the ladies' hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.

Impatient to be out of debt,
Oh, may I never once forget
The bard who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;

* The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
 "A Panegyric on Dean Swift!"
 And then, to mend the matter still,
 "By Lady Anne of Market-hill."

I thus begin: My grateful Muse
 Salutes the Dean in different views;
 Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
 * Robert and Darby's coadjutor:
 And, as you in commission sit,
 To rule the dairy next to † Kit.

In each capacity I mean
 To sing your praise. And first as Dean:
 Envy must own, you understand your
 Precedence, and support your grandeur;
 Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
 Except to give Dean Daniel place.
 In you such dignity appears;
 So suited to your state and years!
 With ladies what a strict decorum!
 With what devotion you adore 'em!
 Treat me with so much complaisance,
 As fits a princess in romance!
 By your example and assistance,
 The *fellows* learn to know their distance.
 Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
 No longer calls me *snipe* and *flattern*;
 Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
 Offend me with the least rebuke.

Proceed we to your ‡ preaching next:
 How nice you split the hardest text!
 How your superior learning shines
 Above our neighbouring dull divines!
 At Beggars' Opera not so full pit
 Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation:
 Regardful of your age and station,
 You ne'er was known, by passion stirr'd,
 To give the least offensive word;
 But still, whene'er you silence break,
 Watch every syllable you speak:
 Your style so clear, and so concise,
 We never ask to hear you twice.
 But then, a parson, so genteel,
 So nicely clad from head to heel;
 So fine a gown, a band so clean,
 As well become St. Patrick's Dean,
 Such reverential awe expresses,
 That cow-boys know you by your dress!
 Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
 How proud are we when you appear,
 With such address and graceful port,
 As clearly shows you bred at court!

Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
 I lead you to a nobler scene.
 When to the vault you walk in state,
 In quality of *butler's-mate*;
 You next to § Dennis bear the sway:
 To you we often trust the key:
 Nor can he judge with all his art
 So well, what bottle holds a quart;

* The names of two overseers.

† My lady's footman.

‡ The author preached but once while he was there.

§ The Butler.

What pints may best for bottles pass,
 Just to give every man his glass;
 When proper to produce the best,
 And what may serve a common guest.
 With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
 Not you, to steal your master's wine;
 Except a bottle now and then,
 To welcome *brother* serving-men:
 But that is with a good design,
 To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine;
 Your master's honour to maintain,
 And get the like returns again.

Your * *usher's* post must next be handled
 How blest'd am I by such a man led!
 Under whose wise and careful guardship
 I now despise fatigue and hardship:
 Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
 Though daggled round, I scorn to fret:
 From you my chamber-damsels learn
 My broken hose to patch and dearn.

Now as a *jester* I accost you;
 Which never yet one friend has lost you.
 You judge so nicely to a hair,
 How far to go, and when to spare;
 By long experience grown so wise,
 Of every taste to know the size;
 There 's none so ignorant or weak
 † To take offence at what you speak.
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
 Whether with Dermot, or His Grace;
 With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
 A duchess, or a kitchen-girl.
 With such dexterity you fit
 Their several talents with your wit,
 That Moll the chamber-maid can smoke,
 And Gahagan ‡ take every joke.

I now become your humble suitor
 To let you praise you as my § *tutor*.
 Poor I, a savage bred and born,
 By you instructed every morn,
 Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learnt to spell:
 The neighbours who come here to dine,
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
 How enviously the ladies look,
 When they surprise me at my book!
 And sure as they're alive at night,
 As soon as gone will show their spight:
 Good lord! what can my lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty Dean!
 She 's grown so nice, and so *penurious*,
 With Socrates and Epicurius.
 How could she sit the live-long day,
 Yet never ask us once to play?

But I admire your patience most;
 That when I 'm duller than a post,
 Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
 You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;

* He sometimes used to walk with the lady.

† The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.

‡ The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill.

§ In bad weather the author used to direct my lady in her reading.

Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavory smelling.

Now enter as the dairy hand-maid;
Such charming * butter never man made.
Let others with fanatic face
Talk of their *milk* for *babes of grace*;
From *tubs* their snuffling nonsense utter:
Thy *milk* shall make us *tubs* of butter.
The bishop with his *foot* may burn it †.
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you tofs and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your reverence thus, with like success
(Nor is your skill or labour less),
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will tofs and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumbings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells the he's and she's
Here pay their vows with *bended knees*;
For 'tis profane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single,

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns-so, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell.

And when she feels an *inward motion*,
Come fill'd with *reverence* and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide our blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to *pluck a rose*.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene;
Be not ungrateful to the Dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, oh! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!

Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone
(That *golden age* to *gold* unknown),
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars *smoking* round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here they daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink).
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or, offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale:
There many a flower absterfve grew,
The favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus, and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.

But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then *gluttony* with greasy paws
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rights divine.
First, lolling *sloth* in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale *dropsy* with a fallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace;
And lordly *gout*, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing *asthma*, loth to stir:

Voluptuous ease, the child of wealth,
 Infecting this our hearts by stealth.
 None seek thee now in open air,
 To thee no verdant altars rear;
 But in their cells and vaults obscene
 Present a sacrifice unclean;
 From whence unfavoury vapours rose,
 Offensive to thy nicer nose.
 Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
 As nature prompts, his offering pays?
 Here nature never difference made
 Between the sceptre and the spade.

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
 To pay your tribute on the plain?
 Why will you place, in lazy pride,
 Your altars near your coaches' side;
 When from the homeliest earthen ware
 Are sent up offerings more sincere,
 Than where the haughty dukes locks
 Her silver vase in cedar box?

Yet some devotion still remains
 Among our harmless northern swains,
 Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
 Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;
 Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
 With spiry tops and copple-crowns;
 Or gilding in a sunny morn
 The humble branches of a thorn.
 So, poets sing, with golden bough
 The Trojan hero paid his vow.

Hither, by luckless error led,
 The crude consistence oft' I tread:
 Here, when my shoes are out of case,
 Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
 Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
 My petticoat is doubly fring'd.

Be witness for me, nymph divine,
 I never robb'd thee with design:
 Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
 To wash thy injur'd offering out.

But stop, ambitious Muse, in time,
 Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
 In vain on lofty heels I tread,
 Aspiring to exalt my head;
 With hoop expanded wide and light,
 In vain I tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
 Accosting said, "Go shake your cream."
 Be humbly minded, know your post;
 Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
 Thee best befits a lowly style:
 Teach Dennis how to stir the † guile:
 With ‡ Peggy Dixon thoughtful sit,
 Contriving for the pot and spit.
 Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
 And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
 At nicely carving show thy wit;
 But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
 Turn every way thy watchful eye;
 And every guest be sure to ply:
 Let never at your board be known
 An empty plate, except your own.
 Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
 Than what befits a rural dame.

* In the bottle, to make butter.

† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.

‡ Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
 Sleek ——— claims her as his right:
 And Smedley, flower of all divines,
 Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

- I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
 I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing, I will never,
 To convince you, once endeavour.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
 I will ne'er contradict you.
- IV. When I talk, and you are heedless,
 I will show no anger needful.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,
 I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you furious argue wrong,
 I will grieve, and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humorous story
 Will I ever tell before ye:
 To be chidden for explaining,
 When you quite mistake the meaning.
- VIII. Never more will I suppose,
 You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,
 While I teach, and you forget.
- X. You shall never hear me thunder,
 When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
 And in dress place all your merit;
 Give yourself ten thousand airs;
 That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice,
 Till you please to ask me thrice:
 Which if you in scorn reject,
 'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
 And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION.

AT MARKET-HILL, 1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
 An odd triumvirate of friends;
 Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
 Where never yet a codlin ripen'd:
 Hither the frantic goddess draws
 Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
 By faction banish'd, here unite,
 A Dean*, a Spaniard†, and a Knight‡;
 Unite, but on conditions cruel:
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well,
 Condemn'd to live in service hard;
 On either side his honour's guard:
 The Dean, to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack;
 The Spaniard, fore against his will,
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill.

* Dr. Swift.

† Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted centry;
While, in his lordly castle fixt,
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kist,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambushade;
While you, from where the bason stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your hands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, left upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch.
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress;
While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
My hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault:

The valiant Dennis * you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon†:
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion;
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me see) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer‡ to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should over-top her,
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

TR A U L U S.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN. 1730.

The First Part.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus || mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, Jacobite, and Libeller;
Yet cannot prove a single fact?

Robin. Forgive him, Tom; his head is crackt.

T. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and flaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?

R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

T. Such friendship never man profess,
The Dean was never so carest;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?

R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses:

* *The Butler.*

† *The housekeeper.*

|| *Lord Allen.*

‡ *The agent.*

While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent fits?

R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad, will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd:
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.

R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
"Begg leave to rail, but d—n his blood!"
"He only meant it for your good:"
"His friendship was exactly tim'd,"
"He shot before your foes were prim'd."
"By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
"By G—t I'll bring you off as clean—"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
"Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture, to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him *legion*.
Of brethren he's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his fire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best,
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

* This is the usual excuse of Traulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation.

What spirit, since the world began,
Could *always* bear to *strive with man*?
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS.

The Second Part.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motely fruit of mungrel seed;
By the *dam* from lordlings sprung,
By the *fire* exhal'd from dung:
Think on every vice in both;
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
From the *father's* scoundrel race.
Who could give the booby such airs?
Were they *masons*, were they *butchers*?
Herald, lend the muse an answer
From his *atawus* and grandfire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his *mouth* to wear his *knife*;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old *foundation*.
True indeed, I should be gladder,
Could he learn to mount a *ladder*.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend!

In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?

What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or *imps* of hell?

ROBIN AND HARRY *

ROBIN to beggars, with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.

Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;
But, always careful of the main,
With two-pence left, walks home in rain.

Robin, from noon to night will prate,
Runs out in tongue, as in estate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice;
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five and fifty.

It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean crost;
(All for love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his *modicum*;
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or dearns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry's fencing up his ditches.

Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix,
To live without a coach and fix,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If Gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.

Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the marry'd state;
From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.

Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRIZETE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the muse forget ye:

* Sons of Dr. Leslie. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service.

How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.
And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all Christian folks;
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.

Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing:

Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where, in the eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Flee, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN, 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing, since the peace
The burial-article decrease,
And, vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That death should get a numerous breed;
Young deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megæra takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd
(Like *toupets* of this upper world),
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the fable kind,
In line direct hung down behind;

The owl, the raven, and the bat,
 Clubb'd for a feather in his hat;
 His coat an usurer's velvet pall,
 Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
 But, loth his person to expose
 Bare like a carcase pickt by crows,
 A lawyer o'er his hands and face
 Stuck artfully a parchment case.
 No new-fluxt rake show'd fairer skin;
 Nor Phyllis after lying-in.
 With snuff was fill'd his ebon box
 Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
 Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
 With aconite anoint his chops;
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,
 G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
 To take a house in Warwick-lane:
 The *faculty*, his humble friends,
 A complimentary message sends:
 Their president in scarlet gown
 Harrangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But death had business to dispatch;
 His mind was running on his match.
 And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
 His *majesty of terrors* came,
 Fine as a colonel of the guards,
 To visit where she sat at cards:
 She, as he came into the room,
 Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
 And now her heart with pleasure jumps;
 She scarce remembers what is trumps;
 For such a shape of skin and bone
 Was never seen, except her own:
 Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
 Her pocket-glass drew slyly out;
 And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
 As just the counterpart of his.
 She darted many a private glance,
 And freely made the first advance;
 Was of her beauty grown so vain,
 She doubted not to win the *swain*.
 Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
 Than with her wit to entertain him.
 She ask'd about her friends below;
 This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
 Whether some late departed toasts
 Had got gallants among the ghosts?
 If Chloe were a sharper still,
 As great as ever at quadrille?
 (The ladies there must needs be rooks;
 For cards, we know, are Pluto's books!)
 If Florimel had found her love,
 For whom she hang'd herself above?
 How oft' a week was kept a ball
 By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
 She fancied those Elysian shades
 The sweetest place for masquerades:
 How pleasant, on the banks of Styx,
 To troll it in a coach and six!
 What pride a female heart inflames!
 How endless are ambition's aims!
 Cease, haughty nymph; the fates decree
 Death must not be a spouse for thee:
 For, when by chance the meagre shade
 Upon thy hand his finger laid,
 Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
 His matrimonial spirit fled;

VOL. IX.

He felt about his heart a damp,
 That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
 Away the frighted sceptre scuds,
 And leaves my lady in the fuds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
 How to vex, and how to please;
 But the folly of her sex
 Makes her sole delight to vex.
 Never woman more devis'd
 Surer ways to be despis'd:
 Paradoxes weakly wielding,
 Always conquer'd, never yielding.
 To dispute, her chief delight,
 With not one opinion right:
 Thick her arguments she lays on,
 And with cavils combats reason;
 Answers in decisive way,
 Never hears what you can say:
 Still her old perverseness shows,
 Chiefly where she nothing knows;
 And, where she is most familiar,
 Always peevisher and sillier:
 All her spirits in a flame,
 When she knows she's most to blame.

Send me hence ten thousand miles,
 From a face that always smiles:
 None could ever act that part,
 But a fury in her heart,
 Ye who hate such inconsistency,
 To be easy, keep your distance;
 Or in folly still befriend her,
 But have no concern to mend her.
 Lose no time to contradict her,
 Nor endeavour to convict her.
 Never take it in your thought,
 That she'll own, or cure a fault!
 Into contradiction warm her;
 Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
 Only take this rule along,
 Always to advise her wrong;
 And reprove her when she's right;
 She may then grow wise for spight.
 No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
 She has better learnt her creed:
 She's too cunning and too skilful,
 When to yield, and when be wilful.
 Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
 One for truth, and one for errors:
 That looks, hideous, fierce, and frightful;
 This is flattering and delightful:
 That she throws away as foul;
 Sits by this, to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
 Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you.
 Heaven forbid he should despise thee!
 But will never more advise thee.

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY, 1730.

“ —Quis iniquæ

“ Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se!”

Juv.

In ancient times as bards indite,
 (If clerks have conn'd the records right)

A peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold
(Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise).
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.

A pheasant Lord *, above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill †.
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales be true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too,
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce ‡.
He knew their voices, and their wings;
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime:
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
Beneath an academic shade,
He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a woodlark's § notes,
And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.

Here some shrewd critic finds I'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught."—
Then jests on *game* and *tame*, and reads
And jests; and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he study'd in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good;
His soul with harmony inspir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;
Were all his study in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless.—

This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fir'd with envy all the rest:
I mean that noisy craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
"Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
"To every thought of common good,
"Confining every hope and care,"
To their own low contracted sphere.

These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit supply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis envy's safest, surest rule,
"To hide her rage in ridicule:
"The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
"When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles;"
Sardonic smiles, by rancour rais'd!
"Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"
Their spight had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them:

"At highest worth dull malice reaches,
"As slugs pollute the fairest peaches:
"Envy defames, as harpies vile
"Devour the food they first defile."
Now ask the fruit of all his favour—
"He was not hitherto a faver"—

What then could make their rage run mad?
"Why what he *hop'd*, not what he had.
"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
"Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?
"Th' inheritance of hope and fame
"Is seldom earthly wisdom's aim;
"Or, if it were, is not so small,
"But there is room enough for all."

If he but chance to breathe a song
(He seldom, fang, and never long);
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain truth was pride; and what was sillier,
Easy and friendly was familiar.

Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With solemn air to virtue's praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious:
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears!

A rook * with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a daw †
(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a crow);
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit ‡ could write, and so he writ;
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The jay, the magpie, and the swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless waddling goose.

Some pick'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd:
The crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The carrion crow condemn'd his taste:
The rook in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his fingering was but croaking.

Some thought they meant to show their wit,
Might think so still—"but that they writ"—
Could it be spight or envy?—"No—"
"Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So wise simplicity esteem'd,
Quite otherwise true wisdom deem'd;

* Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† Ireland.

‡ A famous modern architect. § Dr. Delany.

* Dr. T——r. † Right Hon. Richard Tighe.
‡ Dr. Sheridan.

This question rightly understood,
 "What more provokes than doing good?"
 "A soul ennobled and refin'd
 Reproaches every baser mind:
 "As strains exalted and melodious
 "Make every meaner music odious."
 At length the nightingale * was heard,
 For voice and wisdom long rever'd,
 Esteem'd by all the wise and good,
 The guardian genius of the wood:
 He long in discontent retir'd,
 Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd;
 His brethren's servile souls disdain'd,
 He liv'd indignant and complaining:
 They now afresh provoke his choler
 (It seems the lark had been his scholar,
 A favourite scholar always near him,
 And oft' had wak'd whole nights to hear him):
 Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
 Exposés all their senseless chatter,
 Shows him and them in such a light,
 As more enflames, yet quells their spite.
 They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
 For rage had rais'd it very high:
 Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
 They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

In ancient times, the wise were able
 In proper terms to write a fable:
 Their tales would always justly suit
 The character of every brute.
 The ass was dull, the lion brave,
 The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
 The daw a thief, the ape a droll;
 The hound would scent, the wolf would prole;
 A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
 Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
 Far otherwise a great divine
 Has learnt his fables to refine:
 He jumbles men and birds together,
 As if they all were of a feather:
 You see him first the peacock bring,
 Against all rules, to be a king;
 That in his tail he wore his eyes,
 By which he grew both rich and wise.
 Now, pray, observe the doctor's choice,
 A peacock chose for flight and voice:
 Did ever mortal see a peacock
 Attempt a flight above a haycock?
 And for his singing, doctor, you know,
 Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
 He squalls in such a hellish noise,
 It frightens all the village boys.
 This peacock kept a standing force,
 In regiments of foot and horse;
 Had statesmen too of every kind,
 Who waited on his eyes behind
 (And this was thought the highest post;
 For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.)
 The doctor names but one at present,
 And he of all birds was a pheasant.

This pheasant was a man of wit,
 Could read all books were ever writ;
 And, when among companions privy,
 Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
 Birds, as he says, and I allow,
 Were scholars then, as we are now;
 Could read all volumes up to folios,
 And feed on fricassees and olives.
 This pheasant, by the peacock's will,
 Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
 And, as he wander'd in his park,
 He chanc'd to spy a clergy lark;
 Was taken with his person outward,
 So prettily he pickt a cow-t—d:
 Then in a net the pheasant caught him,
 And in his palace fed and taught him.
 The moral of the tale is pleasant,
 Himself the lark, my Lord the pheasant:
 A lark he is, and such a lark
 As never came from Noah's ark:
 And though he had no other notion,
 But building, planning, and devotion;
 Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
 Who does no ill, can have no foe;
 Yet how shall I express in words
 The strange stupidity of birds?
 This lark was hated in the wood,
 Because he did his brethren good.
 At last the nightingale comes in,
 To hold the doctor by the chin:
 We all can find out what he means,
 The worst of disaffected deans;
 Whose wit at best was next to none,
 And now that little next is gone.
 Against the court is always blabbing,
 And calls the senate-house a cabin;
 So dull, that, but for spleen and spite,
 We ne'er should know that he could write;
 Who thinks the nation always err'd,
 Because himself is not prefer'd:
 His heart is through his libel seen,
 Nor could his malice spare the queen;
 Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
 Would ne'er have shown him so much favour;
 A noble lord * hath told his pranks,
 And well deserves the nation's thanks.
 Oh! would the senate deign to show
 Resentment on this public foe;
 Our nightingale might fit a cage,
 There let him starve, and vent his rage;
 Or, would they but in fetters bind
 This enemy of human kind!
 Harmonious Coffee †, show thy zeal,
 Thy champion for the common-weal,
 Nor on a theme like this repine,
 For once to wet thy pen divine:
 Bestow that libeller a lash,
 Who daily vends seditious trash;
 Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
 But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
 That scribbler lash, who neither knows
 The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
 Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
 Would have us lose our English friends;

* Dean Swift.

* L. Allen, the same who is meant by Traulick;
 † A Dublin garret-keeper.

Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and *Night in gall*!
So, Nightingale and Lark, adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screecht, or ever flew.

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

Ye paltry underlings of state;
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote:
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops far remov'd from fairs;
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let Prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric muse
Virtue or innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE *.

AETATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine * began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent,
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen:"
The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing-candle for a torch;
While Mrs. Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding day was spent;

* The date and hero of this poem are unknown.

The wedding day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pipkin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair:
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start,
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at her glass consults her looks;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!
So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers' ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crows-feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning-busines o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening-work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukish, and his stomach gone;
In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace:
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her *fine*?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.
If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes;
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairmen push him from the wall.

He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor Lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
The cause, alas, is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolific potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The *borned* flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under-ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.

And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither, though much against the grain,
The Dean has carry'd Lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In music, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there:
Where if the Dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose,
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,

He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms:
New lovers now will come in swarms.
Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE TRUE ENGLISH DEAN * TO BE HANGED
FOR A RAPE. 1730.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year,
For the good of our church, a true English Dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape;
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

The Dean he pursued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
down stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him, his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the
grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

The Dean, and his landlord a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
In every debauch but committing a rape.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles found;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiae*;
Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye;
Then why should the Dean, when whores are so
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape? [cheap,

* Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes.
I iij

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee *lawn sleeves*, a mitre, and rochet,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a
guesser.

But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
For *sodomy* hang'd; as thou for a rape.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore-and-ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their
garters;

Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

The Dean he was vex'd that his whores were so
willing: [squal;

He long'd for a girl that would struggle and
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.

His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:

Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,

No Devil or Dean could ravish them then:
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

Our Church and our State dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our Bishops, and Judges, and Deans;
And better would give us, if better she had.

But, Lord! how the rabble will stare, and will gape,
When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a rape!

ON STEPHEN DUCK,

THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A Quibbling Epigram. 1730.

THE thrasher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail;
The proverb says, *no fence against a snail*.
From *threshing* corn he turns to *thresh* his brains;
For which her Majesty allows him *grains*.

Though 'tis confess'd, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a *straw*!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in *threshing stubble*!
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM. 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An *inventory* follows here.

And, first, a dirty smoke appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;

* *A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character.*

Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
In such a case, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from four unfavoury streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands:
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spues.

But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Here petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes;
Or greasy coifs, or pinnars reeking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through *thick and thin*.

He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He still was comforted to find
That *hope* at last remain'd behind;
So Strephon lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent:
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the *pan* to grope,
And foul his hands in search of *hope*.

Oh! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
Oh! may she better learn to keep
Those *secrets of the boary deep*!

As mutton-cutlets †, *prime of meat*,
Which though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench:
So things which must not be exprest,
When *plumpt* into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
The swain disgusted slunk away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!"
But vengeance, goddesses never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unfavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in *contrast*.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.

When Cælia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, sops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;
He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy *tulips* rais'd from dung.

* Milton.

† *Prima virorum*.

THE
POWER OF TIME. 1730.

If neither brags nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

ON
MR. PULTNEY'S
BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR ROBERT, weary'd by Will Pultney's teasings,
Who interrupted him in all his leafings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more:
Full in his face Bob shuts the council door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What shall I advise?
Ev'n quit the *HOUSE*, for thou too long has sat in't;
Produce at last thy dormont ducal patent;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half;
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of *dog-fish* had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when),
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distress'd!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest!
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear:
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free from
guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou
wilt.

Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to *hell*, before you die.
So keen thy *bunters*, and thy *scent* so strong,
Thy *turns* and *doublings* cannot save thee long*.

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but Earl of Bath.

E P I T A P H

ON

FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG.

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SHOMBERG,
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent :
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecere ;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
† Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres
delitescunt.
“ Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
“ Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.”
A. D. 1731.

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

Two college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love, and books, in rapture sweet
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter) ;
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose :
But such a fight was never seen,
The lady lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed ;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to dearn
With threads of different-colour'd yarn ;
His breeches torn exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown
(A rug ; for night-gown he had none).
His jordon stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in ;
His ancient pipe, in fable dy'd,
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.
Him thus accoutr'd Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd ;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
Why, Cassy, thou wilt doze thy pate :
What makes thee lie a-bed so late ?
The finch, the linnæ, and the thrush,
Their mattins chant in every bush :

* The Duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1. 1690, and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expence.

† The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with, were “ Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, “ quali in cellula tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt.”

And I have heard thee oft' salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hypos !
How ! not a word come from thy lips ?
Then gave him some familiar thumps ;
A college-joke, to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cry'd, Cælia ! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must. Is Cælia dead ?
How happy I, were that the worst !
But I was fated to be curst.
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore ?
Oh, Peter, would it were no more !
Why, plague confound her sandy locks !
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
Oh, Peter ! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish ;
But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lovers heart.
Why, hang her ; though she seems so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.
Friend Peter, this I could excuse ;
For every nymph has leave to choose ;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh ! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime that shocks all human-kind ;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face !
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn ;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to after-times :
“ Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
“ And dying never told his pain.”
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come, Medusa ! see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone ; unhand me, hellish fry :
“ * Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I.”
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed ;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause ;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate :
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.
To force it out, my heart must rend ;
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt !
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact,

* See Macbeth.

Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
 But when thou see'st me laid in dust,
 The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
 Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
 (How would her virgin soul bemoan
 A crime to all her sex unknown!)
 Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
 The blackest of all female deeds;
 Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
 Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
 Nor let the Zephyrs' treacherous gale
 Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
 Nor to the chattering feather'd race
 Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.
 But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
 Attending nightly round your bed:
 And yet I dare confide in you:
 So take my secret, and adieu.
 Nor wonder how I lost my wits:
 Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH

GOING TO BED.

Written for the honour of the Fair Sex.

CORINNA, pride of Drury-lane,
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
 Never did Covent-garden boast
 So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
 No drunken rake to pick her up;
 No cellar, where on tick to sup;
 Returning at the midnight hour,
 Four stories climbing to her bower;
 Then seated on a three-legg'd chair,
 Takes off her artificial hair.
 Now picking out a crystal eye,
 She wipes it clean, and lays it by;
 Her eye-brows, from a mouse's hide,
 Stuck on with art on either side,
 Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em:
 Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws:
 Untwists a wire, and from her gums
 A set of teeth completely comes:
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
 Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
 Which, by the operator's skill,
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolsters that supply her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her shankres, issues, running sores,
 Effects of many a sad disaster;
 And then to each applies a plaster:
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front
 With greasy paper stuck upon't.
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
 And then between two blankets creeps:
 With pains of love tormented lies;
 Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams;

Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported
 Alone, and by no planter courted;
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by;
 Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
 But never from religious clubs,
 Whose favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in kind.
 Corinna awakes. A dreadful sight!
 Behold the ruins of the night!
 A wicked rat her plaster stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.
 The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
 And puffs had on her plumpers p—s'd.
 A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
 The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
 Must every morn her limbs unite.
 But how shall I describe her arts
 To recollect the scatter'd parts?
 Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
 Of gathering up herself again?
 The bashful muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
 Who sees, will spue; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
 By every size of poets sung:
 So beautiful a nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand years;
 By Nature form'd with nicest care,
 And faultless to a single hair.
 Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
 Confess'd her of no mortal race:
 And then so nice, and so genteel;
 Such cleanliness from head to heel:
 No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
 No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless body flow:
 Would so discreetly things dispose,
 None ever saw her pluck a rose.
 Her dearest comrades never caught her
 Squat on her hams, to make maid's water.
 You'd swear that so divine a creature
 Felt no necessities of nature.
 In summer had she walk'd the town,
 Her arm-pits would not stain her gown:
 At country-dances not a nose
 Could in the dog-days smell her toes.
 Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs,
 Like ivory dry, and soft as wax,
 Her hands, the softest ever felt,
 Though cold would burn, though dry would melt:
 Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
 While she engrosses every swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.

Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
 What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
 What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
 He blew a settlement along;
 And bravely drove his rivals down
 With coach and six, and house in town.
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear papa commands.
 The charming couple now unites:
 Proceed we to the marriage-rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:
 The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
 Her infant-loves with purple wings;
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
 The muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
 Then Mercury with silver tongue;
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.
 Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
 Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
 She by the tender Graces dress'd,
 But he by Mars, in scarlet vest.
 The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
 And Phœbus sung th' *epithalamium*.
 And last, to make the matter sure,
 Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
 Luna was absent, on pretence
 Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
 In state return'd the grand parade;
 With loud huzza's from all the boys,
 That now the pair must *crown their joys*.

But still the hardest part remains:
 Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
 How with so high a nymph he might
 Demean himself the wedding-night:
 For, as he view'd his person round,
 Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
 His hand, his neck, his mouth, his feet,
 Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet
 (With other parts that shall be nameless,
 The ladies else might think me shameless).
 The weather and his love were hot;
 And, should he struggle, I know what—
 Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
 He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
 While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
 Was unsusceptible of stain,
 And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
 Exhal'd *ambrosia* from within.
 Can such a deity endure
 A mortal human touch impure!
 How did the humbled swain detest
 His prickly beard, and hairy breast!
 His night-cap, border'd round with lace,
 Could give no softness to his face.

Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
 What endless raptures must he find!
 And goddesses have now and then
 Come down to visit mortal men;
 To visit, and to court them too:
 A certain goddess, God knows who,

(As in a book he heard it read)
 Took Colonel Peleus to her bed.
 But what if he should lose his life
 By venturing on his heavenly wife?
 (For Strephon could remember well,
 That once he heard a school-boy tell,
 How Semele of mortal race
 By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
 And what if daring Strephon dies
 By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes?

While these reflections fill'd his head,
 The bride was put in form to bed:
 He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
 But awfully his distance kept.

Now ponder well ye parents dear;
 Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;
 And make them every afternoon
 Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
 That, ere to bed they venture up,
 They may discharge it every sup:
 If not, they must in evil plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at night.
 Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes wind:
 ('Tis this the sage of Samos means,
 Forbidding his disciples beans.)
 Oh! think what evils must ensue;
 Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
 And, when she once has got the art,
 She cannot help it for her heart;
 But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

Carminative and diuretic
 Will damp all passion sympathetic:
 And love such nicety requires,
 One blast will put out all his fires.
 Since husbands get behind the scene,
 The wife should study to be clean;
 Nor give the smallest room to guess
 The time when wants of nature press;
 But after marriage practise more
 Decorum than she did before;
 To keep her spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair:
 'Tis time to show how things went there.
 Strephon, who had been often told
 That fortune still assists the bold,
 Resolv'd to make the first attack;
 But Chloe drove him fiercely back.
 How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
 With constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish man to touch her?
 Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
 Resistance on the wedding-night
 Is what our maidens claim by right:
 And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.
 Yet some assign a different reason;
 That Strephon chose no proper season.

Say, fair-ones, must I make a pause,
 Or freely tell the secret cause?
 Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
 Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
 This point must needs be settled first:
 The bride must either void or burst.
 Then see the dire effects of pease;
 Think what can give the colic ease.

The nymph, oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, Ye gods! what found is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, —?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft' attends that luke-warm stream;
(Salerno both together joins
As sovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose;
He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon, with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side;
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.

How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraints are freed;
Can see each other *do their need*.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for *dearest life*;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Finds great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at Court is less ashamed,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when a-bed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from heaven to beauty's aid!
Though beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire:
For beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by opinion:
If decency brings no supplies,
Opinion falls, and beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,

Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings;
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is after marriage lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.

They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!

Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a tell-tale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils:
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppet-man inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;
Shows Sheba's queen completely dress'd,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.

A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last;
And carefully observe the ground,
To build on some foundation sound.
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a basis unsecure?
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life:
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away;

Why will you make yourself a bubble,
To build on sand with hay and stubble?

On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good-nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive.

Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still:

And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

A P O L L O;

OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books:
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five-and-twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So niece and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a-year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
(I own, 'twas but a coach and four;
For Jupiter allows no more!)

Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to *B in alt*:
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such fingers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED. 1731.

ALL folks who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there's a *hell*, but dispute of the place:
But, if *hell* may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd—I'll tell you my mind,
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is *hell* to be found.
Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads,
damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd
squires; [damn'd liars;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends and
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates and counsellors privy.

Then let us no longer by *parsons* be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd:
And *hell* to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

J U D A S. 1731.

By the just vengeance of incens'd skies,
Poor Bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore
(And, *parsons* tell us, no man could do more);
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishopric, and hang'd or burst.
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishoprics, and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.

As ancient Judas by *transgression* fell,
And burst *afunder* ere he went to hell;
So could we see a set of new *Isariots* [riots;
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred cha-
Each modern Judas perish like the first;
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his old place;
" His habitation let all men forsake,
" And let his bishopric another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY *. 1731.

How could you, Gay, disgrace the muses' train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain!
Fain would I think our female friend† sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?

Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee than make a dry-nurse of thy muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading strings her infant-steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!

But princely Douglas and his glorious dame
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames:
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;

* The Dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake), wrote this epistle to his friend.

† The Countess of Suffolk.

His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appennage of wit,
The god of *light* could ne'er have been so *blind*
To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.

And first: to make my observation right,
I place a *statesman* full before my sight,
A bloated *minister* in all his geer,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this *monster* to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senate-house he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a *potent prince*, as well as he.

The *ducal* coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.

Not so a nation's revenues are paid:
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge re-
quires,

With *servants, tenants*, and the neighbouring *squires*,
Let all domestics feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred *half the palace crowd*;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By *telling noses* with a party strong.

Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;

At least, *before your master's debts are paid*:

Nor in a *palace, built with charge immense*,

Presume to treat him at his own expence.

Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.

The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.

With interest, and a *premium* paid beside,

The master's pressing wants must be supply'd;

With hasty zeal behold the *steward* come

By his own credit to advance the sum;

Who, while *th' unrighteous mammon* is his friend,

May well conclude his power will never end.

A faithful treasurer! what could *he* do more?

He lends my Lord what was my Lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,

That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:

The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;

And give advice, before he gives the pill.

But the *state empiric* acts a safer part;

And, while he *poisons*, *wins* the royal heart.

But how can I describe the ravenous breed?

Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your Lord a trusty servant send

On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:

Presume not Gay, unless you serve a drone,

To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some *imperious neighbour* sink the boats,

And drain the *fish-ponds*, while your *master* dotes;

Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?

Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide,

To feed his luxury, or soothe his pride.

Nor at an under-rate his timber sell,

And with an oath assure him, *all is well*;

Or *swear it rotten*, and with *bumble airs*

Request it of him to complete your stairs:

Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,

Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.

Have Peter Waters always in your mind:

That rogue of *genuine ministerial* kind,

Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,

Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich;

And, when he gravely has undone a score,

Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.

A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,

Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round;

His master, unsuspecting of his pranks,

Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.

And, should a friend attempt to set him right,

His Lordship would impute it all to spight;

Would love his favourite better than before,

And trust his honesty just so much more.

Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,

Are sunk by *premier ministers of state*.

Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,

And, as they robb'd the *father*, rob the *son*.

A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,

Will soon grow *necessary* to his heirs.

His policy consists in *setting traps*,

In finding *ways and means*, and *stopping gaps*;

He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he pleases,

Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.

In either case, an equal chance is run;

For, keep or turn him out, my Lord's undone.

You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;

No cleanly workman can endure the stink.

A strong dilemma in a desperate case!

To act with infamy, or quit the place.

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,

With driving wrong will make the pannel split:

Nor dares an abler workman undertake

To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In every court the parallel will hold;

And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.

The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,

Contrives, as he is *bated*, to be *fear'd*;

Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs;

For *vengeance* more embroils, than *skill* repairs.

So robbers (and their ends are just the same),

To 'scape inquiries, leave the *house in flame*.

I knew a brazen minister of state,

Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.

In every mouth the question most in vogue

Was, *When will they turn out this odious rogue?*

A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:

While *he* went robbing on, *old master* dy'd.

We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;

His work is done, the minister must out.

The court invited more than one or two;

Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will you, or you?

But not a soul his office durst accept;

The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:

And, such was then the temper of the times,

He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.

The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,

Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:

But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round him,

Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

Thus, when a greedy flover once has thrown His *snout* into the *mess*, 'tis all his own.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS *. 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe:
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of hell.

And He was a primate, and He wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who *believes* and who *trembles*.
Could you see his grim *grace*, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the *baboon* of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
But this I am sure, the *most reverend old dragon*
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog*.
To give them by turns an invisible jog.

Our bishops, puff'd up with wealth and with pride,
'To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
'They mounted and labour'd with whip and with spur,
In vain—for the devil a parson would stir. [doom,
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was their
On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
'Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you
may find 'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em,
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord
Howard,

In spite of the devil, would still be untoward:
'They came of good kindred, and could not endure
'Their former companions should beg at their door.

When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and
cleavings! [leavings.

And the clergy forsooth must take up with their
If making *divisions* was all their intent, [meant;
'They've done it, we thank them, but not as they
And so may such bishops for ever *divide*,
'That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
'Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!

Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.

If this you consider, our emblem is right;
'The bishops *divide*, but the clergy *unite*.

Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
'That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them; *divide*, and *ye govern*.
But courage, my lords; though it cannot be said
'That one *cloven tongue* ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see't),
If your stockings were off, you could show *cloven feet*.

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings: which bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons.

But hold, cry the bishops; and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.

What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain
Provided a fund for building your spittals? [you;
You are only to live four years without *vi*tuals.

Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God blest the church and three of our mitres;
And God blest the Commons, for *biting the biters*.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT *.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHÉ-FOUCAULT, " Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs
amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose
qui ne nous déplaît pas."

" In the adversity of our best friends, we always
find something that doth not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:

" In all distresses of our friends,
" We first consult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
" Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?

* Written in November 1731.—There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines. In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preserved.

Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.
 I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wist it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six;
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents heaven hath bless'd 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first;
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die;
 When, I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends:
 And, though 'tis hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
 "See how the Dean begins to break!"
 "Poor gentleman, he droops apace!"
 "You plainly find it in his face."
 "That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he's dead."
 "Besides, his memory decays:
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind;
 Forgets the place where last he din'd;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy, we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.
 For poetry, he's past his prime:
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
 His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 His fancy funk, his muse a jade.
 I'd have him throw away his pen;—
 But there's no talking to some men!"

And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years:
 "He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers Charles the Second."

"He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail:
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;
 But now he's quite another thing:
 I wish he may hold out till spring!"
 They hug themselves, and reason thus:
 "It is not yet so bad with us!"

In such a case, they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend.
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Would please them better, than to tell,
 That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
 Then he who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always fear'd the worst,
 And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his predictions prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain;
 How many a message would he send!
 What hearty prayers that I should mend!
 Inquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept?
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 "How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 "Oh! may we all for death prepare!"
 "What has he left? and who's his heir?"
 "I know no more than what the news is;
 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
 To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
 And had the Dean, in all the nation,
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
 With elegies the town is cloy'd:
 Some paragraph in every paper,
 To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 "We must confess, his case was nice;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years:
 For, when we open'd him, we found
 That all his vital parts were found."

From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
 And Lady Suffolk*, in the spleen,
 Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
 The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should."
 "He's dead, you say; then let him rot."
 "I'm glad the medals† were forgot."
 "I promis'd him, I own; but when?"
 "I only was the princess then,"
 "But now, as consort of the king,"
 "You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
 "Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,"
 Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
 "Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 "And in his place my good friend Will!
 "Or had a mitre on his head,
 "Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbald's, Moore, and Cibber.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies:
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt!
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
 "Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
 "(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
 "Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:
 "(I wish I knew what king to call.)
 "Madam, your husband will attend
 "The funeral of so good a friend.
 "No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
 "And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
 "My Lady Club will take it ill,
 "If he should fail her at quadrille.
 "He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart.)
 "But dearest friends, they say, must part.

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess.

"His time was come; he ran his race;

"We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past; a different scene!

No farther mention of the Dean,

Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favourite of Apollo?

Departed:—and his works must follow;

Must undergo the common fate;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to Lintot goes,

Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;

"He dy'd a year ago."—"The fame."

He searches all the shop in vain.

"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:

"I sent them, with a load of books,

"Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.

"To fancy they could live a year!

"I find you're but a stranger here.

"The Dean was famous in his time,

"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

"His way of writing now is past:

"The town has got a better taste.

"I keep no antiquated stuff;

"But spick and span I have enough.

"Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:

"Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

"This ode you never yet have seen,

"By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.

"Then here's a letter finely penn'd

"Against the Craftsman and his friend:

"It clearly shows that all reflection

"On ministers is disaffection.

"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,

"And Mr. Henley's last oration.

"The hawkers have not got them yet

"Your honour please to buy a set?

"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;

"'Tis read by every politician:

"The country-members, when in town,

"To all their boroughs send them down:

"You never met a thing so smart;

"The courtiers have them all by heart:

"Those maids of honour who can read,

"Are taught to use them for their creed.

"The reverend author's good intention

"Hath been rewarded with a pension*:

"He doth an honour to his gown,

"By bravely running priest-craft down:

"He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,

"That Moses was a grand impostor;

"That all his miracles were cheats,

"Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:

"The church had never such a writer;

"A shame he hath not got a mitre!"

Suppose me dead; and then suppose

A club assembled at the Rose;

Where, from discourse of this and that,

I grow the subject of their chat.

And while they toss my name about,

With favour some, and some without;

One, quite indifferent in the cause,

My character impartial draws.

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

" The Dean, if we believe report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at court,
 " Although, ironically grave,
 " He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;
 " To steal a hint was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own."
 " Sir, I have heard another story;
 " He was a most confounded Tory,
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extremely dull, before he dy'd."
 " Can we the Drapier then forget?
 " Is not our nation in his debt?
 " 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
 " He should have left them for his betters;
 " We had a hundred abler men,
 " Nor need depend upon his pen.—
 " Say what you will about his reading,
 " You never can defend his breeding;
 " Who, in his satires running riot,
 " Could never leave the world in quiet;
 " Attacking, when he took the whim,
 " Court, city, camp—all one to him.—
 " But why would he, except he slobber'd,
 " Offend our patriot great Sir Robert,
 " Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
 " To save the nation every hour!
 " What scenes of evil he unravels
 " In satires, libels, lying travels,
 " Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
 " But eats into it, like a moth!"
 " Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 " Had too much satire in his vein,
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no age could more deserye it.
 " Yet malice never was his aim;
 " He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 " No individual could resent,
 " Where thousands equally were meant:
 " His satire points at no defect,
 " But what all mortals may correct;
 " For he abhor'd the senseless tribe
 " Who call it humour when they gibe:
 " He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 " Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 " True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those who their ignorance confess,
 " He ne'er offended with a jest;
 " But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 " A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 " Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 " Must be or ridicul'd, or lash'd.
 " If you resent it, who's to blame?
 " He neither knows you, nor your name.
 " Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 " Because its owner is a duke?
 " His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind;
 " No fools of rank, or mungrel breed,
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
 " Where titles give no right or power,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flower;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face.
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
 " ***** squires to market brought,
 " Who sell their souls and ***** for nought.

VOL. IX.

" The ***** go joyful back,
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack;
 " Go snacks with ***** justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees;
 " In every jobb to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair;
 " And turn ***** to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes.
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him;
 " Would rather slip aside, and choose
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen carelling Chartres.
 " He never courted men in station,
 " Nor persons held in admiration,
 " Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he sought for no man's aid.
 " Though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty airs:
 " Without regarding private ends,
 " Spent all his credit for his friends;
 " And only chose the wise and good;
 " No flatterers; no allies in blood.
 " But succour'd virtue in distress,
 " And seldom fail'd of good success;
 " As numbers in their hearts must own,
 " Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 " He kept with princes due decorum;
 " Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 " He follow'd David's lesson just;
 " In princes never put his trust:
 " And, would you make him truly sour,
 " Provoke him with a slave in power.
 " The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 " With what impatience he declaim'd!
 " Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
 " For her he stood prepar'd to die;
 " For her he boldly stood alone;
 " For her he oft' expos'd his own.
 " Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 " Had set a price upon his head;
 " But not a traitor could be found,
 " To sell him for six hundred pound.
 " Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 " He might have rose like other men:
 " But power was never in his thought,
 " And wealth he valued not a groat:
 " Ingratitude he often found,
 " And pity'd those who meant the wound;
 " But kept the tenor of his mind,
 " To merit well of human-kind;
 " Nor made a sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true, to please his foes.
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 " To reconcile his friends in power;
 " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 " While they pursued each other's ruin.
 " But, finding vain was all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair.
 " And, oh! how short are human schemes!
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event.
 " Too soon that precious life was ended,
 " On which alone our weal depended.

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" When up a dangerous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
 " By solemn league and covenant bound,
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel;
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 " Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
 " To sacrifice old England's glory,
 " And make her infamous in story:
 " When such a tempest shook the land,
 " How could unguarded virtue stand!
 " With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 " Beheld the dire destructive scene:
 " His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 " Himself within the frown of power;
 " Pursued by base invenom'd pens,
 " Far to the land of f— and fens;
 " A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most, when treated worst.
 " By innocence and resolution,
 " He bore continual persecution;
 " While numbers to preferment rose,
 " Whose merit was to be his foes;
 " When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
 " Intent upon their private ends,
 " Like renegadoes now he feels,
 " Against him lifting up their beels.
 " The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 " An infamous destructive cheat;
 " Taught fools their interest how to know,
 " And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 " To save that hapless land from ruin;
 " While they who at the steerage stood,
 " And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
 " To save them from their evil fate,
 " In him was held a crime of state.
 " A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
 " Who long all justice had discarded,
 " Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded;
 " Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent:
 " But heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends;
 " Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart,
 " He spent his life's declining part;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
 " Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But discontent against the times:
 " For, had we made him timely offers
 " To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown;
 " For party he would scarce have bled:—
 " I say no more—because he's dead.—

" What writings has he left behind?"
 " I hear they're of a different kind:
 " A few in verse; but most in prose—
 " Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose:—
 " All scribbled in the worst of times,
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
 " To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never favouring the Pretender:
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to show his spite:
 " Perhaps his travels, part the third;
 " A lie at every second word—
 " Offensive to a loyal ear:—
 " But—not one sermon, you may swear."
 " He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
 " Was cheerful to his dying-day;
 " And friends would let him have his way.
 " As for his works in verse or prose,
 " I own myself no judge of those.
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought them;
 " But this I know, all people bought them,
 " As with a moral view design'd,
 " To please and to reform mankind:
 " And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 " The world must own it to their shame,
 " The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad;
 " To show, by one satiric touch,
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better.
 " And, since you dread no further lashes,
 " Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS*.

TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice
 I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick; [sick;
 And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick,
 Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
 I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick;
 She mended at first, but now she's a-new sick.
 Captain Butler made some in the church black and
 blue sick; [all pew-sick.
 Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us
 Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and stew,
 sick? [sick,
 Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew
 And, as fast as she could, to the deanry flew sick.
 Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick:
 For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
 Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick,
 Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or lue sick: [sick.
 Nor is old Nanny Shales, when'er she does brew,
 My footman came home from the church of a bruise
 sick, [sick;
 And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given
 as a specimen of those bagatelles for which the Dean
 hath perhaps been too severely censured. Some, which
 were still more exceptionable, are suppressed.

But you learned doctors can make whom you choofe
sick :

And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick ;
For the smell of them made me like garlic and rue
sick, [clue, sick.

And I got through the crowd, though not let by a
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick ;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due)
sick,

And those, to be sure, stuck together like glew, sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they
screw, sick. [hue, sick ;

You may find they are all, by their yellow pale
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

If I write any more, it will make my poor muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick ;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick :
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick.
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick,
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick ;
The surgeon who bled her, his lancet out drew sick,
And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew
sick ; [and you sick :
Had we two been there, it would have made me
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick :
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick ?
I'm told that my wife is by winding a clue sick ;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue
sick. [threw sick,

There's a gamester in town, for a throw that he
And yet the old trade of his dice he'll pursue sick ;
I've known an old miser for paying his due sick ;
At present I'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick ?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu
Of rhymes I've a plenty, [sick.
And therefore send twenty.

Answered the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire you will carry both these to the doctor,
together with his own ; and let him know we are
not persons to be insulted.

" Can you match with me,
" Who send thirty-three ?
" You must get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four :
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I'll own you a strong cur *."

This morning I'm growing by smelling of yew
sick ;

My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick ;

* The lines " thus mark'd," were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Hesham's twenty lines ; and the following fourteen were afterwards added on the same paper.

Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick ;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick ;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick : [sick,
And now there's no more I can write (you'll excuse)
You see that I scorn to mention word music. [sick ;

I'll do my best,

To send the rest ;

Without a jest,

I'll stand the test. [sick ;

These lines that I send you, I hope you'll peruse
I'll make you with writing a little more news sick :
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick ;
My carpenter swears that he'll hack and he'll hew
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick : [sick ;
I'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view

Lord ! I could write a dozen more ; [sick.

You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS * IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE. 1732.

" Sic sibi lætantur docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable bustoes grac'd !
O Queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd !
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee !
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientific head :
Our frugal Queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the head that cannot eat.

A CONCLUSION

Drawn from the above Epigrams, and sent to the Drapier.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head ;
And since our good Queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust ;
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted ;
Pr'ythee, go and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

Dr. Swift's Answer.

HER majesty never shall be my exalter ;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter !

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT,

*With a present of a Paper-Book, finely bound, on his
birth-day, November 30. 1732.*

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

To thee, Dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send,
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston.

K ij

Think not so poor a book below thy care;
 Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
 Though taudry now, and like Tyrilla's face,
 The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
 Though paste-boards, glittering like a tinsel'd coat,
 A *rasa tabula* within denote:
 Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
 And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
 If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
 A sinking country and an injur'd state
 Thy great assistance should again demand,
 And call forth reason to defend the land;
 Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
 Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
 Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
 True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
 Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
 And sacred rules of policy impart.
 The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
 Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more;
 But lead us inward to those golden mines,
 Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
 So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
 With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
 How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH
 ON THE
 DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK,
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
 To serve a proud Iernian dame:
 Was long submitted to her will;
 At length she lost me at *quadrille*.
 Through various shapes I often pass'd,
 Still hoping to have rest at last;
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the patriot dean;
 And sometimes got within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor*;
 Not strolling idleness to aid,
 But honest industry decay'd.
 At length an artist purchas'd me,
 And wrought me to the shape you see.
 This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
 "O Hermes! gratify my pride;
 "Be it my fate to serve a sage,
 "The greatest genius of his age;
 "That matchless pen let me supply,
 "Whose living lines will never die!"
 I grant your suit, the God reply'd;
 And here he left me to reside.

V E R S E S
 OCCASIONED BY
 THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER book is sent by Boyle,
 Too neatly gilt for me to soil.

* Alluding to 500*l.* a-year lent by the Dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen.

Delany sends a silver standish,
 When I no more a pen can brandish.
 Let both around my tomb be plac'd,
 As trophies of a muse deceas'd:
 And let the friendly lines they writ,
 In praise of long-departed wit,
 Be grav'd on either side in columns,
 More to my praise than all my volumes,
 To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
 The Vandals of the present age.

T H E
 BEASTS CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,
 On observing how most men mistake their own talents,
 1732.

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say,
 They still can do so every day),
 It seems, they had religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd, when a plague broke out
 (Which therefore made them more devout),
 The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command,
 That every subject in the land
 Should to the priest confess their sins;
 And thus the pious wolf begins:
 Good father, I must own with shame,
 That often I have been to blame:
 I must confess, on Friday last,
 Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
 But I defy the basest tongue
 To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
 Or ever went to seek my food
 By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.
 The ass, approaching next, confess'd,
 That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
 A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone;
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe:
 But yet, the worst that could be said,
 He was a *wit* both born and bred;
 And, if it be a sin or shame,
 Nature alone must bear the blame:
 One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
 His ears are half a foot too short;
 Which could he to the standard bring,
 He'd show his face before the king:
 Then for his voice, there's none disputes
 That he's the nightingale of brutes.
 The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
 His shape and beauty made him proud:
 In diet was perhaps too nice,
 But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
 In every turn of life content.
 And meekly took what fortune sent:
 Inquire through all the parish round,
 A better neighbour ne'er was found:
 His vigilance might some displease;
 'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
 The mimic ape began his chatter,
 How evil tongues his life bespatter:
 Much of the censuring world complain'd,
 Who said, his gravity was feign'd:

Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear:
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The goat advanc'd with decent pace,
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
(*'Twas nature's fault*) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind;
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his ** Reverence*.

Apply the tale, and you shall find
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
—Why, virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter-term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job.
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term, or two at most.

The cringing knave who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn;
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes;
But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit:
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimeric notion.

The doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; and, (God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:

** The priest his confessor.*

But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food,
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended,
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries' shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops:
He scorns to make his art a trade,
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid:
Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.

The statesman tells you, with a *sneer*,
His fault is to be too *sincere*;
And, having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to Whig or Tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas *he* defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had borne aspersions,
That *standing troops* were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation;
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot:
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has try'd;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year:
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
Oh! if his Majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him licence to retire,
As it hath long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations:
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;

Nor never acts on private views,
When he hath liberty to choose.

The sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill he always lost:
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye.
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk;
His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact.
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that, could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the four-foot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom *reason* ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The ass was never known so stupid
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on human-kind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

ADVICE TO A PARSON. 1732.

Would you rise in the church? be stupid and dull;
Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
Though lewd and immoral, be formal and grave,
In flattery an *artist*, in fawning a *slave*:
No merit, no science, no virtue, is wanting
In him that's accomplish'd in *cringing* and *canting*.
Be studious to practise true *meanness of spirit*;
For who but Lord Bolton * was mitred for merit?
Would you wish to be wrapt in a *rochet*? in short,
Be pox'd and profane as F—n or Horte †.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a Stoic,
Can wish to die in strains heroic,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy thread-bare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fasting days,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,

* Then archbishop of Cashel.

† At that time bishop of Kilmore.

And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses.
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave:
And, oh, what virtues you express,
In wishing such affliction less!

But now, should fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small, and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town;
To shine, where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court,
And weekly persecute his grace
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings they flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES. 1733.

Poor ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?
Had women been the makers of our laws
(And why they were not, I can see no cause),
The men should slave at cards from morn to night,
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping:
Melody resigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS *BROTHER PROTEST-
ANTS, AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS,*

*So familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of the
Test-Act in Ireland. 1733.*

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay, and stacks of corn,
Were down the sudden current borne;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new dropt horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
"See, brother, how we appleswim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee of Radcliff scorns:
"Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, "Dear Sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoe-boys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
Thus H—e in the house will prate,
"Sir, we the ministers of state."
Thus at the bar the blockhead Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'er pays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.
And thus fanatic saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are Brother Protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
May as well be said man did beget it:
But maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet critics may object, Why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What Protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;

As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;
Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou art my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR, THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

Upon Serjeant Kite's insulting the Dean.

To the Tune of "Derry down."

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettessworth, that booby, and scoundrel in
Hath insulted us all by insulting the Dean. [grain,
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The Dean and his merits we every one know;
But this skip of a lawyer, where the de'il did he
grow?

How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?

Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do
show;

But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His rhetoric, bombast, silly jests, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.

Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at speaking and making of laws,
Hath met with returns of all sorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd gestures, been prattling
some years,
What honest folk never durst for their ears.

Knock him down, &c.

Of all fizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother Protestants, good men and true;
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban's the same:
What the de'il is't to him whence the devil they
came?

Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolston, and Collins,
and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the tailor,
Are Christians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.

Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We'll set on
new rates; [less:
On their tithes at half-nothing, their priesthood at
What's next to be voted, with ease you may guess.

Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;

K iiij

When his speech came abroad, he paid him off
clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how
he swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his Deanship in very low
strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And flitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the
shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this warrior of deans whene'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a
sword.

Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's,
Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
A modus right fit for insulters of deans. [grains,

Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends:
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be
friends:

But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.

Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his supe-
riors,

May be proud to be licking a great man's poste-
riors. [riors.

Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or
pride?

Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.

Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BET- TESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you
move?

The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.

You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Dra-
pier,

Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:

On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.

But if, still obdurate, your anger remains;
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak
plain,

Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean.

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY, 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, *pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide,
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *spring* of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft' debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature,
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not *empire* to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest *wisdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the *Muse's* yre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of *gipsies* littering under hedges;
Are so disqualify'd by fate
To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
As he whom Phæbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the *fair*,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter

Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainer;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!

And here a *simile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.

So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critics prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;

Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologues sent from hand unknown,
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoc'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails,

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dashes*.

To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic type*.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in *capitals* express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer, more than Homer knew,

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost;
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!

The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,

Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet *Safe* 's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The *similes* that nothing fit;
The *cant* which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffee-house conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
And A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A public or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar or bench;
A duchess, or a suburb wench:
Or oft', when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorland of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds,
So geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence;

When his speech came abroad, he paid him off
clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the Dean.

Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppression of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how
he swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his Deanship in very low
strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And flitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the
shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this warrior of deans when'er we can hit,
We'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We'll teach him some better address to afford
To the Dean of all Deans, though he wears not a
sword.

Knock him down, &c.

We'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's,
Donore,
And Smithfield, as Rap was ne'er colted before;
We'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with
A modus right fit for insulters of deans. [grains,

Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we'll make him amends:
To the Dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be
friends:

But how? Why, the Dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.

Knock him down, &c.

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That serjeant at law whom we call Kite the second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his supe-
riors,

May be proud to be licking a great man's poste-
riors. [riors.

Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or
pride?

Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.

Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BET- TESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you
move?

The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.

You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Dra-
pier,

Then, pr'ythee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:

On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.

But if, still obdurate, your anger remains;
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains;
Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyrics alone can bespatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak
plain,

Like a very foul mop, dirty more than they clean,

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY, 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, *pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide,
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A *spring* of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft' debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But *man* we find the only creature,
Who, led by *folly*, combats Nature;
Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

Not *empire* to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest *wisdom* in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the *Muse's* *lyre*.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of *gipsies* littering under hedges;
Are so disqualify'd by fate
To rise in *church*, or *law*, or *state*,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the *fair*,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, *city*, *country*, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter

Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starveling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!

And here a *simile* comes pat in:
Though *chickens* take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.

So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critics prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the *chickens* went before.

How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologues sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous *breaks* and *dash*es.

To statesmen would you give a wiper,
You print it in *Italic type*.

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:

But, when in *capitals* express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest;
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view

In Homer, more than Homer knew,

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost;
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,

Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And, since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub-street sends,
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A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pick-purse at the bar or bench;
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Like stepping-stones to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
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With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence;

Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower;
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble *senate* this professes,
In all their *speeches, votes, addresses*.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And, as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple-barking mouth to stop;
Or in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, *poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For *law* and *gospel* both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
(I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.)
Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of *unities, in time and place*;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft' review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bosfu;
Read all the *prefaces* of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *perì buffous*;

And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote *quotation* on *quotation*.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like *courtier*, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure
To get the name of *connoisseur*:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want 'em)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his *sbreadness*
For songs of *loyalty* and *lewfulness*;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that for elegiac lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town:
Tigellius, plac'd in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birth-day strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter *knaves*, or lose his *pension*.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their *pericranies*,
Out skips a *book of miscellanies*.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;

A fox with geese his belly crams;
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs:
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worry'd by the base.
 If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit.
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise,
 And strive to tear you limb from limb;
 While others do as much for him.

The vermin only tease and pinch
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So, naturalists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
 Thus every poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind:
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
 Call dunces fools and sons of whores,
 Lay Grub-street at each other's doors;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters;
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded;
 How wrong a taste prevails among us;
 How much our ancestors outsung us;
 Can personate an awkward scorn
 For those who are not poets born;
 And all their brother-dunces lash,
 Who crowd the press with hourly trash.

O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
 Their filial piety forgot,
 Deny their country, like a Scot;
 Though, by their idiom and grimace,
 They soon betray their native place:
 Yet *thou* hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
 Degenerate from their ancient brood,
 Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
 How few have reach'd the *low sublime*!
 For when our high-born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd:
 And, lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
 The *lead* crown devolv'd to thee,
 Great poet of the *the hollow tree*.
 But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
 A thousand bards thy right disown;
 They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
 Duncenia to a common weal;
 And with rebellious arms pretend
 An equal privilege to *descend*.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From *elephants* to *mites* in cheese,
 Than what a curious eye may trace
 In creatures of the rhyming race.
 From bad to worse, and worse, they fall;
 But who can reach the worst of all?
 For though, in nature, depth, and height
 Are equally held infinite;
 In poetry, the height we know;
 'Tis only infinite below.

For instance, when you rashly think,
 No rhymers can like Welsted sink,
 His merits balanc'd, you shall find
 The laureat leaves him far behind.
 Concannon, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jemmy Moor with vigour drops:
 The rest pursue as thick as hops.
 With heads to points the gulf they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
 And, as their heels elated rise,
 Their heads attempt the nether skies.

Oh, what indignity and shame,
 To prostitute the muse's name!
 By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
 The plagues and scourges of mankind;
 Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
 And every vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
 Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
 Whom never faction could bespatter,
 Nor minister nor poet flatter;
 What justice in rewarding merit!
 What magnanimity of spirit!
 What lineaments divine we trace
 Through all his figure, mien, and face!
 Though peace with olive bind his hands,
 Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
 Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
 Dread from his hand impending changes,
 From him the Tartar and Chinese,
 Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
 The *consort* of his throne and bed,
 A perfect goddess born and bred,
 Appointed sovereign judge to sit
 On learning, eloquence, and wit.
 Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
 (Late, very late, oh may he rule us!)
 What early manhood has he shown,
 Before his downy beard was grown!
 Then think, what wonders will be done,
 By going on as he begun,
 An heir for Britain to secure
 As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood;
 Bright goddesses, in number five;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
 Now sing the *minister of state*,
 Who shines alone without a mate.
 Observe with what majestic port
 This Atlas stands to prop the court
 Intent the public debts to pay,
 Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
 Thou great vicegerent of the king,
 Thy praises every muse shall sing!
 In all affairs thou sole director,
 Of wit and learning chief protector;
 Though small the time thou hast to spare,
 The church is thy peculiar care.
 Of pious prelates what a stock
 You choose, to rule the sable flock!
 You raise the honour of your peerage,
 Proud to attend you at the steerage.
 You dignify the noble race,
 Content yourself with humbler place.
 Now, learning, valour, virtue, sense,
 To titles give the sole pretence.

St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breasts and sides Herculean
He fix'd the *star* and *string cerulean*.

Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortify'd his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE XIX. IMITATED.

TO HUMPHRY FRENCH, ESQ^r. 1733.

PATRON of the tuneful throng,
Oh! too nice, and too severe!
Think not that my *country* song
Shall displease thy honest ear.
Chosen strains I proudly bring;
Which the muse's sacred choir,
When they gods and heroes sing,
Dictate to th' harmonious lyre.
Ancient Homer, princely bard!
Just precedence still maintains;
With sacred raptures still are heard
Theban Pindar's lofty strains.
Still the old triumphant song,
Which, when hated tyrants fell,
Great Alcæus boldly sung,
Warns, instructs, and pleases well.
Nor has time's all-darkening shade
In obscure oblivion press'd
What Anacreon laugh'd and play'd;
Gay Anacreon, drunken priest!

* *Lord Mayor of Dublin.*

Gentle Sappho, love-sick muse,
Warms the heart with amorous fire;
Still her tenderest notes infuse
Melting rapture, soft desire.

Beauteous Helen, young and gay,
By a painted soplion won,
Went not first, fair nymph, astray,
Fondly pleas'd to be undone.

Nor young Teucer's slaughtering bow,
Nor bold Hector's dreadful sword.
Alone the terrors of the foe,
Sow'd the field with hostile blood.

Many valiant chiefs of old
Greatly liv'd and died, before
Agamemnon, Grecian bold,
Wag'd the ten years famous war.

But their names, unsung, unwept,
Unrecorded, lost and gone,
Long in endless night have slept,
And shall now no more be known.

Virtue, which the poet's care
Has not well consign'd to fame,
Lies, as in the sepulchre
Some old king without a name.

But, O Humphry, great and free,
While my tuneful songs are read,
Old forgetful time on thee
Dark oblivion ne'er shall spread.

When the deep-cut notes shall fade
On the mouldring Parian stone,
On the brass no more be read
The perishing inscription;

Forgotten all the enemies,
Envious G——n's cursed spite,
And P——l's derogating lies,
Lost and sunk in Stygian night;

Still thy labour and thy care,
What for Dublin thou hast done,
In full lustre shall appear,
And outshine th' unclouded sun.

Large thy mind, and not untried,
For Hibernia now doth stand;
Through the calm, or raging tide,
Safe conducts the ship to land.

Falsely we call the rich man great;
He is only so that knows
His plentiful or small estate
Wisely to enjoy and use.

He, in wealth or poverty,
Fortune's power alike defies;
And falsehood and dishonesty
More than death abhors and flies:

Flies from death!—No, meets it brave,
When the suffering so severe
May from dreadful bondage save
Clients, friends, or country dear.

This the sovereign man, complete;
Hero; patriot; glorious; free;
Rich and wise; and good and great;
Generous Humphry, thou art he.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

"To make a writer miss his end,
"You've nothing else to do but mend."

I OFTEN try'd in vain to find
A simile for woman-kind,
A simile I mean to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every bird and beast I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature,
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And strait this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about;
They keep us in suspense and doubt;
Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder:
So when th' alarm-bell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain;
The clouds about the welkin roam;
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her spark:
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike
(I hope the simile will strike);
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you'll see through them.
The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show
(For they, like ladies, have their bow);
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's dye,
In that great drawing-room the sky;
How do these differ from our graces,
In garden-silks, brocades and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birth-day night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)
Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
The fullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow.
Their words fall thick, and soft and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison, you see,
In every instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

ANSWER BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout,
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a-year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear:
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
Some critic may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ætherial,
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretel a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.
When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame nature taught her;
Like fire-works, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.

Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from woman's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?

Go read in ancient books inroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
Jove drest a *cloud* in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His *cloud* and Jove's imperial queen:
His *cloud* produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?

Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more carefs him:
A coat we gave him, dy'd in grain,
A *flaxen* wig and *clouded* cane
(The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
Which fell in *clouds* beneath his feet),
With which he made a tearing show;
And Dido quickly *smok'd the beau*.

Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a *cloud*.
We drest her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us *clouds* as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And dy'd defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain,
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions!
You find the gods in Homer dwell
In seas and streams, or low as hell:
Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp
(Who makes you think the *clouds* he pierces?
He pierce the *clouds*! he kifs their a—es);
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen-windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly
vehicles they mount the sky:

When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her *berlin*.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you, as we go,
With sun-shine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a sponge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes.
As you shall to your sorrow know,
We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
And, since we find you walk a-foot,
We'll soundly fouce your frize-furtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face:
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side:
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!

'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs:
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolific showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty heightening,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a *cloud*.

But gods like us have too much sense
At poet's flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.

We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

Or, a New Ballad, written by a Shoe-boy, on an At-
torney who was formerly a Shoe-boy.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

With finging of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley * set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;

* See the next poem.

Twopence he had gotten by begging, that's all;
 One bought him a *brush*, and one a *black ball*;
 For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
 The clothes on his back as being but such;
 Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with *clouts*, *ball*, and
 He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push: [*brush*,
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was amen'd to be Rome's emperor for't.
 But as a wife fiddler is noted, you know,
 To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
 So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
 To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
 He finds out another profession as fit,
 And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.
 One day he cried—"Murders and songs, and great
 news!"

Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
 At Domville's* full often he fed upon bits.
 For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
 Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
 And now and then got from the cook-maid a
 drubbing:

Such bastings effect upon him could have none;
 The dog will be patient that's struck with a bone.
 Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
 So expert and so active at *brushes* and *ball*,
 Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
 A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
 Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
 And now we'll suppose him an eminent clerk;
 Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
 Of scribbling *cum dasbo*, and hooking of fees;
 Suppose him a miser, attorney *per bill*;
 Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
 Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
 That he took up two *news-boys* for crying the *libel*?

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE.

By Way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinson, Esq.

"But he by bawling news about,
 "And aptly using brush and clout,
 "A justice of the peace became,
 "To punish rogues who do the same."

BY JAMES BLACK-WELL, OPERATOR FOR THE
 FEET.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
 O'er-run with ignorance and pride,
 Who boldly hunted out disgrace
 With canker'd mind and hideous face;
 The first who made (let none deny it)
 The libel-vending rogues be quiet.

The fact was glorious, we must own,
 For Hartley was before unknown,
 Contemn'd I mean:—for who would choose
 So vile a subject for the muse?

"Twas once the noblest of his wishes
 To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
 For which he'd parch before the grate,
 Or wind the *jack's* slow-rising weight
 (Such toils as best his talents fit),
 Or polish shoes, or turn the spit:

† Sir T. Domville, patentee of the *Hanaper-office*.

But, unexpectedly grown rich in
 'Squire Domville's family and kitchen,
 He pants to eternize his name,
 And takes the dirty road to fame;
 Believes that persecuting wit
 Will prove the surest way to it;
 So, with a Colonel* at his back,
 The libel feels his first attack;
 He calls it a seditious paper,
 Writ by another Patriot Drapier;
 Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
 Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
 And all this with design, no doubt,
 To hear his praises hawk'd about;
 To send his name through every street,
 Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
 Well pleas'd to live to future times,
 Though but in keen satiric rhymes.

So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
 Was justice many years ago,
 And minding then no earthly things,
 But killing libellers of kings;
 Or, if he wanted work to do,
 To run a bawling news-boy through;
 Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
 Entreated Father Jove aloud,
 Only in light to show his face,
 Though it might tend to his disgrace.

And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
 The temple which the world admir'd,
 Contemning death, despising shame,
 To gain an ever odious name.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD ON BALLY- SPELLIN*.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
 As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
 By waters clear, come every year,
 To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
 With rubies past the telling,
 'Twill clear your skin before you've been
 A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
 When she comes from her dwelling,
 The kindling rose within it glows
 When she's at Ballyspellin.

The footy brown, who comes from town,
 Grows here as fair as Helen;
 Then back she goes to kill the beaux
 By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
 As Rose, or Bright Dunkelling;
 And Mars might make a fair mistake,
 Were he at Ballyspellin.

We men submit as they think fit,
 And here is no rebelling:

* Colonel Ker, a mere Scotchman, Lieutenant-Colonel
 to Lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a
news-boy evidence against the printer. IRISH ED.

† A famous spa in the county of Kilkenny, where the
 Doctor had been to drink the waters with a favourite
 Lady.

The reason's plain; the ladies reign,
They're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in
With so much grace, I'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politics, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puff'd with wind,
Do all come here pell-mell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling;
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you'll never *die*,
But *live* at Ballyspellin;

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep found,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring hell in;
But, since I'm here, to heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT*.

DARE you dispute, you fancy brute,
And think there's no refelling

* This answer was resent by Dr. Sheridan, as an affront on himself and the lady he attended to the spa.

Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you bounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water's mud, and four's the blood,
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent, worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling,
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues
That met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowing make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight,
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear,
Of Holland not an ell in;
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against The Bell-inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskillin:
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles at Ballyspellin.

How would you stare to see her there,
The foggy mist dispelling.
That clouds the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now as I live, I would not give
A stiver for a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgelling;
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts,
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone, to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I. SAT. VI.

PARAPHRASED.

If noisy Tom * should in the senate prate,
 "That he would answer both for church and state;
 "And, further to demonstrate his affection,
 "Would take the kingdom into his protection;"
 All mortals must be curious to inquire,
 Who could this coxcomb be, and who his fire?
 "What! thou, the spawn of him † who sham'd our
 "That traitor, assassin, informer vile! [isle,
 "Though by the female side ‡ you proudly bring,
 "To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
 "What was thy grandfire § but a mountaineer,
 "Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
 "Whose master Moore || presery'd him from the
 halter,
 "For stealing cows; nor could he read the Psalter!
 "Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chafe
 "Thy founder's grandson ** and usurp his place?
 "Just heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
 "Survive in thee, and make the proverb good ††!
 "Then vote a worthy citizen ‡‡ to jail,
 "In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

ON A PRINTER'S BEING SENT TO NEW-GATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves,
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey;
 Where every trout can make as high rants
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants,
 And swagger while the coast is clear:
 But, should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud.
 Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach;
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.

* Sir Thomas Prendergraft. IRISH ED.

† The father of Sir Thomas P——, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III.; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet. Ibid.

‡ Cadogan's family. Ibid.

§ A poor thieving cottager, under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows. Ibid.

|| The grandfather of Guy Moore, Esq. who procured him a pardon. Ibid.

** Guy Moore was fairly elected member of Parliament for Clonmell; but Sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of Parson-bunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned, upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be. Ibid.

†† "Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your throat." Ibid.

‡‡ Mr. George Faulkner.

VOL. IX.

'THE DAY OF JUDGMENT'.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.
 An horrid vision seiz'd my head,
 I saw the graves give up their dead!
 Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies,
 And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne!
 While each pale sinner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
 "Offending race of human kind,
 "By nature, reason, *learning*, blind;
 "You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
 "And you who never fell, *through pride*;
 "You who in different sects were sham'm'd,
 "And come to see each other damn'd
 "(So some folk told you, but they knew
 "No more of Jove's designs than you);
 "—The world's mad business now is o'er,
 "And I resent these pranks no more.
 "—I to such blockheads set my wit!
 "I damn such fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE, FINELY BOUND, BY DR. J. SICAN †.

—[Horace speaking.]

You've read, Sir, in poetic strain,
 How Varus and the Mantuan swain
 Have on my birth-day been invited
 (But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
 Upon a plain repast to dine,
 And taste my old Campanian wine;
 But I, who all punctilios hate,
 Though long familiar with the great,
 Nor glory in my reputation,
 Am come without an invitation;
 And, though I'm us'd to right Falernian,
 I'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
 But fearing that you might dispute
 (Had I put on my common suit)
 My breeding and my *politesse*,
 I visit in a birth-day dress;
 My coat of purest Turkey red,
 With gold embroidery richly spread;
 To which I've sure as good pretensions
 As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
 What though proud ministers of state
 Did at your anti-chamber wait;
 What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns
 Have at your levee paid attendance;
 And Peterborough and great Ormond,
 With many chiefs who now are dormant,
 Have laid aside the general's staff
 And public cares, with you to laugh;

* That this poem is the genuine production of the Dean Lord Chesterfield bears ample testimony in his letter to M. Voltaire, Aug. 27. 1752.

† This ingenious young gentleman was unfortunately murdered in Italy.

L

Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of Fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenæ
Were as good statesmen, Mr. Dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Hellham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates:
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen blest'd another clime.
You'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow-devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;
Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedants' muddy brains,
And fix my long-uncertain fate,
You best know how—which way?—TRANSLATE.

ON PSYCHE.

At two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her tea-kettle's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which hath she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound out-runs the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he'd leave a warm
place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit;
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every
market. [cark it.
It would do your heart good, to see how she will
Yet beware of her arts; for it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals by feeding your ears.

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES and the Dean had long been
friends;
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the Dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke,

* *Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious well-bred lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem.*

Yet, since just heaven the Duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant and revel,
The Duke and Dean seem near upon a level.
Oh! wert thou not a Duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce couldst keep thy
A Duke to know a Dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a Duke thou art; so pleas'd the king:
Oh! would his Majesty but add a string!

ON DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY.

MAKE Rundle bishop! sic for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of Saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!
Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost;
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling Orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is an Holy Ghost:
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He's still a Christian more than they.
We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity;
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded?
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believ'd a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so gospel-ward devout;
While others, hither sent to save us,
Came but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum*?
From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari*.
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus,
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay-on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, pr'ythee,
"Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps
He might have found a score of chaps,

* *Promoted to that see, in February 1734-5.*

Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.

Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handy-work of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishoprics are held in fee.

Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head:
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION-CLUB.

1736.

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good thy grand-dame's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.

Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such harranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudden gabble;
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every skull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunatics and fools,

With a rood or two of land,
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a-picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue.
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills.
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.

Let Sir Tom*, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But, before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoe-boy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a-working like a mole,
Raife the dirt about your hole.

Come, assist me, muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.
Thither, gentle muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.

See, the muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul!
Styx, through hell, whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antic shapes,
Proverty, and grief, and care,
Causeless joy, and true despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!

By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clie in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the *mal-hausse*?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.

* Sir Thomas Pendergrass, a privy councillor.

In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Gargy.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a-piece.

Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
Privilege of Parliament.

Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst she muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No, 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss:
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak;
Who is he? 'tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunk
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,

Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, against the nation.

Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brain-sick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And H—th, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison;
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell?
Harrison, D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, see they have their payments;
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, Morgan! art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what! leas'd Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks:
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves;
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms prepare to back us.
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.
Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze,
And, to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?

How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasing rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving-tools
On this odious group of fools:
Draw the beasts as I describe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'atura*;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.

Keeper, I must not retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
"Pray be patient; you shall find
"Half the best are still behind;
"You have hardly seen a score;
"I can show two hundred more."

Keeper, I have seen enough.—
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
“ May their god, the devil, confound them ! ”

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment :
So hearing of a grave divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But, you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite ;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession :
And, if you'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell ;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before ;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears :
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice :
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour ;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town ;
Passes the lower castle-yard ;
And now advancing to the guard,
He trembles at the thoughts of state ;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him ;
He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd ?
Why certainly the captain rav'd !
To dine with her ! and come at three !
Impossible ! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word ;
My Lady—it must be my Lord.
My Lords abroad ; my Lady too :
What must th' unhappy Doctor do ?
“ Is Captain Cracherode here, pray ? ” — “ No.”
“ Nay, then 'tis time for me to go.”
Am I awake, or do I dream ?
I'm sure he call'd me by my name ;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak ;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my Lady been within !
What could I've said ? I'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past :
Well then, I'll e'en go home and fast ;
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I'm very fairly off.
My Lady now returning home,
Calls. “ Cracherode, is the Doctor come ? ”
He had not heard of him—“ Pray see,
“ 'Tis now a quarter after three.”

The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches ;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no Doctor's to be found.
My Lady could not choose but wonder :
“ Captain, I fear you've made some blunder :
“ But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
“ I'll try his manners once again ;
“ If rudeness be the effect of knowledge,
“ My son shall never see a college.”
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding,
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought :
The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faltering—hum'd and ha'd,
“ Her Ladyship was gone abroad ;
“ The captain too—he did not know
“ Whether he ought to stay or go ; ”
Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My Lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good-nature to relieve him ;
Told him, she thought she might believe him ;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit ;
Provided, at a proper time,
He told the real truth in rhyme.
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The Doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate ;
So, bowing, seemingly comply'd ;
Though, if he durst, he had deny'd.
But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
Was too refin'd to give a feast :
He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air ;
Would entertain without expence,
Or pride, or vain magnificence :
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare ;
Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet ;
Roses of richest dye, that shone
With native lustre, like her own :
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par maniere d'acquit*.
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air ;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides the beams :
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the rustling of the trees,
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigu'd to death.

The Doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence :

" Madam, the mighty power of use
" Now strangely pleads in my excuse :
" If you unus'd have scarcely strength
" To gain this walk's untoward length ;
" If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
" Through long disuse of solitude ;
" If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
" You dread the waving of these greens ;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city-fogs and crowded rooms,
" Do now solicitously shun
" The cooler air and dazzling sun ;
" If his majestic eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
" Consider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty sneer ;
" To see th' important man of dress
" Scoffing my college awkwardness ;
" To be the strutting cornet's sport,
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by flow approaches,
" Through crowds of cockcombs and of coaches,
" From the first fierce cockaded centry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting-gentry ;
" To pass so many crowded stages,
" And stand the staring of your pages ;
" And, after all, to crown my spleen,
" Be told—" You are not to be seen :"
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majestic air.
" And can I then be faulty found,
" In dreading this vexatious round ?
" Can it be strange, if I eschew
" A scene so glorious and so new ?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living lustre of your eyes ?"

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone :
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend :
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b'ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT-WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many :
Come, will you have any ?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven ;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them ;
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIFE 'sparagrafs,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass :
Oh, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken !

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell ;
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer ;
You'll feed like a farmer :
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion ;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd :
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known ;
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oysters I cry :
My masters, come buy.
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,
No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister :
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle ;
They'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad ;
And madam your wife
They'll please to the life !
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she flut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

Be not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide *,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard ;
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, six-pence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale ;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They'll make a sweet bishop when gentle-folks sup.

* Near Dublin.

ON ROVER, A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER*.

HAPPIEST of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribbands bound;
And the *musely* swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the *velvet* ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the *veiny* temples flow.

With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystic power)
In a *doriny* slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft perspiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!

With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress;
Limpid *rivers* smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those *rivers* blowing;
Curling *woodbine*, *myrtle* shade,
And the gay enamel'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Soothe the heart, and kindle love:
Here for me, and for the muse,
Colours of resemblance choose;
Make of *lineaments* divine,
Daply female *spaniels* shine,
Pretty *fondlings* of the fair,
Gentle *damsels*, gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame;
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Lest the *pencil* and the muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

AY AND NO;

A TALE FROM DUBLIN. 1737.

AT Dublin's high feast fate Primate and Dean,
Both dress'd like divines, with band and face clean.

* In ridicule of Philip's poem on Miss Carteret, and written, it has been said, "to affront the lady of Arch-bishop Boulter."

Quoth Hugh of Armagh*, "The mob is grown
"bold."

"Ay, ay," quoth the Dean, "the cause is old
"No, no," quoth the Primate, "if causes we list,
"This mischief arises from witty Dean Swift."

The smart-one replied, "There's no wit in the case;
"And nothing of that ever troubled your Grace."

"Though with your state-sieve your own notions
"you split,

"A Boulter by name is no *bolter* of wit.

"It is matter of weight, and a mere money-job;

"But the lower the coin, the higher the mob.

"Go tell your friend Bob and the other great folk,

"That sinking the coin is a dangerous joke.

"The Irish dear-joys have enough common sense,

"To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper pence.

"It is pity a prelate should die without law;

"But if I say the word—take care of Armagh!"

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's dean, good Sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat;
And, next, the pot that boils the meat
The next to be preferr'd, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep;
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the store that gives delight
In the cold bleak wintery night;
To these we add a thing below,
More for use reserv'd than show:
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

APOLLO'S EDICT†.

IRELAND is now our royal care,
We lately fix'd our viceroy there;
How near was she to be undone,
Till pious love inspir'd her son!
What cannot our vicegerent do,
As poet and as patriot too?
Let his success our subjects sway,
Our inspirations to obey,
And follow where he leads the way:
Then study to correct your taste;
Nor *beaten* paths be longer trac'd.
No simile shall be begun,
With *rising* or with *setting* sun;
And let the *sacred* head of Nile
Be ever banish'd from your isle.

When wretched lovers live on air,
I beg you'll the camelion spare?
And, when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a salamander.

No son of mine shall dare to say,
Aurora usher'd-in the day,
Or ever name the *milky-way*.

* Dr. Hugh Boulter.

† This poem was originally written in 1720; the latter part of it was re-published in 1743, on the death of the Countess of Donegal.

You all agree, I make no doubt,
 Elijah's mantle is worn out.
 The bird of Jove shall toil no more
 To teach the humble wren to soar.
 Your tragic heroes shall not rant,
 Nor shepherds use poetic cant.
 Simplicity alone can grace
 The manners of the rural race.
 Theocritus and Philips be
 Your guides to true simplicity.

When Damon's soul shall take its flight,
 Though poets have the second sight,
 They shall not see a trail of light.
 Nor shall the vapours upward rise.
 Nor a new star adorn the skies:
 For who can hope to place one there,
 As glorious as Belinda's hair?
 Yet, if his name you'd eternize,
 And must exalt him to the skies;
 Without a star, this may be done:
 So Tickell mourn'd his Addison.

If Anna's happy reign you praise,
 Pray, not a word of balcony-days;
 Nor let my votaries show their skill
 In aping lines from Cooper's-Hill;
 For know, I cannot bear to hear
 The mimicry of deep, yet clear.

Whene'er my viceroy is address'd,
 Against the Phoenix I protest.
 When poets soar in youthful strains,
 No Phaeton to hold the reins.

When you describe a lovely girl,
 No lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
 Cupid shall ne'er mistake another,
 However beauteous, for his mother:
 Nor shall his darts at random fly
 From magazine in Celia's eye.
 With women-compounds I am cloy'd,
 Which only pleas'd in Biddy Floyd.
 For foreign aid, what need they roam,
 Whom fate has amply blest at home?

Unerring heaven, with bounteous hand,
 Has form'd a model for your land,
 Whom Jove endow'd with every grace;
 The glory of the Granard race;
 Now destin'd by the powers divine
 The blessing of another line.
 Then, would you paint a matchless dame,
 Whom you'd consign to endless fame?
 Invoke not Cytherea's aid,
 Nor borrow from the blue-ey'd maid;
 Nor need you on the Graces call;—
 Take qualities from Donegal.

EPIGRAMS.

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense!
 Here Irish wit is seen!
 When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
 We build a magazine.

* The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which time his guardians, or physicians, took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for. To which Dr. Kingbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of

EPIGRAMS,

Occasioned by Dr. Swift's intended Hospital for Idiots and Lunatics.

THE Dean must die—our Idiots to maintain,
 Perish, ye Idiots! and long live the Dean!

O genius of Hibernia's state,
 Sublimely good, severely great!
 How doth this latest act excel
 All you have done or wrote so well!
 Satire may be the child of spite,
 And fame might bid the Drapier write;
 But to relieve, and to endow,
 Creatures that know not whence or how,
 Argues a soul both good and wise,
 Resembling Him who rules the skies.
 He to the thoughtful mind displays
 Immortal skill ten thousand ways;
 And, to complete his glorious task,
 Gives what we have not sense to ask!

Lo! Swift to Idiots bequeaths his store;
 Be wise, ye rich!—consider thus the poor!

ON THE

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH-DAY †,

Nov. 30, St. Andrew's Day.

BETWEEN the hours of twelve and one,
 When half the world to rest were gone,
 Entranc'd in softest sleep I lay,
 Forgetful of an anxious day;
 From every care and labour free,
 My soul as calm as it could be,

The Queen of Dreams, well pleas'd to find
 An undisturb'd and vacant mind,
 With magic pencil trac'd my brain,
 And there she drew St. Patrick's Dean.
 I strait beheld on either hand
 Two saints, like guardian angels, stand,
 And either claim'd him for their son;
 And thus the high dispute begun.

St. Andrew first, with reason strong,
 Maintain'd to him he did belong:

"Swift is my own, by right divine,
 "All born upon this day are mine."
 St. Patrick said, "I own this true,
 "So far he does belong to you:
 "But in my church he's born again,
 "My son adopted, and my Dean.
 "When first the Christian truth I spread,
 "The poor within this isle I fed,
 "And darkest errors banish'd hence,
 "Made knowledge in their place commence;
 "Nay more, at my divine command,
 "All noxious creatures fled the land.

"the city." "Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking: my tablets, as Hamlet says, my tablets—memory, put down that!"—Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote.

† See, in Parnell's Poems, an elegant compliment on the same occasion.

" I made both peace and plenty smile.
 " Hibernia was my favourite isle;
 " Now *his*—for he succeeds to me,
 " Two *angels* cannot more agree.
 " His joy is, to relieve the poor;
 " Behold them weekly at his door!
 " His knowledge too, in brightest *rays*,
 " He like the sun to all conveys;
 " Shows *wisdom* in a single page,
 " And in one hour instructs an age.
 " When ruin lately stood around
 " Th' inclosures of my *sacred ground*,
 " He gloriously did interpose,
 " And sav'd it from invading foes;
 " For this I claim immortal Swift,
 " As my own son, and heaven's best gift."

The Caledonian faint, enrag'd,
 Now closer in dispute engag'd,
 Effays to prove, by transmigration,
 The Dean is of the Scottish nation;
 And, to confirm the truth, he chose
 The loyal soul of great Montrose.
 " Montrose and he are both the same,
 " They only differ in the name;
 " Both, heroes in a righteous cause,
 " Assert their liberties and laws:
 " He's now the same, Montrose was then,
 " But that the *sword* is turn'd a *pen*;
 " A *pen* of so great power, each word
 " Defends beyond the hero's *sword*."

Now words grew high—we can't suppose
 Immortals ever come to blows;
 But, lest unruly passion should
 Degrade them into flesh and blood,
 An *angel* quick from Heaven descends,
 And he at once the contest ends:

" Ye reverend pair, from discord cease,
 " Ye both mistake the present case;
 " One *kingdom* cannot have pretence
 " To so much virtue! so much sense:
 " Search Heaven's record; and there you'll find,
 " That he was born for all mankind."

EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, ESQ.

With a Picture of Dean Swift.

BY DR. DUNKIN*.

To gratify thy long desire
 (So love and piety require),
 From Bindon's† colours you may trace
 The patriot's venerable face,
 The last, O Nugent! which his art
 Shall ever to the world impart;
 For know, the prime of mortal men,
 That matchless monarch of the pen
 (Whose labours, like the genial sun,
 Shall through revolving ages run,
 Yet never, like the sun, decline,
 But in their full meridian shine),

* This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at a period when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Swift.

† Samuel Bindon, Esq. a celebrated painter.

That ever-honour'd, envied sage,
 So long the wonder of his age,
 Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
 Is not the shadow of the Dean:
 He only breathes *Æolian* air—
 Oh! what a falling-off was there!

Hibernia's *Helicon* is dry,
 Invention, wit, and humour die;
 And what remains against the storm
 Of malice, but an empty form?
 The nodding ruins of a pile,
 That stood the bulwark of this isle;
 In which the sisterhood was fix'd
 Of candid honour, truth unmix'd,
 Impartial reason, thought profound,
 And charity, diffusing round,
 In cheerful rivulets, the flow
 Of fortune to the sons of woe?

Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
 Endued with each exalted gift.
 But, lo! the pure ethereal flame
 Is darken'd by a misty steam:
 The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
 The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
 That godlike supplement of law,
 Which held the wicked world in awe,
 And could the tide of faction stem,
 Is but a shell without the gem.

Ye sons of genius, who would aim
 To build an everlasting fame,
 And, in the field of letter'd arts,
 Display the trophies of your parts,
 To yonder mansion turn aside,
 And mortify your growing pride.
 Behold the brightest of the race,
 And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
 With humble resignation own,
 That all your talents are a loan;
 By Providence advanc'd for use,
 Which you should study to produce.
 Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
 However current now it pass,
 May haply be recal'd from you
 Before the grave demands his due.
 Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
 Direct your course to worthy deeds,
 In fuller day discharge your debts;
 For, when your sun of reason sets,
 The night succeeds; and all your schemes
 Of glory vanish with your dreams.

Ah! where is now the supple train,
 That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
 Say, where are those facetious folks,
 Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
 And with attentive rapture hung
 On wisdom dropping from his tongue;
 Who look'd with high disdainful pride
 On all the busy world beside,
 And rated his productions more
 Than treasures of Peruvian ore?

Good Christians! they with bended knees
 Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
 Averting (so the text commands),
 With ardent eyes and up-cast hands,
 The cup of sorrow from their lips,
 And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
 While some, who by his friendship rose
 To wealth, in concert with his foes,

Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrels, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through scandal's magnifying-glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a fore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
But, oh! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroic deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republic of the blest'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!

Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, flow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

INSCRIPTION INTENDED FOR A MONUMENT. 1765.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

Which gave the Drapier birth two realms contend,
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Iernia's laurel shall supply: [bread;
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.
1766.

B. N.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON,

Containing

THE SEASONS,
LIBERTY,
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,
BRITANNIA,

ODES,
SONGS,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,

¶

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hail Nature's poet! whom she taught alone
To sing her works in numbers like her own;
Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale.
She lent her pencil too, of wond'rous power,
To catch the rainbow, and to paint the flower
Of many mingling hues; then smiling said,
(But first with laurel crown'd her fav'rite's head)
"These beauteous children, though so fair they shine,
"Fade in *my* Seasons—let them live in *thine*!"
And live they shall, the charm of every eye,
Till Nature sickens, and the Seasons die.

THOMPSON'S ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE;

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

JAMES THOMSON

Containing

THE SEASONS,
WINTER,
SPRING,
SUMMER,
AUTUMN.

THE CASTLE OF INDULGENCE,
THE CASTLE OF INDULGENCE,
THE CASTLE OF INDULGENCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is added

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

How Nature's power! when the night alone
To long her works in numbers like her own;
Sweet as the truth that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale.
She has her pencil too, of wondrous power,
To catch the rainbow, and to paint the flower
Of many mingling hues; then smiling full,
(Her face with laurel crown'd her father's head)
"These beauteous children, though to fair they seem,
"Fare in my bosom—for them live in them."
And live they shall, the bloom of every eye,
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THOMSON'S ADDRESS TO THE READER OF THOMSON.

EDINBURGH:

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1794.

THE LIFE OF THOMSON.

For the life of Thomson, the world is obliged to Dr. Murdoch, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from personal knowledge.

Some inaccuracies in the narrative of Dr. Murdoch have been corrected by Shiels, and some defects supplied by the masterly pen that has lately enriched our national stock of criticism and biography.

Mr. Boswell has inserted in his life of our great poetical biographer, some information which he had obtained from Thomson's relations, for his use, but of which he had neglected fully to avail himself.

The Earl of Buchan, with a laudable enthusiasm to celebrate the memory of a poet who is justly accounted an honour to his country, has collected several additional particulars of his life, and has intermingled his information with some valuable letters, and poetical compositions, which were not previously communicated to the public. These are the authorities upon which most of the following facts are stated.

James Thomson was born at Ednam, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire, September 11. 1700. His father was minister of Ednam, in the presbytery of Kelso, and afterwards of Southdean, in the presbytery of Jedburgh, in that county, and much respected for his piety and diligence in the discharge of his pastoral duties. His mother, Beatrix Trotter, was daughter and coheiress of Mr. Trotter, a small portioner of land at Foggo, in Berwickshire, and equally amiable by her piety, which was enlivened by singular fervour of imagination, and by the social and domestic duties.

The difficulty with which his father supported his family, having nine children, occasioned his removal to Southdean, the salary of which, though not large, was more adequate to his expences than that of Ednam.

After the settlement of his father at Southdean, he was sent to the school of the neighbouring town of Jedburgh, where he was taught the common rudiments of learning. In the progress of his education, he was not distinguished among his school-fellows by any remarkable superiority of parts.

Although he was not considered by his master as superior to common boys, he obtained notice by his genius, even in his boyish years. Mr. Riccalton, minister of the neighbouring parish of Hobkirk, a man of taste and learning, discovered his early propensity to poetry, encouraged his first poetical essays, and corrected his performances.

According to Lord Buchan, he was occasionally invited to spend the vacation of the school at the country seat of Sir William Bennet of Chesters, the most accomplished country gentleman in that part of Scotland, and was also favourably noticed by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk. The late Hon. Mrs Selby of Paston, in Northumberland, informed the present writer, that he was likewise a frequent visitor at Crailing, the seat of her father Lord Cranston.

Thus encouraged, he began, at an early age, to amuse himself and his friends with poetical compositions; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new-year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the school, he was removed to the University of Edinburgh; where he was not more distinguished among his fellow-students than he had been among his school-fellows. By the time when he went to College, he had probably begun to consider himself as intended by nature for a poet. The conscious dignity of genius, therefore, would teach him to disdain those studies in which he could not excel: And thus, the contempt of his class-fellows, and the encouragement of his poetical friends, would equally conspire to confirm his predilection for poetry, and to prompt him to renewed efforts in poetical composition.

In the second session of his attendance at the University, his studies were interrupted by the sudden death of his father. He was summoned home to receive his dying benediction; but came too late. This circumstance contributed to increase his sorrow, and his filial piety was expressed on this mournful occasion in instances of conduct which his surviving relations afterwards delighted to recollect.

His mother, now raising upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, removed with her family to Edinburgh; and he renewed the prosecution of his studies.

As it was the wish of his friends, that he should embrace the clerical profession, he entered upon the study of theology, which he prosecuted without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise, by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the professor of divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience; which so disgusted him with his theological pursuits, that he seems to have soon after this incident, resolved to betake himself more entirely to the cultivation of poetry.

About that time, elegant literature began to be cherished and cultivated in the University; and a poetical club, called "The Athenian Society," had ventured to publish a collection of poems, intitled, "The Edinburgh Miscellany," furnished chiefly by Callander, Symmers, and Mitchell, young men of great promise, and of Thomson's acquaintance.

What share Thomson had in "the Edinburgh Miscellany," cannot now be known; but it is probable he was a contributor, as well as Mallet, who was then aspiring to poetical composition; and with whom he contracted an early intimacy, which improved with their years, undisturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side.

A similarity of taste and of pursuits, connected him also in habits of early intimacy with Paterson, the translator of Paterculus, Malcolm, author of the Treatise on Music, and Murdoch, afterwards a clergyman of the church of England, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the biographer of his youthful companion.

About this time he is said to have received particular attention from the family of Baillie of Jeriswood, to which he was introduced by the relations of his mother; and Mr. Boswell informs us, that he lived for some time in the family of Lord Binning, as tutor to the present Earl of Haddington. Some verses of his, addressed to one of that family, for the use of some books, are, Lord Buchan believes, still preserved, "as a specimen of his infantine genius."

Having laid aside all thought of the clerical profession, and addicted himself to the study of poetry, in which he reasonably hoped to attain high eminence, he easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear with advantage, was London; where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends, as soon as it became reputable, to befriend it.

It may be supposed, therefore, that he eagerly received any shadow of encouragement, however slight, which was held out to him; when Lady Grizzel Baillie, his mother's friend, advised him to try his fortune as a poet in London, and promised him some countenance and assistance.

Accordingly, in the autumn of the year 1725, he embarked at Leith for London, bedewed with the tears of his affectionate mother, the recollection of which produced, on her death, which happened not long after, the unpremeditated, but beautiful *verses to her memory* in the collection of Lord Buchan.

On his arrival in London, he found his way to Mallet, his fellow collegian, then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose; to whom he showed his *Winter*, written at first in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions, who advised him to form them into one connected piece, and get it printed immediately.

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The reception he met with, wherever he was introduced, encouraged him to risk the publication of his *Winter*; which for some time could find no purchaser, till at last Mr. Millan was persuaded by Mallet to buy it at a low price.

It was published in 1726, with a preface, dedication to Sir Spencer Compton, and recommendatory verses by Hill, Mallet, and a Lady, whose fictitious name was *Mira*, "once," says Dr. Johnson, "too well known."

It was not, immediately upon its appearance, eagerly received by the readers of poetry, and Mr. Millan had, for some time, reason to regret the expence of publication; till, by accident, Mr. Whateley, a man of taste and learning, happening to cast his eye upon it, was so delighted, that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence: By degrees, it gained upon the public; and edition after edition was printed and sold.

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On his return to England, he was rewarded for his attendance, by the place of Secretary of the Briefs, which required little attendance, and was equal to all his wants.

While abroad, he had conceived the idea of a Poem upon *Liberty*, upon which he spent two years. While he was busy in this laborious work, Mr. Talbot died; and he opens the first book with an affectionate tribute to his memory.

The poem of *Liberty*, upon which he congratulated himself as his noblest work, was less eagerly received by the public than he had expected, and is still less generally read than several of his other compositions. It does not now appear in its original state, having been shortened by Lord Lyttleton, after his death, with a liberty which cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.

Not long after the publication of his favourite work, the Chancellor died. His place then became vacant, and was, after some delay, given by Lord Hardwick, the new Chancellor, to another, because he did not think proper to ask it.

He was now obliged to rely on his literary exertions for support. Yet, even at this time, he appears, by his letters to Mr. George Ross, published by the Earl of Buchan, to have been affectionately anxious to assist the narrow circumstances of his sisters, Jean and Elizabeth, who then lived with Mr. Guthart, one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

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On his return to England, he was rewarded for his attendance, by the place of Secretary of the Briefs, which required little attendance, and was equal to all his wants.

While abroad, he had conceived the idea of a Poem upon *Liberty*, upon which he spent two years. While he was busy in this laborious work, Mr. Talbot died; and he opens the first book with an affectionate tribute to his memory.

The poem of *Liberty*, upon which he congratulated himself as his noblest work, was less eagerly received by the public than he had expected, and is still less generally read than several of his other compositions. It does not now appear in its original state, having been shortened by Lord Lyttleton, after his death, with a liberty which cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.

Not long after the publication of his favourite work, the Chancellor died. His place then became vacant, and was, after some delay, given by Lord Hardwick, the new Chancellor, to another, because he did not think proper to ask it.

He was now obliged to rely on his literary exertions for support. Yet, even at this time, he appears, by his letters to Mr. George Ross, published by the Earl of Buchan, to have been affectionately anxious to assist the narrow circumstances of his sisters, Jean and Elizabeth, who then lived with Mr. Guthart, one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

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by an essay on the *Seasons* by Dr. Aikin; that in 4to, Perth 1793, by a critical essay on the poem by Mr. Heron; and that in 8vo, 1794, with notes by Mr. Stockdale. The two last editions are embellished with beautiful engravings.

Thomson was of stature above the middle size, and "more fat," says Armstrong, "than bard be- seems," of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled com- pany, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved. His be- nevolence was fervent, but not active: he would give, on all occasions, what his purse could supply; but offices of intervention and solicitation, he could not conquer his natural sluggishness sufficiently to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not more neglected than his own. He had often felt the inconveniences of idleness; but he never cured it; and was so conscious of his own character, that he talked of writing an eastern tale, *Of the man who loved to be in distress*.

Dr. Johnson has related, on the authority of Savage, that Thomson discovered, in his habits of life, little of that delicacy of sentiment which breathes through his writings. Savage's veracity was not in high repute among his acquaintance; he might therefore have misrepresented Thomson's ha- bits, and aggravated the grossness of his manners. That in love he was susceptible of something more refined than the mere passion for the sex, is evident from his tender attachment to Miss Young. Other proofs appear of the purity and delicacy of his sentiments, in his songs and smaller pieces of poetry, in the description of the effects of the tender passion in his *Spring*, and in the fond impassioned commemoration of Miss Stanley, in his *Summer*. Even Savage, according to Dr. Johnson, always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance, when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

Among his peculiarities, was a very unskillful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being himself a reader eminently elegant, was so much provoked by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from his hand, and told him that he did not understand his own verses.

"By what I have learned," says Mr. Heron, whose ingenuity and kindness make it a pleasure to the compiler of this collection to reflect upon his friendship, "of the circumstances of Thomson's life, and by the complexion of his writings, I should suppose him to have been a man of mild virtue, and of gentle, careless manners, with a sound judgment, an extensive imagination, and a feeling heart; less acute in his observation of human life, than of external nature; extensively informed in all the more popular parts of knowledge, and well acquainted with the general principles of the fine arts."

As a dramatist, the compositions of Thomson have been judged by the critics to be elaborate, decla- matory, and uninteresting; and that judgment must be generally allowed.

Considered in his principal character of a descriptive poet, he is well entitled to the exclusive denomination of the "Poet of Nature." The pictures of other poets, comparatively with his, often want precision, colour, and expression, because they are rather secondary descriptions, than transcripts made immediately from the living volume of nature. In his *Autumn*, he has described, with the strictest truth, the tenor and habit of his poetical life.

I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze, and meditate the book
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence
Warm from the heart to pour the moral song.

As the "Poet of Liberty," his merits have not been so fairly estimated, or generally allowed. "I never saw," says Hill, in a letter to Thomson, "more energy in poetry, never imagery more glowing, never sentiments more elevated. It is all over soul: it inspires, and must therefore have been inspir- ed. The images live in it, (as you say sculpture does in the neighbourhood of Rome). They stand out and present themselves to the touch, as if not described but embodied. Yet one is led by the turn of your sentiments to suspect you of robbery, as if you had stolen from unhappy Italy, what, in the poverty of her present condition, she can, of all things, least spare; for while you are writing of *Old Rome's* liberty, you seem to have sucked in with the Roman air the soul of an old Roman."

The plan of *Liberty*, which unfortunately is minutely and circumstantially historical, spreads a damp and langour through several parts of the poem. Its beauties, however, are numerous. The description of the scenery of Switzerland, in particular, is a piece of powerful and exquisite painting. The *Genius of the deep* is perhaps one of the most awful beings ever yet imagined by poetic fancy, and strongly reminds us of the "spirit of the Cape" in the "Lusiad."

The subject of the poem is noble, and dear to Britons; yet it has been treated by Dr. Johnson with a fastidiousness unworthy of a liberal mind. "The poem of *Liberty*," says he, "when it first appeared, I tried to read, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure."

The opinion of Mr. Heron is more favourable. "This poem is written in a more correct style than perhaps any of his larger works; it abounds with sublime genuine imagery, and has many exquisite particular images scattered through it. It contains much animated eloquence, which may serve as a model to the orator. It presents a pleasing view of the progress of civilization and refinement, and offers many exhortations to virtuous exertions, which appear to have been poured warm from the heart. Its disadvantages seem to be, that the business of the poem is assigned to an embodied abstract idea, a metaphysical personage; that so much of it is employed in relating generally known facts, in the Grecian, the Roman, and the English history; and that it is diversified by no little episodes, which might relieve the tediousness of uninteresting historic narrative and political declamation."

His *Castle of Indolence*, is embellished with all the decorations which poetical imagination could confer. The plan is artfully laid, and naturally conducted, and the descriptions rise in a beautiful succession. The charms of indolence, while it only moderates and gives a particular direction to our activity, without unfitting us entirely for social converse and enjoyment, are, in the first part of the poem, most exquisitely painted; and its loathsome squalid misery, when it declines into the languid helplessness of gross sloth, is afterwards most skilfully described. The style and stanza of Spenser, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems in our language, have been adopted with the happiest skill. In the *Castle of Indolence*, he has characterised Dr. Murdoch, "the pily man of God," Mr. Quin, and other intimate friends. The character of himself, in stanza LXVIII, was written by Armstrong. The English language possesses nothing more exquisitely delicate than his *songs und odes*; and his *elegies*, and smaller pieces have no inconsiderable share of merit.

The *Seasons*, his greatest work, have been so often the subject of critical examination, that general criticism can say little of them that has not been said already. Scott, Dr. Aikin, Mr. Heron, and Mr. Stockdale, have explained their plan and character, and pointed out their beauties and defects with the minuteness and regularity of particular criticism. As there is no great reason to object to Dr. Johnson's opinion of them, it would be presumptuous to try the same task, which has already exercised his powers, in hopes of doing more than he has done.

"As a writer, Thomson is entitled to one praise of the highest kind,—his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius: he looks round on nature, and on life, with the eye which nature only bestows on a poet, the eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *Seasons* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he never yet felt what Thomson impresses.

"His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the senns, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

"His description of extended scenes, and general effects, bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of *Spring*, the splendor of *Summer*, the tranquillity of *Autumn*, and the horrors of *Winter*, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and

kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his share in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

"The great defect of the *Seasons* is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not exerted by suspense or expectation.

"His diction is in the highest degree fluid and luxuriant; such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts, 'both their lustre and their shade;' such as invest them with splendor through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

"These poems, with which I was acquainted on their first appearance, I have since found altered and enlarged by subsequent revivals, as the author supposed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or conversation extended his knowledge and opened his prospects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whether they have not lost part of what Temple calls their "race," a word which, when applied to wine, in its primitive sense, means the flavour of the soil.

"The highest praise which he has received, ought not to be suppressed; it is said by Lord Lyttleton, in the prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

No line which dying he could wish to blot."

This account of the "Poet of the Seasons" cannot conclude more properly than with the following "Address to the Shade of Thomson," written by Mr. Burns, whose poems in the Scottish dialect are well known among his countrymen, and universally admired.

While virgin *Spring*, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green;
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While *Summer*, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade;
Yet, oft delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While *Autumn*, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects her aged head;
And fees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on her bounty fed:

While maniac *Winter* rages o'er
The hills where classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows:

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING 1728.

“ Et nunc omnis, ager nunc omnis parturit arbor,
“ Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.”

VIRG.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, last, on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints; when nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where furly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightful: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramm'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul, [thin,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives

Relenting nature, and his lusty steers [plough,
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.

There, unrefusing, to the harnefs'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the globe.

White through the neighbouring field the sower
stalks,

With measur'd step, and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man

Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!

Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,

Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live

In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:

Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung

To wide imperial Rome, in the full height

Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd

The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:

And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes

Are but the beings of a summer's day,

Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm

Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,

Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd

The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;

And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,

Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air, this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
'Thou smiling nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the light dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage
shrinks,

Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For, oft engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in thy poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,

The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains, these cruel seeming winds
Blow not in vain. For hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, furcharg'd with
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne, [rain,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers dif-
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, [tent.
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms, on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven de-
In universal bounty shedding herbs, [scende
And fruits and flowers, on nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life; [earth
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs
around.

Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
Mixt in wild concert with the warbling brook
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.

Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by that disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 And soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanists to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search; or through the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mixt them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores,
 Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years; unflinch'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd
 Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see [race
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock: [sport,
 Meantime the song went round; and dance and
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
 Was known among those happy sons of heaven;
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
 Was meek'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd

In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners,
 whence

The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
 Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into full revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling,
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, [grows
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence;
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd vindictive to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms
 blush'd,

In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse; for then nor
 storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her
 milk,

Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on hea-
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, [ven,
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
 Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the
 brooks;

The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore, slow dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, pitious of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sudden plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course,
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.
 Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering
 clouds,

Ev'n shooting listless langour through the deeps:
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade;
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing
 The founding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
 Or catch thyself the landkip, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind,
 Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast.
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence [soul.
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk [eye
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.

Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye th' exulting florid marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being! Universal soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.
By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd; and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze

Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That nature's great command may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes:
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd spring around her blows.
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away: or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,

What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn, [hence,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes.
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the
woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On nature's common far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge

Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost * Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Reign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening reddens; while the peacock
His every-colour'd glory to the sun, [spreads
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample side the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aerial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd;
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, liberty and law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this *mighty breath*, ye sages, say,
That in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their
breast

These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks

Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide
 Of all his works, creative bounty burns [thought,
 With warmest beam; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invoc'd
 Can restless goodness wait: your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world!
 These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O Lyttleton the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large, [stray'ft;
 Courting the muse, through Hagley Park thou
 Thy British temple! There along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy
 rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
 You silent steal: or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander through the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine, attun'd. Then nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;

And as it pours its copious treasures forth;
 In varied converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekness dwells, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness! which love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair
 brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospitable genius lingers still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
 Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
 Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
 Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.
 And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
 Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
 Perfumes and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
 Her shaky crest: a quick returning pang [still,
 Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour
 And great design, against the oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
 But absent, what fantastic woes arousd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
 Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
 On swelling thought, his waisted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love: or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or while the world
 And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the gray morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielding hand, he knows not how,
 Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores;
 But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,

'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bliss himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care:
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart:

An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R. 1727.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of nature in this Season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a Summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

From brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the sun, resurgent Summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth:
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the
 gloom;

And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
 By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
 O Doddington! attend my rural song,

Stoop to my theme, inspire every line,
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away.
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,
 Minutely faithful: Such th' all-perfect hand!
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews;
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown night retires: Young day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward; while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze

At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kingling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering
streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train! [orbs
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous
Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,

Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treasures, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd war
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him!
Who, light himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awefully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, o'erflowing, all those lamps of heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,

Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-drooping coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant heat, disspreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sits, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;

Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese;
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs, [wing
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the book.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye! [scend,
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the finallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;

Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning on her cheek.
Ev'n stooping age is here: and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till the deep well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,

VOL. IX.

With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving-side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
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And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
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The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;

Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese;
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce.
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs, [wing
Strikes backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the book.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds de-
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye! [scend,
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;

Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning on her cheek.
Ev'n a stooping age is here: and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till the deep well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,

VOL. IX.

With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving-side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,

N

And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink,
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort
glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd
limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returnin' still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies, fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest
Luxuriant, and erect! the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his
He takes the river at redoubled draughts; [thirst;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs

Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight, [thinks,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, me-
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
"The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
"Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
"Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
"Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy folly and discordant vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
"Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
"When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard, [hail,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd
"The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
"A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
"On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
"Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to parental nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the muse: the wintery blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in æry vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense [ing back,
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrink-
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Assault the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild inflected course, and less'n'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come bold fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The * general breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year,
Returning suns † and double seasons pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona, to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds [maze,
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the
Embowering endles, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our gardens pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these vallies shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid t' central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Leans the huge elephant; wisest of brutes!
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeable earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar, [hand,
 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plumed nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 The sober-suited songstresses trills her lay.

But come, my muse, the desert barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Senaar; ardent climb
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
 No *boly fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven,
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and culter'd fields;
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowell'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,

The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd; the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along:
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous
 Fall on Coromandel's coast, or Malabar; [Ind
 From * Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sealike Plata; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitless deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool
draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers [Heaven;
Command the world; the light that leads to
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening
tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appal'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,

This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And his continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! ev'n the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
 Obeys the blast, th' aerial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad seas the daring ‡ Gama fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The § Lusitanian Prince; who, heaven-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled
 limbs

Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul.
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms
 or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance
 at first no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa,
 by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

§ Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of
 Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new
 countries, was the chief source of all the modern improve-
 ments in navigation.

Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd
 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,
 The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men, unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
 reigns,

Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to hea-
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, [ven,
 Inhuman, and unwise. The fullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society:
 Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair
 Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of
 the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, flow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following flower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rai'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The percussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintery load.

Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembled truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
"And inward storm! he, who yon skies involves
"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
"That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
"Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
"To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-disssembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.

And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path:
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the Summer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
'Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine,
For, lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
'This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.

Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate
breast,

With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and struggling from the
shade,

With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my
"Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye [fair,
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue* that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: ev'n a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:

* *The Venus of Medici.*

" Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,

" By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,

" Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now

" Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, [heaven,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad, enjoys the falling day:
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vast lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the fire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene*? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills† that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames;
Fair winding up to where the muse's haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope im-
plore
The healing god‡; to royal Hampton's pile,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying, in Saxon, shining or splendor.

† Highgate and Hamstead. ‡ In his last sickness.

To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esler's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose,
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and
spires,

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! Where, the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade with joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: ev'n drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Reigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous
youth,

By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd names the virtues saint,
And *his own* muses love; the best of *kings*!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *statesmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death,
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;

A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russell lies; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the * British Cassius, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair they renown
 In awful *sages* and in noble *bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.
 The generous† Ashley thine, the friend of man;
 Who scan'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?

* Algernon Sidney.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Let Newton, *pure intelligence*, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty *rod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol: white peace, and social love;
 The tender-looking charity, intent,
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
 Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
 Courage compos'd, and keen; sound temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough industry; activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, *public zeal*;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot fought the bowers
 Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;

Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes,
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First *this*
She sends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through
the dark,

A moving radiance twingles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountains tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft

The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mount-
ing spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day. [thee,
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mafs of low desires, [wing'd,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *Last* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,

And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, nor dares the wint'ry pole;
 Moth'rs severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 That non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along,
 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high

Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation through; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train:
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 And notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of God,
 By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN. 1730.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onflow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the Season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
 While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on: the Doric reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintery frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd spring
 Put in white promise forth: and Summer suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onflow! the muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire and dignify her song,
 Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
 Devolving through the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue; she
 Though weak in power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, [hook
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below
 Extensive harvest hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm for plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power;
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;

Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life :
 Raifer of human kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,
 With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supported and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crowds ; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A waste of time ; till industry approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of Art demanded ; show'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stop'd at barren bare necessity ;
 But, still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers com-
 And form'd a public ; to the general good [bin'd
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the patriot-council met, the full
 The free, and fairly represented whole ;
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And, with joint force oppression chaining, set
 Imperial justice at the helm ; yet still
 To them accountable ; nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,

And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded
 street

With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintery forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the footy hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with
 oak

To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof ; and luxury within {smooth,
 Pour'd out her glittering stores ; the canvas
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

All is the gift of industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think !
 How good the God of harvest is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadain song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

"What pity! that so delicate a form,
 "By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 "And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 "Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 "Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 "Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 "Recals that patron of my happy life,
 "From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 "Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 "And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.

"Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 "Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 "Far from those scenes which knew their better
 "His aged widow and his daughter live, [days,
 "Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 "Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
 "She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
 "So long in vain? O, heavens! the very same,
 "The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 "Alive his every look, his every feature,
 "More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 "Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 "That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 "In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 "The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 "Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 "Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 "Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 "O let me now, into a richer soil, [showers,
 "Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and
 "Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 "And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 "Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
 "Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
 "Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 "The father of a country thus to pick
 "The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 "Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 "Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
 "hand,

"But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
 "The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 "If to the various blessings which thy house
 "Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 "That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate; [away
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir

Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
Overtakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees

The whole mix'd animal-creation round,
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded-ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steamings, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman route, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,

So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morafs
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph found sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep: and o'er the lawn
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking surloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears

Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms:
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick
In thunder leaping from the box, awake [dice,
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost, [hounds,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd
Mix in the music of the day again. [hounds
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And sleeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.

O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-ordered home man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt.
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song:
 How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintery revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meek'd day;
 Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks

VOL. IX.

Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene, and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
 In boundless prospect: yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;
 New columns swell, and still the fresh Spring fiads
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the muses' seat:
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay,
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
 Of nature ever open: aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb;
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
 Turn we a moment fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
 Where, by the potent sun, elated high,
 The vineyard swells resplendent on the day;
 Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs;
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
 The rural youth, and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage night.
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats;
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood;
 That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives; the gay Champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division fills, the view
 With great variety; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 Ev'n in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,

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He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks; [play,
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts, [long?
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From the Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O, from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;

From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Ruse
Believes the *stony girdle* * of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, sweep th' eternal snows! hung o'er the deep
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains † of the Moon!
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and tofs'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of liberty,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weli-
liki Camenypoy*, that is, the great stony girdle; be-
cause they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa that surround
almost all *Monomotapa*.

The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of fairest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (*pure parent stream*
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh, is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,

Shamefully passive; while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyll,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown'd; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year; yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze among the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes!
His near-approach the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the *social offspring of the heart*.

Oh, bear me to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye
That o'er the garden and the rural seat [powers,
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O, lead me to the wide extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe*!
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that † Temple where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O, through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd
clouds,

Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountain's rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descends,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether courting in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire;

Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swell the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the *better genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?

For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and
Infinite splendor! wide investing all. [high,
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, [youth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life. [gate,
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;

A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
 Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the
 bough

When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unfollied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
 By regal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
 Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, through the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours

He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these,
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes: and oft, an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Ev'n Winter, wild to him, is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pours every lustre on th' exalted eye,
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates, his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!
 Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonder there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way; the mineral *strata* there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
 Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
 And let me never, never stray from thee!

W I N T E R. 1726.

The Argument.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the Season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter Evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train:
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her first essay*,
The muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintery clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fettee Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,

Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable-cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unfightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that
Without, and rattles on his humble roof. [blows

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sand'd valley floating spreads,

Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders
through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild
wing

The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the
shore,

Eat-into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste

Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintery Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipat'd grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then strait air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious night,
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

The keener tempests rise: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower de-
scends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields

Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim thy little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats: then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumb
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair, then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind;
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintery plains
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
 The bellowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
 Nor find the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of
 home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;

Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, un-
 What water of the still unfrozen spring, [known,
 In the loose marsh of solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
 Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintery winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Ev'n in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate,
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger
 burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

* The Gaol Committee in the year 1729.

While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
Have cumberous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaut, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they
howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell.
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From sleep to sleep, loud thundering, down they
A wintery waste in dire commotion all; [come,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,

And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wisest of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
All human passions. Following him, I see,
As at Thermopylae he glorious fell,
The firm * devoted chief, who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *rival's* fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *brother*, while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the best, the † Theban pair,
Whose virtues in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk;
And left a mass of sordid lees behind;
Phocion the good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To *save a rotten state*, Agis, who saw
Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The * public father who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to his foes.
 Fabricius, scorn of all-conquering gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy † willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?
 Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
 'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan swain!
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The British muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
 First of your kind! society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours,
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay,
 Or from the muse's hill will Pope descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart?
 For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.
 Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling
 pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
 Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd
 store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
 Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-gloom, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless
 frame

Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung eternal from th' Eternal Mind;
 Its life, its laws, its progress and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the moral world,
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general good. The sage historic muse
 Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
 Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 The portion of divinity, that ray
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we
 Would learn the private virtues how to glide
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest
 Of rural life; or snatch'd away by hope, [stream
 Through the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is soil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively wit excites to gay surprise;
 Or folly-painting humour, grave himself,
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
 Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
 The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury fall; and in one gulf
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
 Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
 Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic muse
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil show'd.
 O, thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life; permit the rural muse,
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of nature, which, with Attic point,
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
 And ev'n reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by
 Sir Richard Steele.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy muse:
 For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted globe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow; their fullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. [stores
 What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgey bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,

Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
'The *then* gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
'Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide-rooms the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far-distant, never blest'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich * Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freckl'd with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,

* The old name for China.

He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sorer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That sees Boöes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty * Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk, [sweep
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms;
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. [tents,
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely
wealth

Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
'Till seen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's ‡ fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses § Tenglio rolls his stream,

* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian-clans.

‡ M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says,—“From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake, which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii, than bears.”

§ The same author observes—“I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.”

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown [knew
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornæa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
 The muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath, another sky*.
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected hue, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps; or crushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's † fate,
 As with first prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.

In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. [stream

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
 And half-enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
 Here human nature wears its rudest form.

* The other hemisphere.

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth
 to discover the north-east passage.

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,
 Beyond the kindred bears, that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er the fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
 New-moulding man! wide-stretching from these
 A people savage from remotest time, [shores,
 A huge neglected empire, one vast Mind,
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
 Through long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And, roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand,
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north,
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and ignorance, and vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose flect descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
 And, where they run, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure

Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore, [gloom,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet providence, that ever-waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
Thy sober Autumn fading into age, [strength,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme,*
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom, oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixt with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;

And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That ever-busy wheels, the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! to him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to him; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his
 praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,

Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every secret grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray
 Ruffles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When ev'n at last the solemn hour should come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
 From *seeming* evil still educating good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

Archimage—the chief or greatest of magicians or enchanters.

Apaid—paid.

Appal—affright.

Atween—between.

Ay—always.

Bale—sorrow, trouble, misfortune.

Benempt—named.

Blazon—painting, displaying.

Breme—cold, raw.

Carol—to sing songs of joy.

Caucus—the north-east wind.

Certes—certainly.

Dan—a word prefixed to names.

Deftly—skilfully.

Depainted—painted.

Drowfy-head—drowsiness.

Eath—easy.

Eftsoons—immediately, often afterwards.

Eke—also.

Fays—fairies.

Gear or Geer—furniture, equipage, dress.

Glaive—sword. (Fr.)

Glee—joy, pleasure.

Han—have.

Hight—named, called; and sometimes it is used for is called. See stanza vii.

Idlefs—Idleness.

Imp—child, or offspring; from the Saxon *impan*, to graft or plant.

Kest—for east.

Lad—for led.

Lea—a piece of land or meadow.

Libbard—leopard.

Lig—to lie.

Lofel—a loose idle fellow.

Louting—bowing, bending.

Lithe—loose, lax.

Mell—mingle.

Moe—more.

Moil—to labour.

Mote—might.

VOL. IX.

Muchel or Mochel, much, great.

Nathlefs—nevertheless.

Ne—nor.

Needments—necessaries.

Nourfling—a child that is nursed.

Noyance—barm.

Prankt—coloured, adorned gayly.

Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)—an old oath.

Prick'd through the forest—rode through the forest.

Sear—dry, burnt up.

Sheen—bright, shining.

Sicker—sure, surely.

Soot—sweet, or sweetly.

Sooth—true, or truth.

Stound—misfortune, pang.

Sweltry—sultry, consuming with heat.

Swink—to labour.

Smackt—favoured.

Thrall—slave.

Transmew'd—transform'd.

Vild—vile.

Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) unadorned.

Ween—to think, be of opinion.

Weet—to know; to weet, to wit.

Whilom—ere-while, formerly.

Wight—man.

Wis, for Wist—to know, think, understand.

Wonne—(a noun) dwelling.

Wroke—wreakt.

N. B. The letter *Y* is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason, as *withouten*, *casten*, &c.

Yborn—born.

Yblent, or blent—blended, mingled.

Yclad—clad.

Ycleped—called, named.

Yfere—together.

Ymolten—milted.

Yode (preter tense of *yede*) went.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The castle height of indolence,

And its false luxury ;

Where for a little time, alas !

We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half
imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence
keft,
From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Mean-time unnumber'd glittering streamlets
play'd,
And hurl'd every-where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Where heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A fable, silent, solemn forest stood ;

Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
move,

As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky :
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd ; and to his lute, of cruel fate, [estate.
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by :
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbour-
ing hill,

The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they
Ymolten with his syren melody ; [hung.
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
sung :

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !

" See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :

" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,

" Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May !

" What youthful bride can equal her array ?

" Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
 " From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 " From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 " Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 " The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 " Ten thousand throats! that from the flower-
 " ing thorn,
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of
 " love,
 " Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
 " They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for flail,
 " E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they
 " drove;
 " Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 " Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
 " vale.

" Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
 " Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 " Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 " And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 " That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
 " For when hard-hearted Interest first began
 " To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
 " Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 " And, for soft milky streams, with blood the
 " rivers ran.

" Come, ye, who still the cumberous load of life
 " Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
 " You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 " Down thunders back the stone with mighty
 " sweep,
 " And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 " For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
 " I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 " Your cares, your toils, will sleep you in a sea
 " Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to
 " me!

" With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 " To pass the joyless day in various sounds:
 " Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 " And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
 " Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 " To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
 " Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
 " Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
 " In vernal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear:
 " To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
 " No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith
 " fear,
 " Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear:
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent
 " ease,
 " Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and
 " down:
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always
 " please;
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:

" Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
 " For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd
 " hence.

" What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind,
 " A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
 " Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 " Above the passions that this world deform,
 " And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
 " But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 " And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
 " A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
 " Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still
 " more gay.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose:
 " They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
 " Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
 " grows,
 " Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 " Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
 " The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 " From a base world at last have stol'n away:
 " So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 " Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
 " Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 " Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
 " Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
 " Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
 " You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
 " Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
 " sigh,
 " Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
 " Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
 " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 " And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
 " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 " To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
 " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
 " dun:

" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 " To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slept along,
 In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began:
 Though some there were who would not further
 pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han,
 The wise distrust the too fair spoken man.
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the curf'd gate;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who fought to pull high Jove from regal state;
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd of fallow hue:
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

For whomsoever the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanish'd force remains to trace:
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is seiz'd in some lovel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose;

And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran.
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep.

Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each hand to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
 Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done,
 right fain,

Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew: [drew.
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
 It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare: [grew.
 Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams
 more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
 "Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
 "And wander where you list, through hall or
 "glade!

"Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
 "Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 "And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's
 "trade!
 "Here dwells kind ease and unrepining joy:
 "He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
 Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
 With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
 No living creature could be seen to stray;
 While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles,
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phæbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro;
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
 In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
 Ah! how shall I for this uprear my molted wing?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sages calm, the patriot's noble rage, [age.
 Dashing corruption down through every worthless

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curf'd knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swell'ing-bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high flavour'd and rich viands
 crown'd;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round:
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Ev'n undemand'd by a sign or sound;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
 play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor faintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each shou'd work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, fighting tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning
hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best en-
gage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to
feed:

Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening
hue,

Or savage Rhsa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here, to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aerial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
'To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it
hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?

Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dol^e
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the
heart;

And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies
store;

And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the muse's love:
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening seem'd to
call

The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to
place,

And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon her nights,
And blest'd them oft besides with more refin'd
delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils de-
light;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where fullen waters
sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far
hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight
gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;

Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
These long-lost friends for whom in love we
 smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the
 heart.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling
 maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering
 wide,
My muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
 waste?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banish'd his pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him
 pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the
 pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth en-
 gage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling fore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless
 worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all;
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?

Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming
 night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging,
 rear'd

Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd
 their cares, [stairs.

In comes another sett, and kicketh them down

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were
 before, [restore.

Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
As soon this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting
 Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows
 stray,

Sauntering and slow. So had he pass'd many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the
 wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace be-
 hind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
 One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
 Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
 To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone, [oak;
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
 Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
 The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the
 "day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
 In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
 And sure his linen was not very clean. [been
 Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd
 Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
 Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
 Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
 A joyous youth who took you at first sight;
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen,
 Turning the night to day, and day to night:
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious
 flood,
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
 Taught by this son of joy we found it so;
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no
 more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly, [along,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
 Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
 And oft he sips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump pro-
 found;

Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
 Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
 Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad
 When as we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue,
 "come!

"But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,

"To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,

"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;

"Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid [spark,

"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly

"Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 "There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
 "We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-
 "Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus* of the age;
 But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
 Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to
 keep

Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd
 judgment takes.

A bard hear dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
 † Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
 Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
 And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor he forgot a tribe, who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
 When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
 And the sage berry fun-burnt Mocha bears
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-en-
 roll'd,

Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
 Bevy of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort;
 Where, from gross mortal care and business
 free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury:
 Or should they a vain show of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and
 loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and flow.
 This soon too rude an exercise they find;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw.

* Mr. Quin.

† This character of Mr. Thomson was written by
 Lord Lyttleton.

Where hours and hours they fighting lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the
wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But ah! too late, as shall oftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown,
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan; [there,
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses
were.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toils'd alway.
Here lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft swoln and pale, here lay the hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply:
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry,
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her
deem'd a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And fought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro; [cry,
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not
why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing
cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair;
That by his castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,

Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the other Muses meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brighten
ing face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
Thy half-wit scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorched by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January fore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's
ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did
frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands
teem:

The same to him glad summer, or the winter
breme.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run;
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him
compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or tofs'd the sounding
spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough
compeer.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns; [mains,
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small do-
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from
sleep,

Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught,
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is
fraught;

Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext
ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire, [lyre.
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
The work, which long he in his breast had
brew'd.

Now to perform he ardent did devise;

To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A ragged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be
so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best* *sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden
times

Successive had; but now in ruins gray
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through
the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dis-
may'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries),
This, whilst my labours liberty sustains,
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt, and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest
hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame:
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thun-
der roars.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
 From the fam'd city by Propontic sea,
 What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian
 thrall'd; [free,
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
 And brought them to another Castalie,
 Where Isis many a famous nourling breeds;
 Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tun'd his Doric reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd
 feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring time, and slow in-
 crease;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no
 other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcena's name,
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
 Th' Eternal Patron, Liberty; whose flame,
 While she protects! inspires the noblest strains.
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,
 Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through
 the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
 Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
 The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest
 domain:

His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
 Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
 Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's
 star,

Or of September moons the radiance mild.

O, hide thy head, abominable war:

Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!

From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy
 glories wild!

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
 Th' amusing care of rural industry.

Still, as with grateful change, the seasons pass,

New scenes arise, new landscips strike the eye,
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
 store,
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along
 the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
 Yet on her beauties durst not art incroach:
 'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
 In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
 Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
 Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand
 An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature
 stray'd.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay?
 That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
 Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
 Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,
 Ev'n much of private; ate our spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
 The land was overlaid with many a lout;
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold,
 and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,
 With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
 Thus vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
 "Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vul-
 gar man,
 "The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?"
 "Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."
 The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 "Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on
 thee call:
 "Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
 "The demon indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld; his eye full-speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
 breaks.

I will (she cry'd), so help me, God! destroy
 That villain, Archimage.—His page then strait
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
 Benempt dispatch. "My steed be at the gate;
 "My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
 This net was twisted by the sisters three;
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too
 late

Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
 Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
 As is his * sister of the copses green,

* *The nightingale.*

He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd
mine ear:

The demon Indolence threatens overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who *will* be
slaves,

Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their
graves,

Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour
lives.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous
breed

That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
What else so fit for man to settle well?

And still their long researches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:

"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
"Sweet rills of thought that cheer the consci-
ous soul;

"While vice pours forth the troubled streams
of hell,

"The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
Will, through the tortur'd breast, their fiery tor-
rent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their sum-
mits rear.

On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite ev'n of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd
glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must for-
give

(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)

"The frail good man deluded here to live,
"And in these groves his musing fancy hide.

"Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,

"That virtue still some tincture has of vice,

"And vice of virtue. What should then betide

"But that our charity be not too nice?

"Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

"Ay, sicker (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,

"To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;

"But let not brutish vice of this avail,

"And think to 'scape deserved punishment.

"Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
"From mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
"Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
"But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
"Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit
"lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The curfed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.

Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity bese his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and
right.

Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he
knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trap'd his foe:
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He set him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
ground: [mish'd look,

Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with ble-
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had
shook.

Soon as the short liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.

"There must (he cry'd), amidst so vast a shoal,

"Be some who are not tainted at the heart,

"Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:

"Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;

"Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit
"start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deffly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round
him throng.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—

“ Ye helpless race,
“ Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
“ That lights our Maker's image in our face,
“ And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
“ What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
“ What, but eternal never-resting soul,
“ Almighty power, and all-directing day;
“ By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
“ Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the
“ whole.
“ Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
“ Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
“ We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
“ To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's
“ throne,
“ Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
“ Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
“ In universal nature this clear shown,
“ Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
“ To prove the beauteous world excels the brute
“ abyss.
“ Is not the field, with lively culture green,
“ A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
“ Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
“ And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
“ The foul November fogs and slumberous mists,
“ With which sad nature veils her drooping face?
“ Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
“ Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
“ The same in all holds true, but chief in human-race.
“ It was not by vile loitering in ease,
“ That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
“ That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
“ To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
“ In all supreme! complete in every part!
“ It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
“ And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
“ For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
“ Renown is not the child of indolent repose.
“ Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
“ But in loose joy their time to wear away;
“ Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
“ Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
“ Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
“ No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
“ No arts had made us opulent and gay;
“ With brother-brutes the human race had
“ graz'd;
“ None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd
“ been, none prais'd.
“ Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
“ To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
“ Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
“ Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:

“ The wits of modern time had told their beads,
“ And monkish legends been their only strains;
“ Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
“ Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with
“ Warwick swains,
“ Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's
“ plains.
“ Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
“ And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
“ Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
“ Through the dark depth of time their vivid
“ flame,
“ Had all been lost with such as have no name.
“ Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
“ Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
“ Who in the public breach devoted stood,
“ And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?
“ But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
“ If right I read, your pleasure all require:
“ Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fec,
“ How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
“ Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
“ Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
“ Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
“ In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
“ O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!
“ Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
“ When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
“ How tasteless then whatever can be given?
“ Health is the vital principle of bliss,
“ And exercise of health. In proof of this,
“ Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,
“ Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
“ While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
“ Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear
“ as day.
“ O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health!
“ Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
“ The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
“ The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
“ In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
“ See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
“ As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
“ Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
“ Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
“ pleasaunce breeds?
“ But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
“ Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
“ Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
“ Your talents here. This place is but a show,
“ Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
“ Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
“ Where pleasure's roses, void of serpent's, grow,
“ Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight,
“ And you will bless the day that brought him to
“ your sight.
“ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
“ To senates some, and public sage debates,
“ Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
“ The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
“ To high discovery some, that new-creates
“ The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
“ Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
“ To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart;
“ All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 " Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 " All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
 " Ev'n death despis'd by generous actions fair;
 " All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
 " Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
 " To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 " And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
 " 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 " Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
 " That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 " His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
 " Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 " Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
 " Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire:
 " Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
 " Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is
 " done.

" Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shame-
 " ful wife,
 " Your few important days of trial here?
 " Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
 " Through endless states of being, still more near
 " To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
 " Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 " Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to
 " steer, [and flume?
 " And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud
 " No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart disdains
 " the fordid crime!"

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—strait from
 the crowd,
 The better sort on wings of transport fly:
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintery torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [ing gay.
 Glad warbling through the vales, in their new be-
 Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created men,
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 Ev'n so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 Ev'n such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
 " Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 " What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
 " While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
 " We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
 " What to disturb it could, fell men, remove
 " Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
 " Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
 " sublime.

" Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in
 wrath)
 " Your happiness behold!"—Then strait a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.

Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
 And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls
 around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night
 control'd

The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazarus-house, I whilom in my lay
 Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted simile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a
 mile, [woes awhile.
 The sick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their

" O, heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once
 " more see
 " Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
 " Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
 " And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 " O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
 " That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
 " But what for us, the children of despair,
 " Brought to the brink of hell, what hope re-
 " mains?

" Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 " Certes (quoth he), it is not ev'n in grace,
 " T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
 " Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
 " With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 " A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 " She quells the brand by which the rocks are
 " riven; [ven.

" She more than merely softens, she rejoices hea-

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have
 " earn'd,

" And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 " Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
 " Or pious die, with penitence resign'd,
 " And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 " Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 " Till then, you may expect in me to find
 " One who will wipe your sorrow from your
 " eyes,

" One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you
 " to the skies.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
 " tears. [tone)

" For you (resum'd the knight, with sterner
 " Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
 " fears,

" That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;

" In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 " His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
 " Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
 " You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
 " What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eter-
 " nal day?"

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
 The charities, to-wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
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 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
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 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven
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 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek re-
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But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and
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 With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
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 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed
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 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they
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 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
 Gaunt beggary, and scorn, with many hell-hounds
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The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
 Of morbid hue his features, funk, and sad;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;

And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
 Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
 And dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the
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 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troub-
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 And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:
 But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
 And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
 Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
 Ne ever find they rest from their unresting sone.

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 The glossy treasure, and soft threads of gold;
 In various turns, and many a winding fold,
 He spins his web, and as he spins decays;
 Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
 He rests supine, imprison'd in the maze,
 The which himself did make, the gathering of
 his days.

So thou, they say, from thy prolific brain,
 A castle, hight of indolence, didst raise;
 Where listless sprites, withouten care or pain,
 In idle pleasure spend their jocund days,
 Nor heed rewardful toil, nor seeken praise.
 Thither thou didst repair in luckless hour;
 And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
 Didst lie adown, entranced in the bower,
 The which thyself didst make, the gathering of
 thy power.

But Venus, suffering not her favourite worm
 For ay to sleepen in his silky tomb,
 Instructs him to throw off his pristine form,
 And the gay features of a fly assume;
 When, lo! eftsoons from the surrounding gloom,
 He vigorous breaks, forth issuing from the
 wound
 His horny beak had made, and finding room,
 On new plum'd pinions flutters all around,
 And buzzing speaks his joy in most expressive
 sound.

So may the god of science and of wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling son;
Shake from thy fatty sides the slumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art so woe begun!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;

Till thou reseelest life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of resolution,
Like thine own hero dight, fliest o'er the plains,
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Loose flow'd her tresses ; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek ;
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And war, though greatly
rous'd, [queen
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the
Of nations spoke : and what she said the muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

Ev'n not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the royal youth*,
A freight of future glory to my shore ;
Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the parents, and their endless line
Through late revolving time, can sooth my rage ;
While, unchastis'd, th' insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize ;
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild ; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine :
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience ? this weak doubt ?
This tame beseeching of rejected peace ?
This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before ?
And sail'd my fleets for this ; on Indian tides
To float, inactive, with the veering winds ?
The mockery of war ! while hot disease,
And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
For action ardent ; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, sunk them in a watery grave.

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He drew, and sweet beneath equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd ; a force that soon
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Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they sunk.

Then too from every promontary chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian isles.

Such were the dawns of my watery reign;
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Ev'n in those troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah, what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country's
good

Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace.
Ah! how with indignation must they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)
With shame! with grief! to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils
glow'd,

And their veins bled through many a toiling age!

Oh, first of human blessings! and supreme!
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
Trickling distils into the vernal glebe;
Instead of mangled carcases, sad-seen,
When the blithe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;
When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land blushes with the rose alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, peace! thou source, and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports;
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful industry converting, makes
The country flourish, and the city smile.
Unviolated, him the virgin sings:
And him the smiling mother to her train.
Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from street to street,
And shop to shop, responsive, sings of him:
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the song.
What would not, peace! the patriot bear for thee?

What painful patience? what incessant care?
What mixt anxiety? what sleepless toil?

Ev'n from the rash protect'd what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more
Inevitable war; when Russian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reason rules,
Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen air teaches faithless men, no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you
more,

Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives!

What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd?

For, oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets: o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still; let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! Oh, great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory: this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state, alone, where liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown,
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot
Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a fullen courage, growing still
As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cherish this, this unexpansive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By lavish nature thrust into your hand:
And, unincumber'd with the bulk immense
Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
Where-e'er the wind your high behests can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal base.
For should the sliding fabric once give way,
Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,

Steep rushing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And should the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thousand thousand labours join
Their several currents, till the boundless tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
Its course another way, o'er other lands
The various treasure would resistless pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.

Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky);
Ev'n not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Sterile, and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boar'd isle: her princes sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh, let not then waste luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind; and working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of liberty; the high conception blast;
The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
Of base subjection, and the swelling wish

For general good, crazing from the mind:
While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
And low design, the sneaking passions all
Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total dissolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
The human being almost quite extinct;
And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
Oh, shun that gulf: that gaping ruin shun!
And countless ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may liberty,
The light of life, the sun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Ev'n where the keen depressive north descends,
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While slavish southern climates beam in vain!
And may a public spirit from the throne,
Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inspire,
Make thoughtful science raise his pensive head,
Blow the fresh bay, bid industry rejoice,
And the rough sons of lowest labour smile.
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd west
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitless plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam; and where we find a spark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.

Lo! now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet
In awful senate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of Britannia round.

This said; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

LIBERTY, A POEM,

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK
PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which your Royal Highness received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation, and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of Liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author; and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of kings and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highness; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient

and most devoted servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ITALY COMPARED.

Contents.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a Poetical vision. Its scene the ruins of ancient Rome. The Goddess of Liberty, who is supposed to speak through the whole, appears, characterised as British Liberty; to ver. 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory; to ver. 112. This contrasted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people: the difference appearing strongest in the capital city Rome; to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppression; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; to ver. 256. The old Romans apostrophized, with regard to the several melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tibur, Tusculum, and Naples; to ver. 287. That once finest and most ornamented part of Italy, all along the coast of Baiæ, how changed; to ver. 321. This desolation of Italy applied to Britain; to ver. 344. Address to the Goddess of Liberty, that she would deduce from the first ages, her chief establishments, the description of which constitute the subject of the following parts of this Poem. She assents, and commands what she says to be sung in Britain; whose happiness, arising from freedom, and a limited monarchy, she marks; to ver. 391. An immediate Vision attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O MY lamented Talbot! while with thee
The muse gay rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
And drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts;
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade. 5
And does the mystic veil, from mortal beam,
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,

And all thy father's candid spirit shone?
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard; 10
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn,
My strain; be there: absorb the private tear.

Musing, I lay; warm from the sacred walks, 15
Where at each step imagination burns:
While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of empire! ruins! that efface
Whate'er, of finish'd, modern pomp can boast. 20

Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where
Unfetter'd ranges, fancy's magic hand [thought
Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest. 24
When strait, methought, the fair majestic power
Of Liberty appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life:
But her bright temples bound with British oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow. 30

Sublime of port: loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
An island-goddes now; and her high care
The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
My heart beat filial transport at the sight; 35
And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awakened muse
Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began. 39

Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine;
But, ah, how chang'd; the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' Ausonian shore. [gloom,
Look back through time; and, rising from the
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

The great republic see! that glow'd, sublime, 45
With the mixt freedom of a thousand states;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high: 50
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men:
Behold, the country cheering, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lapse

Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song: 55
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale:
On Baia's viny coast; where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;
And suns unclouded shine, through purest air: 60
Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore, 65
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their vallies dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way, 70
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the centre of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see! 75

Behold her demi-gods, in senate met;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
The common-weal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold;
Ere tame corruption taught the servile herd 80
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two fires,
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state. 85
See justice judging there, in human shape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her tribes, her census, see; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward. 90
Free for their country and for me to die;
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see; 95
Her circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest-born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mould.
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills 100
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar's dome:
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this sun, this centre of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art, 105
Attracted strong, in heighten'd lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd,
Who but, these far-fam'd ruins to behold, 110
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy land, 115
Would trust thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?

Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory? the dejected towns, 120
Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence, and pomp?

Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See nature's richest plains to putrid fens 125
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe. 130
'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy downs
His flocks to pasture, thy drear champain flies.
Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one desert, desolate, and gray, 135
Graz'd by the sullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns. 140
Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waste;
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are seen no more.

Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer*! foe
 To human kind! Thy mountains too, profuse, 145
 Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
 To raise against thy desolating rod.
 There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
 And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd fun,
 Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150
 Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
 Each harvest pines; the livid, lean produce
 Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
 Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
 Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155
 Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
 Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves
 The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
 Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
 Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160
 To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
 (Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
 Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
 Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
 Streams life and joy, save in the muse's bowl. 165
 Unseconded by art, the spinning race
 Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
 In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
 And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
 Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
 Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song, 171
 And long a stranger to the hero's brow. [fields,
 Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute
 Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
 There buxom plenty never turns her horn; 175
 The grace and virtue of exterior life,
 No clean convenience reigns; ev'n sleep itself,
 Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
 Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
 Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd, 180
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice
 Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
 And art mechanic at his various task,
 Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
 Of occupation void, as void of hope; 185
 Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
 That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
 With veils of fortune—madness all to them!
 By thee relentless seiz'd their betters joys,
 To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190
 Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
 And love and music melt their souls away.
 From feeble justice see how rash revenge,
 Trembling, the balance snatches; and the sword,
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195
 See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
 With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
 But chief let Rome, the mighty city! speak
 The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
 Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200
 Expiring nature all corrupted round;
 While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,
 Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares; and, artful drest, 205
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnific jail,
 Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls

Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
 Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold 215
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
 Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good
 Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220
 Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
 A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, oppression, are; and such were mine.
 Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
 Deluded thousands starve; all age-begrin'd,
 Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd facks, 230
 And by the tempest of two thousand years
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.
 These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil,
 These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235
 No more delighted hear; these rich remains
 Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
 Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
 From Afric's farthest shore: one granite all,
 These obelisks high-towering to the sky, 240
 Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
 These endless wonders that this *hallowed way*
 Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
 These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
 With the fine stores of art-completing Greece. 245
 Mine is, besides, *thy* every later boast:
 Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios mine;
 And mine the fair designs, which Raphael's soul
 O'er the live canvas, emanating, breath'd.
 What would you say, ye conquerors of earth! 250
 Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
 Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
 And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
 Your pride, your triumph, and supreme delight!
 For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour, 255
 You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
 Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
 Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
 The queen of nations rose; possessor of all
 Which nature, art, and glory could bestow: 260
 What would you say, deep in the last abyss
 Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
 Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains,
 Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills; 264
 Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
 These could you know? these could ye love again?
 Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy, 269
 Soon bursting into song; while through the groves
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
 In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
 Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,
 Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe?
 And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275
 Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,
 Your Formian shore? Once the delight of earth,
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores. 279

How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
 Would now your Naples seem? Disaster'd less
 By black Vefuvius thundering o'er the coast,
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
 Than by despotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
 A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without. 285
 First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began:
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the tyren plain,
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd;
 And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. 290
 There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng;
 Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
 No generous vines now bask along the hills,
 Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main;
 With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise; 295
 Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep.
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
 From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300
 An almost total desolation fits,
 A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
 Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
 Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
 Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze; 305
 And where with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
 Ev'n nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
 Whose stately cities in the dark abrupt
 Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
 A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
 New hills, explosive thrown; the Lucrine lake
 A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome. 315
 Hence, Britain, learn; my best-established, last,
 And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign;
 The land where, king and people equal bound
 By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
 And where my jealous unsubmitting soul, 320
 The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
 Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
 Of an heroic race, the masters once
 Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of me,
 How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes, 325
 Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
 To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
 If there desponding fail the common arts, 330
 And sustenance of life: could life itself,
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
 Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
 Join'd to full-spread oppression's cloudy brow,
 How could thy spirits hold? where vigour find, 335
 Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil?
 Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
 To plough the dreadful all-producing wave?
 Here paus'd the goddess. By the pause assur'd,
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer. 340
 "Oh, first, and most benevolent of powers!
 "Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
 "Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,
 "To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
 "The native rights and honour of their race: 345
 "Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal
 "Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,

"And with a strain from thee enrich the muse.
 "As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
 "And great inspirer be! then will she joy, 350
 "Through narrow life her lot and private shade:
 "And when her venal voice she barters vile,
 "Or to thy open or thy secret foes:
 "May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
 "By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song 355
 "Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
 "Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
 "That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
 Then, condescending kind, the heavenly power
 Return'd,—"What here, suggested by the scene,
 "I slight unfold, record and sing at home, 361
 "In that best isle, where (so we spirits move)
 "With one quick effort of my will I am.
 "There truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accost
 "Ev'n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
 "Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
 "O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice:
 "And there, to finish what his fires began,
 "A prince behold! for me who burns sincere,
 "Ev'n with a subject's zeal. He my great work
 "Will parent like sustain; and added give 371
 "The touch, the graces and the muses owe.
 "For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
 "And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
 "His pride to let the smiling heart abroad; [man;
 "Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the
 "To please his pleasure; bounty his delight;
 "And all the soul of Titus dwells in him."
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 How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
 The goddesses flash'd at once upon my soul.
 For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods,
 Is harmony itself; to every ear
 Familiar known, like light to every eye. 385
 Meantime disclosing ages, as she spoke,
 In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
 Scene after scene, the human drama spread;
 And still th' embodied picture rose to sight.
 Oh thou, to whom the muses owe their flame;
 Who bid'st, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise, 391
 And Hippocrenè flow; with thy bold ease,
 The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
 And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and
 clear;
 Oh, gracious goddesses! re-inspire my song; 395
 While I, to nobler than poetic fame
 Aspiring, thy commands to Britons bear.

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Such thy dire plains, thou *self-destroyer*! foe
 To human kind! Thy mountains too, profuse, 145
 Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
 To raise against thy desolating rod.
 There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
 And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun,
 Far other scenes of rising culture spread, 150
 Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
 Each harvest pines; the livid, lean produce
 Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
 Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
 Better to sink in sloth the woes of life, 155
 Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
 Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves
 The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
 Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
 Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray. 160
 To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
 (Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
 Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
 Nor juice Cœcubian, nor Falernian, more,
 Streams life and joy, save in the muse's bowl. 165
 Unseconded by art, the spinning race
 Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
 In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
 And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
 Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
 Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song, 171
 And long a stranger to the hero's brow. [fields,
 Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute
 Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
 There buxom plenty never turns her horn; 175
 The grace and virtue of exterior life,
 No clean convenience reigns; ev'n sleep itself,
 Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
 Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
 Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd, 180
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice
 Of cheerful hurry, commerce many-tongu'd,
 And art mechanic at his various task,
 Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
 Of occupation void, as void of hope; 185
 Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from Eternal Good,
 That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
 With veils of fortune—madness all to them!
 By thee relentless seiz'd their betters joys,
 To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly, 190
 Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
 And love and music melt their souls away.
 From feeble justice see how rash revenge,
 Trembling, the balance snatches; and the sword,
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives. 195
 See where God's altar, nursing murder, stands,
 With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
 But chief let Rome, the mighty city! speak
 The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
 Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste, 200
 Expiring nature all corrupted round;
 While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,
 Winds his waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares; and, artful drest, 205
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
 Concealing often, in magnificent jail,
 Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode 210
 Of misery, whose melancholy walls

Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
 Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold 215
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
 Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good
 Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
 Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
 Elate with glory, an heroic soul 220
 Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now
 A thin despairing number, all-subdued,
 The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By vice unmann'd and a licentious rule,
 In guile ingenious, and in murder brave. 225
 Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
 Thy sons, oppression, are; and such were mine.
 Ev'n with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
 Deluded thousands starve; all age-begrim'd,
 Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd flocks, 230
 And by the tempest of two thousand years
 Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.
 These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
 Beyond the weak repair of modern toil,
 These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream 235
 No more delighted hear; these rich remains
 Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
 Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
 From Afric's farthest shore: one granite all,
 These obelisks high-towering to the sky, 240
 Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
 These endless wonders that this *sacred way*
 Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
 These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
 With the fine stores of art-completing Greece. 245
Mine is, besides, *thy* every later boast:
Thy Buonarotis, *thy* Palladios *mine*;
 And *mine* the fair designs, which Raphael's soul
 O'er the live canvas, emanating, breath'd.
 What would you say, ye conquerors of earth! 250
 Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
 Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
 And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
 Your pride, your triumph, and supreme delight!
 For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour, 255
 You rush'd with rapture down the gulf of fate,
 Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
 Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
 The queen of nations rose; possess'd of all
 Which nature, art, and glory could bestow: 260
 What would you say, deep in the last abyss
 Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
 Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains,
 Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills; 264
 Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
 These could you know? these could ye love again?
 Thy Tibur, Horace, could it now inspire
 Content, poetic ease, and rural joy, 269
 Soon bursting into song; while through the groves
 Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
 In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
 Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,
 Could, Tully, you your Tusculum believe?
 And could you deem yon naked hills, that form, 275
 Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,
 Your Formian shore? Once the delight of earth,
 Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay land to lavish all their stores. 279

How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil, wide around,
 Would now your Naples seem? Disaster'd less
 By black Vefuvius thundering o'er the coast,
 His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
 Than by despotic rage: *that* inward gnaws,
 A native foe: a *foreign*, tears without. 285
 First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began:
 Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
 Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,
 That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd;
 And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies. 290
 There Baïæ sees no more the joyous throng;
 Her bank all beaming with the pride of Rome:
 No generous vines now bask along the hills,
 Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main;
 With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise; 295
 Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
 Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep.
 No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:
 No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
 From the calm station, roll resounding back. 300
 An almost total desolation sits,
 A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
 Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
 Rejoicing crowds inhal'd the balm of peace;
 Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze; 305
 And where with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
 A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
 Ev'n nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
 Whose stately cities in the dark abrupt
 Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid, 310
 A nest for serpents; from the red abyss
 New hills, explosive thrown; the Lucrine lake
 A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome. 315
 Hence, Britain, learn; my best-established, last,
 And more than Greece, or Rome, my steady reign;
 The land where, king and people equal bound
 By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow;
 And where my jealous unsubmitting soul, 320
 The dread of tyrants! burns in every breast:
 Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
 Of an heroic race, the masters once
 Of human-kind; what, when depriv'd of me,
 How grievous must be thine? In spite of climes, 325
 Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
 To higher powers; in spite of happy soils,
 That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
 With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown;
 If there desponding fail the common arts, 330
 And sustenance of life: could life itself,
 Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
 Subsist with thee? Against depressing skies,
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 "Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,
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 "To shield mankind; to raise them to assert
 "The native rights and honour of their race: 345
 "Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal
 "Yielding to none, the progress of thy reign,

"And with a strain from thee enrich the muse.
 "As thee alone she serves, her patron, thou,
 "And great inspirer be! then will she joy, 350
 "Through narrow life her lot and private shade:
 "And when her venal voice she barter's vile,
 "Or to thy open or thy secret foes:
 "May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
 "By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song 355
 "Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!
 "Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light
 "That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
 Then, condescending kind, the heavenly power
 Return'd,—"What here, suggested by the scene,
 "I slight unfold, record and sing at home, 361
 "In that best isle, where (so we spirits move)
 "With one quick effort of my will I am.
 "There truth, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accost
 "Ev'n kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
 "Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race
 "O'er Britons wield the sceptre of their choice:
 "And there, to finish what his fires began,
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 "Ev'n with a subject's zeal. He my great work
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Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

Ver. 303. All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.

PART II. GREECE.

Contents.

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical description of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states; with regard their government, their politeness, their virtues, their arts and sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools which took their rise from, ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there; to ver. 381. Transition to the modern state of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection.

Thus spoke the goddess of the fearless eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the vision rose.

First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway,
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread, 10
The father-senate met. There justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simple wants 15
Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,
Another set of sonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine. 21

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive life was void of toil, 25

Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;
Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear, 30
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 35
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 40

West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherds pain;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 45
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook:
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies. 50
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts:
By poets, sages, legislators sought;
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind. 55
But when mysterious superstition came,
And, with her civil sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind;
Then tyrant power the righteous scourge unloos'd:
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave. 60
Instead of useful works, like nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcase perish'd countless lives.
Then the great dragon, couch'd amid his floods, 65
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is
" mine,

" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflown in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal state 71
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia; first for letters fam'd, 75
That paint the voice, and silent speak to fight,
Of arts prime source, and guardian! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep;
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves, 80
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd land of arts, and urg'd my flight. 85
Hail nature's utmost boast, unrivall'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main, 90
Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind,
Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay;

Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales, 94
Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous
flow'd :

Whence deem'd by wondering men the feat of
gods,

And still the mountains and the streams of song.

All that boon nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles 105
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110
The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state; 115
Where mix'd each government, in such just poise;
Each power so checking, and supporting, each;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage. 120

For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil; yet there the calm abode 125
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.
There too, by rooting there still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same. 130
The children of the nursing public hall,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.

Of softer genius, but not less intent 135
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose:
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health; 140
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilyssus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.

There, passionate for me, an easy-mov'd, 145
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,
Enforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd, 150
And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:
Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws 155
Reduc'd the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

Nor was my forming care to these confin'd,

For emulation through the whole I pour'd, 160
Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-pois'd, adjusted best
To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:

In ornamented towns, where order reigns,
Free social life, and polish'd manners fair: 165

In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn

For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride;

In moral science, and in graceful arts.

Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,

The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170

By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth

Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

Felt every ardour burn: their great reward

The verdant wreath, which sounding Pifa gave.

Hence flourish'd Greece: and hence a race of

As gods by conscious future times ador'd: [men,

In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,

Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,

Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,

At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood; 180

And the whole eastern ocean, waving far

As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd,

While in extended battle, at the field

Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove

Before their ardent band, an host of slaves. 185

Hence through the continent ten thousand

Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime [Greeks

Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain, [known;

Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, un-

And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;

And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd

Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;

And circling myriads still of barbarous foes. 190

Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,

Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds,

Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way

Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief

Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,

Almost almighty in severe extremes!

The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200

Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw

The soldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes

With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice

To cries resounding loud—*The sea! the sea!*

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205

Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!

And though gay wit, and pleasing grace, was theirs,

All the soft modes of elegance and ease;

Yet was not courage less, the patient touch

Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210

My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,

Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,

Invincible in arts, in the bright field

Of nobler science, as in that of arms.

Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215

The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd

The Persian chains: while through the city, full

Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,

Incessant struggled taste refining taste,

And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220

From the fair-jewel truth its latent ray.

O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,

And father of philosophy: the sun,

From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect

Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225

Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,

Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,

Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward

Ver. 288. Campagna Felice, adjoining to Capua.

Ver. 290. The coast of Baiæ, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where, amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

Ver. 303. All along this coast the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.

PART II. GREECE.

Contents.

Liberty traced from the pastoral ages, and the first uniting of neighbouring families into civil government; to ver. 47. The several establishments of Liberty, in Egypt, Persia, Phœnicia, Palestine, slightly touched upon, down to her great establishment in Greece; to ver. 91. Geographical description of Greece; to ver. 113. Sparta and Athens, the two principal states of Greece, described; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states; with regard to their government, their politeness, their virtues, their arts and sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylæ, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the ten thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools which took their rise from, ver. 257. Enumeration of fine arts: eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting, and architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there; to ver. 381. Transition to the modern state of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding reflection.

Thus spoke the goddess of the fearless eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the vision rose.
First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subject's blood.
The simpler arts were all their simple wants
Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,
Another set of fonder wants arose,
And other arts with them of finer aim;
Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
And life began to glow, and arts to shine.
At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
For then young sportive life was void of toil,

Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;
Lewd lazy rapine broke primeval peace,
And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
From the lone pilgrim and the wandering swain,
Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
First, horrid, smok'd on the polluted skies.
Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men,
The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.
Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
Who, scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to Greece I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherds pain;
But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.
For Greece my sons of Egypt I forsook:
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts:
By poets, sages, legislators sought;
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind.
But when mysterious superstition came,
And, with her civil sister leagu'd, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind;
Then tyrant power the righteous scourge unloos'd:
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.
Instead of useful works, like nature's, great,
Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;
And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
For one vile carcase perish'd countless lives.
Then the great dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd—"This flood is
" mine,
" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,
His phrenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflown in vain.
Nought could retard me: nor the frugal state
Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
Of old Phœnicia; first for letters fam'd,
That paint the voice, and silent speak to fight,
Of arts prime source, and guardian! by fair stars,
First tempted out into the lonely deep;
To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
Earnest of Britain. Nor by these retain'd;
Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore
The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd land of arts, and urg'd my flight.
Hail nature's utmost boast, unrivall'd Greece!
My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire.
Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind,
Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay;

Broke into hills with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvest, joyous vales, 94
Mountains and streams, where verse spontaneous
flow'd :

Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of
gods,

And still the mountains and the streams of song.
All that boon nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and my restless arts
Frame into finish'd life. How many states, 100
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves;
To where the deep adorning Cyclade Isles 105
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
Of farthest Crete resounds the Libyan main.

O'er all two rival cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurota's bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills, 110

The patient Sparta one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state; 115

Where mix'd each government, in such just poise;
Each power so checking, and supporting, each;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One shock of faction, or of party-rage. 120

For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!

Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts

Lov'd not the foil; yet there the calm abode 125
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase
Confin'd, and press'd into laconic force.

There too, by rooting there still treacherous self,
The public and the private grew the same. 130

The children of the nursing public hall,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and ev'n for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.

Of softer genius, but not less intent 135

To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose:
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,

Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,

And to botanic hand the stores of health; 140
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilyssus and Cephissus glow'd

This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.

There, passionate for me, an easy-mov'd, 145

A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of speech,

Enforcing hasty counsel immature,
Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd, 150

And by the rage devour'd, that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,

And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at last, their mild restorer, rose:

Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws 155
Reduc'd the settling whole; and, with the weight
Which the two senates to the public lent,

As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

Nor was my forming care to these confin'd,

For emulation through the whole I pour'd, 160

Noble contention! who should most excel
In government well-poised, adjusted best

To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:
In ornamented towns, where order reigns,

Free social life, and polish'd manners fair: 165
In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Persian pride;

In moral science, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,

The prize grew greater, and the prize of all. 170
By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

Felt every ardour burn: their great reward
The verdant wreath, which sounding Pisa gave.

Hence flourish'd Greece: and hence a race of
As gods by conscious future times ador'd: [men,

In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,

Each art was nature. Spartan valour hence,
At the *fam'd pass*, firm as an isthmus stood; 180

And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd,

While in extended battle, at the field
Of Marathon, my keen Athenians drove

Before their ardent band, an host of slaves. 185
Hence through the continent ten thousand
Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime [Greeks

Of victories can reach. Deserts, in vain, [known;
Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, un-

And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd

Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
And circling myriads still of barbarous foes. 190

Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds,

Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
Triumphant, by the Sage-exalted Chief

Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh, light and force of mind,
Almost almighty in severe extremes!

The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen, 200
Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw
The soldiers fond embrace; o'erflow'd their eyes

With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries resounding loud—*The sea! the sea!*

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits, 205
Shone thick as stars, the milky way of Greece!
And though gay wit, and pleasing grace, was theirs,

All the soft modes of elegance and ease;
Yet was not courage less, the patient touch

Of toiling art, and disquisition deep. 210
My spirit pours a vigour through the soul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,

Invincible in arts, in the bright field
Of nobler science, as in that of arms.

Athenians thus not less intrepid burst 215
The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
The Persian chains: while through the city, full

Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Incessant struggled taste refining taste,

And friendly free discussion, calling forth 220
From the fair jewel truth its latent ray.
O'er all shone out the great Athenian Sage,

And father of philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd each various sect

Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam. 225
Tutor of Athens! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,

Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward

Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
 His simple question stole: as into truth, 230
 And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
 Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
 Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
 Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine
 In different schools. The bold poetic phrase [broke
 Of figur'd Plato; Xenophon's pure strain, 236
 Like the clear brook that steals along the vale;
 Dissecting truth, the Stagyrte's keen eye;
 Th' exalted Stoic pride; the Cynic sneer;
 The slow-consenting Academic doubt; 240
 And, joining bliss to virtue, the glad ease
 Of Epicurus, seldom understood.
 They, ever candid, reason still oppos'd
 To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,
 Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way 245
 The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
 Of Liberty, the liberty of mind:
 For systems yet, and soul-enslaving creeds,
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding times. 249
 From priestly darkness sprung th' enlightning arts
 Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.
 O, Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts!
 Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
 Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
 In these hast led the way, in these excell'd, 255
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.
 In thy full language, speaking mighty things;
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
 Through all the winding harmony of sound: 260
 In it the power of eloquence, at large,
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul;
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops. 265
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,
 Her unconfin'd divinity display'd;
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will;
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan, 270
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.
 Heroic song was thine; the Fountain-Bard,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
 Thine the dread moral scene, thy chief delight!
 Where idle fancy durst not mix her voice, 275
 When reason spoke august; the fervent heart
 Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in th' impassion'd
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk. [man,
 This potent school of manners, but when left
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague, 280
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee; whose every son,
 Ev'n last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.
 The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain, 285
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul. 290
 Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
 By love imagin'd, by the graces touch'd,
 The boast of well-pleas'd nature! Sculpture seiz'd,
 And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
 Selecting beauty's choice, and that again 295
 Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,

Thy workmen left ev'n nature's self behind.
 From those far different, whose prolific hand
 Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
 By the cool touches of judicious toil, 300
 Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd at all
 Through the live features of one breathing stone.
 There, beaming full, it shone; expressing gods:
 Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
 The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars, 305
 Or the sly graces of the Cyprian queen.
 Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
 And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.
 In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
 Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
 Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh; 310
 Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.
 Nor less thy pencil, with creative touch,
 Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
 Assembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd. 315
 And when Apelles, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The soul of beauty! call'd the queen of love,
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
 Ev'n such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
 That cruel-thoughted war th' impatient torch
 Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy
 The patriot picture, let the city 'scape.
 First elder sculpture taught her sister art
 Correct design; where great ideas shone, 325
 And in the secret trace expression spoke:
 Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
 Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow. 330
 Then the bright muse, their eldest sister, came;
 And bade her follow where she led the way:
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
 And copious action on the canvas glow;
 Gave her gay fable; spread invention's store; 335
 Enlarg'd her view; taught composition high,
 And just arrangement, circling round one point,
 That starts to fight, binds and commands the
 whole.
 Caught from the heavenly muse a nobler aim,
 And, scorning the soft trade of mere delight, 340
 O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
 Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
 Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
 There, as th' imagin'd presence of the God,
 Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd 345
 Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
 Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
 The living lesson stole into the heart,
 With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
 These rouse to glory; while, to rural life, 350
 The softer canvas oft repos'd the soul.
 There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
 The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire; 354
 White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd;
 The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
 The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
 Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
 On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
 In closing shades, and where the current strays,
 With peace, and love, and innocence around, 361
 Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock:
 Round happy parents smil'd younger their selves;

And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
 To public virtue thus the smiling arts, 365
 Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd! the graces they
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the reach of sordid care,
 The high awarders of immortal fame,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove; 370
 Courted by kings, and by contending states
 Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.
 In architecture too thy rank supreme!
 That art where most magnificent appears
 The little builder man; by thee refin'd, 375
 And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
 Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
 Who scorn their aid, have only loaded earth
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd, 381
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
 Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
 Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off 386
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 That from the magic wand aerial rise. 390
 These were the wonders that illumin'd Greece,
 From end to end—Here interrupting warm,
 Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, goddess,
 where?
 And what the land thy darling thus of old?
 Sunk! she resum'd: deep in the kindred gloom 395
 Of superstition, and of slavery sunk!
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul 400
 Of imitation in their breast awake.
 Ev'n, to supply the needful arts of life,
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige gray,
 Or nodding column on the desert shore, 405
 To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.
 A faithless land of violence, and death!
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,
 Afraid to trust th' inhospitable clime. 410
 Neglected nature fails; in sordid want
 Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
 The sun himself seems angry, to regard,
 Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
 And fires them oft with pestilential rays: 415
 While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
 Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
 But as from man to man, fate's first decree,
 Impartial death the tide of riches rolls,
 So states must die, and liberty go round. 420
 Fierce was the stand, ere virtue, value, arts,
 And the soul fir'd by me (that often, stung
 With thoughts of better times and old renown,
 From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
 Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd
 And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread. 426
 Sooner I mov'd my much reluctant flight,
 Pois'd on the doubtful wing; when Greece with
 Greece
 Embroil'd in foul contention fought no more

For common glory, and for common weal: 430
 But, false to freedom, sought to quell the free;
 Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
 That lent the whole irrefragable force;
 And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
 Prepar'd the way for total overthrow. 435
 Then to the Persian power, whose pride they
 scorn'd,
 When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
 Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued;
 Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
 Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
 To turn their matchless mercenary arms. 441
 Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the great king;
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
 Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform. 445
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
 Inflaming all the land: unbalanc'd wide
 Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas:
 And by their list'd orators, whose breath 450
 Still with a factious storm infested Greece
 Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
 To sordid peace.—Peace! that, when Sparta shook
 Astonish'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore, 455
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring Athens rear again her walls;
 And the pale fury fir'd them, once again 460
 To crush this rival city to the dust.
 For now no more the noble social soul
 Of Liberty my families combin'd;
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes, 465
 They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war;
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia
 came. 469
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,
 The blush and boast of Fame, where courage, art,
 And military glory, shone supreme:
 But let detesting ages, from the scene
 Of Greece self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,
 She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust 476
 Her latest heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
 Agesilaus, and the Theban Friends:
 The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
 By the dire scent of Cheronæa lur'd, 480
 And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.
 Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
 Greece, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
 For every grace, and muse, and science born;
 With arts of war, of government, elate; 485
 To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
 Whom I myself could scarcely rule: and thus
 The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
 Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
 Unless corruption first deject the pride, 490
 And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
 All crude attempts of violence are vain;
 For, firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
 Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
 But soon as independence stoops the head, 495

To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds.
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole state unnerv'd in slavery sinks. 500

Notes to Part II.

- Ver. 57. Civil tyranny.
Ver. 63. The pyramids.
Ver. 65. The tyrants of Egypt.
Ver. 138. A mountain near Athens.
Ver. 142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.
Ver. 157. The Areopagus, or supreme court of judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of four hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.
Ver. 174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.
Ver. 180. The straits of Thermopylae.
Ver. 197. Xenophon.
Ver. 222. Socrates.
Ver. 272. Homer.
Ver. 323. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it where stood the house of the celebrated Protegenes; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture, called Jafylus, the master-piece of the painter.
Ver. 442. So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.
Ver. 453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the Lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.
Ver. 459. Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendor.
Ver. 470. The Peloponnesian war.
Ver. 478. Pelopidas and Epaminondas.
Ver. 480. The battle of Cheronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

PART III. ROME.

Contents.

As this part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the ancients. With these colonies the spirit of Liberty, and of republics, spreads over Italy, to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras, and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities, to ver. 71. Amidst the many small republics in Italy, Rome the destin'd seat of Liberty. Her establishment

there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins, How differing from that in Greece, to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman republic given in the first part of this poem: to mark its rise and fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty and virtue exerted, to ver. 103. The source whence derived the heroic virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire abroad, to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described, to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to Liberty by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of public generosity and beneficence, to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion, in the death of Brutus, to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors, to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the northern nations; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved; and then, with arts and sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages, to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the goddess sung.
Then I, impatient: "From extinguish'd Greece,
"To what new region stream'd the human day?"
She softly sighing, as when zephyr leaves 5
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resum'd: Indignant, these last scenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium stood arous'd. Ages before, 10
Great mother of republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around,
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair Hesperia's winding shore;
Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales, 15
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my Roman reign.
With them my spirit spread; and numerous states
And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
As its parental policy, and arts, 20
Each had imbib'd. Besides to each assign'd
A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,
Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by me:
And strong the battle rose, with various wave, 25
Against the tyrant demons of the land.
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almost all below the proud regard
Of story vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent 30
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not so the Samian sage; to him belongs
The brightest witness of recording fame.
For these free states his native isle forsook,
And a vain tyrant's transitory smile, 35
He sought Crotona's pure salubrious air, [taught;
And through great Greece his gentle wisdom
Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,

Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal,
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps 40
Of boundless ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the sacred band of love, 45
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing God,
The sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd 50
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life, 55
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd. 60
He ev'n, into his tender system, took
Whatever shares the brotherhood of life:
He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever shifting, runs th' eternal round; 65
Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
And not a circling form, but rising whole. 70
Amid these small republics one arose,
On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty Rome,
Fated for me. A nobler spirit warm'd
Her sons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd, 75
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras rise,
And the long honours of the consul-line.
Here, from the fairer, not the greater plan
Of Greece I vary'd; whose unmixing states,
By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd, 80
Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of arts,
And their best empire gain'd. But to diffuse
O'er men an empire was my purpose now:
To let my martial majesty abroad;
Into the vortex of one state to draw 85
The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.
Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this my amplest reign.
Now, while its first, last, periods you survey, 90
Mark how it labouring rose, and rapid fell.
When Rome in noon-tide empire grasp'd the
And, soon as her resistless legions shone, [world,
The nations stoop'd around; though then appear'd
Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power, 95
By many a jealous equal people press'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then:
Then for each Roman I an hero told;
And every passing fun, and Latian scene,
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds, 100
That or surpass the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.
For then, to prove my most exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection push'd,
To fondness or enthusiastic zeal, 105
The great, the reigning passion of the free.

That godlike passion; which, the bounds of self
Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd selves; 110
Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
From this kind son of moral nature flow'd
Virtues, that shine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time. 115
These virtues too, reflected to their source,
Increas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive still,
As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew. 120
Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintiff
The voice of pleading nature was not heard; [voice,
And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more:
Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil; 125
Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage;
High-minded hope, which at the lowest ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
Hence moderation a new conquest gain'd; 130
As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce. 135
Hence, Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god;
In whom corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold prefer'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field, 140
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state, 145
With wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, ev'n the proudest, stoop'd,
To common good: Camillus, thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius. All submissive hence, 150
Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd. [wings,
Though conquest o'er them clapp'd her eagle-
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
To the triumphal car; soon as expir'd 155
The latest hour of sway, taught to submit
(A harder lesson than to command)
Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
If Rome was serv'd, and glorious, careless they 159
By whom, their country's fame they deem'd their
And, above envy, in a rival's train, [own;
Sung the loud lōs-by themselves deserv'd.
Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
Hence fell the Fabii; hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf. 165
Hence Regulus the wavering fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counsel never given before;
For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage. On earth his manly look 170
Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
His little children climbing for a kiss; [friends,
Then dumb through rows of weeping wondering

A new illustrious exile ! press'd along. 175
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crowds
 Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
 From long litigious suits, he glad forsook
 The noisy town a while, and city cloud
 To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air. 180
 Need I these high particulars recount ?
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame ?
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate, [185
 When Rome and glory call'd. But, in one view,
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
 Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime :
 Aстреa reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdaining to descend 190
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
 While war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
 All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
 That often hang on freedom's jealous brow !
 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unbalanc'd state,
 Still between noble and plebeian tost,
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power, [199
 Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
 Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
 That from the first their constitution shook,
 (A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
 Stood on the threatening point of civil war
 Ready to rush : yet could the lenient voice 205
 Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
 Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
 Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay,
 And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
 Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd, 210
 Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
 The soothing touch ; still, in the love of Rome,
 The dread dictator found a sure resource. 215
 Was she assaulted ? was her glory stain'd ?
 One common quarrel wide inflam'd the whole.
 Foes in the forum in the field were friends.
 By social danger bound ; each fond for each,
 And for their dearest country all, to die. 220
 Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd :
 Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states
 Of proud Italia blended into one ;
 Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
 And touch'd the limits of the failing world. 225
 Let Fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
 See that which borders wild the western main,
 Where storms at large resound, and tides immense :
 From Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
 And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd 230
 Amid the restless clouds, and leaning heaven,
 Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
 Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn
 Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews :
 From the dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235
 To where the Tigris and Euphrates, join'd,
 Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain ;
 And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
 See that dividing far the watery north,
 Parent of floods ! from the majestic Rhine, 240
 Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,

In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars ;
 To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
 The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
 In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws. 245
 Last, that beneath the burning zone behold,
 See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
 Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
 Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
 A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh : 250
 And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
 To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
 His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
 In this vast space what various tongues, and states !
 What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods and
 seas ! 255
 What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed !
 O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
 The Roman bounty in a flood of day :
 As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp !
 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd. 260
 On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sat ;
 A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
 Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts
 Possess'd ; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
 Then thus a herald :—" To the states of Greece
 " The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore 270
 " Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :
 " Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
 The crowd astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
 Star'd dubious round ; some question'd, some ex-
 claim'd, 274
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
 Is lost in anxious joy) Be that again,
 Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim'd ;
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
 A while severe amazement held them mute, 280
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to hea-
 ven
 From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
 On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills : 285
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook ;
 And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
 The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
 What piercing bliss ! how keen a sense of fame,
 Did then, Flaminius, reach thy inmost soul ! 290
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
 Escape the fondness of transported Greece !
 Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
 They left the sports ; like Bacchanals they flew,
 Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295
 Nor strain'd a slave ; and loud acclaims till night
 Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.
 Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive
 hours ;
 And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
 Their raptures wak'd anew.—" Ye gods ! they
 cry'd, 300
 " Ye guardian gods of Greece ! And are we free ?
 " Was it not madness deem'd the very thought ?
 " And is it true ? How did we purchase chains ?

" At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
 " And are they now dissolv'd? And scarce one
 " drop. 305
 " For the fair first of blessings have we paid?
 " Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
 " When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
 " Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
 " To turn success, and conquest, rarer still: 310
 " That the great gods and Romans only know.
 " Lives there on earth, almost to Greece unknown,
 " A people so magnanimous, to quit
 " Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,
 " And by their blood and treasure, spent for us, 315
 " Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws!
 " There does! there does! oh, saviour Titus!
 " Rome!" [souls, 320
 Thus through the happy night they pour'd their
 And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.
 As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow, 320
 Sits piping to his flocks, and gamefome kids;
 Meantime the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
 Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
 To western worlds irrevocable roll'd, 326
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.
 Here interposing I.—" Oh, queen of men!
 " Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
 " Equal they live; though plac'd, for common
 " good, 330
 " Various, or in subjection, or command;
 " And that by common choice: alas! the scene,
 " With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 " Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
 Thus she pursued.—Near this great era, Rome 335
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
 That now her vitals gain'd: still more and more
 Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
 And war with chains and desolation charg'd.
 From an unequal balance of her sons 340
 These fierce contentions sprung; and, as increas'd
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd;
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
 And with this virtue every virtue sunk, 345
 As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
 A last attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
 To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
 On one side swell'd aristocratic pride;
 With usury, the villain! whose fell gripe 350
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
 And luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
 Mother of vice! while on the other crept
 A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd;
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds, 355
 As the proud feeder bade: inconstant, blind,
 Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
 Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
 Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand. 360
 This firm republic, that against the blast
 Of opposition rose; that (like an oak,
 Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whose boughs
 Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid ax)
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself, 365
 Ev'n force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose;

Her terror once on Afric's tawny shore, 369
 Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves;
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
 Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd east,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which luxury prepares, 373
 Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,
 And wealth acquiring powers: while stupid self,
 Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense 382
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;
 Security relax'd the softening state;
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 And public weal no more: but party rag'd; 385
 And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
 Let discord through the deathful city loose.
 First, mild Tiberius, on thy sacred head 390
 The fury's vengeance fell; the first whose blood
 Had since the consul's stain'd contending Rome.
 Of precedent pernicious! with thee bled
 Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
 Three thousand more; till, into battles turn'd 395
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
 The forum and comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
 When, half-asham'd, corruption's thievish arts,
 And ruffian force began to sap the monnds 400
 And majesty of laws; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.
 Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless pleasure and of boundless wealth, 405
 Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
 Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood revenge,
 Corruption all avow'd, and lawless force,
 Each heightening each, alternate shook the state,
 Meantime ambition, at the dazzling head 411
 Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
 And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
 Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
 The broad republic tore. By virtue built, 415
 It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
 An ample roof: by virtue too sustain'd,
 And balanc'd steady, every tempest sung
 Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
 But when, with sudden and enormous change, 420
 The first of mankind sunk into the last,
 As once in virtue, so in vice extreme,
 This universal fabric yielded loose,
 Before ambition still; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world. 425
 A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
 Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,
 In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
 No land to sack and pillage but their own.
 By brutal Marius, and keen Sylla, first 430
 Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
 (Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
 Till Rome, into an human shambles turn'd, 435
 Made deserts lovely.—Oh, to well-earn'd chains

Devoted race!—If no true Roman then,
 No Scævola there was, to raise for me
 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
 Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age? 440
 No son, a witness to his hoary fire
 In dust and gore defil'd? no friend forlorn?
 No wretch that doubtful trembled for himself?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd 445
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
 No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat;
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
 Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt. 450
 In vain from Sylla's vanity I drew
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,
 And all unhop'd the common-wealth restor'd,
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes:
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous
 hand 455
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unassail'd,
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.
 But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
 Ambition saw that stooping Rome could bear 460
 A master, nor had virtue to be free.
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
 Or of a Cataline, or Rullus, swell'd 465
 With fell designs; and all the watchful art
 Of Cicero demanded, all the force,
 All the state-wielding magic of his tongue;
 And all the thunder of my Cato's zeal.
 With these I linger'd; till the flame anew 470
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
 The shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind
 Should yield the neck: to Pompey, who conceal'd
 A rage impatient of an equal name;
 Or to the nobler Cæsar, on whose brow 475
 O'er daring vice deluding virtue smil'd,
 And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
 Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose,
The venal WILL be bought, the base have lords.
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves; 480
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
 The last of Romans, matchless Brutus! lay,
 Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.
 What though the first smooth Cæsar's arts ca-
 refs'd,
 Merit and virtue, simulating me? 485
 Severely tender! cruelly humane!
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.
 From the dark third, succeeding, I beheld
 Th' imperial monsters all.—A race on earth 490
 Vindictive, sent the scourge of human kind!
 Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace;
 And whose infernal rage bad every drop
 Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame, 495
 To that of Pætus, in the peaceful bath,
 Or Rome's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
 But almost just the meanly-patient death,
 That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
 Titus indeed gave one short evening gleam; 500

More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men!
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
 Trajan and he, with the mild fire and son, 505
 His son of virtue! eas'd awhile mankind;
 And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
 Then was their last effort: what sculpture rais'd
 To Trajan's glory, following triumphs stole; 509
 And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame)
 On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.
 Meantime o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep
 vales
 Of gelid Hemus, I pursued my flight;
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams. 515
 A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel deserts black with sounding pine;
 Where nature frowns: though sometimes into smiles
 She softens; and immediate, at the touch 520
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
 Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
 Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost, 525
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans—
 sleep,
 Yet there life glows; the furry millions there,
 Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows:
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,
 To various pain, to little pleasure us'd; 530
 On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds;
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce,
 The nursery of nations!—These I rous'd,
 Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
 Till from almost perpetual night they broke, 535
 As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
 Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
 Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by me.
 Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
 Of freedom lay, for many a wintery age; 540
 And though my spirit work'd by slow degrees,
 Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
 Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
 I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
 Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride 545
 Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne?
 So, arts and each good genius in my train,
 I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.
 In the bright regions there of purest day,
 Far other scenes, and palaces, arise, 550
 Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
 All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
 Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
 Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble, break
 The passing poor magnificence of kings. 555
 For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
 Calls every splendor forth, and there his court
 Amid ethereal powers, and virtues, holds:
 Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
 Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds. 560
 But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
 A light too keen for mortals: wraps a veil
 Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
 Must cheerful toil out their appointed years.
 A sense of higher life would only damp 565

The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.
Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind. 570

Notes on Part III.

- Ver. 7. The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.
Ver. 15. A promontory in Calabria.
Ver. 32. Pythagoras.
Ver. 34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.
Ver. 37. The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.
Ver. 38. His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.
Ver. 57. The four cardinal virtues.
Ver. 244. The ancient name of the Volga.
Ver. 245. The Caspian sea.
Ver. 264. The king of Macedonia.
Ver. 286. The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.
Ver. 369. Carthage.
Ver. 390. Tib. Gracchus.
Ver. 465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.
Ver. 489. Tiberius.
Ver. 496. Thrasea Pætus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus:—"After having inhumanly slaughtered so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thrasea, &c."
Ver. 505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.
Ver. 511. Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.
Ver. 515. The ancient Sarmatia contained a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe and Asia.

PART IV. BRITAIN.

Contents.

Difference betwixt the ancients and moderns slightly touched upon, to ver. 30. Description of the dark ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Science, to ver. 100. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these arts marked out. That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them, to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn.

The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who in her progress towards Great Britain raises several free states and cities. These enumerated, to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coasts rise in the vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the Deep appears, and, addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion, to ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works and delusions of opposing demons, to ver. 626. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her complete establishment at the Revolution.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd:
"Ah, Goddess, what a change! Is earth the same?
"Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
"And does the same fair sun and ether spread
"Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
"Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
"Of little pomp, magnificence no more
"Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:
"While to rapacious interest glory leaves
"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone." 10
To this the power, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an order'd world,
"Wait till the morning shines, and from the
"Of Gothic darkness springs another day. [depth
"True genius droops; the tender ancient taste 15
"Of beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
"But faintly trembles through the callous soul;
"And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
"Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.
"Ev'n cautious virtue seems to stoop her flight, 20
"And aged life to deem the generous deeds
"Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
"Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
"Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
"And all that calm experience can disclose, 25
"(Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
"Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
"And, where my spirit wakes the finer powers,
"Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."
Oblivious ages pass'd; while earth, forsook, 30
By her best genii, lay to demons foul,
And unchain'd furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; first small of size,
But soon dilating to the skies she towers:
Then, wide as air, the livid fury spread, 35
And high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds,
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the maddening trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom through the heart of man. 40
Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody power of Gothic war,
War against human kind: Rapine, that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train:
Unlistening, barbarous force, to whom the sword 45
Is reason, honour, law: the foe of arts
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold, [these
That claim'd their place. Outrageous mix'd with

Another species of tyrannic rule,
 Unknown before, whose cancrus shackles seiz'd 50
 Th' envenom'd soul; a wilder fury, she
 Ev'n o'er her elder sister tyranniz'd;
 Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
 Dire was her train, and loud; the fable band,
 Thundering,—Submit, ye laity! ye profane! 55
 "Earth is the Lord's, and therefore ours; let kings
 "Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
 "If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies:"
 Scholastic discord, with an hundred tongues.
 For science uttering jangling words obscure, 60
 Where frighted reason never yet could dwell:
 Of peremptory feature, cleric pride.
 Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
 And holy slander, his associate firm,
 On whom the *lying spirit* still descends: 65
 Mother of tortures! persecuting zeal,
 High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
 Or poniard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
 Hell's fiercest fiend! of faintly brow demure,
 Assuming a celestial seraph's name, 70
 While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
 Of pleasing Parent Heaven, the *source of love*!
 Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
 Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
 And wild of head to work her fell designs, 75
 Came idiot superstition; round with ears
 Innumeros strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
 With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
 To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
 And poison reason; gross, she swallows all, 80
 The most absurd believing ever most.
 Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
 The gloom still doubling, ignorance diffus'd.
 Nought to be seen, but visionary monks
 To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds; 85
 Banditti saints, disturbing distant lands;
 And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
 All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
 And arts of plunder more and more avow'd; 90
 Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce;
 To holy dotage virtue, ev'n to guile,
 To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
 Brave ancient freedom to the rage of slaves,
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
 Dishonour'd courage to the bravo's trade, 96
 To civil broil; and glory to romance.
 Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
 And giddy reason totter'd on her throne.
 At last Heaven's best inexplicable scheme, 100
 Disclosing, bade new brightening eras smile.
 The high command gone forth, Arts in my train,
 And azure-mantled science, swift we spread
 A sounding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
 With indignation, urg'd her downward flight. 105
 On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
 Ah, poor Italia! what a bitter cup
 Of vengeance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals,
 Huns,
 Lombards, barbarians broke from every land, 110
 How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
 What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
 Was all thy frighted ear could comprehend!
 How frequent by the red inhuman hand, [blood,
 Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's
 Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen

To violation dragg'd, and mingled death!
 What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
 Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains 120
 Of wretches forth to nature's common cast!
 Added to these, the still continued waste
 Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
 And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
 These hungry myriads that thy bowels tore,
 Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
 Wonders of art; whence this grey scene a mine
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems, 129
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
 Here sculpture, painting, architecture, bent
 From ancient models to restore their arts,
 Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
 Amid the hoary ruins sculpture first, 134
 Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
 Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
 Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
 And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
 As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
 In leaning site, respicing from his toils 140
 The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
 His ample chest, all tempest'd with force,
 Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
 Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
 Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck; 145
 The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
 The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
 Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
 The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
 His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
 Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece. 151
 Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
 The Gladiator. Pityless his look,
 And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns. 155
 The Dying Other from the gloom she drew.
 Supported on his shorten'd arm he leans,
 Prone agonizing; with incumbent fate,
 Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath 159
 The suffering feature fullen vengeance lowers,
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
 The quiver'd god. In graceful act he stands,
 His arm extended with the slacken'd bow. 165
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
 A manly soften'd form. The bloom of gods
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
 His features yet heroic ardour warms;
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile, 170
 Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
 On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
 Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
 The queen of love arose, as from the deep 179
 She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.
 Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
 Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
 Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
 Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love, 180
 The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
 As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
 So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
 That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
 At last her utmost master-piece she found, 185

That Maro fir'd; the miserable fire,
 Wrapt with his sons in fates severest grasp.
 The serpents, twisting round their stringent folds
 Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
 Such agonies, such bitterness of pain, 190
 Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,
 That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
 Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
 That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
 On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize: 195
 The father's double pangs, both for himself
 And sons convuls'd; to heaven his rueful look,
 Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
 His fell despair with indignation mixt.
 As the strong curling monsters from his side 200
 His full extended fury cannot tear.
 More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
 All the soft rage of younger passions show.
 In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
 While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries 205
 His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.
 She bore no more, but strait from Gothic rust
 Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
 Impetuous round. Successive as it went,
 From son to son, with more enlivening touch, 210
 From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
 Till, in a legislator's awful grace
 Dress'd, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
 And, looking love immense, a Saviour-God.
 Of these observant, painting felt the fire 215
 Burn inward. Then ecstatic she diffus'd
 The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
 The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse
 Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
 Poor was the manner of her eldest race, 220
 Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste,
 That had for ages scar'd in cloysters dim
 The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
 Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd
 lay
 The future wonders that enrich'd mankind, 225
 And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast,
 Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
 To each his portion of her various gifts
 The goddess dealt, to none indulging all;
 No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still 230
 Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt
 Th' eternal chase. In elegant design
 Improving nature; in ideas fair,
 Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
 In attitude, expression, airs divine; 235
 Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
 To those of Venice she the magic art
 Of colours melting into colours gave.
 Theirs too it was by one embracing mass 239
 Of light and shade that settles round the whole,
 Or varies tremulous from part to part,
 O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
 To raise the picture, and repose the sight.
 The Lombard school succeeding, mingled both,
 Meantime dread fanes, and palaces, around, 245
 Rear'd the magnific front. Music again
 Her universal language of the heart
 Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
 To the full concert spread, and solemn quire. 249
 Ev'n bigots smil'd; to their protection took
 Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd
 pomp:

For in a tyrant's garden these a while
 May bloom, though freedom be their parent soil.
 And now confess, with gently-growing gleam,
 The morning shone, and westward stream'd its
 light, 255
 The muse awoke. Not sooner on the wing
 Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice.
 Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the
 woods
 Romantic lays. But as her northern course
 She, with her tutor science, in my train, 260
 Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew:
 While reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd
 The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.
 Rome and her circling deserts cast behind,
 I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn. 265
 On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
 Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
 Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,
 I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they! 269
 Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts,
 Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
 Employed their little cares, and sav'd their fate.
 Beyond the rugged Apennines, that roll
 Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
 My path too I with public blessings strow'd; 275
 Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
 In spite of culture negligent and gross,
 From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
 And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.
 The barren rocks themselves beneath my foot
 Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore. 281
 Thick swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd
 Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
 Which nature left in her destroying rage,
 Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
 There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill, 286
 Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
 By me proud Genoa's marble turrets rose.
 And while my genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
 Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she 290
 Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,
 Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
 Nor be the then triumphant state forgot; [still,
 Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant
 Inspir'd by me, through the dark ages kept 295
 Of my old Roman flame some sparks alive:
 The seeming god-built city! which my hand
 Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
 Astonish'd mortals sail'd, with pleasing awe,
 Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd, 300
 And down the briny street; where on each hand,
 Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
 The splendid palace shines; and rising tides,
 The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
 To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulf, 305
 The mart of nations! long, obedient seas
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant East;
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd oppression lightens as diffus'd)
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose. 310
 The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains:
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease
 They likewise added, to secure their sway. 315
 Thus Venus fainter shines; and commerce thus,
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.

Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
A larger circle; found another seat,
Opening a thousand ports, and charm'd with
toil, 320

Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.
The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
Confess'd my power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
By nature thrown insuperable round,
I planted there a league of friendly states, 325
And bade plain freedom their ambition be.

There in the vale, where rural plenty fills, [horn,
From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
Chief, where the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise, 330

Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
Accorded gracious with revolving power,
Maintains them free; and in their happy streets,
Nor cruel deed nor misery is known,

For valour, faith, and innocence of life, 335
Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,
And press their culture on retiring snows;

But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
They likewise know, beyond the nerve reminds
Of mercenary force, how to defend 341
The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

Ev'n, cheer'd by me, their shaggy mountains
More than or Gallic, or Italian plains; [charm
And sickening fancy oft, when absent long, 346
Pines to behold their Alpine views again:

The hollow-winding stream: the vale, fair spread,
Amid an amphitheatre of hills; [springs:
Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest
From steep to steep ascending, the gay train 351
Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes:

The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
A gemmy shower: hung o'er amazing rocks, 355
The mountain ash, and solemn-sounding pine:

The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
Down to the clear ethereal lake below:
And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
The mountain fading into sky; where shines 360
On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd my course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death, 365
I gave some favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, cheerful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul. 369

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mix'd kingdom's, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air 374
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest, and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay. 380
Here with the shifted vision, burst my joy.

"O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
See Britain's empire! lo! the watery vast
Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain. 384

"And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn
My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes. [flows
"Goddeffs, forgive!—My heart, surpris'd o'er-
"With filial fondness for the land you bless." 390
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celestial brightness smil'd;
Then thus: As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge, 395
Stalk'd the tremendous genius of the deep.

Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand, 399
Or from it stream'd compressed the gloomy cloud.
Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice
(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Address'd, began—By fate commission'd, go,
"My sister-goddeffs now, to yon blest isle,
"Henceforth the partner of my rough domain,
"All my dread walks to Britons open lie. 410
"Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,
"Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse
"Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
"Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
"In billows rolling into Alps of ice. 415
"Ev'n yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
"The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,
"Their future conquest rolls resounding tides.
"Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
"Nor Alexander's me, nor Cæsars brav'd. 420
"Still, in the crook of shore, the coward fail
"Till now low-crept; and peddling commerce
ply'd
"Between near-joining lands. For Briton's, chief,
"It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,
"To dare the middle-deep, and drive assur'd 425
"To distant nations through the pathless main,
"Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
"Long months from land, while the black stormy
"Around them rages, on the groaning mast [night
"With unshook knee to know their giddy way;
"To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave; 431
"To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
"By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
"The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
"Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
"Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war, 436
"Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
"And bind the nations in a golden chain,
"To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light,
"A race of men behold! whose daring deeds 440
"Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
"O'er those of fabling earth, as her's to mine
"In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
"Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
"Would all my fury brave, my tempest climb, 445
"And might in spite of me my kingdom force."
Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power
Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd:
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auspicious, shook opponent Gallia's shore. 450
Of this encounter glad, my way to land

I quick pursued, that from the smiling sea
 Receiv'd me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
 And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd astonishment the labouring hind, 455
 Who for a while th' unfinish'd furrow left,
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.
 Unseen by grosser eye, Britannia breath'd,
 And her aerial train, these sounds of joy,
 Full of old time, since first the rushing flood, 460
 Urg'd by almighty power, this favour'd isle
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,
 Its guardian she—The goddess, whose staid eye
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn. 465
 Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light,
 Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
 Warm on her cheek sits beauty's brightest rose.
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
 With every motion. Full her rising chest; 470
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd sculpture taking might improve her art.
 Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
 High-shining on the promontory's brow, 475
 Awaiting me, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
 By my mixt spirit burning in her sons,
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The native Genii, round her, radiant smil'd.
 Courage of soft deportment, aspect calm, 480
 Unboasting, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
 But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
 No lion springs more eager to his prey:
 Blood is a pastime: and his heart, elate, 485
 Knows no depress — fear. That virtue known
 By the relenting look, whose equal heart
 For others feels, as for another self:
 Of various name, as various objects wake,
 Warm into action, the kind sense within: 490
 Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
 The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
 The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
 And the gray second infancy of age,
 She gives in public families to live, 495
 A sight to gladden heav'n! whether she stands
 Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
 And bids the stranger take repose and joy:
 Whether, to solace honest labour, she
 Rejoices those that make the land rejoice; 500
 Or whether to philosophy, and arts,
 (At once the basis and the finish'd pride
 Of government and life) she spreads her hand;
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all. 505
 Justice to these her awful presence join'd,
 The mother of the state! No low revenge,
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment:
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind. 510
 She punishment awards; yet of the good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself
 Pronounces his own doom. O, happy land! 515
 Where reigns alone this justice of the free!
 'Mid the bright groupe sincerity his front,
 Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
 The fount of truth. The thoughtful power apart,

Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard, 520
 Now touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.
 The genius he whence Britain shines supreme,
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
 He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd. 525
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
 Near him retirement, pointing to the shade;
 And independence stood: the generous pair,
 That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove, 530
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul
 To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,
 Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
 And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
 Or should the latter, to the public scene 535
 Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while;
 Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
 His zeal, still active for the commonweal;
 Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
 Foul minister's dark-working by the force 540
 Of secret-lapping gold. All their vile arts,
 Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
 He greatly scorns; and, if he must betray
 His plunder'd country, or his power resign,
 A moment's parley were eternal shame: 545
 Illustrious into private life again,
 From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
 Aloof the bashful virtue hover'd coy, 550
 Proving by sweet distrust distrust'd worth.
 Rough labour clos'd the train: and in his hand
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
 Came manly indignation. Sour he seems,
 And more than seems, by lawful pride assail'd: 555
 Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
 No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall:
 Ev'n in the very luxury of rage,
 He softening can forgive a gallant foe;
 The nerve, support, and glory of the land! 560
 Nor be religion, rational and free,
 Here pass'd in silence; whose enraptur'd eye
 Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
 Link'd to divine: who not from servile fear,
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit, 565
 The god of love adores, but from a heart
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe
 That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn, 570
 And then most grateful, when Heav'n's bounty
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power [most
 O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the virtues whence my reign
 O'er Albion was to rise. Each cheering each, 575
 And, like the circling planets from the sun,
 All borrowing beams from me, a heighten'd zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
 Pass'd not in mutual hails: but, through the land
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away. 581
 The virtues conquer with a single look.
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
 That the soul won, enamour'd, and refin'd, [585
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
 Hence the soul demons, that oppose our reign,

Would still from us deluded mortals wrap;
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
 Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix. 590
 Falseness and truth confounded, foil the sense
 With vain refracted images of bliss.
 But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
 They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
 Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade 595
 Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den [scene,
 Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things ob-
 That vex the swain, and waste the country round,
 Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
 Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray. 600
 As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
 The prowling race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
 Before our potent blaze these demons fly,
 And all their works dissolve.—The whisper'd tale,
 That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows. 605
 Fair-fac'd deceit, whose wily conscious eye
 Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
 But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
 Smooth crocodile destruction, whose fell tears
 Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly pride; 610
 One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
 On hapless worth the other souls disdain.
 Cheeks, that for some weak tenderness, alone,
 Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
 Profane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
 At starving virtue, and at virtue's fools. 616
 Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith:
 Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.
 Soft-buzzing slander; silky moths, that eat
 An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw, 620
 Of avaricious luxury; who makes
 The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
 And, by his service, who betrays his king. [night
 Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic
 To present grandeur how my Britain rose. 625
 Bold were those Britons, who, the careless sons
 Of nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
 Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
 And the gay circle of their wood-land wars:
 For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts 630
 The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
 And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
 An ill-fav'd life that must again return.
 Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
 And still more tyrant custom, unsubdued. 635
 Man knows no master save creating Heaven,
 Or such as choice and common good ordain.
 This general sense, with which the nations I
 Promiscuous fire, in Britons burn'd intense,
 Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome, 640
 Who saw't thy Cæsar, from the naked land,
 Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
 To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
 Beneath an empire's yoke, a stubborn isle, 645
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdued. [scorn'd
 The north remain'd untouch'd, where those who
 To stoop, retir'd; and to their keen effort
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock, 650
 From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
 The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,
 While sport his lambskins round, the shepherd's
 Continual o'er it burst the northern storm, [gaze,
 As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoar'd 655

A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endur'd control, when, to support
 The last remains of empire, was recall'd
 The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk. 660
 Great proof! how men enfeeble into slaves.
 The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
 Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around,
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,
 As when Caractacus to battle led 665
 Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught,
 Her raging troops the miseries of slaves. [hears
 Then (lad relief!) from the bleak coast, that
 The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
 And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came. 670
 He came implor'd, but came with other aim
 Than to protect. For conquest and defence
 Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race
 Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream;
 Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd. 675
 Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;
 And immature, and red with glorious wounds
 Unpeaceful death their choice; deriving thence
 A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls
 In Odin's hall; whose blazing roof resounds 680
 The genial uproar of those shades, who fall
 In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;
 And though more polish'd times the martial creed
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
 Nor were the surly gifts of war their all. 685
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
 The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
 And matchless orders, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my British reign. Untam'd
 To the refining subtleties of slaves, 690
 They brought an happy government along;
 Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
 Impartial nature teaches all her sons,
 And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
 I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state, 695
 But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious pow'r: only, too much
 Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
 Prevail'd their general-king, and chieftain-thanes.
 In many a field, by civil fury stain'd, 700
 Bled the discordant heptarchy; and long
 (Educing good from ill); the battle groan'd;
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
 Egbert and peace on one united throne.
 No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm 705
 Of brighter days, when, low! the north anew,
 With stormy nations black, on England pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
 The Danish raven, lur'd by annual prey,
 Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet 710
 Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
 Far seen, the demon of devouring flame;
 Rapine, and murder, all with blood besmear'd,
 Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart; 715
 While close behind them march'd the fallow power
 Of desolating famine who delights
 In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
 And purple-spotted pestilence, by whom
 Ev'n friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks
 Each social sense and tenderness of life. 721
 Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
 Spread from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,

To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd. 725
But superstition first, and monkish dreams,
And monk-directed cloyster-seeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
Of conquering freedom, which he once respir'd.
Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd 731
White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds she came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk, 735
Then set entire in Hastings bloody field.

Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
For which, through many a century, in vain, 740
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
These virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
Here the rich tide of English blood grew full. 745

Awhile my spirit slept; the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade, 750
Deep-sung, but fearful, indignation gnash'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
With Russian's quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound, 755
Dejected shrunk into their fordid beds,
And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
Muss'd sad, or dreamt of better. Ev'n to feed
A tyrant's idle sport, the peasants starv'd:
To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame, 760
The cheerful hamlet, spiry town, was giv'n,
And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, my gradual flame
Shook of the mountain of tyrannic sway, 765
Unus'd to bend, impatient of control,
Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
Or tempted, by the timorous and weak, 770
To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law,
The barons next a nobler league began,
Both those of English and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the free! press'd by a band 775
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the charter, by which life indeed 780
Becomes of price, a glory to be man. [affirm'd]

Through this and through succeeding reigns
These long contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow,
And often since have lent the country life. 785
Before their breath corruptions infect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel, fly;
Or, should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge, 789
And ventilated states renew their bloom. [mix'd]

Though with the temper'd monarchy here

Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full perfection knew. For me reserv'd,
And for my commons, was that glorious turn. 795
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose,
The fort of freedom! flow till then, alone,
Had work'd that general liberty, that soul, [left
Which generous nature breathes, and which when
By me to bondage was corrupted Rome, 800
I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.
Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
From the rude iron regions of the north,
To Libyan deserts swarm protruding swarm, 804
And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world.
Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engros'd
The mingled power. But on Britannia's shore
Now present, I to raise my reign began 810
By raising the democracy, the third
And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
Then was the full, the perfect plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mixt
Of mutual checking and supporting powers, 815
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of free
Deserving, while the vassal-many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast. 820
Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes; 825
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean, 830
To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth: 835
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home. 839

But when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
Through the charm'd whole one all exerting soul:
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd:
When counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept 845
Some ruling point in view: when on the stock
Of public good and glory grafted, spread
Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of restraint:
When regal state, pre-eminence of place, 850
They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
To be luxurious drones, that only rob
The busy hive: as in distinction, power,
Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil, 855
Superior rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
To guard the subject, and to quell the foe:
When such with me their vital influence shed,
No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh was heard;

No foul distrust through wary senates ran, 860
 Confin'd their bounty, and their ardour quench'd:
 On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given:
 Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
 And Cressly, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim 865
 What kings supported by almighty love,
 And people fir'd with liberty, can do.
 Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
 The numerous once Plantagenets devour'd,
 A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
 By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay 871
 My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
 A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
 As how to fix his throne he jealous cast 875
 His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
 Which on his timid mind I darted full.
 He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,
 At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
 And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd 880
 A law, that let them, by the silent waste
 Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
 And with that wealth their implicated power.
 By soft degrees a mighty change ensued, 884
 Ev'n working to this day. With streams, deduc'd
 From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
 As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
 To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
 While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,
 He foams along; but, through Batavian meads 890
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
 Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
 Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
 A rich, a wondrous landskip rises round.

His furious son the soul-enslaving chain, 895
 Which many a doating venerable age
 Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
 Shook off. No longer could be borne a power;
 From heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
 Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds, 900
 To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
 And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
 Of blood and horror. The returning light,
 That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly
 Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze, [gloom,
 Forth from the haunts of superstition crawl'd 906
 Her motly sons, fantastic figures all;
 And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
 In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
 A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide 911
 A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
 The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
 By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
 Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
 Where nature liv'd herself among her sons 916
 And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,
 Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
 The worst the zeal inflam'd barbarian drew.
 Be no such horrid commerce, Britain, thine! 920
 But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful
 Against the barons weigh'd. Eliza then, [grown,
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
 The beam to fix. She! like the secret eye 925
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 Se sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,

That self-supported, without one ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspir'd by me, beneath her sheltering arm, 930
 In spite of raging *universal sway*,
 And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
 With confidence, unbounded, fearless love 935
 Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
 Cheerful demanded the long-threaten'd fleet,
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
 Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage:
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call; 940
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
 The trembling foe ev'n to the centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
 Meantime, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts, 945
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
 And wild and vague prerogative remain'd,
 A wide voracious gulf, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce 950
 To the just limit was my great effort.

By means, that evil seem to narrow man,
 Superior beings work their mystic will;
 From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
 At last, effulgent, o'er Britannia smil'd. 955

The gathering tempest, heaven-commission'd,
 Came,
 Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery,
 His vain pacific counsels rul'd the world; [dreamt
 Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
 Of fruitless treaties; while at home enslav'd, 960
 And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
 He lost his people's confidence and love:
 Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd:
 Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
 Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled. 966
 But nothing that to these internal broils,
 That rancour, he began; while lawless sway
 He, with his slavish doctors, try'd to rear
 On metaphysic, on enchanted ground 970
 And all the mazy quibbles of the schools:
 As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
 Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
 Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
 The fierce, the foolish discord thence deriv'd 975
 That tears the country still, by party-rage
 And ministerial clamour kept alive.

In action weak, and for the wordy war
 Best fitted, faint this prince pursued his claim:
 Content to teach the subject-herd, how great, 980
 How sacred he! how despicable they!

But his unyielding son these doctrines drank,
 With all a bigot's rage (who never damps
 By reasoning his fire); and what they taught
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd. 985
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd:
 The more they struggled to support the laws,
 His justice-dreading ministers the more [check
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the
 Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd 990
 Of false-designing guilt, the fountain he
 Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,

'Th' illegal imposition follow'd harsh, 995
 With execration given, or ruthless squeeze'd
 From an insulted people, by a band
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train: informers, spies, 1000
 Blood-hounds, that sturdy freedom to the grove
 Pursue; projectors of aggrrieving schemes
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 To sell the starving many to the few, 1004
 And drain a thousand ways th' exhausted land.
 Ev'n from that healing place, whence peace should
 And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed [flow,
 Their poison round; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of justice, party held the scale,
 And violence the sword. Afflicted years, 1010
 Too patient, felt at last their vengeance full.
 Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
 And mingled rage, my Hambden rais'd his voice,
 And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
 In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear. 1015
 When instant from the keen resentive north,
 By long oppression by religion rous'd,
 The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
 Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame 1020
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
 In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
 Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
 While, full of me, each agitated soul
 Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye, 1025
 Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
 Such heads and hearts! such dreadful zeal, led on
 By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
 What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
 With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere 1030
 To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
 And for the future to secure their sway.

This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
 But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
 (Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,
 With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd) 1036
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
 In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
 High Heaven to gracious ends directs the storm.
 Thus to one conflagration Britain wrapt, 1041
 And by confusion's lawless sons despoil'd, [ground,
 King, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the
 Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phoenix-state.

The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke 1046
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king, [bend.
 Was purchas'd that which taught the young to
 Stronger restor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
 And built on that eternal rock their power. 1051
 The crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, on senates more dependent grew,
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root, 1055
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.
 This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
 The bigot, restless in a double chain 1060
 To bind anew the land; the constant need
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,

And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
 These tore some moments from the careless prince,
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan. 1065
 By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
 By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague;
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive. 1070

At last subsided the delirious joy,
 On whose high billow, from the faintly reign
 The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
 Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
 The port pernicious fold, the Scylla since, 1075
 And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
 Freedom attack'd abroad, with suter blow
 To cut it off at home; the saviour-league
 Of Europe broke; the progress ev'n advanc'd
 Of universal sway, which to reduce 1080
 Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces not their own, 1084
 Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
 All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
 And wak'd my spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half asham'd, the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile! 1090
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which,
 To practice, always honest nature shock. [reduc'd
 Not ev'n the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
 Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws;
 Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom through the land;
 For Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page;
 Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form;
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel and false, could raise the public arm. 1100
 Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
 The patient public turns not till impell'd
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The bigot king, and hurried fated on 1105
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous fear'd
 The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew. 1110
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high command
 To spring. Strait from his country Europe sav'd,
 To save Britannia, lo! my darling son, 1116
 Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
 Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath, 1120
 Waft the deliverer to the longing shore.
 See! wide alive, the foaming channel bright
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,
 Delightful view! when justice draws the sword:
 And, mark! diffusing ardent soul around, 1125
 And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag.
 Ev'n adverse navies bless'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
 His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host 1130

For once, in yielding, their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild prerogative, to raise 1136
A mound restraining its imperious rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dikes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd 1141
By more than human hand, the public saw, [yield
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince
Ev'n lent his aid—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings. 1146
What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon
glooms,

To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour, 1150
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.

What though no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule, [power,
They deem it! what though, tools of wanton
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call! 1156
What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs!

To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste. 1160

To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;
To raise hid merit, set th' alluring light

Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state, 1165

Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and through the downward
Of future times to spread that better sun [depth

Which lights up British soul! for deeds like these,
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies; 1170

While, (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.

Oh, luxury divine! O, poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!

By this, by this indeed, is imagin'd Heaven, 1175
By boundless good, without the power of ill.

And now behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many peopled earth,
And like it free, my fabric stands complete,

The palace of the laws. To the four heavens 1180
Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd

Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads 1184

The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
And glad contentment echoes round the whole,

Ye floods, descend! ye winds, confirming, blow!
Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,

Nought but the felon undermining hand
Of dark corruption, can its frame dissolve, 1190

And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

Notes on Part IV.

Ver. 49. Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

Ver. 52. Civil tyranny.

Ver. 86. Crusades.

Ver. 91. Corruption of the Church of Rome.

Ver. 94. Vassalage, whence the attachment of
clans to their chief.

Ver. 96. Duelling.

Ver. 123. The hierarchy.

Ver. 141. The Hercules of Farnese.

Ver. 153. The fighting gladiator.

Ver. 156. The dying gladiator.

Ver. 164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

Ver. 175. The Venus of Medici.

Ver. 185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two
sons, destroyed by two serpents.

Ver. 186. See *Æneid* ii. ver. 199—227.

Ver. 208. It is reported of Michael Angelo
Buonaroti, the most celebrated master of modern
sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspira-
tion, or enthusiastic fury, which produced the effect
here mentioned.

Ver. 213, 214. Esteemed the two finest pieces
of modern sculpture.

Ver. 244. The school of the Caracci.

Ver. 266. The river Arno runsthrough Florence.

Ver. 269. The republics of Florence, Pisa,
Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had
very cruel wars together, but are now all peace-
ably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except
it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a
republic.

Ver. 282. The Genoese territory is reckoned
very populous, but the towns and villages for the
most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and
mountains.

Ver. 284. According to Dr. Burnet's system
of the deluge.

Ver. 293. Venice was the most flourishing city
in Europe, with regard to trade, before the pas-
sage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope
and America were discovered.

Ver. 294. Those who fled to some marshes in
the Adriatic gulf, from the desolation spread over
Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded
there this famous city, about the beginning of the
fifth century.

Ver. 319. The main ocean.

Ibid. Great Britain.

Ver. 325. The Swiss Cantons.

Ver. 329. Geneva, situated on the Lacus Le-
manus, a small state, but noble example of the
blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Ver. 347. The Swiss, after having been long
absent from their native country, are seiz'd with
such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects
them with a kind of languishing indisposition,
called the Swiss sickness.

Ver. 366. The Hans Towns.

Ver. 372. The Swedes.

Ver. 377. See note on verse 678.

Ver. 624. Great Britain was peopled by the
Celtæ, or Gauls.

Ver. 630. The Druids, among the ancient
Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of
all religious matters.

Ver. 645. The Roman empire.

Ver. 647. Caledonia inhabited by the Scots
and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who
would not submit to the Romans, retired.

Ver. 652. The wall of Severus built upon

Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.

Ver. 654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.

Ver. 658. The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.

Ver. 662. The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition.---“We know not which way to turn us. The barbarians drive us to sea, and the sea forces us back to the barbarians; between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword.”

Ver. 665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.

Ver. 666. Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.

Ver. 678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprises, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir William Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

Ver. 701. The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief, or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general, or Wittenagemot.

Ver. 704. Egbert, king of Essex, who, after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

Ver. 709. A famous Danish standard was called *reafan*, or *raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the raven wrought upon this standard clapt its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

Ver. 733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of juries.

Ver. 736. The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain,

and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

Ver. 748. Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of the laws of Edward.

Ver. 755. The curfew bell (from the French *couvre-feu*) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

Ver. 762. The New Forest in Hampshire; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

Ver. 775. On the 5th of June, 1215, King John, met by the barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

Ver. 784. The league formed by the barons, during the reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the king.

Ver. 796. The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the Third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires; and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgesses. Till then, history makes no mention of them; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that era.

Ver. 840. Edward III. and Henry V.

Ver. 865. Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

Ver. 868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 873. Henry VII.

Ver. 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-maker.

Ver. 881. Permitting the barons to alienate their lands.

Ver. 895. Henry VIII.

Ibid. Of papal dominion.

Ver. 904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

Ver. 906. Suppression of monastries.

Ver. 912. The Spanish West-Indies.

Ver. 931. The dominion of the house of Austria.

Ver. 937. The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

Ver. 957. James I.

Ver. 966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chose king of Bohemia, but was stript of all his dominions and dignities by the Emperor Ferdinand, while James the First, his father-in-law,

being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

Ver. 970. The monstrous, and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

Ver. 975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

Ver. 982. Charles I.

Ver. 991. Parliaments.

Ver. 1003. Ship-money.

Ver. 1004. Monopolies.

Ver. 1008. The raging High Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

Ver. 1045. At the Restoration.

Ver. 1048. Charles II.

Ver. 1049. Court of Wards.

Ver. 1075. Dunkirk.

Ver. 1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

Ver. 1078. The triple alliance.

Ver. 1080. Under Lewis XIV.

Ver. 1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

Ver. 1095. The charters of corporations.

Ver. 1105. James II.

Ver. 1119. The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Ver. 1122. Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is not easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

Ver. 1126. The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England; and underneath the motto of the house of Naussau, Je Maintiendrai, I will maintain. RAPIN.

Ver. 1127. The English fleet.

Ver. 1130. The king's army.

Ver. 1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

Ver. 1144. William III.

commends, as its last ornament and finish, sciences, fine arts, and public works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concluded with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the Author, as it passes in vision before him.

HERE interposing, as the goddesses paused;—

" Oh, blest Britannia! in thy presence blest,
" Thon guardian of mankind! whence spring
" alone,

" All human grandeur, happiness, and fame:

" For toil, by thee protected, feels no pain;

" The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows:

" And, gilded with thy rays, ev'n death looks gay.

" Let other lands the potent blessing boast

" Of more exalting funs. Let Asia's woods,

" Untended, yield the vegetable fleece: 10

" And let the little insect-artist form,

" On higher life intent, its filken tomb.

" Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,

" The various-tinctur'd children of the sun.

" From the prone beam let more delicious fruits 15

" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste

" Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst

" With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice

" The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe

" Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil. 20

" Turbid with gold let southern rivers flow; [maze.

" And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their

" Let Africa vaunt her treasures; let Peru

" Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed

" The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,— 25

" Unequall'd bliss!—and to unequall'd rage!

" Yet nor the gorgeous east, nor golden south,

" Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,

" Where flames the falling day, in wealth and

" praise,

" Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddess, she 30

" Derives her praise from thee, her matchless

" charms.

" Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;

" And, warm with culture, her thick clustering

" fields

" Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns

" Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring. 35

" She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,

" Ardent, to rush into the rapid chase:

" She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours

" Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe,

" That wraps the nations: she, to lusty droves, 40

" The richest pasture spreads; and, hers, deep-

" wave

" Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.

" These her delights: and by no baneful herb,

" No darting tiger, no grim lion's glare,

" No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd 45

" In spires immense progressive o'er the land,

" Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full

" Of wealth, of trade, of cheerful toiling crowds;

" Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,

" Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale, 50

" Where bold unrivall'd peasants happy dwell:

" Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks

" Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below

PART V. THE PROSPECT.

Contents.

THE Author addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence; to ver. 58. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there; to ver. 374. Re-

" Wind through the mead ; and those of modern
 " hand,
 " More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar. 55
 " Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
 " Where swarm the finny race ? Thee, chief, O
 " Thames !
 " On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
 " Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind ? 59
 " And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell,
 " And waves, resounding, imitate the main ?
 " Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
 " That point around the world ? and why her seas ?
 " All ocean is her own, and every land
 " To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
 " She too the mineral feeds : th' obedient lead,
 " The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
 " Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond ;
 " And that the Tyrian merchant sought of old,
 " Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
 " She rears to freedom an undaunted race : 71
 " Compatriot, zealous, hospitable, kind,
 " Hers the warm Cambrian : hers the lofty Scot,
 " To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
 " Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame, 75
 " That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls :
 " And English merit hers ; where meet, combin'd,
 " Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
 " An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
 " And firm tenacious valour can bestow. 80
 " Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce,
 " She ! [taught,
 " Great nurse of men ! By thee, O Goddess,
 " Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons sing
 " A strain the muses never touch'd before." 85
 " But how shall this thy mighty kingdom stand ?
 " On what unyielding base ? how finish'd shine ?"
 " At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
 " Beam'd more than human ; and her awful voice,
 " Majestic thus she rais'd—" To Britons bear 90
 " This closing strain, and with intenser note
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear."
 " On virtue can alone my kingdom stand,
 " On public virtue, every virtue join'd.
 " For, lost this social cement of mankind, 95
 " The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
 " Will moulder soft away ; till, tottering loose,
 " They prone at last to total ruin rush.
 " Unblest by virtue, government a league
 " Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100
 " To rob by law ; religion mild a yoke
 " To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
 " To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
 " What are without it senates, save a face
 " Of consultation deep and reason free, 105
 " While the determin'd voice and heart are sold ?
 " What boasted freedom, save a sounding name ?
 " And what election, but a market vile
 " Of slaves self-barter'd ? Virtue ! without thee,
 " There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states ; 110
 " War has no vigour, and no safety peace :
 " Ev'n justice warps to party, laws oppress,
 " Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
 " First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the
 " sword.
 " Thus nations sink, society dissolves ; 115
 " Rapine and guile and violence break loose,

Everting life, and turning love to gaul ;
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
 And Libya's hissing sands to him are tame.
 By those three virtues be the frame sustain'd
 Of British freedom : Independent life ; 121
 Integrity in office ; and o'er all
 Supreme, a passion for the commonweal. [gift
 Hail ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best
 To that of life and an immortal soul ! 125
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source !
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form
 My better Nile, that nurses human life. 131
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
 The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That nature craves. Its happy master there, 135
 The only free-man, walks his pleasing round :
 Sweet-featur'd peace attending ; fearless truth ;
 Firm resolution ; goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice ; contentment, surest friend ;
 And, still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd,
 Philosophy, companion ever-new. 141
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Meantime true judging moderate desire,
 Oeconomy and taste, combin'd, direct 145
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self enjoyment springing from within ; 150
 That independence, active, or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train, 155
 Though rich, are beggars, and, though noble,
 slaves.
 Lo ! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence,
 They purchase disappointment, pain, and shame.
 Instead of hearty, hospitable cheer,
 See how the hall with brutal riot flows ; 160
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
 The country maddens into party-rage.
 Mark those disgraceful piles of wood and stone ;
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts be-
 trimm'd,
 And nature by presumptuous art oppress'd, 165
 The woodland genius mourns. See ! the full board
 That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy ;
 No truth invited there, to feed the mind ;
 Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
 Hark ! how the dome with insolence resounds, 170
 With those retain'd by vanity to scare
 Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion mark
 The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
 Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
 Led an eternal round of lying hope, 175
 See ! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
 Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck !
 Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
 With Midas' ears they crowd ; or to the buz
 Of masquerade unblushing ; or, to show 180
 Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene

They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
 But, chief, behold ! around the rattling board,
 The civil robbers rang'd ; and ev'n the fair,
 The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside, 185
 As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
 In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
 Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
 At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe : 190
 With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
 Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
 And for their falsehood each despising each ;
 Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
 Wide flies the wither'd shower, and leaves him bare.
 O, far superior Afric's sable sons, 196
 By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves !
 And, rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
 Is he who can his virtue boast alone !
 Britons ! be firm !—nor let corruption fly 200
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome ; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold 205
 Your independence ; for, that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, freedom is a morning dream,
 That flits aerial from the spreading eye.
 Forbid it Heaven ! that ever I need urge
 Integrity in office on my sons ! 210
 Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
 And whom ?—The gracious, the confiding hand,
 That lavishly rewards ; the toiling poor,
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt ;
 The guardian public : every face they see, 215
 And every friend ; nay, in effect, themselves.
 As in familiar life, the villain's fate
 Admits no cure ; so, when a desperate age
 At this arrives, I the devoted race
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away. 220
 But, ah, too little known to modern times !
 Be not the noblest passion past unsung ;
 That ray peculiar from unbounded love
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul ;
 Devotion to the public. Glorious flame ! 225
 Celestial ardour ! in what unknown worlds,
 Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
 Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
 From thee their lustre drew ? since, taught by
 thee, 230
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,
 Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight ?
 O, wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
 With blaze direct, on this my last retreat ?
 'Tis not enough, from self right understood 235
 Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart :
 Though virtue not disdains appeals to self,
 Dreads not the trial ; all her joys are true,
 Nor is there any real joy save hers.
 Far less the tepid, the declaiming race, 240
 Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
 Or those whom private passions, for a while,
 Beneath my standard list, can they suffice
 To raise and fix the glory of my reign ?
 An active flood of universal love 245
 Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
 The restless spirit roves creation round,

And seizes every being : stronger then
 It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
 Of bliss allys : then, more collected still, 250
 It urges human-kind : a passion grown,
 At last, the central parent-public calls
 Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
 The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
 This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers 255
 Than those of self, this heaven-infus'd delight,
 This mortal gravitation, rushing prone
 To press the public good, my system soon,
 Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
 Will reel to ruin : while for ever shut 260
 Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.
 From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
 None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
 To just ambition, virtue's quickening fire ! 265
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
 A dull gazette ! Th' impatient reader scorns
 The poor historic page ; till kindly comes
 Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame. 270
 Not so the times, when, emulation-stung,
 Greece shone in genius, science, and in arts,
 And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told !
 To live was glory then ! and charm'd mankind
 Through the deep periods of devolving time, 275
 Those, raptur'd, copy ; these, astonish'd, read.
 True, a corrupted state, with every vice
 And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye ?
 The pale inveigling smile ? the ruffian front ? 280
 The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
 Equally vile if miser or profuse ?
 Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt ?
 The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
 The poor and weak at distance from redress ? 285
 Delirious faction bellowing loud my name ?
 The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast ?
 A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
 My sacred rights a merchandise alone
 Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will 290
 By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
 As were the dregs of Romulus of old ?
 Who these indeed can undetesting see !—
 But who unpitying ? To the generous eye
 Distress is virtue ; and, though self-betray'd, 295
 A people struggling with their fate must rouse
 The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once
 Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then !
 Fit luxury for gods ! to save the good,
 Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside, 300
 Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
 Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
 And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.
 Should then the times arrive (which heaven
 avert !)
 That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force 305
 Of arms, more generous, and more manly quell'd,
 But by corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
 Arts impudent and gross ! by their own gold,
 In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
 With party raging, or immers'd in sloth, 310
 Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
 To sily-conquering Gaul ; ev'n from her brow
 Let her own naval oak be basely torn,

By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
 And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd. 315
 Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
 Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
 Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
 That sits serene within the forest-shade;
 The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants, 320
 And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
 That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
 To sell their birthright for a cooling draught.
 Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead;
 The hir'd assassins of the commonweal! 325
 Deem'd the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
 Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
 Till private, failing, staggers through the land:
 Till round the city loose mechanic want,
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the cheerful haunts
 Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds, 331
 Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
 And murders, horrors, perjuries abound:
 Nay, till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold;
 And those, on whom the vernal showers of heaven
 All bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
 A power to live to nature and themselves,
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
 With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean.
 Meantime, perhaps, profusion flows around, 341
 The waste of war, without the works of peace;
 No mark of millions in the gulf absorpt
 Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
 Of rous'd corruption still demanding more. 345
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill
 Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
 Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
 A locust-band within, and in the bud 350
 Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
 If any nobler passion yet remain,
 Let all my sons all parties sling aside,
 Despise their nonsense, and together join; 355
 Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,
 Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
 Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to
 Moral, or intellectual, more intense [light,
 By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve, 360
 Gradual, the stars effulge; fainter, at first,
 They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
 In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
 Each casting vivid influence on each,
 From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
 And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to Britons this superfluous strain?—
 Good-nature, honest truth ev'n somewhat blunt,
 Of crooked baseness and indignant scorn,
 A zeal unyielding in their country's cause, 370
 And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them—
 Nor only want—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
 In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,
 To laurell'd science, arts, and public works, 375
 That lend my finish'd fabric comely pride,
 Grandeur, and grace. Of sullen genius he!
 Curs'd by the muses! by the graces loath'd!
 Who deems beneath the public's high regard
 These last enlivening touches of my reign. 380

However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with
 A nation be; let trade enormous rise, [wealth,
 Let east and south their mingled treasure pour,
 Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
 Burst o'er the city, and devour the land: 385
 Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
 Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious sunk,
 That nation must another Carthage lie.
 If not by them, on monumental brass,
 On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390
 Imprest, renown had left no trace behind:
 In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
 The legislator plann'd, the hero found
 A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
 Th' awarders they of fame's immortal wreath, 395
 They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
 Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.

Science, my close associate, still attends 400
 Where'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,
 She walks the furrow with the consul swain,
 Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
 Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
 Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits, 405
 And a whole sapient city, round her burns.
 Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod:
 With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
 She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
 Unequall'd glory: with the Theban sage, 410
 Epaminondas, first and best of men!

Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
 Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
 March to sure conquest—never gain'd before!
 Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
 Unskillful she: when the triumphant tide
 Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
 And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
 Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
 And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease, 420
 Where, but th' Aonian maids, no syrens sing;
 Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
 While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
 With Tully she her wide-reviving light
 To senates holds, a Cataline confounds, 425
 And saves a while from Cæsar, sinking Rome.

Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
 Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
 For me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
 The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
 How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves,
 To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
 The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
 That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
 To them the treasures of a balanc'd world. 435
 But finer arts (save what the muse has sung
 In daring flight, above all modern wing)
 Neglected droop the head; and public works,
 Broke by corruption into private gain,
 Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy. 440

Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd
 Beneath one royal head, whose vital power
 Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
 In finer arts, and public works, shall they
 To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends, 445
 Depress'd, and broke, beneath the will of one?
 Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,

Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land: 449
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill: [wealth,
 To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,
 Or into dungeons arts, when they, their chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
 All other licence scorn but truth's and mine. 455
 Oh, shame to think! shall Britons, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
 Ev'n in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flatter'd pride, 459
 To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming
 His armies dar'd all Europe to the field; [round,
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure, subject's blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
 From Britain, chief, while my superior sons, 465
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
 And bade his agonizing heart be low:
 Ev'n then, as in the golden calm of peace!
 What public works at home, what arts arose!
 What various science shone! what genius glow'd!
 'Tis not for me to paint, diffusive shot 471
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;
 The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,
 Through mountains piercing, and uniting seas;
 The dome resounding sweet with infant joy, 475
 From famine sav'd, or cruel-handed shame,
 And that where valour counts his noble scars;
 The land were social pleasure loves to dwell,
 Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel freed;
 The robber from his farthest forest chas'd; 480
 The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
 Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
 Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd arts,
 And science, by despotic bounty bless'd, 485
 At distance flourish'd from my parent-eye,
 Restoring ancient taste, how Boileau rose.
 How the big Roman soul shook, in Corneille,
 The trembling stage. In elegant Racine; 489
 How the more powerful, tho' more humble voice
 Of nature-painting Greece, resistless breath'd
 The whole-awaken'd heart. How Moliere's scene,
 Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
 Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
 Was life itself. To public honours rais'd, 495
 How learning in warm seminaries spread;
 And, more for glory than the small reward,
 How emulation strove. How their pure tongue
 Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
 From Rome, awhile, how painting, courted long,
 With Poussin came; ancient design, that lifts 501
 A fairer front, and looks another soul.
 How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
 The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives,
 Refin'd her touch, and, thro' the shadow'd piece,
 All the live spirit of the painter pour'd. 506
 Coyest of arts, how sculpture norward deign'd
 A look, and bade her Girardon arise.
 How lavish'd grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell, 510
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.
 How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,

Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
 In joyous figures o'er the silky lawn, 516
 The palace cheer'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
 And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
 These laurels, Louis, by the droppings rais'd
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade, 520
 And, green thro' future times, shall bind thy brow;
 While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide 525
 Of war-sunk millions fed? Superior still,
 How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
 In Britain planted, by the potent juice
 Of freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of arts,
 A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives, 530
 Weak without me, a transitory gleam.
 Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
 Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow;
 Till arts, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
 Their tender blossom: then malignant rise 535
 The blights of envy, of those insect-clouds,
 That, blasting merit, often cover courts:
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind Mæcenæ aid
 The doubtful beamings of his prince's soul,
 His wavering ardour fix, and unconfin'd 540
 Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
 Yet death, at last, and wintery tyrants come,
 Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
 But when with me imperial bounty joins,
 Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring: 545
 While mingled autumn every harvest pours
 Of every land; whate'er invention, art,
 Creating toil and nature can produce.
 Here ceas'd the goddess; and her ardent wings,
 Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow, 550
 Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
 Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.
 "Oh, forming light of life! O, better sun!
 "Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,
 "Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies, 555
 "That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile,
 "When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?
 "And when Thy work complete?" Straight with
 her hand,
 Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes.
 As at the touch of day the shades dissolve, 560
 So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
 That dims the dawn of being here below:
 The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
 Bright rising æras instant rush'd to light. [hold!
 "They come! great goddess! I the times be-
 "The times our fathers, in the bloody field, 566
 "Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,
 "In the warm struggles of the senate fight.
 "The times I see! whose glory to supply,
 "For toiling ages, commerce round the world
 "Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each
 land [Rome
 "Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with
 "Might vie our grandeur, and with Greece our
 "Lo! Princes I behold! contriving still, [art.
 "And still conducting firm some brave design;
 "Kings! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
 "Burst the blockade of false designing men, 577
 "Of treacherous smiles, of adulation sell,
 "And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:

" Their court rejoicing millions; worth alone,
 " And virtue dear to them; their best delight,
 " In just proportion, to give general joy;
 " Their jealous care thy kingdom to maintain;
 " The public glory theirs; unsparing love 584
 " Their endless treasure; and their deeds their
 praise, [force.
 " With thee they work. Nought can resist your
 " Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats;
 " Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art;
 " His bashful bounds disclosing merit breaks;
 " And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows 590
 " Expansive o'er the land. Another race
 " Of generous youth, of patriot fires, I see!
 " Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
 " Of court, and ball and play; those venal souls,
 " Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands, 595
 " That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
 " I see the fountain's purg'd? whence life de-
 rives
 " A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
 " Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
 " Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud. 600
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
 " Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
 " And pouring on the heart the passions feel
 " At once informing light and moving flame;
 " Till moral, public, graceful action crowns 605
 " The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
 " In all that mind our body can adorn,
 " And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
 " Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
 " And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits, 610
 " Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
 " Lo! justice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
 " Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,
 " Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
 " That prowl amid the darkness they them-
 selves 615
 " Have thrown around the laws. Oppression
 grieves,
 " See! how her legal furies bite the lip, [tect,
 " While Yorks and Talbots their deep snares de-
 " And seize swift justice through the clouds they
 raise.
 " See! social labour lifts his guarded head, 620
 " And men not yield to government in vain.
 " From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
 " And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste;
 " Lo! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their mad-
 dening bowl,
 " A nation's poison! beauteous order reigns! 625
 " Manly submission, unimposing toil,
 " Trade without guile, civility that marks
 " From the foul herd of brutal slaves thy sons,
 " And fearless peace: Or should affronting war
 " To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just, 630
 " Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
 " That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
 " Their own blest isle against a leaguering world.
 " Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
 " Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway: 635
 " The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain;
 " And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.
 " Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing sons,
 " Gay colonies extend; the calm retreat
 " Of undeserv'd distress, the better home 640

" Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.
 " Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,
 " And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;
 " But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise;
 " Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd, 645
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd Savannah
 fees.
 " Horrid with want and misery, no more
 " Our streets the tender passenger afflict.
 " Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,
 " Or home, or bed to bear his burning load, 650
 " Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd
 " Its guiltless pangs, I see! The stores, profuse,
 " Which British bounty has to these assign'd,
 " No more the sacrilegious riot swell
 " Of cannibal devourers! Right apply'd, 655
 " No starving wretch the land of freedom stains:
 " If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
 " If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;
 " And will, if young, repay the fondest care.
 " Sweet sets the sun of stormy life, and sweet 660
 " The morning shines, in mercy's dews array'd.
 " Lo! how they rise! these families of Heaven!
 " That! chief, (but why—ye bigots!—why so
 late?)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
 " What smiles of praise! and, while their song
 ascends, 665
 " The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
 " Hark! the gay muses raise a nobler strain,
 " With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,
 " Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 " Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd. 670
 " Behold! I see the dread delightful school
 " Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
 " Restor'd: behold! the well-dissembled scene
 " Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 " Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again. 675
 " Lo! vanish'd monster-land: Lo! driven away
 " Those that Apollo's sacred walls profane:
 " Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 " Unknown to nature, chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours; 680
 " Detested forms! that, on the mind impress,
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarise an age.
 " Behold! all thine again the sister-arts,
 " Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
 " Nurs'd by the treasure from a nation drain'd 685
 " Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
 " Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought;
 " Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
 " The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.
 " Lo! numerous domes a Burlington confess: 690
 " For kings and senates fit, the palace see!
 " The temple breathing a religious awe;
 " Ev'n fram'd with elegance the plain retreat,
 " The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 " Taste, never idly working, saves expence. 695
 " See! Sylvan scenes, where art, alone, pretends
 " To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms:
 " Such as a Pope in miniature has shown;
 " A Bathurst o'er the widening forest spreads;
 " And such as form a Richmond, Chiswick,
 Stowe. 700
 " August, around, what public works I see!
 " Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the
 breeze,

" In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
 " Ingulfing more than founded Roman ways,
 " Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land, 705
 " Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
 " Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
 " See! long canals, and deepen'd rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling
 " main 710
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering
 " arms.
 " Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
 " On every pointed coast the light-house towers;
 " And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd, 715
 " Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."
 As thick to view these varied wonders rose,
 Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd,
 The vision broke; and, on my waking eye,
 Rush'd the still ruins of dejected Rome. 720

Notes on Part V.

Ver. 79. Tin.

Ver. 285. Lord Moleworth in his account of Denmark says,—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood

to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; while the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

Ver. 409. The famous retreat of the ten thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

Ver. 414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. Plutarch in Agesilaus.

Ver. 458. Lewis XIV.

Ver. 473. The canal of Languedoc.

Ver. 475, & 477. The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

Ver. 496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

Ver. 503. Engraving.

Ver. 518. The tapestry of the Gobélins.

Ver. 663. An hospital for foundlings.

Ver. 680. A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

Ver. 699. Okely woods, near Cirencester.

ELEGIES, SONGS, &c.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of Buchan.

YE fabled muses, I your aid disclaim,
 Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame:
 True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,
 Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;
 The soul springs instant at the warm design,
 And the heart dictates every flowing line.
 See! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,
 And death has shut her ever-weeping eyes;
 Has lodg'd at last peace in her weary breast,
 And lull'd her many piercing cares to rest.
 No more the orphan train around her stands,
 While her full heart upbraids her needy hands!
 No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,
 The shock severe that modest want conceals,
 Th' oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,
 And poverty's unnumber'd ills beside.
 For see! attended by th' angelic throng,
 Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,
 And claims the well earn'd raptures of the sky.—
 Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
 She seeks the helpless orphans left behind;
 So hardly left! so bitterly resign'd!
 Still, still! is she my soul's divinest theme,
 The waking vision, and the wailing dream:
 Amid the ruddy sun's enliv'ning blaze
 O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,
 And in the dread dominion of the night
 Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.
 Triumphant virtue all around her darts,
 And more than volumes ev'ry look imparts—

Looks, soft, yet awful, melting, yet serene,
 Where both the mother and the saint are seen.
 But ah! that night—that torturing night remains;
 May darkness dye it with its deepest stains,
 May joy on it forsake her rosy bow'rs,
 And screaming sorrow blast its baleful hours,
 When on the margin of the briny flood *
 Chill'd with a sad presaging damp I stood,
 Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,
 And mix'd our murmurs with the wavy roar,
 Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,
 Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,
 Which soon, too soon convey'd me from her sight,
 Dearer than life, and liberty and light!
 Why was I then, ye powers, reserv'd for this?
 Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss?
 Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
 And whelm'd for ever in a watery grave?—
 Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe!—
 I see her with immortal beauty glow,
 The early wrinkle care-contracted gone,
 Her tears all wip'd, and all her sorrows flown;
 Th' exalting voice of Heav'n I hear her breathe,
 To soothe her soul in agonies of death.
 I see her through the mansions blest above,
 And now she meets her dear expecting love.
 Heart-cheering sight! but yet, alas! o'erspread
 By the damp gloom of grief's uncheerful shade,
 Come then of reason the reflecting hour,
 And let me trust the kind o'er-ruling power,

* On the shore of Leith, when he embarked for London.

Who from the right commands the shining day,
The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN
THE PAINTER *.

*From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of
Buchan.*

OH could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,
Just, as the living form's by thee design'd,
Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,
Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.
A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,
From fervant truth where every virtue sprung;
Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere;
Worth above show, and goodness unsevere:
View'd round and round, as lucid diamonds throw
Still as you turn them a revolving glow:
So did his mind reflect with secret ray,
In various virtues, heav'n's internal day,
Whether in high discourse it soar'd sublime,
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of time,
Or wand'ring nature through with raptur'd eye,
Ador'd the band that turn'd yon azure sky:
Whether to social life he bent his thought,
And the right poise of mingling passions sought,
Gay converse bless'd; or in the thoughtful grove
Bid the heart open every source of love.
New varying lights still set before your eyes
The just, the good, the social, or the wise.
For such a death who can, who would, refuse
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse?
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to Heaven,
Though snatch'd so soon, that Aikman e'er was
given.

*A friend, when dead, is but remov'd from sight,
Hid in the lustre of eternal light:
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps
Lets in a wand'ring ray, and all elate
Wings and attracts her to another state †;
And when the parting storms of life are o'er,
May yet rejoin him on a happier shore.
As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life at last—but breathing clay,
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
And dying, all he can resign is breath.*

S O N G.

WRITTEN IN HIS EARLY YEARS, AND AFTER-
WARDS SHAPED FOR HIS AMANDA.

*From a MS. in the collection of the Earl of
Buchan.*

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;

* Mr. Aikman died at London, on the 7th of June, O. S. 1731, from whence his remains were sent to Scotland, and interred in the Gray-Friars church-yard, close by those of his only son, who had been buried only a few months before.

† This and the three preceding lines, are not in the MS. of Mrs. Forbes Aikman.

And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?
But busy busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude *;
For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
To make us nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetter on!

TO DR. DELACOUR, IN IRELAND.

On his prospect of poetry.

HAIL gently-warbling Delacour, whose fame,
Spurning Hibernia's solitary coast,
Where small rewards attend the tuneful throng,
Pervades Britannia's well-discerning isle:
In spite of all the gloomy-minded tribe
That would eclipse thy fame, still shall the muse,
High soaring o'er the tall Parnassian mount
With spreading pinions—sing thy wondrous praise,
In strains attun'd to the seraphic lyre.
Sing unappall'd, though mighty be the theme!
O! could she in thy own harmonious strain,
Where softest numbers smoothly flowing glide
In trickling cadence; where the milky maze
Devolves in silence; by the harsher sound
Of hoarser periods still unruffled, could
Her lines but like thine own Euphrates flow—
Then might she sing in numbers worthy thee.
But what can language do, when fancy finds
Herself unequal to the lovely task?
Can feeble words thy vivid colours paint,
Or show the sweets which inexhaustive flow?
Hearken ye woods, and long-resounding groves;
Listen ye streams, soft purling thro' the meads,
And hymning horrid, all ye tempests roar.
Awake, ye woodlands! sing, ye warbling larks,
In wildly luscious notes! But most of all,
Attend, ye grateful fair, attend the youth
Who sweetly sings of nature and of you:
From you alone his conscious breast expects
Its soft rewards, by sordid love of gain
Unbias'd, undebas'd; to meaner minds
Belong such narrow views; his nobler soul,
Transported with a gen'rous thirst of fame,
Sublimely rises with expanded wings,
And through the lucid empyrean soars.
So the young eagle wings its rapid way [aloft,
Through heaven's broad azure; sometimes springs
Now drops, now cleaves with even-waving wings
The yielding air, nor seas nor mountains stop
Its flight impetuous, gazing at the sun
With irretorted eye, whilst he pervades

* For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care:
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine!

The original of this also, as prepared for his mistress, is in Lord Buchan's possession.

A trackless void, and unexplor'd before.
 Long had the curious traveller strove to find
 The ruins of aspiring Babylon—
 In vain—for nought the nicest eye could trace
 Save one wide, wat'ry, undistinguish'd waste :
 But you with more than magic art have rais'd
 Semiramis's city from its grave;
 You have revers'd the scripture curse, which said,
 Dragons shall here inhabit; in your page
 We view the rising spires; the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders through the verdant maze;
 In middle air the pendant gardens hang,
 Tremendous ceiling!—whilst no solar beam
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom beneath; the
 Project above a steep-alluring shade; [woods
 The finish'd garden opens to the view
 Wide-stretching vistas, while the whispering wind
 Dimples along the breezy-ruffled lake.

Now every tree irregular, and busts
 Are prodigal of harmony: the birds
 Frequent th' aerial wood, and nature blushes,
 Asham'd to find herself outdone by art:
 These and a thousand beauties could I sing,
 Collecting like the ever-toiling bee
 From yonder mingled wilderness of flow'rs
 The aromatic sweets; while you, great youth!
 O'er thy decaying country chief preside;
 Be thou her genius call'd, inspire her youth
 With noble emulation to arrive
 At Helicon's fair font, which few, alas!
 Save you, have tasted of Hibernian youth.
 Thy country, tho' corrupted, brought thee forth,
 And deem'd her greatest ornament; and now
 Regards thee as her brightest northern star.
 Long may you reign as such; and should grim
 time,

With iron teeth, deprive us of our Pope,
 Then we'll transplant thy blooming laurels fresh
 From your bleak shore to Albion's happier coast.

S O N G.

O THOU, whose tender serious eyes
 Expressive speak the mind I love;
 The gentle azure of the skies,
 The pensive shadows of the grove:

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
 And let us interchange our hearts;
 Let all their sweetness on me shine,
 Pour'd through my soul be all their darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
 At once so soft, so keen, a ray:
 In pity, then, my lovely fair,
 O turn these killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal
 One charm, where nought but charms we see?
 Their lustre then again reveal,
 And let me, Myra, die of thee.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO MISS YOUNG.

AN urge too late! from beauty's bondage free,
 Why did I trust my liberty with thee?
 And thou, why didst thou, with inhuman art,
 If not resolv'd to take, seduce my heart?
 Yes, yes, you said (for lovers eyes speak true);
 You must have seen how fast my passion grew:

And when your glances chanc'd on me to shine,
 How my fond soul ecstatic sprung to thine!

But mark me, fair-one, what I now declare
 Thy deep attention claims, and serious care:
 It is no common passion fires my breast,
 I must be wretched, or I must be blest!
 My woes all other remedy deny;
 Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die!

A P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole.

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this earth,
 To mingle with his stars; and every muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name?
 But what can man? Ev'n now the sons of light,
 In strains high warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
 Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
 Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire,
 In nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you show your guest!
 Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
 Clouded in dust, from motions simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
 Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns,
 And planets, to their spheres! th' unequal task
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
 The pride of schools, because their course was
 Full in its causes and effects to him, [known
 All piercing sage! Who sat not down and dream'd
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din
 Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
 And with heroic patience years on years
 Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how
 strong!

And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
 In some small fray victorious! when instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself
 Stood all subdued by him, and open laid
 Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar round
 First gazing through, he by the blendid power
 Of gravitation and projection saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.
 From unassisted vision hid, the moons
 To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
 He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
 Her every motion clear-discerning, he
 Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,

And the full river turning : till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite ; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss ;
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system : all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O, unprofuse magnificence divine !
O, wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe complete ! And, O belov'd
Of Heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way ;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own ; from the wild
Of whirling *vortices*, and circling *spheres*, [rule
To their first great simplicity restor'd.

The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.

Th' aerial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Ev'n light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day ;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny orange next ;
And next delicious yellow ; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watery bow ;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain ; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-blushing, ever-new !

Did ever poet image aught so fair, [brook !
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse

Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends !
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous, the *refractive law*.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours ? who
His high discoveries sing ? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme ?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge ! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd universality of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous man ! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good ;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth ;
Fervant in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection : far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing through their tubes awhile,
And then for ever lost in vacant air ?

But, hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,

Sound through the world—'Tis done—The mea-
sure's full ;

And I resign my charge.—Ye mouldering stones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worship name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders through those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O, Britain's boast whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,

Who joy to see the honour of their kind ;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From light *himself*; oh, look with pity down
 On human-kind, a frail erroneous race !
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world !
 O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
 And be her Genius call'd ! her studies raise,
 Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.
 For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee
 forth,

And glories in thy name : she points thee out
 To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star :
 While, in expectance of the second life,
 When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
 Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A P O E M,

*To the memory of the Right Hon. Lord Talbot,
 Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Addressed
 to his son.*

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
 A friend and father lost; permit the muse,
 The muse assign'd of old a double theme,
 To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
 Whose generous task begins where interest ends,
 Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
 This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,
 Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
 Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
 Unhappy that she may—But where begin?
 How from the diamond single out each ray,
 Where all, though trembling with ten thousand
 Effuse one dazzling undivided light? [hues,

Let the low-minded of these narrow days
 No more presume to deem the lofty tale
 Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
 Romance. In Talbot we united saw
 The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
 The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
 Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.

Eternal Wisdom, that all-quicken'g sun,
 Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
 Directing light and actuating flame,
 Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
 Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
 Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
 With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
 Chief what to human life and human bliss
 Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man :
 And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
 His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
 In consort foul agree; each heightening each;
 While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
 What talent, or what virtue, was not his;
 What that can render man or great, or good,
 Give useful worth, or amiable grace?
 Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
 In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
 With selfish peace. The siren of the wise,
 (Who steals th' Aonian song, and, in the shape
 Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world)

Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
 His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,
 As silent night, yet active as the day.
 The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
 Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
 Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
 To check their combination. Shall low views
 Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,
 The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
 And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
 Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
 With present honour and immortal fame,
 Involve the good of all? An empty form
 Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
 Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
 While wickedness and folly, *kindred powers*,
 Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
 Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd
 To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
 That might be sav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,
 And her insipid pleasures, to resign
 The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
 And those high joys that teach the truly great
 To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
 Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
 Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs.
 While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
 Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
 In him Astrea, to this dim abode
 Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
 To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
 From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
 Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
 Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
 His virtues all, collected, sought the good
 Of human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
 The throb of patriots, when they model states;
 Anxious for *that*, nor needful sleep could hold
 His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
 Thus with unwearied steps, by virtue led,
 He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
 Where, rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds
 Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
 Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more!
 Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze
 Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
 As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
 You scatter'd famine, pestilence, and war;
 Vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;
 Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading spoke!
 While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
 That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
 Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again
 Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
 When shall again the darkest truths, perplex,
 Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
 And arduous open into smiling ease?
 The solid mix with elegant delight?
 His was the talent with the purest light
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,
 And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart,
 That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd

By heaven—He, sacred to his country's cause,
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
With generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:
Then spoke the man: and, over barren art,
Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
His client was, humanity and truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
The love of justice, like the steady sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
Against the sons of violence, of pride,
And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And ev'n the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,
Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear; no study'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all-powerful reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence *unbid*,
The heart attends: for let the *venal* try
Their every hardening stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamant proof,
As ev'n corruption, hopeless, and o'eraw'd,
Durst not have *tempted*! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toll may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous source of good.
His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd
world,

Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world,
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease.
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various blossom'd spring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with nature talks.
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, through the breast
Infus'd. And thou, O * Rundle! lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite;
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
With memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray.
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,
Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot.

* Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry, in Ire-
land.

Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into flow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
From mingled chemic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that cheerful bowl,
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the
plain;

Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round the forest-cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,
Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds,
Of family, or friends, or native land.
By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
Extended his benevolence: a friend
To human kind, to parent nature's works.
Of free access, and of engaging grace,
Such as a brother to a brother owes,
He kept an open judging ear for all,
And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
The fair effulgence of an open heart;
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
For nothing human foreign was to him.

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
And hard to be supported, you succeed:
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust.
And with their authors in oblivion sunk
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of universal reason's various sons,
And ev'n of God himself, sole perfect judge!
Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind
On rigid terms descend: the high-plac'd heir
Scann'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
Malignant seeks our faults, cannot through life,
Amid the nameless insects of a court,
Unheeded steal: but, with his fire compar'd,
He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
This truth to you, who merit well to bear
A name to Britons dear, th' officious Muse
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
Our country robb'd of her delight and strength;
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone

To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood;
Nor, when that vital fountain plays no more,
Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
Its native country, whence, to bleis mankind,
Eternal goodness, on this darksome spot,
Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
By the tremendous judge of heaven and earth,
And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
Amid the human worthies. Glad around
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of sons!
The best of friends!—Too soon is realiz'd
That hope, which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Mean while the kindred souls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one selected never-jarring state,
Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
But cease presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down:
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.

Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,
From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,
And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
All who or freedom or who interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all,
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn,
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WHILE secret-leaguings nations frown around,
Ready to pour the long-expected storm;
While she, who wont the restless Gaul to bound,
Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;
While on our vitals selfish parties prey,
And deep corruption eats our soul away;

Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears
A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,
As the cordial-voice of millions hears,
Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race:
Strait her rekindling eyes resume their fire,
The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,
United Britons thy dear offspring hail:
The city triumphs through her glowing throng;
The shepherd tells his transport to the dale;
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,
And thine, thou friend of liberty! be born:
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good;
What will, at once, defend us, and adorn?
From thence prophetic joy new Edwards eyes,
New Henrys, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,
To sing the promis'd glories of thy reign!
What though, by years depress'd, my muse might
bend;

My heart will teach her still a nobler strain:
How, with recover'd Britain, will she soar,
When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

O D E.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh, visit thou my soothing dream!

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY *,

IN HOLYROOD CHURCH, SOUTHAMPTON.

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,
Such as God made it
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.
To the memory of Elisabeth Stanley,
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;
Who, to all the beauty, modesty,
And gentleness of nature,
That ever adorned the most amiable woman,
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,
And vigour of mind,
That ever exalted the most heroical man;

* See what is said of this lady in "Summer."

Who having lived the pride and delight of her
parents,
The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,
A mistress not only of the English and French,
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman
learning,

Without vanity or pedantry,
At the age of eighteen,
After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,
Which, with a Roman spirit,
And a Christian resignation,
She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible
To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,
Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,
And left to her mother, who erected this monu-
ment,

The memory of her virtues for her greatest sup-
port;

Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,
Were all that could be practised,
And more than will be believed,
Except by those who know what this inscription
relates.

Here, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!

O, born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To show us virtue in her fairest form;
To show us artless reason's moral reign,
What boastful science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

TO THE REVEREND MR. MURDOCH,

Rector of Stradishall, in Suffolk, 1738.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life,
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A PARAPHRASE

On the latter part of the sixth Chapter of St.
Matthew.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;

While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing
song;

Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing, that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they
glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

THE INCOMPARABLE SOPORIFIC DOCTOR.

SWEET, sleeky doctor! dear pacific soul!
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!
Still let the involving smoke around thee fly,
And broad-look'd dulness settle in thine eye.
Ah! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,
And in the very lap of slumber doze;
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail.
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,
And lean on the lethargic book thy head.
These eyes wipe often with the hollow'd lawn,
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn.
Slow let the prayers by the meek lips be sung,
Nor let thy thoughts be distanc'd by thy tongue;
If ere the fingers are within a call,
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.
Yet—only yet—the swimming head we bend;
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears;
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes:
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whose vallies smile, whose gardens breathe the
spring,

Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores:
Whose winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
While youth, and health, and vigour, string his
nerves.

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the happy man, without the mind;
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
Where social love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline,
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

ON THE REPORT OF A WOODEN BRIDGE

To be built at Westminster.

By Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the genius of the river rose,
And thus exclaim'd: "Have I, ye British swains,
"Have I for ages lav'd your fertile plains?
"Giv'n herds, and flocks, and villages increase,
"And fed a richer than a golden fleece?
"Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,
"Pour'd Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?
"Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
"Made every climate your's, and every soil?
"Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming base,
"Yet must a wooden bridge my waves disgrace?
"Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,
"And be it publish'd in no Gallic vale."
He said; and, plunging to his crystal dome,
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

S O N G.

ONE day the god of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly-sighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true, you have subdued my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride

The slave, in private only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals;
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

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HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale.,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But, if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

S O N G.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

A waken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear:
Without my love there is no spring.

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COME, gentle god of soft desire,
Come and possess my happy breast!
Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
In rapture, rage, and nonsense drest.

These are the vain disguise of love;
And, or bespeak dissembled pains,
Or else a fleeting passion prove—
The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendship's angel-guise:
Yet dearer thou than friendship art:
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart,

O, come with goodness in thy train,
With peace, and transport void of storm,
And, would'st thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG,

*Intended to have been inserted in the Fourth Act
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COME, gentle Venus! and assuage
A warring world, a bleeding age.

For nature lives beneath thy ray,
The wintery tempests haste away,
A lucid calm invests the sea,
Thy native deep is full of thee;
The flowering earth where-e'er you fly,
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky.
A genial spirit warms the breeze;
Unseen among the blooming trees,
The feather'd lovers tune their throat,
The desert growls a soften'd note,
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,
And love and harmony go round.

But chief into the human heart
You strike the dear delicious dart;
You teach us pleasing pangs to know
To languish in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love,
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh, come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rais'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah, then! his stormy heart control,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

O D E.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongue should
blame:

And hence, in vain I languish for my bride;
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame,

TO SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering un auspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,

While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
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You teach us pleasing pangs to know
To languish in luxurious woe,
To feel the generous passions rise,
Grow good by gazing, mild by sighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect year with love,
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh, come, sweet smiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom.
For long the furious god of war
Has crush'd us with his iron car,
Has rais'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has soil'd them with his cruel stains,
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiss,
Ah, then! his stormy heart control,
And sigh thyself into his soul.

O D E.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell where-ever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongue should
blame:

And hence, in vain I languish for my bride;
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

TO SERAPHINA.

ODE.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering un auspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,

Is like the sacred queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumined head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

ODE ON ÆOLUS'S HARP *.

ETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.
Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings
part.

But, hark! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit
Or he the sacred bard †; who sat alone, [throws;
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung [plaint;
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying faint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir, [raise;
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the
string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease, my muse forgets to sing.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;

* *Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.*

† *Jeremiah.*

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet liberty;
And wrapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

PROLOGUE.

TO MR. MALLET'S MUSTAPHA.

SINCE Athens first began to draw mankind,
To picture life, and show th' impassion'd mind;
The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage
The moral school of each enlighten'd age.
There, in full pomp, the tragic muse appears,
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.
Faint is the lesson reason'd rules impart:
She pours it strong and instant through the heart.
If virtue is the theme; we sudden glow
With generous flame: and, what we feel, we
grow.

If vice she paints; indignant passions rise:
The villain sees himself with loathing eyes.
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan:
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.

To-night our meaning scene attempts to show
What fell events from dark suspicion flow;
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,
To the false herd of flattering slaves confin'd.
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state;
Ev'n excellence but serves to feed its hate:
To hate remorseless, cruelty succeeds.
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.

Behold, our author at your bar appears,
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.
Faults he has many—But to balance those,
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows,

All flighter errors let indulgence spare :
And be his equal trial full and fair.
For this best British privilege we call ;
Then—as he merits, let him stand, or fall.

DENNIS TO MR. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit-Night.

REFLECTING on thy worth, methinks I find,
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains,
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee ;
That hoary season yields a type of me.

Shatter'd by time's bleak storms I withering lay,
Leafless, and whitening in a cold decay !
Yet shall my prople's ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

EPITAPH ON MR. THOMSON.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours sculpture can bestow ;
Short-liv'd renown ! that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust !
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save ;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask ;
Nature for him assumes herself the task ;
The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flourish, as from them it came.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

Containing

MORE LYRICAL,
DIVINE SONGS,



MORAL SONGS,
HYMNS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Regard the man, who, in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise;
He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art,
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart which God has deign'd t' inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire!

VERSES TO WATTS BY A LADY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE:

Anno 1794.

POTENTIAL WORKS

LEA A C W A T T S D.D.

Containing

MORAL
STORIES

AND
OTHER

FOR THE

YOUTH OF THE

AND LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

It is a book which, who, in the
and for the purpose of his
the author has no other
the book is a very good one
and is a very good one

LEA A C W A T T S D.D.

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY WILKIE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

1844

THE LIFE OF WATTS.

OF the life of WATTS the memorials are not so copious as might be expected; "not because there was no friend," says Dr. Gibbons, "who would willingly pay that respect to his memory as to write the history of his life, but because he himself disapproved it; for when he has been desired to leave some memoirs that might furnish such a history, he absolutely declined it, and desired that his character might stand in the world merely as it would appear in his works."

In compliance, however, with custom, "as well as to preserve the memory of so respectable a character, some brief memoirs of his life" were given to the world by Dr. Jennings, in his funeral sermon, preached December 11. 1748; which, with some additions, were prefixed by Dr. Gibbons to the collection of his works, in 6 vol. 4to. 1754.

The facts stated in the present account are chiefly taken from the "Memoirs" of Dr. Jennings, and the subsequent narratives of Dr. Gibbons and Dr. Johnson, by whose recommendation his poems and those of Pomfret, Yalden, and Blackmore, were inserted in the Collection of "The English Poets," 1779.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17. 1674, of parents who were eminent for religion, and considerable sufferers, for conscience sake, in the persecution of the Protestant dissenters in the reign of Charles II. His father, Isaac Watts, is said to have kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen in the town of Southampton, and appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

He was the eldest of nine children, and, from his infancy, discovered a remarkable propensity to learning; and was early distinguished for the sprightliness and vivacity of his wit, which, even in the years of younger life, was regulated by a deep sense of religion. He began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, probably at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by the Rev. Mr. Pinhorne, master of the free school at Southampton, to whom he afterwards gratefully inscribed a Latin *Ode* in his *Hore Lyricæ*.

His proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed to support him at the University; but he declared his resolution of adhering to the dissenters, among whom he had been educated. "Such he was," says Dr. Johnson, "as every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted."

In 1690, he was sent to an academy in London, taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his fellow students in logic and philosophy, Hughes, Mr. Samuel Say, and Dr. Horte, afterwards archbishop of Tuam. His gratitude has inscribed an *Ode* to his tutor in his *Hore Lyricæ*.—With Hughes he maintained a friendly and poetical correspondence till the death of that amiable poet in 1720. Mr. Say, after having been some years pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, succeeded Dr. Calamy in Westminster in 1733. Soon after his death, which happened April 12. 1743, his "Poems," and two Essays in prose, were published, in 1 vol. 4to. by subscription. The essays, one of which is "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers in general," and the other "on those of Paradise Lost in particular," have been much admired.—Some Latin essays, supposed to have been written as exercises at this academy, shew a degree of knowledge both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a longer course of study.

He was, as he himself informs us, addicted to versifying from the age of fifteen; and in his youth he appears to have cultivated Latin poetry. His verses to his brother, in the *Glyconic* measure, written when he was seventeen, are remarkably easy and elegant. His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory, by abridging them, and by interleaving them, to amplify one system with supplements from another.

While he was under the tuition of Mr. Rowe, his behaviour was not only so inoffensive, that he declared he never once gave him occasion for reproof, but so exemplary, that he often proposed him as a pattern to his other pupils.

In 1693, in his nineteenth year, he joined in communion with the congregation of which Mr. Rowe was pastor.

The year following, he left the academy, and spent two years in study and devotion at the house of his father, who treated him with great tenderness, and had the happiness indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

In 1696, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, Bart. to reside in his family at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his son; where he continued about four years, and acquitted himself with fidelity and reputation.

In that time he applied himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures, and to the reading of the best commentators, both critical and practical, preparatory to his undertaking the pastoral office, to which he was determined to devote his life, and of the importance of which he had a deep sense upon his mind.

He began to preach on his birth-day 1698, when he had completed his thirty-fourth year; and was the same year chosen assistant to Dr. Isaac Chauncy, and met with general acceptance.

In March 1702, he succeeded Dr. Chauncy in his ministerial office; but soon after his entrance on his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which sunk him to such weakness that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and appointed Mr. Samuel Price, in July 1703.

His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty till September 1712, when he was seized by a fever of such violence and continuance, that, from the feebleness which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered. It was not till October 1716 that he was able to return to his public ministry. In the mean time, his assistant Mr. Price, was, at his desire, and by his recommendation, chosen by the congregation to be joint pastor with him.

The languishing state of his health drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house; where, with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with Lady Abney and her daughter to the end of his life. The Lady died about a year after him.

A connection like this, in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial: and if the following quotation from Dr. Gibbons's narrative appear long, let it be considered, that it comprises an account of thirty-six years.

"Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind providence which brought the Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation, he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop at least to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family; nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was an house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor and inability for public service, and even for profitable study, or perhaps might have sunk into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midst of his days; and thus the church and the world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies: but his amiable consort survives, who shows the Doctor the same respect and friendship as before; and most happily for him, and great numbers besides; for, as her riches were great, her gene-

rosity and munificence were in full proportion. Her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's; and thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, the present Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who, in a like degree, esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished, and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive public avocations; the number and variety of which show the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity.

In 1728, the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, with great propriety, and without his knowledge, conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Academical honours, Dr. Johnson observes, would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.

He continued many years to study and to preach, and to do good by his instruction and example, till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions; and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed, where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired November 25. 1748, in the 75th year of his age.

He left his brother, Mr. Enoch Watts, and Nathaniel Neal, Esq. an eminent attorney in London, son of the Rev. Daniel Neal, author of the "History of the Puritans," and nephew of Dr. Lardner, his joint executors. His manuscripts, by the direction of his will, were committed to the care of Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Jennings. The latter writes Dr. Doddridge, Jan. 5. 1748-9. "I believe we shall not have near so much trouble in publishing the Doctor's manuscripts as I expected. I learn from Mr. Parker [Watts' Amanuensis] there is little, if any thing more, remaining of that sort than the second part of the *Improvement of the Mind*. He tells me there are also some miscellaneous things in the manner of his *Reliquiæ Juveniles*. If I should be engaged" he adds "in drawing up the Doctor's character, I am much obliged to you for the judicious hints you have furnished me with for that purpose." His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Jennings, December 11. 1748.

His Works, in prose and verse, published by himself, together with his manuscripts, revised and corrected by Dr. Jennings and Dr. Doddridge, were collected and published in 6 vol. 4to. 1754, by Dr. Gibbons, who prefixed a short account of his life and character.

A summary account of the contents of the several volumes, pointing out the dates of the more considerable pieces, and interspersing such remarks as may serve to delineate his character as a writer, may enable the reader to form a consistent idea of his extensive genius, accomplished learning, and truly amiable and benevolent temper.

The First Volume contains, *Forty-four Sermons on various subjects, divine and moral, with Hymns annexed, suited to each subject*. They were first published in three separate volumes 12mo. in 1721, 1723, and 1727. In the 5th edition they were reduced to 2 vol. 8vo.—*The World to come, or Discourses on the Joys or Sorrows of Departed Souls at Death, and the Glory or Terror of the Resurrection*, published in 2 vol. 8vo. 1739 and 1745. To these discourses is prefixed an *Essay towards a proof of a separate state of Souls between Death and the Resurrection, and the commencement of the Rewards of Virtue and Vice immediately after Death*; first printed in 1732, without his name.—*Nine Sermons upon some of the principal heads of the Christian Religion*, preached at the Lecture in Berry-street, 1733, and printed in 1735.

The Second Volume contains, *Twelve Evangelical Discourses on several subjects, with an Essay on the Powers of Flesh and Spirit.—Death and Heaven, in two funeral discourses in memory of Sir John Hartopp and his Lady*, first printed in 1722.—*The Strength and Weakness of Human Reason, in four conferences*, without his name.—*Humility represented in the character of St. Paul*, 1737, with some additional observations from his MS.—*A Defence against the Temptations to Self-murder*, 1726.—*The Holiness of Times, and Places, and People*, 1738.—*A Caveat against Infidelity, or the Danger of Apostacy from the Christian Faith*, composed in 1722, but not printed till 1729.—*The Harmony of all the Religions which God ever revealed*, 1742.—*The Doctrine of the Passions explained and improved*, which at first stood as an introduction to the *Discourses of the Love of God*, &c. 1729, but was enlarged and published sepa-

rately, 1734.—*Discourses of the Love of God, and its Influence on all the Passions, with a Devout Meditation annexed to each subject*, 1729, 1734.—*An Essay towards the encouragement of Charity Schools*, 1728.—*A Sermon for the Reformation of Manners*, 1707.—*A Sermon on the death of George I.* 1727.

The Third Volume contains, *A Humble Attempt towards the Revival of Practical Religion*, 1731.—*A Guide to Prayer, or a Free and Rational Account of the Gift, Grace, and Spirit of Prayer*.—*A Discourse on Catechisms, with Catechisms adapted to the various ages and capacities of Children and Youth*, 1730.—*A Short View of the whole Scripture History*.—*Prayers composed for the Use and Imitation of Children*, 1728. *Questions proper for Students in Divinity, Candidates of the Ministry, and Young Christians*.—*Orthodoxy and Charity United, in several Reconciling Essays on the Law and Gospel, Faith and Works*.—*Self-love and Virtue reconciled only by Religion*.—*An Essay to prove that the only effectual obligation of Mankind to practise Virtue depends on the Existence and Will of God, with an occasional proof of the Necessity of Revelation*.—*The Redeemer and the Sanctifier, or the Sacrifice of Christ, and the Operation of the Spirit Vindicated, without his name*, 1736.

The Fourth Volume contains chiefly Poetical Compositions. *The Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament*, 1718.—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books*, 1707.—*A Short Essay towards the Improvement of Psalmody*, 1707.—*Divine Songs and Hymns attempted in easy language, for the use of children*, 1715.—*Horæ Lyricæ, poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, in Three Books*, 1706; reprinted with the *Divine and Moral Songs*, in the collection of "the English Poets," 1779 and 1790, and inserted in the present collection. The preface contains an interesting account of his poetical studies, and an animated defence of sacred poetry.—*Reliquiæ Juveniles, Miscellaneous Thoughts, in prose and verse, on Natural, Moral, and Divine Subjects*, 1734.—*Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse*; printed from his MS.—*The Art of Reading and Writing English*, 1720.

The Fifth Volume comprises his Philosophical Writings. *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth*.—*The Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic, in Two Parts, the second printed from his MS*.—*A Discourse on the Education of Children and Youth*; printed from his MS.—*The Knowledge of the Heavens and Earth made easy, or the First Principles of Astronomy and Geography explained by the use of Globes and Maps*, 1725.—*Philosophical Essays on Various Subjects, Air, Space, Substance, Body, Spirit, Innate Ideas, &c.*; with Remarks on Mr. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding."—*A Brief Scheme of Ontology, or the Science of Being in general, annexed to the Philosophical Essays, and in the first edition*, 1733.

The Sixth Volume contains his Controversial Writings. *The Rational Foundation of a Christian Church, and the terms of Christian Communion*, 1747.—*A New Essay on Civil Power in Things sacred, occasioned by the application to parliament for the Explication or Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and printed without his name*, 1739.—*The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind, or an Attempt to vindicate the Scriptural Account of these great events, upon the plain Principles of Reason, occasioned by Dr. Taylor's "Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," and Dr. Balguy's "Essay on Redemption," printed without his name*.—*An Essay on the Freedom of Will in God, and the Creatures, and on various subjects connected therewith, printed without his name*, 1733.—*The Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, &c.* 1722.—*Seven Dissertations relating to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1724.—*Useful and important questions concerning Jesus the Son of God, freely proposed*; printed without his name, 1746. And *the Glory of Christ, as God-man, displayed, in Three Discourses*; printed without his name, 1746.

In an assemblage of writings, both in prose and verse, of such uncommon variety, the attentive and judicious will certainly discern the marks of eminent capacity, and assiduous application, and will be disposed to make candid allowances for some instances of peculiar sentiments and language, which may not so exactly correspond with their own judgment and taste. His early relish for poetry may probably have occasioned such a florid diction, such a diffusive and pathetic style, as some critics of a severer turn of thought may be ready to object to, as not so properly adapted to theological discourses, whether popular or polemical; but, when every deduction is made which criticism requires, very considerable supplies of instruction and entertainment will be communicated to those who carefully peruse, and thoroughly digest, his more elaborate and judicious compositions.

An opinion has obtained, that in his latter days he changed his sentiments concerning the Trinity. In his MS. correspondence with the Rev. Martin Tomkins, on the worship of the Holy Spirit, published by the Rev. S. Palmer, 1793, he confesses, that "he wished some things were corrected."

concerning the Trinitarian doxologies in his books of *Hymns*; but then, he continues, "the question with me is this: as I wrote them in sincerity at that time, is it not more for the edification of Christians, and the glory of God, to let them stand, than to ruin the usefulness of the whole work by correcting them now, and perhaps bring further and false suspicions on my present opinions? Besides, I might tell you I sold the copy to Mr. Laurence, and his posterity make money of it to this day, and I can scarce claim a right to make any alteration in the book which would injure the sale of it."

On this passage it is obvious to remark, that he *wished that some things* in his doxologies *were corrected*; but how far he changed his sentiments with respect to the Trinity, before his death, cannot, perhaps, be fully ascertained, though it is probable he died in the faith for which he so zealously contended in his writings.

His intellectual and moral accomplishments are universally allowed to have been, in the highest degree, respectable and amiable. The natural strength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very considerable acquaintance with the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, enriched his mind with a large and uncommon store of just sentiments and useful knowledge of various kinds. The extent and sublimity of his imagination, a quickness of apprehension, and solidity of judgment, together with a faithful memory, gave him a remarkable pre-eminence. As a Christian, he was eminent for pure and undissembled piety, humility, candour, and charity. He maintained a free and friendly correspondence with Christians of different parties and denominations. He engaged in controversy with a pacific view to heal, and reconcile disputes among Christians, rather than to make proselytes to any party; and wrote with such a spirit of meekness and love, as is truly instructive and exemplary. The goodness of his heart was displayed in liberal and beneficent actions: and during the last thirty years of his life, he constantly devoted a fifth part of his income, which did not exceed a hundred a-year, to charitable uses. His patience and resignation to the will of God, in seasons of affliction, were eminently approved.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by a happy, and sometimes an incomparable freedom of versification, of spirit, and of piety; and it may be said, in his own words, in *the Two Happy Rivals*, that, in his *Odes*,

A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down the wind.

His poetry is chiefly devotional; in regard to which Dr. Johnson affirms, that "it is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well." He had alleged just before, that "the paucity of topics of *devotional poetry* enforces perpetual repetition," which is indeed not void of truth, and that the "sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of the figurative diction;" but he must have confessed, that the psalmist and prophets seem to have afforded examples to the contrary.

Watts, it may be worth remembering, was "a gentleman of the first edition" of the "Dunciad," on account of his *Psalms*, which are deservedly in great estimation; but observing to Mr. Richardson the painter, that Pope professed to satirize none but those who attacked him, which he never had; and this being represented to the satirist, in the next edition his name was omitted.

With Dr. Johnson, the leading feature of whose mind was religion, Watts may be expected to have been a favourite; and it is but doing him justice to acknowledge, that though he is not remarkable for paying compliments to the dissenters, he has delineated his character with liberality and candour. To his opinion of Watts's poetry the present writer has little to object; and most of those, he believes, who interest themselves in the poetical reputation of Watts, will be inclined to forgive his biographer for some asperities, in consideration of the unqualified applause bestowed on his "piety and innocence," his "fidelity and diligence," his "gentleness and modesty," his "charity and moderation."

"He was one of the first authors that taught the dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. He shewed them that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction."

"In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantage of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the

rately, 1734.—*Discourses of the Love of God, and its Influence on all the Passions, with a Devout Meditation annexed to each subject*, 1729, 1734.—*An Essay towards the encouragement of Charity Schools*, 1728.—*A Sermon for the Reformation of Manners*, 1707.—*A Sermon on the death of George I.* 1727.

The Third Volume contains, *A Humble Attempt towards the Revival of Practical Religion*, 1731.—*A Guide to Prayer, or a Free and Rational Account of the Gift, Grace, and Spirit of Prayer*.—*A Discourse on Catechisms, with Catechisms adapted to the various ages and capacities of Children and Youth*, 1730.—*A Short View of the whole Scripture History*.—*Prayers composed for the Use and Imitation of Children*, 1728. *Questions proper for Students in Divinity, Candidates of the Ministry, and Young Christians*.—*Orthodoxy and Charity United, in several Reconciling Essays on the Law and Gospel, Faith and Works*.—*Self-love and Virtue reconciled only by Religion*.—*An Essay to prove that the only effectual obligation of Mankind to practise Virtue depends on the Existence and Will of God, with an occasional proof of the Necessity of Revelation*.—*The Redeemer and the Sanctifier, or the Sacrifice of Christ, and the Operation of the Spirit Vindicated, without his name*, 1736.

The Fourth Volume contains chiefly Poetical Compositions. *The Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament*, 1718.—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books*, 1707.—*A Short Essay towards the Improvement of Psalmody*, 1707.—*Divine Songs and Hymns attempted in easy language, for the use of children*, 1715.—*Horæ Lyricæ, poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, in Three Books*, 1706; reprinted with the *Divine and Moral Songs*, in the collection of "the English Poets," 1779 and 1790, and inserted in the present collection. The preface contains an interesting account of his poetical studies, and an animated defence of sacred poetry.—*Reliquiæ Juveniles, Miscellaneous Thoughts, in prose and verse, on Natural, Moral, and Divine Subjects*, 1734.—*Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse*; printed from his MS.—*The Art of Reading and Writing English*, 1720.

The Fifth Volume comprises his Philosophical Writings. *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth*.—*The Improvement of the Mind, or a Supplement to the Art of Logic, in Two Parts, the second printed from his MS*.—*A Discourse on the Education of Children and Youth*; printed from his MS.—*The Knowledge of the Heavens and Earth made easy, or the First Principles of Astronomy and Geography explained by the use of Globes and Maps*, 1725.—*Philosophical Essays on Various Subjects, Air, Space, Substance, Body, Spirit, Innate Ideas, &c.*; with Remarks on Mr. Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding."—*A Brief Scheme of Ontology, or the Science of Being in general, annexed to the Philosophical Essays, and in the first edition*, 1733.

The Sixth Volume contains his Controversial Writings. *The Rational Foundation of a Christian Church, and the terms of Christian Communion*, 1747.—*A New Essay on Civil Power in Things sacred, occasioned by the application to parliament for the Explication or Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and printed without his name*, 1739.—*The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind, or an Attempt to vindicate the Scriptural Account of these great events, upon the plain Principles of Reason, occasioned by Dr. Taylor's "Scripture Doctrine of Original Sin," and Dr. Balguy's "Essay on Redemption," printed without his name*.—*An Essay on the Freedom of Will in God, and the Creatures, and on various subjects connected therewith, printed without his name*, 1733.—*The Christian Doctrine of the Trinity, &c.* 1722.—*Seven Dissertations relating to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1724.—*Useful and important questions concerning Jesus the Son of God, freely proposed*; printed without his name, 1746. *And the Glory of Christ, as God-man, displayed, in Three Discourses*; printed without his name, 1746.

In an assemblage of writings, both in prose and verse, of such uncommon variety, the attentive and judicious will certainly discern the marks of eminent capacity, and assiduous application, and will be disposed to make candid allowances for some instances of peculiar sentiments and language, which may not so exactly correspond with their own judgment and taste. His early relish for poetry may probably have occasioned such a florid diction, such a diffusive and pathetic style, as some critics of a severer turn of thought may be ready to object to, as not so properly adapted to theological discourses, whether popular or polemical; but, when every deduction is made which criticism requires, very considerable supplies of instruction and entertainment will be communicated to those who carefully peruse, and thoroughly digest, his more elaborate and judicious compositions.

An opinion has obtained, that in his latter days he changed his sentiments concerning the Trinity. In his MS. correspondence with the Rev. Martin Tomkins, on the worship of the Holy Spirit, published by the Rev. S. Palmer, 1793, he confesses, that "he wished some things were corrected"

concerning the Trinitarian doxologies in his books of *Hymns*; but then, he continues, "the question with me is this: as I wrote them in sincerity at that time, is it not more for the edification of Christians, and the glory of God, to let them stand, than to ruin the usefulness of the whole work by correcting them now, and perhaps bring further and false suspicions on my present opinions? Besides, I might tell you I sold the copy to Mr. Laurence, and his posterity make money of it to this day, and I can scarce claim a right to make any alteration in the book which would injure the sale of it."

On this passage it is obvious to remark, that he *wished that some things in his doxologies were corrected*; but how far he changed his sentiments with respect to the Trinity, before his death, cannot, perhaps, be fully ascertained, though it is probable he died in the faith for which he so zealously contended in his writings.

His intellectual and moral accomplishments are universally allowed to have been, in the highest degree, respectable and amiable. The natural strength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very considerable acquaintance with the most celebrated writers, both ancient and modern, enriched his mind with a large and uncommon store of just sentiments and useful knowledge of various kinds. The extent and sublimity of his imagination, a quickness of apprehension, and solidity of judgment, together with a faithful memory, gave him a remarkable pre-eminence. As a Christian, he was eminent for pure and undissembled piety, humility, candour, and charity. He maintained a free and friendly correspondence with Christians of different parties and denominations. He engaged in controversy with a pacific view to heal, and reconcile disputes among Christians, rather than to make proselytes to any party; and wrote with such a spirit of meekness and love, as is truly instructive and exemplary. The goodness of his heart was displayed in liberal and beneficent actions: and during the last thirty years of his life, he constantly devoted a fifth part of his income, which did not exceed a hundred a-year, to charitable uses. His patience and resignation to the will of God, in seasons of affliction, were eminently approved.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by a happy, and sometimes an incomparable freedom of versification, of spirit, and of piety; and it may be said, in his own words, in *the Two Happy Rivals*, that, in his *Odes*,

A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down the wind.

His poetry is chiefly devotional; in regard to which Dr. Johnson affirms, that "it is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well." He had alleged just before, that "the paucity of topics of *devotional poetry* enforces perpetual repetition," which is indeed not void of truth, and that the "sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of the figurative diction;" but he must have confessed, that the psalmist and prophets seem to have afforded examples to the contrary.

Watts, it may be worth remembering, was "a gentleman of the first edition" of the "*Dunciad*," on account of his *Psalms*, which are deservedly in great estimation; but observing to Mr. Richardson the painter, that Pope professed to satirize none but those who attacked him, which he never had; and this being represented to the satirist, in the next edition his name was omitted.

With Dr. Johnson, the leading feature of whose mind was religion, Watts may be expected to have been a favourite; and it is but doing him justice to acknowledge, that though he is not remarkable for paying compliments to the dissenters, he has delineated his character with liberality and candour. To his opinion of Watts's poetry the present writer has little to object; and most of those, he believes, who interest themselves in the poetical reputation of Watts, will be inclined to forgive his biographer for some asperities, in consideration of the unqualified applause bestowed on his "piety and innocence," his "fidelity and diligence," his "gentleness and modesty," his "charity and moderation."

"He was one of the first authors that taught the dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. He shewed them that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction."

"In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantage of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the

latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons; but having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

“ To stated and public instruction, he added familiar visits and personal application; and was careful to improve the opportunities which conversation offered, of diffusing and increasing the influence of religion.

“ By his natural temper, he was quick of resentment; but by his established and habitual practice, he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. He condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction, adapted to the wants and capacities of children, from the dawn of reason, through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human actions, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating *Locke*, and at another time making a *Catechism* for children in their fourth year.

“ As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works, I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his books, but in his mind, that orthodoxy was united with charity.

“ Of his philosophical pieces, his *Logic* has been received into the universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered that no man who undertakes merely to methodize or illustrate a system, pretends to be the author.

“ Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principle may indeed be found in *Locke's* “ *Conduct of the Understanding* ;” but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended.

“ As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works: Under his direction it may be truly said *Theologia Philosophia ancillatur*, philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction: it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction; and he that sat down only to reason, is in a sudden compelled to pray.

“ Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of *Malbranche* and *Locke*. He has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning and the science of the stars.

“ His character, therefore, must be formed from the multiplicity and diversity of his attainments rather than from any single performance: for it would not be safe to claim for him the highest rank in any single denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different pursuits.

“ As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgment was clear, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment; his imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be supplied. His ear was well tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well.

“ His poems on other subjects seldom rise higher than might be expected from the amusements of a man of letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or less laboured, or as the occasion was more or less favourable to invention.

“ He writes too often without regular measure, and too often in blank verse: the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expressive of characters. His lines are commonly smooth and easy, and his thoughts always religiously pure; but who is there that to so much piety and innocence does not wish for a greater measure of sprightliness and vigour? He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may safely be pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verses, or his prose, copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God!”

RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

ON READING MR. WATTS'S POEMS, SACRED TO PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man who in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise:
He needs invoke no fabled muse's art,
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart.
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd to
inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whose soul and guiltless breast,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty guest!
'Tis he that lends thy towering thoughts their
wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing:
He to thy soul lets in celestial day,
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd;
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a victory boast;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never-ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS POEMS.

To murmuring streams, in tender strains;
My pensive muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flowery shore.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breast alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have lost their usual charms.

No gay ALEXIS in the grove
Shall be my future theme:
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
Surpris'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending forest lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong;
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song.

Far as the distant regions, where
The beauteous morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air,
From her resplendent wings;

Unto the new-found realms, which see
The latter sun arise,
When, with an easy progress, he
Rolls down the nether skies.

July 1706.

PHILOMELA *.

TO MR. WATTS, ON READING HIS MORÆ LYRICE.

HAIL, heaven-born Muse! that with celestial
flame,

And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
To gain thy native skies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
Superior, though on earth detain'd a while;
Like some propitious angel, that's design'd
A resident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wandering souls to heavenly bliss,
Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
Transferr'd the work of heaven; with thought
sublime,

And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The towering height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father; as of old
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shining worlds with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful hallelujahs blest'd
The bounteous author of their happiness;
From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
And from the crystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat

* A name assumed by my rival.

T ii

Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
To the loud echoes of th' angelic choirs,
And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,
The paradise of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,
Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.

Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
The Power supreme that give them life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder and almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; remembering well the day
When, driven from pure immortal seats above,
A fiery tempest hurl'd them down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulf,
Where bound on sulphurous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamant chains, they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good;
And fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness! that the sacred muse,
First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to every idol basely bow,
And curse the Deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
Of God and man, and winning every hour
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter heaven, and laugh at hell;
To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls through flowery paths,
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys,
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thought
Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
You'd been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall singe your blighted laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.

No more, my Muse, of that tremendous
thought;

Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
Th' immortal man, that with immortal verie

Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Despises mortal critics' idle rules:
While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
Than all the Pagan poets ever sung,
Homer, or Virgil; and far sweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
And purer far, though Martial's self might seem
A modest poet in our Christian days.
May those forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor Heathen wit debauch one Christian line,
While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide
The shining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dress appears most bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.---Oh! like thee
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their towering thoughts.
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To him who reigns above, and her who rules be-
low.

April 17. 1706.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO MR. WATTS, ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force,
That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with ponderous sense! Say, did not He,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlasting source
Of love: And what is love, in souls like thine,
But air, and incense to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring saint, whose swimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
How greedily he'd drink the music in,
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near
So great a stress of powerful harmony,
Nature unable to sustain,
Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

Let none henceforth of providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night;
What though no shining angel darts from thence
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the blest'd, what makes their
bliss;
Songs such as Watt's are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,
To transports so intensely rais'd your muse,
Lest, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4. 1706.

HENRY GROVE.

TO DR. WATTS,

ON THE FIFTH EDITION OF HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of sacred verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.

A muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song.
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For every grace of every muse is thine.
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his favourite to the realms of light;
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
Delighted cherubs listening to the song:
From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
And taste the sweets of music and of love.
But when the softer scenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the saint,

When you describe how few the happy pairs,
Whose hearts united soften all their cares,
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell;
But the muse faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
And all but heaven-born piety shall die,
When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
And each lascivious poet hides his head,
With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies:
Great How and Gouge shall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings,
And join the Lyric Ode while some fair seraph sings.

Sic spirat, sic optat,

Tui amantissimus

BRITANNICUS.

T iiiij

P R E F A C E.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right hand" came glorious in power; when thy right hand, "O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the red sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters." *Exod. xv.* This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism, the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

*Μῦσαι Πιερίηθεν α' οἰδῆσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δῖ' ἐννέπετο οφείτεσθ' πατὴρ' ὑμνεῖν.*

"Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
"Descend, and sing the God your Father's
"praise."

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed

the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them:

"Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
"Peoples the dark retreats of death,
"Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
"And praise your Maker with your forked
"tongues."

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours; but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody; but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poetry are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of "unclean and abominable." It is strange, that persons that have had the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this four, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles; and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sissera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: "Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones; the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; Then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?" &c. Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he "hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace." Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! "It is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit." Job x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth

he use! "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth." Job xiii. 25, &c. "Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance." Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men (they cried after them as after a thief), to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now I am their song, yea, I am their by-word," &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out: he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep." I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue? When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, "He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible." When his holiness is mentioned, "The heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming fire." If we speak of strength, "Behold, he is strong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not: He overturns them in his anger: He shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble. He makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof." And after all, "These are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can understand?" His sovereignty,

his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. "Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: He turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he "sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: He takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burning. This God, before whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?" And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it; "And the Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light; Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are:" He commanded, and they appear and obey: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth:" This is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When "he arises out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundation of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but

there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in "chariots of salvation." David beholds him riding upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: "He was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly; he flew on the wings of the wind;" and Habakkuk sends "the pestilence before him." Homer keeps a mighty stir with his Νέφελη γαργεῖα Ζεύς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψηλομέτης. Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the dust of his feet;" and when the Highest gives his voice in the heavens, "Hail-stones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; "at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils." When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, "his glory covered the heavens: He stood and measured the earth: He beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered: The perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting." Then the prophet "saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble." Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed Spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: the divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poetry to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of Deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet * affright us, by saying,

"De la foy d'un Chrétien les mysteres terribles,
"D'Ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles?"

But the French critic †, in his reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, "That the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the theme: sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture: let the preacher, that aims at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches

* Boileau.

† Rapin.

"and ornaments of speech." And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

"——— Vos exemplaria Græca
"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

As, in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapiñ, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure, the compositions of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened, in those poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poetry are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted †.

It is true indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelation seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods,

* *Philomela.*

† *Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem, entitled Alfred, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance. 1723.—I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.*

the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever; and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring: The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe; the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need of any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poetry: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and

beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics; I persuade myself that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called-in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composition would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the two speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following compositions, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression: but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the songs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon*, in his Song, and his father David, in Psal. xlv. if David was the author: and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The "Poems sacred to Virtue," &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Among the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul; to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning

* Solomon's Song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written than it is now, 1736.

and the growling muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile, may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation.

Are not the cxxviiith and cxxviiith Psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poetry be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed-up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice

in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the "poems of Heroic measure," I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the "Essays without Rhyme," I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath: Some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought, in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Faery Queen. The oddness of an antique sound, gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poetry among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words and figures;

"Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai."

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness: so a dis-tempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: though

I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again*. So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands; and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poetry can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, ex-

* "Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recur-
ret." HOR. *Will this short note of Horace, excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome?* 1736. Edition the 7th.

cepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David, in Christian language, which I have now promised the world †.

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name Vates belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

" — Cui mens divinior, atque os

" Magna sonaturum — "

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: A complete poet or a prophet is such a one;

" — Qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum."

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps "salvation, honour and glory to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

MAY 14. 1709.

† In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

B O O K I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

Who dares attempt th' eternal Name,
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his smile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

Celestial King, our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unvail thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty,
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings,
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

Yet, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
While the young notes and venturous song
To worlds of glory soar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The muse folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her slender reed, inspir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath:
And calls the angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies!
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bleis me with his eyes!
Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep:
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;
Old Boreas with his freezing powers
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrest the dancing rivulets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind and
dies,

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains, [throng!])
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.

Atheist, forbear: no more blaspheme:
 God has a thousand terrors in his name,
 A thousand armies at command,
 Waiting the signal of his hand,
 And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
 Drest thee in steel to meet his wrath;
 His sharp artillery from the north
 Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal
 Sublime on winter's rugged wings [frame.
 He rides in arms along the sky,
 And scatters fate on swains and kings;
 And flocks and herds, and nations die;
 While impious lips, profanely bold,
 Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
 Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
 When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
 Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
 Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
 From the incens'd Divinity.
 In vain our parching palates thirst,
 For vital food in vain we cry,
 And pant for vital breath;
 The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
 The sun has drunk the channels dry,
 And all the air is death.
 Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
 'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
 You deal your various plagues abroad.
 Hail, whirlwinds, huricanes, and floods,
 That all the leafy standards strip,
 And bear down with a mighty sweep
 The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
 Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
 And bury millions in the waves;
 Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
 Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our
 While you dispense your mortal harms, [graves;
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud
 alarms, [arms.
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to
 O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up!
 Some pledge of my Creator's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope!
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
 While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure;
 I shall be rich till thou art poor;
 For all I fear, and all I wish, heaven, earth, and
 hell are thine.

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 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
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 On every mortal joy?
 Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:
 And yet, with heedless haste,
 The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
 Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere:
 (Earth has no unpolluted spring) [bear;
 From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
 The world has false, but flattering, charms:
 Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
 But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
 In our embrace the visions die.
 And when we grasp the airy forms,
 We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
 Is but a landskip rudely drawn,
 With glaring colours, and false light;
 Distance commends it to the sight,
 For fools to gaze upon;
 But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
 Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
 Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.
 Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
 Those heavens are fairer than they seem;
 There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
 There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
 Nor grief disturbs the stream.
 That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
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No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
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 Till we arrive where Jesus is,
 And tread on heavenly ground.
 There's nothing round these painted skies,
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 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
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 Why move my years in slow delay!
 O God of ages! why?
 Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
 To the superior sky.
 Dear Sovereign, break these vital strings
 That bind me to my clay;
 Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
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KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod:
 The muse stands trembling while she sings
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 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree:
 He sits on no precarious throne,
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 Th' Almighty Voice bid ancient night
 Her endless realms resign,
 And lo, ten thousand globes of light
 In fields of azure shine.
 Now Wisdom with superior sway
 Guides the vast moving frame,

While all the ranks of being pay,
Deep reverence to his name.

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Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
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How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
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None but thy word can speak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away;
" News from the region of the skies,
" Salvation's born to-day,

" Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

" No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
" Nor royal shining things;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.

" Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And see his humble throne;

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"With tears of joy in all your eyes.
"Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around,
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

"Glory to God that reigns above
"Let peace surround the earth;
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines?
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe:
We love and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE INQUIRY.

A French sonnet imitated. 1695.

"Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens," &c.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move.
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash, and burn me through the boundless seas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, "avenge thine injur'd name,"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my redeemer's blood.

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see:
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And, crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace!
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

Great advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I know not what I did.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS.

VIZ.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of glorious memory, who landed, Nov. 5. 1688.

Composed, Nov. 5. 1695.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand,
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell:
And down they digg'd through earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulphurous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards our island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

ASSUME, my tongue a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their powers again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threatening death, through every town.

The Romish priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy,

Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But lo, the great deliverer fails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gale
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day *, and happy year,
Both in our new salvation meet:
The day † that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne:
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky:
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their hallelujahs high.

All hallelujah heavenly king;
While distant lands thy victory sing,
And tongues their utmost powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heavens my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in the unequal chase.

Or if I reach unusual height
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines;
Infinite rays in crossing lines [my soul,
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What single strength, in vain designs,
United force hath done;
Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea)
But the whole race of creature-souls
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge
and are lost in thee.

Great God, behold my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own:
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, th' eternal fair, the infinite unknown.

* Nov. 5. 1688. † Nov. 5. 1588.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
His trophies spread around !
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !
How loathsome to the eyes !
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left his dying clay ?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable sea !
Those deeps without a shore !
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,
Among the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones and say,
" These once were strong, as mine appear,
" And mine must be as they."

Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn :
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

Oft have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profit too ;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings ;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,

In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws :
Visions of endless bliss are seen ;
And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tottering still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch'd my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

Psalms cxlviii. Paraphrased

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne ;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above ;
Sing : for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays,

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names :
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore :

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker-God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,

Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow:
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning-sky:
While groveling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king,
Through all the nations round.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell and burst
With bold impiety:
Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death,
Sent down to fiercer pains,

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell:
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old serpent fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind!

Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tears no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchange'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

Behold the saints rejoice to die,
For heaven shines round their heads;
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

ARM thee with thunder, heavenly muse,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;

Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadfull law;
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage! The hard galling load,
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they pass'd th' Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea;
The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous
But fell with most impetuous force [way
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in watery death the rider and the horse:
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.

Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside,
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

Ah! foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry!
And bow to brutes (a stupid slave)
To idols impotent to save!

Behold thy God, the sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high:
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haste;
But keep an awful distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark! The shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And Heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That time shall be no more.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet:
Gabriel the great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open, and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems;
The winds in harness with the flames

Flew o'er th' ethereal road :
 Down through his magazines he past
 Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,
 Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
 Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
 The day was mingled with the night,
 His feet on solid darkness trod,
 His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
 And scatter'd dreadful light ;
 He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream :
 He spoke, and (though with unknown speed he
 came)
 Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.
 Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
 With axle red, and glowing wheel,
 Did the winged chariot light,
 And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
 Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
 Lo, the gloomy pride out-brave's
 The stately pyramids of fire :
 The pyramids to heaven aspire, [higher.
 And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring
 So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow
 Round the tall oak that six score years has stood,
 And proudly shoot a leaf or two
 Above its kind supporters utmost bough,
 And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood
 Forbear, young muse, forbear ;
 The flowery things that poets say,
 The little arts of simile
 Are vain and useless here ;
 Nor shall the burning hills of old
 With Sinai be compar'd,
 Nor all that lying Greece has told,
 Or learn'd Rome has heard ;
 Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
 Ætna the torch of Sicily ;
 Not half so high
 Her lightnings fly ;
 Not half so loud her thunders roar
 Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.
 Behold the sacred hill : Its trebling spire
 Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
 While all below its verdant feet
 Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight :
 Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load.
 Deep groan'd the mount ; it never bore
 Infinity before,
 It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of a God.
 Fresh horrors seize the camp ; despair,
 And dying groans, torment the air,
 And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there :
 The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
 Spread through the host a wild amaze ;
 Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face :
 Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
 Let Moses speak, or Israel dies :
 Moses the spreading terror feels,
 No more the Man of God conceals
 His shivering and surprise :
 Yet, with recovering mind, commands [bands.
 Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew
 Hark ! from the centre of the flame,
 All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
 Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud :
 Sent from the All-creating tongue,

A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
 And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

" I am the Lord : 'Tis I proclaim
 " That glorious and that fearful name,
 " Thy God and King : 'Twas I, that broke
 " Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke ;
 " Mine is the right to speak my will,
 " And thine the duty to fulfil.
 " Adore no God beside Me, to provoke mine eyes :
 " Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men
 devise ; [to jest ;
 " With reverence use my name, nor turn my words
 " Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my
 rest ;
 " Honour and due obedience to thy parents give ;
 " Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty
 live : [bed ;
 " Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful
 " Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or
 his bread ; [ceit ;
 " Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or de-
 " Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c. Eccl. xiii.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.
 The memory of his mighty name,
 Demands your first regard ;
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
 Till you have lov'd the Lord.
 Be wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decays.
 No more the blessings of a feast
 Shall relish on the tongue,
 The heavy ear forgets the taste
 And pleasure of a song.
 Old age, with all her dismal train,
 Invades your golden years
 With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
 And death, that never spares.
 What will ye do when light departs,
 And leaves your withering eyes,
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
 From the superior skies ?
 How will you meet God's frowning brow,
 Or stand before his seat,
 While nature's old supporters bow,
 Nor bear their tottering weight ?
 Can you expect your feeble arms,
 Shall make a strong defence,
 When death with terrible alarms,
 Summons the prisoner hence ?
 The silver bands of nature burst,
 And let the building fall ;
 The flesh goes down to mix with dust ;
 Its vile original.
 Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
 Uncleans'd and unforgiven,

The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heaven.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE
THE LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unweary'd swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That drest'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day, are gone:

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

Praise thou thy great inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How we could ev'n contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place:
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

Jesus, then, purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh! if my threatening sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,

I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares
Amidst those heavenly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret.

HAPPY the feet that shining truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,

Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:

The truth they show lies wrap'd in sevenfold
Our senses cast a thousand clouds [shrouds,
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly
blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what empty ways,

To fence and guard by rule and rote! [not,
Our God will never charge us, that we knew them

'Touch, heavenly Word, O touch these curious
souls;

Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools

(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
He grasps whole nature in his single hand;

All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where
they stand.

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
From troops of errors that besiege me round;
But he that rests his reason and his sense

Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;

But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art:
All nature silent in his presence stand;

Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leaves his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom
guides.

In her own path to her own heavenly seat;
'Through all the storms his soul securely glides,

Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet:

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides
them, [them,

Checks their career, and turns and guides
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults;

Nor can he think, nor can he find
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
'To vanquish self is a laborious art;

What manly courage to sustain the fight
To bear the noble pain, and part [heart!
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds;
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,

That clings so close about our minds, [finds.
And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear

A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:

I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward
flown; [mine;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my
soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
He, that dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move; [spire.
There all my soul shall centre, all my powers con-
Thus I with angels live; thus half-divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART I.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done!
Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.
There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

PART II.

Downward I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.
The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast:
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.
On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART III.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Blest isles, confess your God.
How did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between!
Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.
The bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
And herds of larger size,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood:
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler God.
The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
Amidst thy watery kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush through the northern sea.

PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.
But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus face
We see, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
Vernal suns, or zephyrs breath.
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves;
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious power?
The sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.
Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
The vital flame touch'd with a strange supply
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there.
Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute:
Once to his court the God of Israel came,
A King more absolute than he.
I see the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I see amidst the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name:
They move, they walk across the burning stage
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
A statue; fear congeal'd his blood:
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair:
It knew the Lord of nature there.
Nature compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sovereign king in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories shine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine! [thine.
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are
Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity:
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies

What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

In Imitation of the cxvth Psalm.

WHEN the eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthy things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings:
Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A Sultan, or a Czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns them from afar;
He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies.
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.
Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
Mortals, be dumb: what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.
Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

THE INFINITE.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string.
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.
Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.
Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
The mysteries of creation lie,
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.
Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.
In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless unconceivables,
And vast eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

ALAS, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumbering eyes.
Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.
My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.
This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.
How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries!
He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.
Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shows the prints of love.
But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood!
The heavenly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.
Lord, I'm ashamed to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.
Not all thine heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.
Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)
Thy thunder silent lies.
O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?
Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face:
This rebel-heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.
O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie;
And throw my soul, my flesh, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

" Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise,
 " With joy and pity in his eyes:
 " Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
 " Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.
 " See my great Father reconcil'd:"
 He said. And lo, the Father smil'd:
 The joyful cherubs clap'd their wings,
 And sounded grace on all their strings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN
 AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD,
 Psal. cxlviii. 12.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
 In the wild mazes of whose veins
 A flood of fiery vigour reigns, [strung;
 And wields your active limbs, with hardy sinews
 Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
 Whence your precarious powers depend;
 Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
 But choose your Maker for your friend;
 His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
 His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
 And shoot delicious danger thence;
 Swift the lovely lightning flies,
 And melts our reason down to sense;
 Boast not of those withering charms
 That must yield their youthful grace
 To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
 But love the author of your smiling face; [hours:
 That heavenly bridegroom claims your blooming
 O make it your perpetual care
 To please that Everlasting Fair;
 His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

Infants, whose different destinies
 Are wove with threads of different size;
 But from the same spring-tide of tears,
 Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
 (A tedious train!) and date your following years:
 Break your first silence in his praise
 Who wrought your wondrous frame;
 With sounds of tenderest accent raise
 Your honours to his name;
 And consecrate your early days
 To know the Power supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
 Just marching off the mortal stage,
 Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
 As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
 Adore the hand that led your way
 Through flowery fields a fair long summer's day;
 Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign power [hour.
 That set your west so distant from your dawning

FLYING FOWL, AND CREEPING THINGS,
 PRAISE YE THE LORD,
 Psal. cxlviii. 10.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
 Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
 Whose charming notes address the spring
 With an artless harmony.
 Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
 And your wondrous structures build, [light:
 Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning

To nature's God your first devotions pay,
 Ere you salute the rising day,
 'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.
 Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
 And wear upon your shining back
 Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make;
 Let the fierce glances of your eyes
 Rebate their baleful fire:
 In harmless play twist and unfold
 The volumes of your scaly gold:
 That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
 Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.
 Insects and mites, of mean degree,
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
 Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,
 And curl'd and painted with a various die;
 In your innumerable forms
 Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
 And bend his lofty counsels down
 To despicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

INFINITE power, eternal Lord,
 How sovereign is thy hand!
 All nature rose t' obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.
 With steady course thy shining sun
 Keeps his appointed way;
 And all the hours obedient run
 The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
 And wanders from her God!
 My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
 And treads the downward-road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
 Perform thine awful will,
 And every beast and every tree,
 Thy great designs fulfil:

While my wild passions rage within,
 Nor thy commands obey;
 And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
 Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
 Pay all their dues to thee;
 Creatures, that never knew thy name,
 That never lov'd like me?

Great God, create my soul anew,
 Conform my heart to thine,
 Melt down my will and let it flow,
 And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thine hand;
 Here all my powers I bring;
 Manage the wheels by thy command,
 And govern every spring.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
 Nor wandering senses rove;
 Devotion shall be all my heart,
 And all my passions love.

Than not the sun shall more than I
 His Maker's law perform,
 Nor travel swifter through the sky,
 Nor with a zeal so warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach :
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall ?
They are too dark, and he too bright.
Nothing are they, and God is all

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation rose at his command :
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop :
But his own Self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring the changes by their moon :
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal moon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise ;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

ADAM our father and our head,
Transgress ; and justice doom'd us dead :
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprove, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies ;
" Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
" Say, what expedient can you give ?
" That sin be damn'd, and sinners live ?
" Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance of a God ?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place ?"

In vain we ask : for all around
Stands silence through the heavenly ground :
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

But, O unutterable grace !
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place :
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood ;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore !
Then rose : The law could ask no more.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look,
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain,
The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face :

Now clap their founding plumes, and cry,
" The wisdom of a Deity !"

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won ;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd :
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray ;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love ;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round ;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls ;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd
From their old fleshy clod ;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING

HE dies ! the heavenly lover dies !
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings : deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo, what sudden joys I see !
Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our Great Deliverer reigns ;

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

Say live for ever wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's his sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks, and lo, all nature shakes,
Heavens everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue light'ning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play:
Ye light'nings, fly to make him room,
Ye glorious storms prepare his way!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphick.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living
worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
strings,
And the smart tinges, when the eye beholds the

Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear Man my Saviour sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus my love they sing,
Jesus the name of both our joys
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal God-head down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said!
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the glad some rays;

He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where-e'er he turn'd his eye;
He spoke, and at the sovereign sound
The hellish legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
Oh! for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEA, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life and food;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse;
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around
(And flowery carpets spread the ground);
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!

While thy unwieldy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds
thee there.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:
Ye heavenly flames, that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his founding quivers bear
To scatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of
kings.

Thou vital element, the air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair, [death:
And save the bubble man from the cold arms of
And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply; [fields,
Sweet waters, wandering through the flowery
Or dropping from the sky;
Confess the Power whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our
frame.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry sea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailors hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand:
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his com-
mand.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word by secret springs
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old nothing knew his powerful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous
all:

And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

THE FAREWELL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

Be gone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill earth, farewell!

Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

STAND, and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?
Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you!

How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

My crimes awake; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head:
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin the tyrant reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;

Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command?
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"CURST be the man, for ever curst,
"That doth one wilful sin commit;
"Death and damnation for the first,
"Without relief and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

"Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive!"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live."

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross:
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A REST-
LESS WORLD.

"O Mens, quæ stabili fata Regis vice," &c.
Casimire, Book III. Od. 28.

ETERNAL Mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
With one unchang'd decree;
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold:
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the oar:
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: Greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

"How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
"How vile these bodies are!
"Why was a clod of earth design'd
"To enclose a heavenly star?
"Weak cottage where our souls reside!
"This flesh a tottering wall;
"With frightful breaches gaping wide
"The building bends to fall.
"All round it storms of trouble blow,
"And waves of sorrow roll;
"Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
"And pain the tenant-soul.

"Alas! how frail our state!" said I:
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!
"Flesh but a tottering wall,
"The breaches cheerfully foretell,
"The house must shortly fall.

"No more, my friends, shall I complain,
"Though all my heart-strings ache;

"Welcome disease, and every pain,
"That makes the cottage shake.
"Now let the tempest blow all round,
"Now swell the surges high,
"And beat this house of bondage down,
"To let the stranger fly.
"I have a mansion built above
"By the Eternal Hand;
"And should the earth's old basis move,
"My heavenly house must stand.
"Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
"(I long to see the God)
"And his immortal strength sustains
"The courts that cost him blood."
Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
"I come, my Lord, my Love:"
Devotion breaks the prison-walls,
And speeds my last remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea:
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.
Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great master gives command.
Death is the storm: She smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her
wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies.
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite de-
light,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long shall death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs stain
Lies mingled with the dust?
When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.
Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.
Lo, I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres,

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The skies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem.

JESUM CHRISTUM.

O D A.

Te, grande numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox, citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvère, blando dum Patris in sinu
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus;

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unaque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes:

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes & enses, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebræ monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensere flammæ, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, immensique Amoris
Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

"Non tota prorsus Gens Hominum dabit
"Hosti triumphos: Quid patris & labor
"Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
"Funditus? O prius astra cecis.

"Mergantur undis, & redeat chaos:
"Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
"Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
"Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

"Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput
"Æquale testor," dixit; & ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Defiliitque ruens Olympo.

VOL. IX.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque morti: Proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O Lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vitæque fructus.

Non pœna lenis! Quò ruis impotens!
Quò Musa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Bulstique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensere Numen Regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirum fremebat Rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis impie,
"Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
"Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbraque flammæ æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere cælo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Hæc strata passim vincula, & hæc jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula mors libi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubitant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi!

Io triumphe plestra seraphica,
Io triumphe Grex Hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra reperiunt triumphos.

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat
artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit;
auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi entibus astra
Tramitem, & aula vocat parta Cruore Dei.

X

Te manet Uriel dux; & tibi subjicit alas
 Stellatas Seraphin officiosa cohors.
 Te superum chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,
 "Huc ades & nostro tempora conde sinu."
 Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
 Inde, nec Alliciunt Angelus, Astra, Deus.

EXCITATIO CORDIS CÆLUM VERSUS.
 1694.

HEU quot sæcla terris carcere corporis,
 Wattsi? quid refugis limen & exitum?
 Nec mens æthereum culmen, & atria
 Magni patris anhelitat?

Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
 Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,
 Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
 Cæcas insidias struit.

Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
 Surgunt: Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,
 Longè Christus abest, inter & angelos
 Et picta astra perambulans.

* Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.
 Iracunda tonans fulmina: Te Deus
 Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Aera
 Pennas nunc homini datas.

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY
 COUNTRY.

Casimire, Book I. Od. 19. imitated.

"Urit me Patriæ Decor," &c.

THE beauty of my native land
 Immortal love inspires;
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,
 And sigh, and wait the high command.
 There glides the moon her shining way,
 And shoots my heart through with a silver ray,
 Upward my heart aspires:
 A thousand lamps of golden light
 Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
 And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
 O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
 Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
 Where all the happy minds resort,
 When will my Father's chariot come?
 Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
 For ever see the mourner lie
 An exile of the sky,
 A prisoner of the ground?
 Descend some shining servants from on high,
 Build me a hasty tomb;
 A grassy turf will raise my head;
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed;
 And shed a sweet perfume.
 Here I put off the chains of death,
 My soul too long has worn:
 Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
 Or tear to wet my urn;
 Raphael, behold me all undrest,
 Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
 Then mount and lead the path unknown,
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of
 my own.

* *Vide Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.*

THE

HUNDREDTH EPIGRAM OF CASIMIRE.

*On Saint ARDALIO, who from a Stage-Player became
 a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.*

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
 The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
 While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

Heaven heard, and strait around the smoking throne
 The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
 And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
 Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of
 you;

"Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
 He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
 And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks;

"So goes the comedy of life away;

"Vain earth, adieu; Heaven will applaud to-day;

"Strike courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

*When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demo-
 lished by the French King's Order, the Protestants
 laid Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a
 Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.*

Englified thus:

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,
 Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;
 Too long it stood beneath heaven's angry frown,
 Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
 Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
 Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
 The stones dispers'd their wretched offspring come,
 Gather, and heap them on their father's tomb.
 Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head;
 And though beneath the ground their bones are
 laid,
 Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

THE ANSWER

BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT.

Englified thus:

A Christian church once at Montpelier stood,
 And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God,
 It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
 But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:
 Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
 Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
 Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
 (Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones;
 The stones shall move when the dead father's rise,
 Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
 And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS,

DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
 Roves my Pindaric song:
 Here she glows like burning noon

In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas;
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the Muse: Lo she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules of vulgar strains,
And o'er the laws of harmony a Sovereign Queen
she reigns.

If she roves
By streams or groves
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Through love's, or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations slain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings,
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple
plain;
Still I attend her as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
The Muse ascends her heavenly carr, [divine.
And climbs the steepy path and means the throne
Then she leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of distance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise,—Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

O why is piety so weak,
And yet the Muse so strong?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heavenly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray,
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine, from the sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
Or is the vision true?

Behold religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down.
And her dominions vast and bright within my
spacious view.
She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous
And with a joyful haste obey [clay,
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere!
What heavens of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving Muse has been
That greater traveller!

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that sense can show,
To golden scenes, and flowery fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering Muse behind;
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering
down the wind.
Among the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong:
The feeble powers that nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the gross organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd
And raise an equal song. [mind,

*The following POEMS of this BOOK are peculiarly
dedicated to
DIVINE LOVE*.*

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

WHERE-E'ER my flattering passions rove,
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.
Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.
Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.
Thoughtless they act th' old serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

* Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age when these poems were written, to treat of divine subjects in the style of Solomon's Song, than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer, in his younger years.

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

Dear Sovereign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

Come, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair-one bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies!
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
By these dear wounds, says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

If there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jesus all for thee.

If love that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that earth can boast;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flattering charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfills his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

SWEET Muse, descend and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day, are fled,
And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phyllis shall infect the air,
With her unhallow'd name.

Jesus has all my powers possess'd,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the listening woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus dy'd for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itself came down, and bled
To win a mortal's love.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning-star.

Whatever makes the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever speaks the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
A bloom upon his face;
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot through my heart with dear surprise,
And guard around the place.

All nature's art shall never cure
The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
To make another wound:

Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds she made,
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heaven has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream,
And knows not to depart:
The passion reigns
Through all my veins,
And floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love;
Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
Grant thou, Everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Though life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.
Thou art my ocean, thou my God;
In thee the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and spread their powers abroad.
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heaven, if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd, and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel
He brought my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.

Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,

I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath?
And through that heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die,

The substance of the following Copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

ANGELS of light, your God and King surround,
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship: while his saints on earth,
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues,
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cry'd, This is the Christ of God;
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost
in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Though with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his absence; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, Where Jesus is not, all is vain.
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wondering soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.

He refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord,
Through his blew pavement I behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there——
This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live:
A quickening virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me; his flesh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' eternal mind.
With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own Heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can discover; Christ the End of all,
And Christ the great Beginning; he my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust,
Crown'd with new honours, shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints

Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious Word
Long hid behind the letter shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view: and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wonderful ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death, and the tempter, and the man of sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more: but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful state.

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

Now let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his Almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound:

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish every foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT

FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

In Imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow these favours so divine!
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?

Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly flesh, this sacred food?
'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'm tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloy's;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough [joy.]
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the
darkness long.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare
it all for me.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest
balm it bears.

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song;
"How has the serpent lost his sting! and where's
thy victory, death!"

But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more in-
tense desire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part, [head sustains.]
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains that little snare

The tangles of Amira's hair;
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can
my heart remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE
FAINTING.

Sol. Song, i. 3. & ii. 5. & vi. 5.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine:
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the sky,
The sickening sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest:
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wandering all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray!
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love?

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame, [found:
Had not his heart-strings first began the tender
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills:
His absence is perpetual smart;
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the ecstasy;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain [again.
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God
Oh, why should beauty heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why is love so strong, and nature's self so
weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Among the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, though I faint.
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more:
Then shall I gaze with strengthened sight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST PRESENT OR ABSENT.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love the best blessings here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He speaks, and strait immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jesus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The Everlasting Fair,
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But, ah! how far above this grave]
Does the bright charmer dwell?

Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain, I feel.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes:
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And blest the echo in her cell
That best repeats her name.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO EARTH.

JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain shall bid me move,
In vain; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

'Then (mighty God) I'd sing and say,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!"
"Amongst them give these worlds away,
"These little despicable things."

I would not ask to climb the sky
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heaven as bright and high
In the blest vision of my God.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis pure delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
With love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home:

I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove:
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR:

OR, THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Lord, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy holy face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

LONG FOR HIS RETURN.

O 'Twas a mournful parting day!
Farewell, my spouse, he said;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my Love hath staid!)

Farewell! at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky;
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,
And search the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God:

With inward pain my heart-strings found.
My soul dissolves away,
Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face;
What though a short eclipse his beauties shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays.
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud:
He is my sun though he refuse to shine,
Though for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs.
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.
Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray,
Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious brightness, through the gloomy
Low how the armies of despair [veil,
Aloft their footy banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
But thou, my Sun, and thou my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field; [ray,
Break, glorious brightness, shoot one glimmering
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.
Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays;
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face:
Our spirits raptur'd with the sight
Where all devotion, all delight,
And loud hosannas founded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er the head
The conqueror spread
The banner of his love.
Then why my heart sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy;

The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load!
Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.
Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.
Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come.
Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.
Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.
Our spirits shake their wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne?
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down,
Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.
O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.
Ye slumbering saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.
Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumbersome clay;
Quick as seraphic-flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.
Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.
BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY.
I LOVE the Lord! but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.
If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,

But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft I am told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Strait I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimies divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

False confident! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of every guest:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How shall I fix this wandering mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace?
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say when shall the bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign Lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more!

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all-divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so,
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring:
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God, for thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot through the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,

Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do!
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

"Tibi filet laus, O Deus." Psal. lxxv. 1.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO HONOUR, VIRTUE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts to obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet in all the royal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear [tongue
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To soothe the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys
arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eagles hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands

Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilst in various forms
Fair piety shines through the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands. }
There at a humble distance from the throne †
Beauteous she lies; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear sovereign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety: Here a solemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wishes: There the
mind †

Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes: Yet still beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows,

Princess, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival-boy ‡:
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
And speeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out: Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet;
Mad zeal, and frenzy with their murderous }
train,
Feel these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign, }
Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unfung; for by thine awful hands
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the }
lands,
Creates inferior kings§, and gives'em their com- }
mands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But Oh! the parting stroke! some heavenly
power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,

* The established church of England.

† The Protestant dissenters.

‡ The Pretender.

§ She made Charles the Emperor's second son King of Spain, who was afterwards Emperor of Germany.

Soothe the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm, rising wars heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the south- }
ern sphere.

Note, This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when she had broke the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Protestant dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition, without acknowledging the mistake of her former prefaces, and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retraction.

August 1. 1721.

I. W

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters mistook.

George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heavens with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence soothes the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1. 1721.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows.

But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belye their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
And claim a share with worms.

He that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.
Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS LORD BARRINGTON.)

On Mr Locke's dangerous Sickness, sometime after he had retired to study the Scriptures. June, 1704.

AND must the man of wonderous mind
 (Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
 Forsake our longing eyes?
 Reason at length submits to wear
 The wings of faith; and lo, they rear
 Her chariot high, and nobly bear
 Her prophet to the skies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
 Watch if his mantle chance to light,
 And seize it for thy own;
 Shute is the darling of his years,
 Young Shute his better likeness bears;
 All but his wrinkles and his hairs
 Are copy'd in his son.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,
 Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
 Thy pen shall make us wise:
 The fallies of whose youthful wit
 Could pierce the British fogs with light.
 Place our true * interest in our sight,
 And open half our eyes.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP. 1702.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
 Thou sweet deluding ill,
 The brightest minute mortals find,
 And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
 Of pleasure and of pain;
 In love the comforts and the cares
 Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
 And drops of joy are few,
 This dear delight of mingling souls
 Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
 And friendship stay to moan?
 Why the fond passion cling so fast,
 When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
 Nor death dissolve the chain:
 For love and joy were once ally'd,
 And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR NATHANIEL GOULD. 1704.

'Tis not by splendor, or by state,
 Exalted mien, or lofty gate,
 My muse takes measures of a king:
 If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
 She calls each mountain of Peru
 A more majestic thing.
 Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
 O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,

* *The interest of England, written by Mr. Shute.*

Or swell when I shall have engroft
 A larger heap of shining dust,
 And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
 Let the vain world salute me loud,
 My thoughts look inward, and forget
 The sounding names of high and great,
 The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ships to run
 And search the traffic of the sea,
 His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
 And bears the western minds away,
 Or richer spices from the rising sun:
 While the glad tenants of the shore
 Shout, and pronounce him senator*,
 Yet still the man's the same:
 For well the happy merchant knows
 The soul with treasure never grows,
 Nor swells with airy fame.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
 To rise above the mean control
 Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
 This is ambition that becomes a soul.
 We steer our course up through the skies;
 Farewell this barren land:
 We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes,
 There the dear wealth of spirit lies,
 And beckoning angels stand.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

THE LIFE OF SOULS. 1704.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
 We hasten to the dead,
 Slaves to the wind we puff away,
 And to the ground we tread.
 'Tis air that lends us life, when first
 The vital bellows heave:
 Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
 And when a mother's care has nurs'd
 The babe to manly size, we must
 With usury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
 Still tend the dying flame:
 And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
 Torn from the Indian shore.
 Thus we support our tottering flesh,
 Our cheeks resume the rose afresh.
 When bark and steel play well their game
 To save our sinking breath,
 And Gibson, with his awful power,
 Rescues the poor precarious hour
 From the demands of death.
 But art and nature, powers and charms,
 And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
 Yields us, at last to greedy worms
 A despicable prey;
 I'd have a life to call my own,
 That shall depend on heaven alone;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
 Mix their base essences with mine,
 Nor claim dominion so divine
 To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within that reigns
 O'er the dull current of my veins;

* *Member of parliament for a port in Sussex.*

I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vigorous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upwards our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

Myro, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.

So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

TO SARISSA.

AN EPISTLE.

BEAR up, Sarissa, through the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares
Those ragged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.
We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: The twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while, with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are
Are gone for ever, and have borne away [gone
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: The sailors safe
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: O celestial point
That ends this mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor: faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form,
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The just delight
That heaven indulges lawful must obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dangerous size: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart. Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent:
Hold fast the * golden chain let down from heaven,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring: happy clue [work,
Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas wisdom's noblest
All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

* The Gospel.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

PARADISE. 1708.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
 Nor will I know th' applauses of th' age;
 Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
 A life not half worn out with cares,
 Or agonies, or years;
 I leave my country all in tears;
 But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
 Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
 The remnant of my days,
 If ye have patience, and can bear [race.
 A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the
 Hark my fair guardian chides my stay,
 And waves his golden rod:
 "Angel, I come; lead on the way:"
 And now by swift degrees
 I sail aloft through azure seas,
 Now tread the milky road:
 Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres;
 And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
 In haste for paradise
 I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
 Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
 Deserts of trackless light and all the ethereal waste,
 And to the sacred borders brought;
 There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
 Each waves a keen flame as he flies, [prize.
 And well defends the walls from sieges and sur-
 With pleasing reverence I behold
 The pearly portals wide unfold:
 Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes;
 Sit fast upon the flying muse,
 And let thy roving wonder loose
 O'er all th' empyreal plains.
 Noon stands eternal here: here may thy fight
 Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
 Here breathe immortal air:
 Joy must beat high in every vein,
 Pleasure through all the bosom reign;
 'The laws forbid the stranger, pain,
 And banish every care.
 See how the bubbling springs of love
 Beneath the throne arise;
 The streams in crystal channels move,
 Around the golden streets they rove,
 And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
 There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
 Nor sin nor death infects the fruit;
 Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
 And springs from every root;
 Here may thy greedy senses feast
 While ecstasy and health attends on every taste.
 With the fair prospect charm'd I stood;
 Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
 And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,
 Nor can excess be there.
 In sacred order rang'd along
 Saints new-releas'd by death
 Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
 And aid th' immortal song.
 Each has a voice that tunes his strings.
 To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
 Things of everlasting weight,

Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
 And like the trumpet, strong,
 Divine attention held my soul,
 I was all ear!

Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
 I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there;
 "Could he but hear these notes, I said,
 "His tuneful soul would never bear
 "The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
 "But burst the vital chords to reach the happy
 dead."

And now my tongue prepares to join
 The harmony, and with a noble aim
 Attempts th' unutterable name,
 But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
 Again my soul th' unequal honour fought,
 Again her utmost force she brought,
 And bow'd beneath the burden of th' unwieldy
 thought.

Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice;
 Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble frame,
 Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd the dream:
 I sunk at once and lost the skies:
 In vain I sought the scenes of light
 Rolling abroad my longing eyes, [night.
 For all around them stood my curtains and the

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'm born aloft, and leave the crowd,
 I sail upon a morning cloud
 Skirted with dawning gold:
 Mine eyes beneath the open day
 Command the globe with wide survey,
 Where ants in busy millions play,
 And tug and heave the mould.

"Are these the things (my passion cry'd)
 "That we call men? Are these ally'd
 "To the fair worlds of light?
 "They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
 "Graven on their minds with pointed flame
 "In strokes divinely bright.

"Wretches! they hate their native skies;
 "If an ethereal thought arise,
 "Or spark of virtue shine,
 "With cruel force they damp its plumes,
 "Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
 "With business, lust, or wine.

"Lo! how they throng with panting breath
 "The broad descending road
 "That leads unerring down to death,
 "Nor miss the dark abode."

Thus while I drop a tear or two
 On the wild herd, a nobler few
 Dare to stray upward, and pursue
 Th' unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
 I know his candid soul afar;
 Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly
 Each like a rising star.
 Charin I saw and Fidea there,
 I saw them help each other's flight,
 And bless them as they go;

They soar beyond my labouring fight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love below.
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and through the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark (said he) that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there:
"When kindred minds their God pursue
"They break with double vigour through
"The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise,
My soul adores and sings,
"Blest be the power that springs their flight,
"That streaks their path with heavenly light,
"That turns their love to sacrifice,
"And joins their zeal for wings."

TO MR. G. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.

Try'd by a standard bold and just
Honour and gold and paint and dust;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

The soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mouldering corpse, and leaves the
globe behind.

In limbs of clay though she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and
The flesh is but the soul's disguise, [eyes,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dress she
From all the laws of matter free, [wears.
From all we feel, and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles, [riods on.
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our pe-
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
When this immortal mind
Stript of the body's coarse array
To endless pain, or endless joy,
Must be at once consign'd.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the past,
None but the present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our power,
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun.
See the white minutes wing'd with haste;

The Now that flies may be the last;
Seize the salvation e'er 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

CASIMIR. LIB. II. Od. 2. Imitated.

"Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles," &c.

MARK how it snows! how fast the vallies fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the vail away, and the young green ap-
pear.

But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there's no returning sun;
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden
joys are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, not the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting
down;

And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heavenly art to elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold herse, has liv'd his day:
Thus Blackbourn, we should leave our names our
heirs; [away.
Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest

TRUE MONARCHY. 1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, while his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though guilt with sun-beams and set round with
A monarch he that conquers all his fears, [stars.
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait

His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of time and chance, himself a numerous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness); still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad-vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom; sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in virtue's armour, climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust: Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit among the stars!
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Among these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character, superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
To read his secret fate: yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful shapes,

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though th' Atlantic and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd;

And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds); a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst his native rubbish; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heaven, th' unruinable sky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss.
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

*To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the
Director of my youthful Studies.*

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!

My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground:

Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate these shackles of the mind

Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Samson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.

I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And choose the channels where they run.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind

Will through all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

TO THE REVEREND MR. BENONI ROWE.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

Rowe, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,

Mean is the chase; and wandering wide
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same:
Drest in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance;
While in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd,
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn.

Mere hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But hand in hand ourselves we bind,
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood,
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road.
Unheadful of the goal.
Me let *Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering power.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb,
And seat her at thy feet;
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul:
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow gray in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!
A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus, like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles

But strike one doleful sound,
'T would be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song;
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng:
"Knowledge and love makes spirits blest,
"Knowledge their food, and love their rest;"
But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of groveling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless windings roam;
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better powers:
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If (where no sovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows;
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows;
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the
Then fond to be entirely blest, [flood
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain to tease the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
The golden blifs that charm'd her sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A spark or glimmering streak at most,
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the sad surprise,
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the disappointment wise;
And manages with art th' unlucky cast;
When the lowering frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her sovereign beauty bow;
Cheerful she smiles upon the grizly form;

* The name of an angel in Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
 And paints a rainbow on the storm;
 Anon she lets the fullen humour spend,
 And with a virtuous book or friend,
 Beguiles th' uneasy hours:
 Well-colouring every cross she meets,
 With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
 She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
 And strows her bed with flowers.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, amongst his travels, found,
 A broken statue on the ground;
 And searching onward as he went
 He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
 Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
 The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
 Yet e'er he pass'd, with much ado,
 He guess'd, and spell'd out, SCI-PI-O.

" Enough, he cry'd; I'll drudge no more
 " In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
 " Let pedants waste their hours of ease
 " To sweat all night at Socrates;
 " And feed their boys with notes and rules,
 " Those tedious recipe's of schools,
 " To cure ambition: I can learn
 " With greater ease the great concern
 " Of mortals; how we may despise
 " All the gay things below the skies.

" Methinks a mouldering pyramid
 " Says all that the old sages said;
 " For me these shatter'd tombs contain
 " More morals than the Vatican.
 " The dust of heroes cast abroad,
 " And kick'd, and trampled in the road,
 " The relics of a lofty mind,
 " That lately wars and crowns design'd,
 " Toft for a jest from wind to wind,
 " Bid me be humble, and forbear
 " Tall monuments of fame to rear,
 " They are but castles in the air.
 " The towering heights, and frightful falls,
 " The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
 " Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
 " Tell me a thousand mournful things
 " In melancholy silence.

—He
 " That living could not bear to see
 " An equal, now lies torn and dead;
 " Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
 " Great Pompey! while I meditate,
 " With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
 " Thy carcase, scatter'd on the shore
 " Without a name, instructs me more
 " Than my whole library before.

" Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
 " And my good Seneca may keep
 " Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
 " I have no further use for you:
 " For when I feel my virtue fail,
 " And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
 " I'll take a turn among the tombs,
 " And see whereto all glory comes:
 " There the vile foot of every clown
 " Tramples the sons of honour down.

" Beggars with awful ashes sport,
 " And tread the Cæsars in the dirt."

FREEDOM.

1697.

TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
 With the gay slaveries of a court;
 I've an aversion to those charms,
 And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
 Go, vassal souls, go, cringe and wait,
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
 Then run in troops before him to compose his state;
 Move as he moves; and when he loiters, stand;
 You're but the shadows of a man.
 Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
 Go, catch th' impertinence of sound:
 Adore the follies of the great;
 Wait till he smiles: But lo, the idol frown'd,
 And drove them to their fate.

Thus base born minds: but as for me,
 I can and will be free:
 Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
 My soul grows firm upright,
 And as I stand, and as I go,
 It keeps my body so;
 No, I can never part with my creation-right.
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
 I cannot make this iron knee [it free.
 Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
 Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
 I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
 Nature that listen'd to my strain,
 Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
 Sudden rose a whirling wind
 Swelling like Honorio proud,
 Around the straws and feathers crowd,
 Types of a slavish mind;
 Upwards the stormy forces rise,
 The dust flies up and climbs the skies;
 And as the tempest fell, th' obedient vapours sunk:
 Again it roars with bellowing sound,
 The meaner plants that grew around,
 The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the
 ground:

Hard by there stood the iron trunk
 Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
 In vain the winds their forces try'd,
 In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
 Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

ON MR. LOCKE'S ANNOTATIONS,

UPON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,
 LEFT BEHIND HIM AT HIS DEATH.

THUS reason learns by slow degrees,
 What faith reveals; but still complains
 Of intellectual pains,
 And darkness from the too exuberant light.
 The blaze of those bright mysteries
 Pour'd all at once on nature's eyes
 Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
 Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
 Or bear the infant Deity;

Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And drest in glories so unknown.
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heaven appear'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sovereign feet.
Sister of faith, fair charity,
Show me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest powers in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.
"Forgive, he cries, ye saints below,
"The wavering and the cold assent
"I gave to themes divinely true;
"Can you admit the blessed to repent?
"Eternal darkness veil the lines
"Of that unhappy book,
"Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines,
"Where the mortal pen mistook
"What the celestial meant!"

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do;
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day:
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.
Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhile,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.
I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless grows;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:

There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise;
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.
There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Through rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor * Rapin gives her rules to fly, nor † Purcell
notes to sing.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulf-
ing sand:
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land,
Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,

* A French critic.

† An English master of music.

Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundless deep,
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell enclos'd in solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly
dull.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars
behind.

Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critics iron chains,
And bears to Paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells: The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wondering sense, and draw our souls
along.

Behold his muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and seraphs over-
Where his adventurous genius led: [thrown,
Sovereign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupl'd sounds to climb.
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd
strains.

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heaven sits silent, while to his sovereign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre:
From every note devotion springs.
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the listening choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

THE COMPLAINT.

'Twas in a vale where osiers grow,
By murmuring streams we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;

Still sickening, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her fable wheels;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flowery vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our darken'd souls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choke the labouring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-brightening all the skies:
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkness fly:
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clattering brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the night, and nurs'd with love,
Assist our feeble fires:
Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite through their clay,
Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner-mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND. 1702.

Now let my cares all buried lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.
Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone;
Plung'd in your woes, I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
And all the soul invades:
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the evening shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest!
This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign;
Their iron rod I feel:
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the prisoner still.

Why was this life for misery made?
Or why drawn out so long?
Is there no room amongst the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

Move faster on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave:
Darkness, and death, make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE:

OR, THE COMFORTS OF A FRIEND.

Thus nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
And, smiling, thus she said:

Were kindred spirits born for cares?
Must every grief be mine?
Is there a sympathy in tears?
Yet joys refuse to join?

Forbid it, heaven, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same;
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are lost in vain delight
That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my powers employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years;
Or I can wait my father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguish'd rays.

To the Right Honourable
JOHN LORD CUTTS.

AT THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

"O WHY is man so thoughtless grown?
"Why guilty souls in haste to die?
"Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,
"Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

"Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
"Why will ye join such wide extremes,

"And stake immortal souls, in play
"At desperate chance, and bloody games?

"Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
"Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
"Calmly she meets the deadly shot!
"Secure of life above the stars.

"But phrenzy dares eternal fate,
"And, spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
"Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
"And force a passage to the flames."

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heavenly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thrafo left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls;
Vows are but wind, the hero cries;
Then swears by heaven, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF

OVID, MARTIAL, OLDHAM, DRYDEN, &c.
1708.

I JUDGE the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with an heavenly
flight,

Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her
shade.

Strephon *, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn, he cry'd with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
"So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiven!)
"Burn on my songs: For not the silver Thames
"Nor Tyber with his yellow streams
"In endless currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the
"stain."

So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown.
"Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

* Earl of Rochester.

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS. 1699.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away;
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miseries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Aug. 1701.

SAY mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not fordid souls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:

Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd just like Stoic souls,
With officers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bleis:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For Love abhors the fight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

AN EPISTLE. DEC. 1702.

LET useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country seat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent *, nor Suffex *, should have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a † base-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your sword!
Factions amongst the ‡ Britons rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, " 'tis of diviner weight,
" To save the steeple, than the state."

The bold § machine is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandfire shades with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

If || Trevia fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least petition for ¶ the land.

* His country-seat and dwelling.

† The Pretender, proclaim'd King in France.

‡ The parliament.

§ The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.

|| Mrs. Polhill of the family of Lord Trevor.

¶ Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish pe-

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY

OF THE POLES OVER OSMAN THE TURKISH EMPEROR IN THE DACIAN BATTLE.

Translated from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he resum'd the toil: and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his
plough

In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear, and breathes; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead,
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dress:)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In august port, and regular array,
Led on to conquest: Here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, dress'd in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears; when polish'd
helms

And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
Restoring all his beams! but frowning war
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
By wise command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And scymiter and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulphurous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with
arms;

Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,

*tion to the parliament, in the reign of King
William, to hasten their supplies in order to sup-
port the King in his war with France.*

For both fled hissing death: With adverse age
The crooked faulchions met; and hideous noise
From clashing shields, through the long ranks
of war,

Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse: and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash, rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills;
Such was the noise of war: the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame, and blood,
And sweat, and dust, array the broad campaign
In horror: hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift to obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine through the field with more surprising
brightness [pause
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud ap-
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly through the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, though with lesser
wings.

But what the Dahets or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians 'scaping from the slaughter,
Of Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussia smoking from afar
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm,

Met the like thunder, and an equal storm,
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,
And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mis-
chiefs,

Deaths, and bright dangers flew across the field
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murmuring through their wounds. I stood
aloof,

For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish
Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse [moons
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons: at length disrob'd
The standards fell: the barbarous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heaven:
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built size prevails: 'Tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe,
And steel well-sharp'ned: so a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flowery green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty
chiefs

Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night.
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovia troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen poll-axe flew
With speedy terror through the feeble herd,
And made rude havock and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the
craggy mountains,

Bellowing; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe; till the last relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd
The ghastly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay weltering on the ground; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud
Torn with fresh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature, to sustain
Long torment: his wild eye-balls roll: his teeth,

Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingering fate.
Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst the neighbouring dead; they round
their lord

Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd
Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richest Ottoman blood
Extended on the field: in friendship join'd,
Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in showers of darts they fell,
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: for on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of javelins; some, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and through their lovely
Made painful avenues for cruel death. [bosoms
O my dear native land, forgive the tear [passion
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong com-
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.

Dacia, forgive the fight that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the blest. "Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,
"Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate,
"And better faith." Hard by the general lay,
Of Saracen descent, a grisly form
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a furlly brow
Louring in death, and vex; his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bite hard the Polish spear:
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Caraccas: In vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the sultan threatening fierce
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovia silk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Insulting hopes! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But whether am I borne? This thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls [song;
What generous horse should hear. Break off, my
My barbarous muse, be still: Immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In founts of glory. Lo, the evening-star
Shines o'er the western hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDYSH.

Aug. 24. 1705

DEAR SIR,

THE following song was yours when first com-
posed; The muse then described the general fate
of mankind, that is, to be ill matched; and now
she rejoices that you have escaped the common
mischief, and that your soul has found its own
mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both.
Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love;
Persevere, and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press
what the pen more privately inscribed to you long
ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take of-

fence at the fabulous dress of this poem: Nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sept. 3. 1701

Why should our joys transform to pain?
 Why gentle Hymen's filken chain
 A plague of iron prove?
 Bendy, 'tis strange the charm that binds
 Millions of hands, should leave their minds
 At such a loose from love.
 In vain I fought the wonderous cause,
 Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
 And urg'd the schools in vain;
 Then deep in thought, within my breast
 My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
 A bright instructive scene.
 O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
 On fancy's airy horse I ride,
 (Sweet rapture of my mind!)
 Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
 In a tall ancient grove I stood,
 For sacred use design'd.
 Hard by, a venerable priest,
 Risen with his God, the sun, from rest,
 Awoke his morning song;
 Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;
 The birth of souls was all his theme,
 And half-divine his tongue.
 "He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
 "The vital mass, that still the same
 "Does all our minds compose:
 "But sharp'd in twice ten thousand frames:
 "Thence differing souls of differing names,
 "And jarring tempers rose.
 "The mighty power that form'd the mind
 "One mould for every two design'd,
 "And bless'd the new-born pair:
 "This be a match for this (he said):
 "Then down he sent the souls he made,
 "To seek them bodies here:
 "But parting from their warm abode
 "They lost their fellows on the road,
 "And never join'd their hands:
 "Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
 "Our eastern souls have dropt their mates
 "On Europe's barbarous lands.
 "Happy the youth that finds the bride
 "Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
 "The sweetest joy of life:
 "But oh the crowds of wretched souls
 "Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
 "And chain'd to eternal strife!"
 Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;
 My soul with vast attention heard,
 While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
 "Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
 "That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
 "I may be happy too.

"Some courteous angel, tell me where,
 "What distant lands this unknown fair,
 "Or distant seas detain?
 "Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
 "I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
 "And wear the joyful chain."

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light, is Myron's soul,
 And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
 In manly beauty shines his face;
 Every muse, and every grace,
 Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
 His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
 Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
 Behold his manhood scarce begun!
 Behold the race of virtue run!
 Behold the goal of glory won! [prize;
 Nor fame denies the merit, nor with-holds the
 Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
 The lands where learning never flew,
 Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
 Surly Japan and rich Peru, [name.
 In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's
 "Airy blest (the hero cry'd)
 "May feed the tympany of pride;
 "But healthy souls were never found
 "To live on emptiness and sound."
 Lo, at his honourable feet
 Fame's bright attendant, wealth, appears;
 She comes to pay obedience meet,
 Providing joys for future years;
 Blessings with lavish hand she pours
 Gather'd from the Indian coast;
 Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast,
 When Jove came down in golden showers.
 He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
 With high disdain I heard him say,
 "Bliss is not made of glittering clay."
 Now pomp and grandeur court his head
 With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread;
 Gay magnificence and state,
 Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
 And slaves and endless order round his table wait;
 They learn the dictates of his eyes,
 And now they fall, and now they rise,
 Watch every motion of their lord,
 Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
 With swift ambition seize th' unfinished word,
 And the command fulfil.
 Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
 He dropt a tear, and pity'd kings,
 Then, flying from the noisy throng,
 Seeks the diversion of a song.
 Music descending on a silent cloud,
 Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
 By slow degrees from soft to loud
 Changing the rose: The harp and flute
 Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
 And make a captive of his heart.
 Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love
 Each with utmost luxury strove
 To treat their favourite best;
 But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
 And lawless love, in vain combine
 To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round; and, with a sigh,
 Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
 " In crowds of pleasure still I find
 " A painful solitude of mind.
 " A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
 " Hence, and be gone, ye flattering snares,
 " Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
 " Ye unperforming promisers!
 " Be all my baser passions dead,
 " And base desires, by nature made
 " For animals and boys:
 " Man has a relish more refin'd,
 " Souls are for social bliss design'd,
 " Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
 " A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."
 Myrrha appear'd: " Serene her soul,
 " And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
 " In softer beauties shone her face;
 " Every muse, and every grace,
 " Made her heart and tongue their seat,
 " Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely
 " Myrrha the wonder of his eyes;" [sweet:
 His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
 With joys unknown before:
 His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
 Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
 And could endure no more.
 " Enough! (th' impatient hero cries)
 " And seiz'd her to his breast,
 " I seek no more below the skies,
 " I give my slaves the rest."

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

An Answer to an infamous satyr, called " Advice to a Painter;" written by a nameless author, against King William III. of glorious memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this satyr into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of those efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by

SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero, that redeem'd our land,
 Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
 The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
 Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
 And paid an annual tribute of his life
 To guard his England from the Irish knife, [name,
 And crush the French dragoon? Must William's
 That brightest star that gilds the wings of fame,
 William the brave, the pious, and the just,
 Adorn these gloomy scenes or tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;
 Can your zeal sleep! Or are your passions tame?
 Nor call revenge and darkness on the Poet's
 name?

Why smoke the skies not? Why no thunders roll?
 Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
 Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
 And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame;
 To call the painter to his black designs,
 To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
 Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
 Under no shape but angels, or his own,
 Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
 And words with infinite ideas join,
 I'd rouse Apelles, from his iron sleep,
 And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
 Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain;
 Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
 Scattering just vengeance through the red cam-
 paign.
 Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
 Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
 And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the
 squadrons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
 Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood
 His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
 Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,
 And his Maria weeping; whilst alone [own:
 He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his
 But heaven secures its champion; o'er the field
 Paint hovering angels; though they fly con-
 ceal'd, [shield.
 Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
 Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
 Then imitate the glory; on the strand
 Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
 Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
 All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
 Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
 Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
 Lust and profaneness dying at his feet, [meet,
 While round his head the laurel and the olive
 The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
 With flowery blessings ever on his brow.
 At his right hand pile up the English laws
 In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
 His wife and just commands——
 Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
 On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
 And bless the piece; these statutes are your own,
 That sway the cottage, and direct the throne;
 People and prince are one in William's name,
 Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes display'd,
 Clap their glad wings around their guardian's
 head,
 Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
 Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
 Place waiting virtues, each of heavenly mien;
 Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
 The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise
 Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
 Sweet, with no fondness; cheerful, but not vain:
 Bright, without terror; great, without disdain.
 His soul inspires us what his lips command,
 And spreads his brave example through the land:
 Not so the former reigns;——

Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast to be exprest:
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now, Muse, pursue the satyrift again,
Wipe off the blots of his invenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law;
At one flight dash he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame;
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and
And with unpardonable malice sheds [brave,
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
With silent influence shedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague, and then the pain de-
scribe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with fordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

TO THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety:
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloy:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed,
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a longing in our breast:
She finds or frames vexations still.
Herself the greatest plague we feel,
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life

From peevish humours are not free;
Still we affect variety:
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track; and still, and still
Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit faint!
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: She is hurry'd still,
Twixt her wild passions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er she roves,
By purling streams, and silent groves,
Or with her furies, or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shows
Too fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move; for she can dwell
In her old grandfire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home.
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she's at peace; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows,
And makes her home where-e'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

"Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ," &c.

July, 1700.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
"Inglorious here he lies;"

Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By every hour that flies.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not:
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slippery sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waste with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows!

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream,
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and smil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now fullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harrest hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive-
down fiercely on the goal.

Not half so fast the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea,
When sails, and oars, and labouring skies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The rest lie still yet in their nest
And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12. imitated.

"Quid me latentem," &c. 1700.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their fight and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.
Yet they will urge, "This private life
"Can never make you blest,
"And twenty doors are still at strife
"T'engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall

Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T'employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.

There's a day hastening, ('tis an awful day!)
When the great sovereign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy though unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath, and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till envy shoots, and fame receives the wound;
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down glory falls, and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms, and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of power;
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat,
While she withdraws from public praise,
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself would innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in envy's sight,
And virtue stands the mark of universal spight.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

THE DISDAIN. 1700.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:

Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the stars, and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame :
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys ;
Be shining dust the miser's food ;
Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth : But you will quickly discover, that the muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In the second, perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself, is now permitted to entertain the world ; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy : This globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas : The actors many :
The plot immense : A flight of demons sit
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose ;
And shoots across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. Lo she glides
Single through all the storm, and more secure ;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. " But, O my lov'd Marilla,
" My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
" How much art thou exposed ! Thy growing soul
" Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
" Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
" That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage :

" Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest
pieces
" Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
" How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
" And soften every fibre to improve
" The mother's sad capacity of pain !
" I mourn Fidelio too ; though heaven has chose
" A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
" The pride and flower : How blest the lovely pair,
" Beyond expression, if well mingled loves
" And woes well mingled could improve our bliss !
" Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
" The father and the husband ; flattering names,
" That spread his title, and enlarge his share
" Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but every hour
" Renews the disappointment and the smart.
" There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
" Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
" (Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul.
" Strange is thy power, O Love ! what numer-
ous veins,
" And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,
" By strong but secret strings ! With vain attempt
" We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of nature and of blood ;
" Those hidden threads maintain the dear com-
munion
" Inviolably firm ; their thrilling motions
" Reciprocal give endless sympathy
" In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
" Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
" These avenues of love to reach our souls,
" And pain had never found them !"

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnia came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on ; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sate on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow ; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy : But thy own cares of softer kind [heart,
Give sharper wounds : They lodge too near the
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved ! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain : The region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours ?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe : Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms

Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper, ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death;
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Through every vein. Speak, does the stranger
muse

Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul
Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men? So parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: The widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood.

THE SECOND PART:

OR, THE BRIGHT VISION.

Thus far the muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus she sang
Partial; for melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: The pensive muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love: But while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery: Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the fullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss: Behold the
place

Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
Nor malice fork-tongued. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station
To act thy part of life, serene and blest
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race

Liv'd in sweet partnership! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse new-dresses the fair garden
Amid this desert world, with budding bliss,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flowery beauties
Without one dangerous tree: There heavenly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrantcy
Sit trembling on the spires: The spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unquench'd (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening-bough, shall join your
worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! Hark, through the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair muse proclaims the heaven below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men: Again returning
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of heaven: (So Milton sings, enlightened bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high favour'd.) Thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve his sole auditress; and deep dispute
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd;
But high their conference: how self-suffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendours unsufferable and radiant death.

With reverence and abasement deep they fall
Before his Sovereign Majesty, to pay
Due worship: Then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah: There the Son,
The filial Godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth:
Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost paradise for men, and purchase heaven.

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.

"She sang the Infant God; (mysterious theme!)
"How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
"The ox and ass his mean companions; there
"In habit vile the shepherds flock around,
"Saluting the great mother, and adore
"Israel's anointed King, the appointed heir
"Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
"Beneath his regal state; for thee, my Mitio,
"Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
"Ministering round their charge with folded
"wings [hours

"Obsequious, though unseen; while lightsome
"Fulfill'd the day, and the gray evening rose.
"Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
"Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
"And with their fanning pinions purge the air
"From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
"And impure taint; while their ambrosial plumes
"A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
"Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung
"Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
"And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
"Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
"Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
"Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
"Smiles in the east with eye-lids opening fair,
"But not so fair as thine; O I could fold thee,
"My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
"For ever in these arms! For ever dwell
"Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
"And every pulse should beat seraphic love!
"Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
"With swift ambition, zealous to attend
"Their prince, and form a heaven below the sky.

"Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
"Of female fondness, and forgive the man
"That interrupts such melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay just worship to the sacred King,
Jesus, the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex; [aside
(Vain blandishment!) "Come, turn thine eyes
"From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful steep
"Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls
"Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
"Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
"Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
"Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his cross?"

"Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
"For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
"(Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans,
"And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
"Adoring angels pry with bending head
"Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
"This infinite design. Here peace is made
"Twixt God the Sovereign, and the rebel man:
"Here Satan overthrown with all his hosts
"In second ruin rages and despairs;
"Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
"Long held in slavery hopes a sweet release,
"And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive
"Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death."

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three
In heaven; and seal'd on earth with God's own
blood.

Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
Celestial! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And, spite of earth and hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
And honours which the Almighty Father God
Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
High treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. "Then, my Charissa, all is thine.
"And thine, my Mitio, the fair saint replies.
"Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
"And place, and time, are ours; and things to
come,
"And past, and present; for our interest stands
"Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.
"Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, (while
"We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth
"Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
"Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
"For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light
"Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
"Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
"Covering our slumbers, all with stary gold
"Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
"For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
"Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands.
"Glories beyond our ken of mortal fight
"Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
"Awaits us, where the saints unbody'd live.
"Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
"Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
"Panting aspire; when shall that dearest hour
"Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
"Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home?"

O blest connubial state! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unfociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as the glorious noon, serenely calm

As summer-evenings. The vile sons of earth
 Grovelling in dust with all their noisy jars
 Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
 Than barking animals affright the moon
 Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
 Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
 O'er all your passions with unrivall'd sway
 Mutual and everlasting: Friendship knows
 No property in good, but all things common
 That each possesses, as the light or air
 In which we breathe and live: There's not one
 thought
 Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
 But every passage open as the day
 To one another's breast, and inmost mind.
 Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
 Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as
 they flow,
 Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely
 glow.

THE THIRD PART:

OR THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

SHOULD sovereign love before me stand,
 With all his train of pomp and state,
 And bid the daring muse relate
 His comforts and his cares;
 Mitio, I would not ask the sand
 For metaphors t' express their weight,
 Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
 Thy cares and comfort, sovereign love,
 Vastly out-weigh the sand below,
 And to a larger audit grow
 Than all the stars above.
 Thy mighty losses and thy gains
 Are their own mutual measures;
 Only the man that knows thy pains
 Can reckon up thy pleasures.
 Say Damon, say, how bright the scene,
 Damon is half-divinely blest,
 Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
 Without a jealous thought, or busy care between:
 Then the sweet passions mix and share;
 Florella tells thee all her heart,
 Nor can thy soul's remotest part
 Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
 Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
 When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstasy,
 Nor self contracts the blest, nor vice pollutes the
 While thy dear offspring round thee sit, [joy.
 Or sporting innocently at thy feet
 Thy kindest thoughts engage:
 Those little images of thee,
 What pretty toys of youth they be,
 And growing props of age!
 But short is earthly bliss! The changing wind
 Blows from the sickly south, and brings
 Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
 Relentless death sits close behind:
 Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
 With piercing groans salutes his ears,
 Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
 While sweet and bitter are at strife
 In those dear miseries of life,
 Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.

The pleasing sense of love awhile
 Mixt with the heart-ach may the pain beguile,
 And make a feeble fight:
 Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
 Then every smiling passion dies,
 And hope alone with wakeful eyes
 Darkling and solitary waits the slow-returning light.
 Here then let my ambition rest,
 May I be moderately blest
 When I the laws of love obey;
 Let but my pleasure and my pain
 In equal balance ever reign,
 Or mount by turns and sink again,
 And share just measures of alternate sway.
 So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
 Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
 On this dull stage of clay:
 The tribes beneath the northern Bear
 Submit to darkness half the year,
 Since half the year is day.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,

Just after Mr. Dryden. 1700

AN EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead, Dryden alone could sing
 The full grown glories of a future king.
 Now Gloster dies: Thus lesser heroes live
 By that immortal breath that poets give;
 And scarce revive the muse: But William stands,
 Nor asks his honours from the poets hands,
 William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
 His laurels are not grafted on the bays,

AN EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

"Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
 "Ut mecum possis," &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH NORTE.

*Lord Bishop of Kilmore * in Ireland. 1694.*

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so
 sweet,
 So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
 That with her martial Rome would place Cirine,
 Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
 Yet modest you decline the public stage,
 To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age,
 So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
 In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
 And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus'
 strings.
 He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
 Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
 And at his will could silence all the lyric quire.
 So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
 Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
 When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
 And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
 And compliments will every friend bestow;

* Afterwards Archbishop of Tuam.

Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, wit.

EPISTOLA

FRATRI SUO DILECTO R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amandè, frater, accepi literas, eodem fortassè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamus; non inane est inter nos Fraternal Nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intus animat, agitque, et concordet in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam crescat indies, et vigescat mutua charitas; faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat et defæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alternis puræ amicitiae flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; Contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœlestè illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est,

Qui quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit
Munia, et in sese Tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum,

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris
Amplexus solitosve: Artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic insigne sagittas,
"Hæc, ait, iratum sorbeant pectora ferrum,
"Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."

Dixit, et horrendum frentuere tonitrua cœli
Insensufque Deus, (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores
Ad tantos perventæ filet). Jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
† Purpureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, et summo languentem suscitatur enssem:

"Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
"Flumine mucronem; Vos hinc, mea spicula, latè
"Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
"Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondere pœnæ
"Sustentanda hominem suffulciat incola Numen.
"Et tu sacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,
"Ebibe vindictam; vastâ satiabere cæde,
"Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
"Permissus Deitate Cruor."

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, sævis avidas dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem scrutator, et illa mordet;
Interea servator § ovat, victorque doloris
Eminet, illustri || perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortius illum
Urget Patris Honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miseros fontes; O nobilis ardor

* Job iv. 6.
† Zech. xiii. 7.
Vol. IX.

† Luke xxii. 4.

§ Col. ii. 15.

|| Luke xxii. 24.

Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Durus amor? Quid non cœlestia?

At subsidat phantasia, vānescant imagines; nescio quo me proripuit amans Musa: Volui quatuor linias pedibus astringere, et ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologium læserit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlatâ est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliusculè se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus defuerit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi & crescentes versus noluere plura, et coarctarunt scriptionis limites. Vale amice frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum à Museo meo Londini xvto Kalend. Feb.

Anno Salutis cdcxcxiii.

Fratris E. W. olim navigaturo. Sept. 30, 1691.

IFELIX, pede prospero
I frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cœrula
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.
Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospitâ
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roborem lætus.
Captent mitia flamma
Antennæ; et zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum boream domas.
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

Ad Reverendum Virum

DM JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

PINDARCI CARMINIS SPECIMEN. 1694.

ET te, Pinhorni, Musa Trifantica
Salutat; ardens discipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros et Ebraia per aspera grassat
Non durâ duxisse manu
Tuo patefcent lumine Thespîi
Campi atqui ad arcem Pieridæon iter:
En altus assurgens Homerus
Arma deosque virosque miscens
Occupat æthereum Parnassi culmen: Homeri
Immensos stupeo manes—
Te, Maro, dulcè canens sylvas, te bela sonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ;
Tuæque accipias, Thebanæ vates,
Debita Thura Lyra.

Vobis, magna trias! clarissima nomina semper
 Scrinia nostra patent, & pectora nostra patebunt,
 Quum mihi cunque levem concefferit otia & horam
 Divina Mosis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipsa pudenda

Deponat veneres: venias sed * "purus & infons
 " Ut te collaudem, dum sordes & mala lustra"
 Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ
 Hâc lege accedent satyræ Juvenalis, amari
 Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset
 Perſius, obscuros vates, nisi lumina circum-
 -fusa forent, sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde, scidiffes.
 Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
 Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
 Ordine, et ambabus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.

Tutò, Poetæ, tutò habitabitis
 Pictos abacos: improba tineæ
 Obiit, nec audat sæva castas

Attingere blatta camœnas.
 At tu renidens sæda epigrammatum
 Farrago inertum, stercoris impii
 Sentino foetens, Martialis,
 In barathrum relegandus imum
 Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum
 Infusè mollem, naribus, auribus
 Ingrata castis carmina; et improbi
 Spurcos Nasonis amores.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab arâ
 En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
 Jessiadæ salveto; potens seu numinis iras
 Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
 Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono

Sedare fluctus pectoris.
 Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
 Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
 Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
 Dignabere, seu lecticæ.

Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
 Aureos suadebis inire somnos
 Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-

livia curis,
 Stet juxtâ † Casimirus, huic nec parcius ignem
 Natura indulſit nec Musa armavit alumnum
 † Sarbivium rudiorē lyrâ.

Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
 † Humana linquens (en sibi devii
 Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
 Spatiatur in aëre pennis.

Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
 Cognatosve thronos & partium polum
 Visurus consurgis ovans,
 Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
 Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum
 O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
 Musa, simul totus fervere
 Santio, stellatas levis induor
 Alas & tollor in altum.
 Jam juga Zionis radens pede

* Horat. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

† M. Casimirus, Serbiewski Poeta insignis Po-

Elato inter sidera radens vertice
 Longè despecto mortalia.
 Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,
 Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli
 Terrellæ grandia inania,
 Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
 O curas hominum miseras! Cano,
 Et miseras nugas diademata!
 Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
 En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
 Gestit & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
 Mens afflata Deo

— at vos heroes & arma
 Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.
 Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
 Pallas! aut vestris, Dyonyse, Thyrsis?
 Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & Hercules,
 Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,
 Abstinate à carmine nostro.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
 Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausu
 Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen &
 Immenſum sine lege deum numeri sine lege sona-
 bunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor;
 Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En
 labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per
 inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, filet.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini; frag-
 men hoc rude licet et impolitur æqui boni con-
 ſulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem
 reponas.

Votum, seu Vita in terris beata.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, BARTUM.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis
 Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
 Quem mea Musa beat,
 Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,
 Et similes superis annos agit
 " Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
 Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
 Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
 Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
 Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
 (Plausus infani tumidus popelli)
 Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
 Feriat licet æthera clamor.
 Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
 Nec, Tæge, vestra fulgor arenulæ
 Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
 Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

O si daretur stamina proprii
 Tractare fusii pollice proprio,
 Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
 Candidus vitæ color innocentis
 Fila nativo decoraret albo

Non Tyriâ vitiata conchâ.
 Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
 Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.

Longè à triumphis, & sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstinate fasces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstinate, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet Auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto
Turba mercantum; gratius alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto à linguis——

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane sacri
Nomen amici!

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternum, diva libidinis

Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola?
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Sæxus amor mihi.

Cœlede carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jesiæ) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watfianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.

Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO MRS. SINGER AFTERWARDS MRS.
ROWE.

*On the sight of some of her divine Poems, never
printed. July 19. 1706.*

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath the evening sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;
" 'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighbouring shep-
herds cry;
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My soul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago

I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal strings:
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heaven, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers, with awe profound,
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

STANZAS TO LADY SUNDERLAND,

AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS. 1712.

FAIR nymph, ascend to beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:
Let favourites take thy lower sphere,
Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of beauty, built sublime,
Defies all powers but thine and time:
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,
Nor standards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's house, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning strikes with less surprise
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; she enslaves the mind:
We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The muse, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns th' inimitable fair.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

*An Epitaph on King William III. of glorious me-
mory.*

Who died March 8th 1701.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolat thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Z ij

Rest his dear sword beneath his head ;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand :
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of paint and verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the herse,
And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave religion set
In solemn gold ; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair liberty in fables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
" William, the scourge of tyrants past,
" And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet peace his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song ;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forked tongue.

Night and the grave remove your gloom ;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead ;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

*An Elegiac song sent in a letter of Condolance to
Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amsterdam.*

HARK ! She bids all her friends adieu ;
Some angel calls her to the spheres ;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love :

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, sovereign Lord, dear Saviour come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home ;
That golden hour, how long it stays !

How long must we lie lingering here,
While saints around us take their flight ?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out, and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb !
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis
Dom. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri
NATHANAELIS MATHERI.
Quod mori potuit hic subtus depositum est ;
Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidas enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanum sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non fallacem :

Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum & doctorem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ ;
At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt

Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio :
Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitas afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edipit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus :
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet !

Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invita obruit silentio.

Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Putam ab humanâ fæce.

Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.

Concionatur gravis aspectu, gestu, voce ;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec deerat ;

Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majestas, & Deus præsens.
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas,
Et hinc victoriæ

Ab inferorum portis toties reportatae.
 Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis insigere
 Altum & salutare vulnis:
 Vulneratus idem tractare leniter solers,
 Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
 Ex defæcato cordis fonte
 Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
 Etiam in familiari contubernio:
 Spirabat ipse undique coelestes suavitates,
 Quavi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,
 Et semper supra socios;
 Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
 Quaquaversus & latè diffudit.
 Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
 Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
 Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
 Varias curarum moles pertulit
 Et in stadio & in metâ vitæ:
 Quam ubi propinquam vidit
 Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
 Properè & exultim attigit.
 Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20^o Martii, 1630.
 Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
 Pastoralis munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
 Tandem (ut semper) providentium secutus ducem,
 Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
 Quos doctrinâ precibus, & vita beavit:
 Ah brevi!
 Corpore solutus 26^o Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
 Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
 Probis piisque omnibus
 Infandum sui desiderium:
 Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
 Expectans stellam matutinam.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JOHN SHOWER,

On the death of his Daughter Mrs. Anne Warner.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be

reckoned among my lost hours, and the rest
 will be more pleasing to

SIR,

Your affectionate humble servant, he

I. W. h

December 22. 1707.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT

On Mrs. Ann Warner, who died of the Small-Pox,
 December 18. 1707, at One of the Clock in the
 Morning; a few Days after the Birth and
 Death of her first Child.

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
 And seek Vernera fled; With upward aim
 Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
 Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels, that patrol
 The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
 Near the meridian star; pursue the track
 To the bright confines of immortal day
 And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
 (For nothing escapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
 So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
 Of amaranth, or cheerful even-green,
 She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds
 Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
 And travels through this howling wilderness;
 By what divine protections she escap'd
 Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
 In combination to assail her virtue
 (Snares set to murder souls); but heaven secur'd
 The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
 Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
 And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
 The young maternal passion, and absolve
 The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
 That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
 From our dim regions to th' Eternal Sun,
 And led the parent's way to glory! There
 Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
 For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
 Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
 And sing her welcome. She along their seats
 Gliding salutes them all with honours due
 Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds
 A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
 But vacant: "This" (with sure presage she cries)
 "Awaits my father; when will he arrive?"
 "How long, alas, how long!" (Then calls her
 mate)
 "Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
 "Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever
 one."

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind
 dreams
 Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
 Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, muse,
 Chooses she rather to retire apart
 To recollect her dissipated powers,
 And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
 From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
 From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
 And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought
 her death.

THE WORKS OF WATTS.

Ret
Rou
Fix
Th
Y
Is the great seal of heaven? What happy hour
shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight?
Venera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' Almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
O could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!—

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay. Distressing sight!
I look, and mourn, and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness: Tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,
That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and
spoil'd

So sweet a structure! The impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the countenance, where the world ad-
Features of wit and virtue? This the face [mir'd
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on these
cheeks,

As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light? So sits the sun
(Fair eye of heaven!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Opprest with darkness.—

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED AND HO-
NOURED RELATIVE, MRS. M. W.

JULY 13, 1693.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heavenly forms I see
The kindred-mind from fleshy bondage free;
O how unlike a thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

Long did the earthly house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest;

Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till by the weight of numerous days opprest
The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years
The prisoner smil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe
That hang around the memory, and becloud it so.
Come fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
With youthful green, and spotless white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a shade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features too divine
Beyond the power of fancy shine, [shrine.
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful
Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;

But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to th' Almighty seat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through.
The features of the mind
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.
The painter muse with glancing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh*,
That death had long disjoined:
"In the fair tablet they shall stand
"United by a happier band:" [mind,
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)
Since he was seen on earth no more:
He fought in lower seas and drown'd;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.

There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and science meet, [at his feet.
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them

* My grandfather Mr. Thomas Watts, had such
acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting,
music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable
esteem among his contemporaries. He was com-
mander of a ship of war 1656, and by blowing up
of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in
his youth.

'Tis done ! What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original !

'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love, [heart.
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my

A FUNERAL POEM ON THE DEATH OF
THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

*Presented to the Right Honourable the Lady Ab-
ney, Lady Mayorefs of London. July 1701.*

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow ; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse : but the importunity was not to be resisted ; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington ; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts ; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses led me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other : It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation ; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure ; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse ; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit : I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections : And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable

loss : But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints ; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself ; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is : Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem ; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it ; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him ; all which, as your Ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most hearty
and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY MUCH HONOURED
FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

*Who died November 11. 1700, when he had just
finished his Seat at Newington.*

Of blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song ;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss ! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought ! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings ! and hopes that touch the
skies

Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd !
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet [years
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres :
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual
length :

But hasty fate thrusts her dread sheers between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight, [night.
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend [bend

Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his herse with never-ceasing
cries.

Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the
way.

See the dull wheels roll on the fable road;
But no dear son to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say,
"This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers! Must some unknown
name

Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet soil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: Earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw-damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th' unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and square it rises from below:
A noble air without a gaudy show
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,

Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the gray twilight, and the early dawn.
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
Numbering the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wandering feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to soothe my sorrows I indulge my loves

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh
between.

Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania, there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea, [day;
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the
dead.

The rising sun adorn'd with all his light
Smiles on these walls again: but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies;
He's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds them: while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face.
Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two mighty Bears walk round and
watch the pole.

See while I speak, high on her fable wheel
Old night advancing climbs the eastern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they
will;

But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat
Sacred to friendship! O divine retreat!

Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noisy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone would sit
Free and secure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts would stretch their longest wings,
and rise,

Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies:
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in heaven for souls: We'd trace the
streets

Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy moun-
tains yield;

Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode:
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' Almighty
feat, [feet.]

And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's
Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession
move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty
flight,

Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.

How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honours, dreams of empty sound
Till envy rise, and shoot a second wound
At swelling glory, strait the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles insolent and proud
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: Still vain and wild
Lives beyond fixity, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heaven bestow'd with liberal
hand:

Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this
seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie bury'd, where my Gunston
lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe,
Young mothers, who your darling babes have
found

Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound;
Ye frightened nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eye-lids, and disorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbound-
ed sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke: 'Tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:
Be all ye flowery vales with thorns o'ergrown;
Assist my sorrows and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintery robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel
dry.

Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul
with mine.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn *;
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To show your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway:

* There was a long row of tall elms then
standing where some years after the lower garden
was made.

Hither our souls their constant offerings brought,
The burthens of the breast, and labours of the
thought;

Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there through both our bo-
soms roll,

By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic
powers

Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot we boast our birth-right still,
And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls: At thy command,
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heap on poor mortals sorrows not their own;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens
out the store.

Yet we are fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death dis-
solves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving muse
Wild and despairing knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy votarefs too; and at thy shrine,
O sacred friendship, offer'd songs divine,
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were
thine.

Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And sweet the aids of sense! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting through the
trees:

The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung;
The slow-declining sun with sloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,
Ye green enclosures, and ye growing sweets,
Lament; for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls
In rapture, and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear my song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever!

Oh for a general grief! let all things share
Our woes, that knew our loves: The neighbour-
ing air

Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over these fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath,
That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, once more, and then
Gunston aloud I call: In vain I cry
Gunston aloud; for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wandering I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds
our loves; [not:
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them
He hath forgot me: In the lonesome vault
Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies
Deaf and unthinking clay.—

But whither am I led? This artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
In these sweet fields reviving on my taste
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above, loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it
thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: See through the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of
night:

But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the
stars;

"So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.

" We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
 " We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, He dies,
 " Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!
 " On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
 " All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,
 " And sung his welcome to the courts above.
 " Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
 " The buildings struck him with immense surprise;
 " The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,
 " The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light:
 " Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks fate
 " In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
 " On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
 " Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
 " Millions of glories reign through every part;
 " Infinite power, and uncreated art,
 " Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
 " How it out-shines the noblest seats below.
 " The stranger fed his gazing powers awhile
 " Transported: Then, with a regardless smile,
 " Glanc'd his eye downward through the crystal
 " floor,
 " And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain;
 Raphael commands: Assume thy joys again.
 In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
 " Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms
 " of day; [groans away.]
 " Gunston the friend lives still: And give thy

AN ELEGY ON MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

Worthy Sir,

THE subject of the following elegy was high in
 your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your
 affections. Scarce doth his memory need the as-
 sistance of the muse to make it perpetual; but
 when she can at once pay her honours to the ve-
 nerable dead, and by this address acknowledge
 the favours she has received from the living, it is
 a double pleasure to,

Sir,
 Your obliged humble servant,
 I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died Jan. 8th. 1699-1700.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint
 Could teach Euphrates * not to flow,
 Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,
 Array'd in beauty and in woe:
 Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,
 And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's
 urn.

O could my lips or flowing eyes
 But imitate such charming grief,
 I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,
 Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies,
 Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;

* Psal. 137. Lament. i. 2. 3.

Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
 While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and
 tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
 And sent his minister of death
 To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
 And to demand our prophet's breath;
 He came commission'd for the fates
 Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
 There he essay'd the vengeance first,
 Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge
 to dust.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!
 How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
 Oh painful stroke! distressing death!
 A wound unmeasurably wide
 No vulgar mortal dy'd
 When he resign'd his breath.

The muse that mourns a nation's fall,
 Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
 Should mingle majesty and groans,
 Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
 And in deep founding numbers tell,
 How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.
 Sion grows weak, and England poor,
 Nature herself, with all her store,
 Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
 Sure he was some ethereal mind,
 Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
 And order'd to be born.

His soul was of th' angelic frame,
 The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
 When the Creator makes a minister of flame,
 He was all form'd of heavenly things,
 Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
 For she has seen him rise upon his flaming wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly
 Up through the ocean of the sky,
 Tow'rd the celestial coast!
 With what amazing swiftness soar
 Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
 And all its mountains lost!
 Scarce could the muse pursue him with her sight:
 But, angels, you can tell,
 For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
 And knew the stranger well;
 Say, how he past the radiant spheres.
 And visited your happy seats,
 And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden
 And walk'd among the stars. [streets]

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills
 Surveying all the realms above,
 Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery
 Of an immortal love. [wheels]
 'Twas there he took a glorious sight
 Of the inheritance of saints in light,
 And read their title in their Saviour's right.
 How oft the humble scholar came,
 And to your songs he rais'd his ears
 To learn th' unutterable name,
 To view th' eternal base that bears,
 The new creation's frame.
 The countenance of God he saw,
 Full of mercy: full of awe,

The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel, and the fiery law
In that majestic face.

That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With most profound abasement and exalted joy,
The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The volume open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own:
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,

And bold blasphemers shrink and fear †:
Impudent tongues! to blast a prophet's name!
The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest
fame! [through,

Impudent tongues! You should be darted
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

"We saw him, said th' ethereal throng,

"We saw his warm devotions rise,

"We heard the fervour of his cries,

"And mix'd his praises with our song:

"We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,

"Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,

"Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,

"And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial
"towers,

"To reach the blessing down for those that sought
"his blood.

"Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand

"Rais'd high to crush the factious foe;

"As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand

"Doubtful t' obey the dread command,

"While his ascending prayer upheld the falling
"blow."

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My muse, and bring the wondrous man to fight.

Place him surrounded as he stood

With pious crowds, while from his tongue

A stream of harmony ran soft along,

And every ear drank in the flowing good:

Softly it ran its silver way,

Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong:

Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,

Life, love and glory, grace and joy,

Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent-flood,

And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts
and souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there!

No more return to breathe this grosser air,

This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight

While we belong to clay,

Passions of terror and delight,

Demand alternate sway.

† Though he was so great and good a man, he
did not escape censure.

Behold the man, whose awful voice

Could well proclaim the fiery law,

Kindle the flames that Moses saw,

And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.

He stands the herald of the threatening skies,

Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,

All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning

in his eyes.

Round the high roof the curses flew

Distinguishing each guilty head,

Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled,

His kindled arrows still pursue,

His arrows strike the atheist through,

And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horror
spread.

The marble heart groans with an inward wound;

Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel

Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,

And dread the echoes of the sound.

The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd

In gaudy pride sinks down his impious head,

Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, muse, assume a softer strain,

Now soothe the sinner's raging smart,

Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art

To calm the surging conscience, and assuage the

He from a bleeding God derives [pain;

Life for the souls that guilt had slain,

And strait the dying rebel lives,

The dead arise again;

The opening skies almost obey

His powerful song; a heavenly ray [day,

Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful

His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,

Recalls the scenes of ancient years,

To make the Saviour known;

Sweetly the flying charmer roves

Through all his labours and his loves,

The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of his
throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try

The steep ascent of Calvary,

And sets the fatal tree before our eye:

See here celestial sorrow reigns;

Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,

Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.

In wondrous words he sung the vital flood

Where all our sins were drown'd,

Words fit to heal and fit to wound,

Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.

In his discourse divine

Afresh the purple fountain flow'd;

Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,

And trickled to the ground,

While every accent gave a doleful sound,

Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring
God.

Down to the mansions of the dead,

With trembling joy our souls are led,

The captives of his tongue;

There the dear prince of light reclines his head

Darkness and shades among.

With pleasing horror we survey

The caverns of the tomb,

Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,

And shed a sweet perfume.

Mark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs:
The rising God! he comes, he comes, [train.
With throngs of waking faints, a long triumphing
See the bright squadrons of the sky,
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning sovereign, and attend him
A shining car the conqueror fills, [high.
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud, [the wheels.
And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to
The opening gates of bliss receive their king,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head;
Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons, and the shining
globes, [dead.
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the
Gouge was his envoy to the realms below,
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal,
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out, to hear
The embassies of love he bare,

While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.
But O my everlasting grief!
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our songs,
And awful threatenings languish on our tongues;
Howe is a great but single name:
Amidst the crowd he stands alone:
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Dress'd for the flight, and ready to be gone.
Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come,
And shining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the
skies.

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

P R E F A C E.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and what to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion, ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Mo-

ses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing "with grace" in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs," Ephes. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verse, is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend;

who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that favours of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Dissenters, baptised in infancy, or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these compositions may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of sonnets on moral subjects, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some sifter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth.

SONG I.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,

That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glory known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven!

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worship'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VIII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my thoughts have been:
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ had dy'd
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell,

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgement-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

SONG X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell;
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;

And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope when'er I die
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon
" To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may loose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

VOL. IX.

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his Almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

WHAT blest'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy by times was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Saphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

A

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

S O N G XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all our actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

S O N G XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful fight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;

That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

S O N G XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell fire,
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go."

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood and groans and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

S O N G XIX.

AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING, AND TAKING
GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

Why should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song:
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SONG XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

When first she put her covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth should I appear;
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Let children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

Why should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will;
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults!

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

A a ij

SONG XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

AN EVENING SONG.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

SONG XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF
THE OLD TESTAMENT,

PUT INTO SHORT RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

Exodus, Chap. xx.

1. Thou shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet:

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS,
OUT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew xxii. 37.

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Matthew vii. 12.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourself,
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

Out of my Book of HYMNS I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the End of any of these Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors.

THE HOSANNA; OR SALVATION
ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne:
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her king.

COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace;
Sion, behold thy king!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

GLORY TO THE FATHER AND THE
SON, &c,

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honour, praise and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or fairs to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace;
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS,

*Such as I wish some happy and condescending genius
would undertake for the use of children, and perform
much better.*

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plenti-
fully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the

common appearances of nature, from all the oc-
currences of civil life, both in city and country
(which would also afford matter for other divine
songs). Here the language and measures should
be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or
without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred
names of God and holy things; that children
might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver
them from those idle, wanton, or profane songs,
which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and
memory; and become the seeds of future vices,

I. THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him com-
plain, [again.]

"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed, [head,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours with-
out number;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drink-
ing; [ing.

But he scarce reads his Bible and never loves think-

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:"
That man's but a picture of what I might be;

But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding, [ing.

Who taught me betimes to love working and read-

II. INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;

Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;

So foul and so fierce are their natures:

But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt;

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport."

III. THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower
The glory of April and May!

A a iij

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield! [lost,
So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will scent, like a rose, when I'm dead.

IV. THE THIEF.

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit?

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

V. THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE Emmets how little they are in our eyes?
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall
And pray that my sins be forgiven. [come,
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of
I may dwell in a palace in heaven. [clay,

VI. GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can I tell what shall befall me.
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion:

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: His course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears: Then he breaks out and
And travels his heavenly way; [shines,

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

*Some Copies of the following Hymn having got abroad
already into several hands, the Author has been per-
suaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of
these Songs for Children.*

A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.
Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment.
All thy wants are well supply'd.
How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee?
Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.
Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight?
Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord?
Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;

'Tis thy { * Mother } fits beside thee,
Nurse that }
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they fought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

* Here you may use the words, brother, sister, neigh-
bour, friend, &c.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
AMBROSE PHILIPS, ESQ.

Containing

PASTORALS,
ODES,
EPISTLES,



SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

To rural lays, e'er yet in manhood ripe,
A shepherd didst thou tune thine oaten pipe :
The groves and streams, and daisy-painted plains,
The joys and griefs of unambitious swains
Employ'd thy verse ; thy verse, whose magic force
The Severn charm'd, and stopp'd his silver course ;
Thus play'd thy youth : but weightier cares engage
Thy more experienc'd life, and learned age ;
Thy country's love thy tragic strains infuse,
And the free Britons bless thy patriot muse.

WELSTED'S EPISTLE TO PHILIPS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

June 1794.

TOPTICAL WORKS

OF

AMBRIDGE PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Containing

SONNETS,
EPIGRAMS,
AND OTHER POEMS.

PASTORALS,
ODES,
AND OTHER POEMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

To read, says, 'tis not to understand the
A printed book, then, is not a page;
The grove and stream, and daisy-pointed plain,
The joys and griefs of human life are mine;
I'm pleas'd to see the world, and all its joys;
The heavy chain, and those who bear the cross;
I'm pleas'd to see the world, and all its joys;
I'm pleas'd to see the world, and all its joys;
I'm pleas'd to see the world, and all its joys;
I'm pleas'd to see the world, and all its joys;
I'm pleas'd to see the world, and all its joys;

WHICH ARE HERE TO BE SEEN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY NEWMAN AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1814.

THE LIFE OF A. PHILIPS.

AMBROSE PHILIPS, descended of an ancient family in Leicestershire, was born in 1671. Of the place of his birth, or the early part of his life, there are no memorials.

He received his academical education at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow.

He was probably intended for the church, and seems to have taken the first orders; for Pope mentions him in "the Bathos," as a zealous protestant deacon.

He first tried his poetical powers, in contributing some English verses to the "Cambridge collection," on the death of Queen Mary.

He afterwards undertook to epitomize Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams," which he published in 1700, with an *Appendix*, giving an account of his benefactions to St. John's College.

In this work, he had an opportunity, which he wanted, to promote the principles of the Whig party, of which he was a zealous adherent, as the Archbishop was the perpetual antagonist to Laud, and a strenuous opposer of the high church measures.

About this time, it is probable, he left the University, and repaired to London, where he easily found access to Addison and Steele, by whom he was received with kindness; and, according to Jacob, he associated with the wits who frequented Button's Coffee-house.

Not long afterwards, he probably published his *Six Pastorals*; at least he must have published them before 1704, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope, his powerful rival in that species of composition.

This work, which he inscribed to the universal patron, the Earl of Dorset, first procured him the notice of the public, and completely established his poetical reputation.

He afterwards went abroad; but how he was employed, or in what situation, is not yet discovered.

It is certain that he was at Copenhagen in 1709, from whence he addressed *A Poetical Epistle* to the Earl of Dorset, which is justly esteemed one of his best performances.

It was published in "The Tatler," under the title of *A Winter Piece*, and mentioned by Steele in the following terms of approbation.

"This is as fine a piece as we ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters: such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight; and fix upon our minds traces of reflection which accompany us whenever the like objects occur."

Pope, when he affected to despise his other writings, always excepted this out of the number; and in one of his first letters, mentions it with high praise, as the production of a man "who could write nobly."

On his return to London, his friends were no longer in power; and having obtained no suitable provision, he was reduced to translate *The Persian Tales* for Tonson; for which, though liberally rewarded, he was afterwards reproached by Pope, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown.

The bard, whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown.

In the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, he was secretary to the Hanover Club; who used to drink regular toasts to the health of those ladies who were most zealously attached to the Hanoverian succession; upon whom he wrote the following *Epigram*, not collected in his poems.

The reigning fair, on polish'd crystal shine,
Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine;
The favourite names we to our lips apply,
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy.
While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,
Propitious on the cause of freedom smile;
The rash Pretender's hopes we may despise,
And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes.

In 1712, he brought upon the stage at Drury-Lane, *The Disreputable Mother*, a tragedy, which is almost a translation from the "Andromaque" of Racine. It is, however, very well translated, the poetry pleasing, and the incidents so affecting, that it never fails bringing tears into the eyes of a sensible audience.

Oft' as *Andromache* renews her woe,
The mothers sadden, and their eyes o'erflow;
Hermione, with love and rage oppress'd,
Now soothes, now animates each maiden breast.
From first to last, alternate passions reign,
And we resist the poet's art in vain.

The friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his interest with the town. Before the appearance of the play, a whole *Spectator* was devoted to its praise; and while it yet continued to be acted, another *Spectator* was written to tell what impression it made upon Sir Roger de Coverley; and on the first night, a select audience, says Pope, was called together to applaud it.

It was concluded with the most successful epilogue that ever was yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice, and not only continued to be demanded through the run of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage, the epilogue is still expected, and is still spoken.

Of this distinguished epilogue, the reputed author was Budgell; but it was known in Tonson's family, and told to Garrick, that Addison was the author of it; and that when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philips was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his translations from *Sappho* had been published in "The Spectator;" he was an important and a distinguished associate of clubs, witty and poetical; and nothing was wanting to his happiness, but that he should be sure of its continuance.

It was his misfortune to become ridiculous, without his own fault, by the injudicious kindness and extravagant admiration of his friends, who were very willing to advance his reputation, but unhappily commended him too much.

Tickell, in "The Guardian," gave an account of pastoral, partly critical, and partly historical; in which, when the merit of the modern is compared, Tasso and Guarini are censured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and the pipe of the pastoral muse is transmitted by lawful inheritance, from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenser, and from Spenser to Philips.

This inauguration of Philips offended Pope, and was the occasion of his writing the 40th number of "The Guardian," in which he drew a comparison of Philips's performance with his own; and though he has himself always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips.

The design of aggrandizing himself, he disguised with such dexterity, that, though Addison discovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of displeasing Pope by publishing his paper.

The enemies of Pope exulted to see him placed below Philips in a species of poetry upon which he was supposed to value himself, but were much mortified to find that Pope himself was the real author of that paper, and that the whole criticism was an artifice of irony.

From that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praise or satire, there was no proportion between the two combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him as disaffected to the government.

Pope appears to have been extremely exasperated; for, in the first edition of his "Letters," he calls Philips "rascal;" and in the last, still charges him with detaining in his hands the subscriptions for "Homer," delivered to him by the Hanover club; that he might delay the gratification of him by whose prosperity he was pained; but he nowhere complains that Philips threatened to chastise him at Button's Coffee-house, as is commonly reported.

Upon the succession of the House of Hanover, Philips seems to have obtained too little notice: he was only made a Justice of the Peace for Westminster, which did not much elevate his character; and in 1717, a Commissioner of the Lottery.

In 1718, he projected a periodical paper, called, *The Free-Thinker*, in which he was assisted by Dr. Hugh Boulter, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, the Right Honourable Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Reverend Gilbert Burnet, the Reverend Henry Stevens, and Wellsted, whose contributions were chiefly poetical. It has been re-printed in 3 vols. 8vo.; but it is now little read, though much of it is worthy of revival.

In 1722, he brought on the stage at Drury-Lane, *The Briton*, a tragedy, which was acted with considerable success; but is now neglected, though it deserves to be more known. One of the scenes between *Vannoe*, the British Prince, and *Valens*, the Roman general, is confessed to be written with great dramatic skill, animated by spirit truly poetical.

The same year he exhibited another tragedy at Drury-Lane, on the story of *Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*; which met with great success; but at present it is only remembered by its title.

Wellsted wrote a copy of verses in praise of this tragedy, which is printed among his "Poems," the general merit of which, particularly his "Genius, an Ode," entitles him to more attention than he has hitherto received from the readers of poetry.

In 1724, when Dr. Boulter was advanced to the Archbishopric of Armagh, he did not forget his friend Philips; but took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune, made him his secretary, and added such preferments as enabled him to represent the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament.

In December 1726, he was made Secretary to the Lord Chancellor; and in August 1733, became Judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of Dr. Boulter, in 1742, he continued some years in Ireland; but at last, having purchased an annuity of 400 l. he returned to England in 1748, having survived most of his friends and enemies, and among them his implacable antagonist Pope.

The same year, he collected and published his *Poems*, in one volume, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, omitting the small epigram upon the *Toasts of the Hanover Club*; which is less to be wondered at, than that he should have adopted this short epigram on good Music and bad Dancers, written by Mr. Jeffreys.

How ill the motion with the music suits;
So fiddled Orpheus, and so danc'd the brutes.

He now certainly hoped to pass some years of life in plenty and tranquillity; but he did not long enjoy his fortune; he was struck with a palsy, and died at his lodgings near Vauxhall, June 18. 1749, in the 78th year of his age.

There is little transmitted of the personal character of Philips; only it is known, that he was distinguished for bravery and skill in the sword. To extreme susceptibility of censure, he added solemnity in conversation. Dr. Johnson relates, that Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire, happened to be once at table with him, and took occasion to ask him, "How came thy King of Epirus to drive oxen, and to say, 'I am goaded on by love?'" After which question, he never spoke again.

He appears, however, to have been a man of integrity; for P. Whitehead relates, that when Addison was Secretary of State, Philips applied to him for some preferment, but was coolly answered, that it was thought he was already provided for by being made a Justice of Westminster. To this observation, Philips, with some indignation, replied, "Though poetry was a trade he could not live by; yet he scorned to owe subsistence to another which he ought not to live by."

As a poet, Philips appears not to deserve the contempt with which he has been treated by Pope, nor the high praise he has received from Cooke, in "The Battle of the Poets." In his *Pastorals*, he takes Spenser for his pattern, and endeavours to be natural. By endeavouring to imitate too servilely, the manners and sentiments of vulgar rustics, he is sometimes flat and insipid. Pope's "Pastorals" are written in a very different form. He takes Virgil for his pattern, and labours to be elegant; but his topics are beaten, and his chief merit is the smoothness of his versification, which is musical to a degree of which rhyme could hardly be thought capable.

In the passages which Pope has imitated from Virgil, he has merited but little applause. The imitations of Philips have all the pastoral simplicity of Spenser, a true Doric dialect, and very lively description. Pope, therefore, may be allowed to be the best versifier, and Philips the better Arcadian.

As a general poet, he appears to disadvantage on a comparison with Pope; but though he is not a very animated or first-rate writer, his *first* and *fifth Pastorals*, his *Epistle from Copenhagen*, his *Ode on the Death of Earl Cowper*, his translations of the two *Odes of Sappho*, and the two first *Olympic Odes of Pindar*, and above all, his pleasing tragedy of *The Distrest Mother*, are a considerable acquisition to English poetry.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is more favourable than might be expected from the well-known prejudices of that excellent biographer; yet he has omitted to notice his incomparable translation of the two fragments of *Sappho*; and might have mentioned that the name of *Namby Pamby* was first bestowed on him, by the facetious Henry Cary, in ridicule of his poems of short lines, which have been since burlesqued by the ingenious Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. in his excellent burlesque piece, on Swift, Pope, Thomson, Young, Philips and Cibber, called, "The Pipe of Tobacco," by such a close imitation, that it has not the appearance of a copy but an original.

"Of *The Distrest Mother*, not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no subject of criticism: his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the poems comprised in the present collection, the *Letter from Denmark* may be justly praised: the *Pastorals*, which, by the writer of the "Guardian," were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the rustic muse, cannot surely be despicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which did not exist, nor ever existed, is not to be objected; the supposition of such a state is allowed to pastoral. In his other poems, he cannot be denied the praise of lines sometimes elegant; but he has seldom much force, or much comprehension. The pieces that please best, are those which from Pope, and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*: the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the "steerer of the realm" to Miss Pulteney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and spritely; and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought; yet if they had been written by Addison, they would have had admirers: little things are not valued, but when they are done by those who can do greater.

"In his translations from *Pindar*, he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.

"He has added nothing to English poetry, yet at least half his book deserves to be read; perhaps he valued most himself that part which the critic would reject."

THE WORKS OF A. PHILIPS.

TO HIS GRACE THOMAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illustrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, places among the first in these kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with distinguished lustre, and the high station which you have many years filled, and now fill, in the government, give your Grace a just pre-eminence in the community; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my respect is paid. Your early zeal in the cause of liberty, which manifested itself at the close of a late reign, when the worst of schemes were promoted against this nation by the worst of men, the association (of which I had the honour to be an humble member) into which you then entered, with some others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for securing the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of these kingdoms, your taste of useful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have always been ready to give to it, your friendly regard to it, and connection with, that university which has been the nurse of the greatest states-

men, heroes, philosophers, and poets, of English growth, and the open liberality of your heart on all laudable occasions, must give you a place in the affections of all Englishmen who know the interest of their native country: and to those virtues, more than to the private friendship with which your Grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few Poetical Pieces, which were the produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant hours: your Grace will be able to distinguish those which have been printed before, from those which now make their first appearance: and I number among the felicities of my days, this opportunity of approaching you with something perhaps not unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

most devoted, obliged,

and most humble servant,

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

April, 1748.

PREFACE TO THE PASTORAL POEMS.

"Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia." VIRG. Ecl. vi. 2.

IT is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, among the smaller poems, in dignity, Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to Epic Poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting.

There is no kind of Poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the Pastoral boast after a peculiar manner: for, as in painting, so in poetry, the country affords not only the most delightful scenes and prospects, but likewise the most pleasing images of life.

Gassendus (I remember) observes, that Peirefkius was a great lover of music, especially the melody of birds: because their simple strains have less of passion and violence, but more of a sedate

and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the Pastoral Song gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the Epic and Tragic Poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raise the spirits into a ferment.

To view a fair stately palace, strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur: but when I see a little country-dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing my kinder fortune would place me in such a sweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of Pastoral compositions: so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

PASTORAL POEMS.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

Lobbin.

If we, O Dorset, quit the city-throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your commend, be present; and, O bring
The muse along! The muse to you shall sing:
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian Swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art:
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright.

" Ah, well-a-day! how long must I endure
" This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure!
" Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
" Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
" And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
" The brightening stars increase within the skies;
" The winds are hush; the dews distil; and sleep
" Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep:
" I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
" All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd,
" And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
" But who can quench, O cruel love, thy flame?
" Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
" Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care,
" 'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
" Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
" Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
" To please the lads, and win the lassies' hearts!
" How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,
" Wont they, upon the green to shift their feet?
" And, weary'd in the dance, how would they
" yearn

" Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
" For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
" To chase the loitering sun adown the sky:
" But, ah! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her
" Within my heart, unmindful of delight ["spight
" The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
" To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless
" moan.

" Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair!
" Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.

" Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
" Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more
" kind.

" O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
" How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
" Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
" And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:
" The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!
" But beauty faded has no second spring.

" My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
" Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
" Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
" She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
" Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase!
" Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
" She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
" Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.

" No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear;
" 'Tis only love; and love why should'st thou fear?
" What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm!
" Stay, simple girl: a lover cannot harm.

" Two sportive kiddings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;
" Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear:
" A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
" And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
" Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
" Of every dewy sweet the morning yields:

" From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
" Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow:
" And when,—But, why these unavailing pains?
" The gifts, alike, and giver, she disdains:
" And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem
" Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem:

" Yet, was she born, like me, of shepherd-fire;
" And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
" O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
" Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
" How would I wander, every day, to find
" The choice of wildings, blushing through the
" rind!

" For glossy plumbs how lightsome climb the tree,
" How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!

" Or! if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
" Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, shalt possess:
" And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
" If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
" Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
" The bordering flowers less beauteous than they
" grow? " mean,

" O! come, my love; nor think th' employment
" The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean,
" To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
" Ere the warm sun drink up the cool dew,

" While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I
 " cheer [" ear.
 " Each hour, and through the day detain thine
 " How would the crook bescem thy lily-hand !
 " How would my younglings round thee gazing
 " stand !
 " Ah, witlefs younglings ! gaze not on her eye :
 " Thence all my sorrow ; thence the death I die.
 " O, killing beauty ! and O, fore desire !
 " Must then my sufferings, but with life, expire ?
 " Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
 " Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn :
 " Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
 " Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
 " Sleep, sleep, my flock ; for happy ye may take
 " Sweet nightly rest, though still your master
 " wake."

Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
 In slender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,
 The love-sick shepherd, listening, felt relief,
 Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief,
 Till, by degrees, her notes and silent night
 To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

Thenot.

Is it not Colinet I lonesome see,
 Leaning with folded arms against the tree ?
 Or is it age of late bedims my sight ?
 'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight.
 Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
 Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears !
 Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
 Unthankful lad, when all things smile around ?
 Or hearest not lark and linnet jointly sing,
 Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring ?

Colinet.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward
 fate ;
 Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.
 Each creature, Thenot, to his task is born,
 As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
 Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
 My tears oft' mingling with the falling dew.

Thenot.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain :
 Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
 When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
 And the load presseth as our days prevail ?
 Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
 As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn, bend ;
 Spite of my snowy head, and icy veins,
 My mind a cheerful temper still retains :
 And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
 Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine ?
 But tell me, then : it may relieve thy woe,
 To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

Colinet.

Idly 'twill waste thee, Thenot, the whole day,
 Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thine ewes will wander ; and the heedless lambs,
 In loud complaints, require their absent dams.

VOL. IX.

Thenot.

See Lightfoot he shall tend them close : and I,
 'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine
 eye.

Colinet.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
 Doth there one smiling hour my youth attend ?
 Though few my days, as well my follies show,
 Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe :
 No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
 My lowering sky, and wintery months, to cheer.
 My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
 Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see :
 Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms, and sport of every wind :
 The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring ;
 Nor birds among the leafless branches sing :
 No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds
 throng,
 With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
 Ill-fated tree ! and more ill-fated I !
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

Thenot.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,
 When blighting mildews spoils the rising corn,
 Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
 To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass,
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, fore-
 shows,
 Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes.
 Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee still.

Colinet.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill ?

Thenot.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep,
 From this good shepherd's care his flock may keep :
 Against ill-luck, alas ! all forecast fails ;
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

Colinet.

Ah me, the while ! ah me, the luckless day !
 Ah, luckless lad ! befits me more to say.
 Unhappy hour ! when, fresh in youthful bud,
 I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.
 Ah, silly I ! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.
 Sweet are thy banks ! Oh, when shall I, once
 more,

With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore ?
 When, in the crystal of thy water, scan
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan ?
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod ?
 Small though it be, a mean an humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

Thenot.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away
 From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray ?

Colinet.

A lewd desire, strange lads and swains to know :
 Ah, God ! that ever I should covet woe !
 With wandering feet unblest, and fond of fame,
 I sought I know not what besides a name.

Thenot.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
 In search of gains more plenty than at home ?
 A rolling-stone is, ever, bare of moss ;
 And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

B 2

Colinet.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp, cold greenward, for my nightly bed,
And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting shower
Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

Thenot.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong:
And what wounds sorer than an evil tongue?

Colinet.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I indite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill:
In vain thou seeks the coverings of the grove,
In the cool shade to sing the pains of love:
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And every elf hath skill enough to rail:
But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain:
And, while that he delighteth in my song,
Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease;
I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

Thenot.

Menalcas, lord of these fair fertile plains,
Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns:
For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we hold,
And choose the fairest firstling from the fold:
He, good to all, who good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

Colinet.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

Thenot.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:
And now behold the sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:
With songs the jovial hinds return from plough;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

Albino.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song:
And Spenser, when amid the rural throng

He caroll'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on every tree was found:
Since then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
While from our Albion her victorious arms
Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms,
Like them will I my slender music raise,
And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.
Meantime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play:
Yet, not obscure, while Dorset thinks no scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.

Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship mutual, and united long,
Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind:
Revolving now, the solemn day they find,
When young Albino died. His image dear
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling
tear:

To tears they add the tribute of their verse;
These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse.

Angelot.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return;
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
Sent into life, alas! how short thy stay:
How sweet the rose! how speedy to decay!
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-sounding wide from every village bell?
Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boast of this fair island, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every shepherd boy?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.
In yonder gloomy grove outstretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
And, o'er his lips, the deadly blue display'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
And mourning shepherds come, in crowds, to
weep.

Young Buckhurst comes: and, is there no redress?
As if the grave regarded our distress!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd:
Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
And every star upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She clasp'd her son; nor did the nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,
Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field,
As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou, to thine, an ornament was born.

Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless
pains,

In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat,
A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield;
And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.
How all our hope is fled like morning-dew!
And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
Who now shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
With sinewy force, to pitch the maffy bar?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
And add new glories to the British name:
O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast;
Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

Palin.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain:
Albino lives; and all our tears are vain:
Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mixt, who never know to grieve,
Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
Ever to mourn his absence with a tear,
Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy:
And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns
The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down:
For this, the welkin does no longer frown.
Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
And we renew our pastimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes re-
found:

The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino blest: the valleys ring
Albino blest! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip, which in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and the garden-rose,
Marsh-lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill,
Whether in open sun, or shade they blow,
More early some, and some unfolding slow,
Bring, in heap'd canisters, of every kind,
As if the summer had with spring combin'd,
And nature, forward to assist your care,
Did not profusion for Albino spare.
Your hamlets strew, and every public way;
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day:
Myself will lavish all my little store,
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,
And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play:
To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay:
Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
And teach our children the remembrance dear,
When we our shearing-feast, or harvest keep,
To speed the plough, and bless our thriving sheep.
While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,
While bees love thyme, and locust sip the dew,

While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

Myco.

THIS place may seem for shepherd's leisure made,
So close these elms inweave their lofty shade;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs; to breathe
Refreshing sweets around on all beneath;
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower up-rears the
head:

Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daisies white and endive blue,
And honeyuckles of a purple dye,
Confusion gay! bright waving to the eye.
Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,
The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush,
The linnet green, with others fram'd for skill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
In sprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various songs to join:
Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more sounding try:
And since our ewes have graz'd, what harms if
they

Lie round and listen while the lambkins play?

Argol.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit express
Fair nature's bounties in the fairest dress:
'Tis rapture all! the place, the birds, the sky;
And rapture works the finger's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:
Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,
Befitting more the music thou canst play.

Myco.

No skill of music kon I, simple swain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain:
Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,
Sufficient to divert my sheep and me;
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath skill)
Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

Argol.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I bestow,
Should Colinet to me his cunning show:
So trim his sonnets are, I pr'ythee, swain,
Now give us, once, a sample of his strain:
For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay!
The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse;
And ask what boon thou wilt for thy verse.

Myco.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I choose:
A mournful song relieves a mournful muse,
Fast by the river on a bank he sat,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept, a faithful shepherd he.

*Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

B b ij

" O woeful day ! O, day of woe to me !
 " That ever I should live such day to see !
 " That ever she could die ! O, most unkind,
 " To go and leave thy Colinet behind !
 " From blameless love, and plighted troth to go,
 " And leave to Colinet a life of woe !"

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" And yet, why blame I her ! Full fain would
 " she
 " With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me :
 " I clasp'd her too, but death prov'd over-strong ;
 " Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong :
 " Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain ?
 " And why should vows, alas ! and tears be vain !"

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my
 " sheep,
 " Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
 " Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,
 " And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die.
 " Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes, re-
 " lieve ; [grieve.]
 " She lov'd through life, and I through life will

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
 " With downcast look, and with dishevell'd hair,
 " All beat the breast, and wring your hands and
 " moan :
 " Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own :
 " Her hour, untimely, help me to lament ;
 " And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" In vain th' endearing lustre of your eyes
 " We doat upon, and you as vainly prize.
 " What though your beauty bleis the faithful
 " swain,
 " And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign ;
 " Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,
 " As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Such Stella was ; yet Stella might not live !
 " And what could Colinet in ransom give ?
 " Oh ! if or music's voice, or beauty's charm,
 " Could milder death, and stay his lifted arm,
 " My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,
 " Redeeming each the other from the grave."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Ah, fruitless wish ! fell death's uplifted arm
 " Nor beauty can arrest, nor music charm.
 " Behold ! oh, baleful sight ! see where she lies !
 " The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies :
 " Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,
 " I see again to life and me return."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Unhappy Colinet ! what boots thee now,
 " To weave fresh girlonds for thy Stella's brow ?
 " No girlond ever more may Stella wear,
 " Nor see the flowery season of the year,
 " Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,
 " And every toil of Colinet beguile."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose ;
 " Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, com-
 " pose, [dress'd,
 " With baneful hemlock, deadly night-shade,
 " Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest.
 " If aught can witness : O, ye shepherds, tell,
 " When I am dead, no shepherd lov'd so well !"

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" Alack, my sheep ! and thou, dear spotless
 " lamb,
 " By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
 " What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
 " My whole employment, and my whole relief !
 " Stray where ye list, some happier master try :
 " Yet once, my flock, was none so blest'd as I."

*Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

" My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion
 " move,
 " And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
 " Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,
 " Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak :
 " Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,
 " Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night :
 " The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,
 " Alike to Stella, and alike to me."

*No more, my pipe ; here cease we to express
 Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.*

Thus, sorrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,
 And urge the valley with his wail to ring.
 And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

Argol.

Not this, but one more costly, shalt thou have,
 Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
 To speak the giver's name, the month, and year ;
 The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,
 And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd.
 O, Colinet ! how sweet thy grief to hear !
 How does thy verse subdue the listening ear !
 Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,
 To slake the drought, and herbage to renew :
 Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move
 In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove,
 Nor valley brook, that, hid by alders, speeds
 O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering
 reeds,
 Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,
 And welly grotts with tinkling echoes fill.
 Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
 Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve !

And next to thee shall Myco bear the bell,
Who can repeat thy peerless song so well:
But see! the hills increasing shadows cast;
The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:
His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
And bluey mists arise from yonder flood.

Myco.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the sheep.
Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should sleep.

Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,
And, sluggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies,
While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

Cuddy.

In rural strains we first our music try,
And bashful into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray;
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade

A venerable oak wide-spreading made:
What should they do to pass the loitering time?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains of love,
And some to set out strange adventures, strove;
The trade of wizards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

"When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
There liv'd in high repute a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,
Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
Detain'd by music, hovering on in air:
Drawn by the magic of th' enticing sound,
What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
The steerlings left their food; and creatures,
"wild

By nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
And loads the neighbouring branches with his song:

There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came:
She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with
Like echo to the shepherd's pipe reply'd. [pride.
The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various strain:
To all the various strain she plies her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to every note.
If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
Of brisker motion to his measure give,

"If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the song:
But so repeats, that Colin half-despis'd
His pipe and skill, around the country priz'd:
And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
What thanks, said he, what praises, shall I find
To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
The rudeness of my rural life I see;
From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill:
Aloft in air she fate, provoking still
The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last, he

"strove

"To show the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
How art, exerting, might with nature vie;
For vie could none with either in their part,
With her in nature, nor with him in art.
He draws-in breath, his rising breath to fill:
Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
Still more and more the numbers multiply:
And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change with sweet
"surprise.

"Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain;
But to herself first cons the puzzling strain,
And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
Through every changing cadence runs at
"length,

"And adds in sweetness what he wants in strength.
Then Colin threw his sife disgrac'd aside,
While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
A little harp of maple ware he bore:
The little harp was old, but newly strung,
Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung.
Now take, delightful bird; my last farewell,
He said, and learn from hence thou dost excel
No trivial artist: and anon he wound
The murmuring strings, and order'd every
"sound:

"Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both hands pliant on the strings extends:
His touch the strings obey, and various move,
The lower answering still to those above:
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
As in pursuit of harmony they go:
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds which gently brush the plying grass,
While melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
To give the swelling tones a bolder grace;
And now the left, and now by turns the right,
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight:
Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
Till the sweet tumult through the harp re-

"bounds,

"Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex;
The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there,
And fain would utter forth some double tone,
When soon she falters, and can utter none:

" Again she tries, and yet again she fails ;
 " For still the harp's united power prevails :
 " Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung :
 " She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
 " Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell :
 " In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell
 " Her bitter anguish : he still singing plies
 " His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.
 " How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
 " No equal through the grove in music bore ?
 " She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she
 " moans,
 " And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
 " Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
 " Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.
 " Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
 " And unavailing tears profusely shed,
 " And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his
 " skill ;
 " And best to make atonement for the ill,
 " If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
 " He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
 " Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the
 " ground,
 " And makes a fence of winding osiers round.
 " A verse and tomb is all I now can give ;
 " And here thy name at least, he said, shall live."
 Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
 And, by his tale, unenvy'd praises won.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

Geron.

How still the sea behold ! how calm the sky !
 And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly !
 My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need,
 While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed :
 And here below, the banky shore along,
 Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song
 Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol begin ;
 And Lanquet's rival verse, by turns, come in.

Hobbinol.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,
 Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill :
 For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside ;
 And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

Lanquet.

To Geron I my voice, and skill, commend,
 A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

Geron.

Begin then, boys ; and vary well your song :
 Begin ; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong.
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
 I to the victor give : no mean reward,
 If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

Hobbinol.

The snows are melted ; and the kindly rain
 Descends on every herb, and every grain :
 Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky ;
 The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

Lanquet.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love ;
 The turtle's moan is heard in every grove ;
 The pastures change ; the warbling linnets sing :
 Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring.

Hobbinol.

When locusts, in the ferny bushes, cry,
 When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,
 Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
 Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

Lanquet.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
 The ground bestrew'd with fruits of every tree,
 And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,
 Nor trust too far to the declining year.

Hobbinol.

Woe then, alack ! befall the spendthrift swain,
 When frost, and snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain,
 By turns chastise him, while, through little care,
 His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air.

Lanquet.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
 The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees :
 He sends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
 In his warm cott the wintery blast defies.

Hobbinol.

Full fain, O blest'd Eliza ! would I praise
 Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days :
 Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend :
 Eternal blessings on his shade attend !

Lanquet.

Thrice happy shepherds now ! for Dorset loves
 The country-muse, and our resounding groves,
 While Anna reigns : O, ever may she reign !
 And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

Hobbinol.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
 And have my love, in secret all, repaid ;
 This coming night she plights her troth to me :
 Divine her name, and thou the victor be.

Lanquet.

Mild as the lamb, unharmed as the dove,
 True as the turtle, is the maid I love :
 How we in secret love, I shall not say :
 Divine her name, and I give up the day.

Hobbinol.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I
 Together lay ; a brook ran murmuring by :
 A thousand tender things to me she said ;
 And I a thousand tender things repaid.

Lanquet.

In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay,
 What kind endearing words did she not say !
 Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,
 And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning
 head.

Hobbinol.

Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters, gently flow ;
 Shield her, ye trees ; ye flowers, around her grow :
 Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
 My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie.

Lanquet.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
 Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind :
 I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss :
 Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

Hobbinol.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by ;
 She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye :
 Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she
 try'd
 Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide.

Lanquet.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the sedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet oft she stopt, and oft she turn'd her eye.

Hobbinol.

When first I saw (would I had never seen!)
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

Lanquet.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling
breast,

And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

Hobbinol.

Come, Rosalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a desert is to me.

Come, Rosalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

Lanquet.

Come, Rosalind, O come! Here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing
flowers:

Come, Rosalind; Here ever let us stay;
And sweetly waste the live-long time away.

Hobbinol.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
No herb there is, no season, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

Lanquet.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will,
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

Hobbinol.

O, that, like Colin, I had skill in rhymes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
Who sung through all the seasons of the year.

Lanquet.

Let me, like Merlin, sing: his voice had power
To free th' 'clipping moon at midnight hour:
And, as he sung, the fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

Hobbinol.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,
And see their dance? And I can show the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
The grass springs greener from their tread by
night.

Lanquet.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
And azure sceptre, pointed with a star?

Geron.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mizzling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;
And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your music, gentle swains;

Saw ye Delia cross the plains?

Every thicket, every grove;

Have I rang'd, to find my love:

A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,

Tell me only, doth she live?

White her skin as mountain-snow;

In her cheek the roses blow;

And her eye is brighter far

Than the beamy morning star.

When her ruddy lip ye view,

'Tis a berry moist with dew:

And her breath, oh, 'tis a gale

Passing o'er a fragrant vale,

Passing, when a friendly shower

Freshens every herb and flower.

Wide her bosom opens, gay

As the primrose-dell in May,

Sweet as violet-borders growing

Over fountains ever-flowing.

Like the tendrils of the vine,

Do her auburn tresses twine,

Glossy ringlets all behind

Streaming buxom to the wind,

When along the lawn she bounds;

Light, as hind before the hounds:

And the youthful ring she fires,

Hopeless in their fond desires,

As her flitting feet advance,

Wanton in the winding dance.

Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen

My delight, my love, my queen?

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,

When the dawn prevails on high,

When, anon, some purple ray

Gives a sample of the day,

When, anon, the lark, on wing,

Strives to soar, and strains to sing?

Have ye seen th' ethereal blue

Gently shedding silvery dew,

Spangling o'er the silent green,

While the nightingale, unseen,

To the moon and stars, full bright,

Lonesome chants the hymn of night?

Have ye seen the broider'd May

All her scented bloom display,

Breezes opening, every hour,

This, and that, expecting flower,

While the mingling birds prolong,

From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask-rose

Her unfully'd blush disclose,

Or the lily's dewy bell,

In her glossy white, excell,

Or a garden vary'd o'er

With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,

Morning, evening, night, or day,

By the pleasures these excite,

Endless sources of delight!

Judge, by them, the joys I find,

Since my Rosalind was kind,

Since she did herself resign

To my vows, for ever mine.

E P I S T L E S.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF
KING WILLIAM. April 20. 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verse but show
What sorrow I, what sorrow all men, owe
To Nassau's fate, or could I hope to raise
A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise,
Could I his merits, or my grief, express,
And proper thoughts in proper language dress,
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe;
But, rather than profane his sacred herse
With languid praises, and unhallow'd verse,
My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep.

Let Halifax's muse (he knew him well)
His virtues to succeeding ages tell.
Let him, who sung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorset in the task to join)
And show'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illustrious mortal's fate deplore;
A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly;
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like some love-sick fopling rhyme,
To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,
And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport.

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains:
To blooming Phyllis I a song compose,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose;
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn,
And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,
With ecstasy bethink myself of snow.
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,
And sweeten into verse insipid prose.

The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut squeak aloud,
Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost:
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boast,
When harmony herself from heaven descends,
And on the artist's moving bow attends?

Why then, in making verses, should I strain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Who study Horace and the Stagyrte?
Why cramp my dulness, and in torment write?
Let me transgress by nature, nor by rule,
An artless idiot, not a study'd fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, since I aim
At nothing less, in writing, than a name.

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN
ENGLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1703.

FROM Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.

The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire;
The sun advances, and the fogs retire:
The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose
birth.

Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars:
The Belgick lion in full fury roars.
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast:
O, Marlborough, come! fresh laurels for thee rise!
One conquest more; and Gallia will grow wise.
Old Lewis makes his last effort in arms,
And shows how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.

Mean while, my friend, the thickening shades
I haunt,

And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant:
The smooth canals, alas, too lifeless show!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life:
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife.
Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myself, accountable to none;
I sleep, I wake, I drink; I sometimes love;
I read, I write; I settle, and I rove,
When, and where-e'er, I please: thus, every hour
Gives some new proof of my despotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reason bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.

But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden
keys,

And silver stars, your towering genius please:
Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,
Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.

Go on, and prosper, Sir: but first from me
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.
You can be honest; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your stubborn soul recoils
At baseness; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature some submissive tempers have;
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
Go on, and prosper, Sir; but learn to hide
Your upright spirit: 't will be construed pride.
The splendour of a court is all a cheat;
You must be servile, ere you can be great.

Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur
 blasted,

You may perhaps retire in discontent,
And curse your patron, for no strange event:
The patron will his innocence protest,
And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest.

Man, only for himself, can suffer wrong;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
He lies expos'd to every rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
And, to the last, the flying port pursues,
Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9. 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prow,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasure'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes
 yield,

Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun,

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,

The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads [meads.
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

One of the Lords Justices appointed by his Majesty. 1714.

PATRON of verse, O Halifax, attend,
The muse's favourite, and the poet's friend!
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire:
I feel the transport; and my soul's on fire!

Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears, transplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her standard she displays to view;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.
Here beauteous liberty salutes the sight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilst here religion, smiling to the skies,
Her thanks expresses with up-lifted eyes.

But who advances next, with cheerful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn,
O property! O goddess, English born! [mourn!
Where hast thou been? How did the wealthy
The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd.

No longer now shall France and Spain combin'd,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom strive,
And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive,
For you alone, worthy a better fate,
O, may this happy change not come too late!
Great in your sufferings!—But, my muse, forbear;
Nor damp the public gladness with a tear:
The hero has receiv'd their just complaint,
Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-saint:
Like him, with pleasure he foregoes his rest,
And longs, like him, to succour the distress'd.
Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
As justice calls, he draws or sheaths the sword:
Matur'd by thought, his councils shall prevail;
Nor shall his promise to his people fail.

He comes, desire of nations! England's boast!
Already he has reach'd the Belgian coast.
Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
A progeny of late succeeding kings,
Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
In distant years, and fix the world's repose.

The floating squadrons now approach the shore;
Loft in the sailors shouts, the cannons roar:
And now, behold, the sovereign of the main,
High on the deck, amidst his shining train,

Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale
Plays through the shrouds, and swells in every fail:
Th' obsequious waves his new dominion own,
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,
Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the strand:
But who the silent ecstasy can show,
The passions which in nobler bosoms glow?
Who can describe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my Lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our treasure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and sink the pride of France,
Once more the long-neglected arts to raise,
And form each rising genius for the bays.

Accept the present of a grateful song;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Isis shall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every muse.
Ev'n now the vocal tribe in verse conspires;
And I already hear their sounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I resign,
Give up the theme, and quit the tuneful nine.
So when the spring first smiles among the trees,
And blossoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early strains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her music, when the choir appear,
And listens to the concert of the year.

To the Honourable
JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

Secretary at War, at Hampton-Court. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And cheerful friends your hours of leisure share;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond desire, and on my labour smile:
Nor count it always an abuse of time
To read a long epistle, though in rhyme.

To you I send my thoughts, too long confin'd,
And ease the burden of a loyal mind;
To you my secret transports I disclose,
That rise above the languid powers of prose.
But, while these artless numbers you peruse,
Think 'tis my heart that dictates, not the muse;
My heart, which at the name of Brunswick fires,
And no assistance from the muse requires.

Believe me, Sir, your breast that glows with zeal
For George's glory, and the public weal,
Your breast alone feels more pathetic heats;
Your heart alone with stronger raptures beats.

When I review the great examples past,
And to the former ages join the last;
Still, as the godlike heroes to me rise,
In arms triumphant, and in councils wise,
The king is ever present to my mind;
His greatness, trac'd in every page, I find;
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
And under shining names on Brunswick dwell.

At Hampton, while he breathes untainted air,
And seems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care;
The British muses to the grove will press,
Tune their melodious harps, and claim access:
But let them not too rashly touch the strings;
For fate allows no solitude to kings.

Hail to the shades, where William, great in arms,
Retir'd from conquest to Maria's charms!

Where George serene in majesty appears,
And plans the wonders of succeeding years!
There, as he walks, his comprehensive mind
Surveys the globe, and takes in all mankind:
While, Britain, for thy sake he wears the crown;
To spread thy power as wide as his renown:
To make thee umpire of contending states,
And poise the balance in the world's debates.

From the smooth terrais, as he casts his eye,
And sees the current sea-ward rolling by;
What schemes of commerce rise in his designs!
Pledges of wealth! and unexhausted mines!
Through winds and waves, beneath inclement skies,
Where stars, distinguish'd by no name, arise,
Our fleets shall undiscover'd lands explore,
And a new people hear our cannons roar.

The rivers long in ancient story fam'd,
Shall flow obscure, nor with the Thames be nam'd:
Nor shall our poets copy from their praise,
And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raise;
Nor make thy banks with Tritons shells resound,
Nor bind thy brows with humble sedges round:
But paint thee as thou art; a peopled stream!
The boast of merchants, and the sailors theme!
Whose swelling floods unnumber'd ships sustain,
And pour whole towns afloat into the main;
While the redundant seas waft up fresh stores,
The daily tribute of far distant shores.

Back to thy source I try thy silver-train,
That gently winds through many a fertile plain;
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
And shepherds tune at ease the vocal reed:
Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
And freighted vessels down thy channel ride;
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
Swell into state, and foam before the wind:
Thy sovereign's emblem! in thy course complete!
When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
Where rural scenes their pleasing views disclose,
A sylvan deity the monarch shows;
And if he only knew the woods to grace,
To rouse the stag, and animate the chase:
While every hour, from thence, his high com-
mands,

By speedy winds convey'd to various lands,
Control affairs; give weighty councils birth;
And sway the mighty rulers of the earth.

Were he, our island's glory and defence,
To reign unactive, at the world's expence;
Say, generous Craggs, who then should quell the
Of lawless faction, and reform the age? [rage
Who should our dear-bought liberties maintain?
Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with
Spain?

Who check the headstrong Swede; assuage the Czar;
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
The Turk, though he the Christian name defies,
And curses Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
His cause to Brunswick's equity dare trust;
He knows him valiant, and concludes him just:
He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
When turban'd hosts before his sword retir'd.

Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
Or where the day begins, or where it ends,
Far from our coasts he drives off all alarms;
And those his power protects, his goodness charms.
Great in himself, and undebas'd with pride,
The sovereign lays his regal state aside,

Pleas'd to appear without the bright disguise
Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
His subjects are his guests; and daily boast
The condescension of their royal host:
While crowds succeeding crowds on either hand,
A ravish'd multitude, admiring stand.
His manly wit and sense, with candour join'd,
His speech with every elegance refin'd,
His winning aspect, his becoming ease,
Peculiar graces all, conspire to please,
And render him to every heart approv'd;
The king respected, and the man belov'd.
Nor is his force of genius less admir'd,
When most from crowds or public cares retir'd,
The learned arts, by turns, admittance find;
At once unbend and exercise his mind.
The secret springs of nature, long conceal'd,
And to the wise by slow degrees reveal'd,
(Delightful search!) his piercing thought descends
Oft through the concave azure of the skies
His soul delights to range, a boundless space,
Which myriads of celestial glories grace;
Worlds behind worlds, that deep in ether lie,
And suns, that twinkle to the distant eye;
Or call them stars, on which our fates depend,
And every ruling star is Brunswick's friend.

Soon as the rising sun shoots o'er the stream,
And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,
You to the healthful chase attend the king,
And hear the forest with the huntsmen ring:
While in the dusty town we rule the state,
And from Gazettes determine England's fate.
Our groundless hopes and groundless fears prevail,
As artful brokers comment on the mail.
Deafen'd with news, with politics oppress'd,
I wish the wind ne'er vary'd from the west.
Secure on George's councils I rely,
Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
What though cabals are form'd, and impious
leagues!

Though Rome fills Europe with her dark in-
His vigilance, on every state intent,
Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.

But whither do my vain endeavours tend?
Or how shall I my rash attempt defend?
Divided in my choice, from praise to praise
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleasing maze.
One virtue mark'd, another I pursue,
While yet another rises to my view.
Unequal to the task, too late I find
The growing theme unfinish'd left behind.
Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
At once the thymy treasure of the plain,
Wide ranging on her little pinions toils,
And skims o'er hundred flowers for one she spoils:
When, soon o'erburden'd with the fragrant weight,
Homeward she flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO LORD CARTERET,

DEPARTING FROM DUBLIN, 1726.

BEHOLD, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the western sky,
And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.

Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
The nation's blessing, and the poet's song;
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise.

Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So speaks the muse, that fain would bid thee stay:
So spoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvass, to the wind,
And promis'd to return; but never more
Did he return to the Threician shore.

Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle;
A slow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and resigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again.

O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,
Smooth roll, ye waves, and steady breathe, ye gales,
And urge with gentle speed to Albion's strand
A household fair, amidst the fairest land,
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues wafting from my sight:
And now farewell, O early in renown,
Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown,
Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
Relaxing sweet! Nor are we born to wear
The brow still bent, and give up life to care:
And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
Francisca, thou, his first, his latest flame;
Parent of bloom! In pleasing arts refin'd!
Farewell, thy hand, and voice, in music join'd;
Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,
And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
And thou, Charissa, hastening to thy prime,
And Carolina, chiding tardy time,
Who every tender wish of mine divide,
For whom I strung the lyre, once laid aside,
Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
Thrive on in life! and, thriving on, excel!
Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
The voice of nature, undebas'd by skill,
These parting numbers, cadenc'd by my grief,
For thy lov'd sake, and for my own relief,
If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,
Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve:
Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
(But hopes and wishes in one balance lie)
Thou may'st revisit, with thy wonted smiles,
Ierna, island set around with isles:
May the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,
Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view!

O D E S.

S O N G.

FROM White's and Will's
To purling rills
The love-sick Strephon flies;
There, full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon swore,
And, what is strange,
Though loth to change,
Would never see her more.

S O N G.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 'tis in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Ask not me the reason why:
Seek the riddle in the skies.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

May 25. 1724.

LITTLE syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeeblor of the heart!
O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence, to southern climes again;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
EARL OF HALIFAX.

June 30, 1718.

WEEPING o'er thy sacred urn,
Ever shall the muses mourn;

Sadly shall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.

Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
Thousands in oblivion lie,
Names, which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the dusky shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.

But, O Halifax, thy name
Shall through ages rise in fame:
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

To the Honourable
MISS CARTERET.

Bloom of beauty, early flower
Of the blissful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents' pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the muse,
Language of resemblance choose?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of sweetness, full of grace!

By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in fresh attire,
Welcomes every gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows:
Yet, another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime:
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,
Ere thy beauties, kindling flow,
In each finish'd feature glow,
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Absolute, to save or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will,

Then the taper-moulded waste
With a span of ribbon brac'd,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest,

And the neck so white and round,
 Little neck with brilliants bound,
 And the store of charms which shine
 Above, in lineaments divine,
 Crowded in a narrow space
 To complete the desperate face,
 These alluring powers, and more,
 Shall enamour'd youths adore;
 These, and more, in courtly lays,
 Many an aching heart shall praise.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who, in courtship greatly sped,
 Wins the damsel to his bed,
 Bears the virgin-prize away,
 Counting life one nuptial day:
 For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
 Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
 Down the veiny temples growing,
 O'er the sloping shoulders flowing.
 And the smoothly pencil'd brow,
 Mild to him in every vow,
 And the fringed lid below,
 Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,
 And the hazely lucid eye,
 Whence heart-winning glances fly,
 And that cheek of health, o'erspread
 With soft-blended white and red,
 And the witching smiles which break
 Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
 And thy gentleness of mind,
 Gentle from a gentle kind,
 These endowments, heavenly dower!
 Brought him in the promis'd hour,
 Shall for ever bind him to thee,
 Shall renew him still to woo thee.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

STROPHE I.

Wake the British harp again,
 To a sad melodious strain;
 Wake the harp, whose every string,
 When Halifax resign'd his breath,
 Accurs'd inexorable death;
 For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
 One song of sorrow more bestow,
 The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
 Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
 Full many, grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
 The pious verse, that Cowper does deplore,
 Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot restore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her, his fondest care,
 Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
 Nor his country ever dear,
 From her, from them, from Britain torn:
 With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
 His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
 And, intermingling, sighs with praise,
 All good men wish the number of his days
 Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
 In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
 To mortal man, whatever things befall,
 Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall:

EPODE I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
 Where every grief, and every joy,
 Every pleasure, every pain,
 Each bitter, and each sweet alloy,
 To us uncertain though they flow,
 Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
 Too wretched state, did man foreknow
 Those ills, which man cannot remove!
 Vain is wisdom for preventing
 What the wisest live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

Hither sent, who knows the day
 When he shall be call'd away?
 Various is the term assign'd:
 An hour, a day, some months, or years,
 The breathing soul on earth appears;
 But, through the swift succession of mankind,
 Swarm after swarm! a busy race,
 The strength of cities, or of courts the grace,
 Or who in camps delight, or who abide
 Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
 Of them, though many here long lingering dwell,
 And see their children's children, yet, how few
 excel!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
 Shadows passing to and fro,
 Seen a while, forgotten soon:
 But thou, to fair distinction born,
 Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
 Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,
 Scarce verging to the steep decline,
 Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine,
 Thou singled out the fosterling of fame,
 Secure of praise, nor less secur'd from blame,
 Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,
 So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
 Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
 Cowper's hand apply'd the seal,
 And levell'd the partition-wall.
 The chosen seeds of great events
 Are thinly sown, and slowly rise:
 And time the harvest-scythe presents,
 In season, to the good and wise:
 Hymning to the harp my story,
 Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
 Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,
 Like the hallow'd bard of yore,
 Who chaunted in authentic rhymes
 The worthies of the good old times,
 Ere living vice in verse was varnish'd o'er,
 And virtue died without a song.
 Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong
 A check, behold him in the judgment seat!
 Twice, there, approv'd, in righteousness complete:
 In just awards, how gracious! tempering law
 With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear
 Reason tuneful to the ear!

Lips with thymy language sweet,
 Distilling on the hearer's mind
 The balm of wisdom, speech refin'd,
 Celestial gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet,
 When next, thou sea-surrounded land,
 Thy nobles meet at Brunswick's high command.
 In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire!
 In vain those lips of eloquence require!
 That mild conviction which the soul assails
 By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

To such persuasion, willing yields
 The liberal mind, in freedom train'd.
 Freedom, which, in crimson'd fields,
 By hardy toil our father's gain'd,
 Inheritance of long descent!
 The sacred pledge so dearly priz'd
 By that blest'd spirit we lament:
 Grief-easing lays, by grief devis'd,
 Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
 Sooth the sorrows to him owing!

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir,
 Stamp what time may not impair,
 As he grows, that coming years,
 Or youthful pleasures, or the vain
 Gigantic phantom of the brain
 Ambition, breeding monstrous hopes and fears,
 Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
 Ennobling manhood; flower of life full-blown,
 May never wear the bosom-image faint.
 O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
 The lively lovely semblance of his fire,
 A model to his son! that ages may admire!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
 Still renewing in the race,
 Once thy father's pleasing hope,
 Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
 No fuller bliss does heaven allow,
 While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope,
 With burning stars thick-luster'd o'er,
 Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store
 Of treasure'd fame, by blameless deeds acquir'd,
 By all unenvied, and by all desired,
 Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will!
 Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still.

EPODE IV.

The fullness of content remains
 Above the yet unfathom'd skies,
 Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,
 Where wishes cease, and pleasures rise
 Beyond all wish; where bitter tears
 For dying friends are never shed;
 Where sighing, none desire pass'd years:
 Recall'd or wish'd the future fled.
 Mournful measures, O, relieve me!
 Sweet remembrance! cease to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

He the robe of justice wore
 Sully'd not, as heretofore,
 When the magistrate was fought
 With yearly gifts. Of what avail
 Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
 And we are judg'd where favour is not bought.

By him, forewarn'd thou frantic ill,
 How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile!
 Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,
 By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd
 Where shall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
 Shall I, once more, behold the most belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!
 Soul and body aptly join'd!
 Searching thought, engaging wit,
 Enabled to instruct, or please,
 Uniting dignity with ease,
 By nature form'd for every purpose fit,
 Endearing excellence!—O, why
 Is such perfection born, and born to die?
 Or do such rare endowments still survive,
 As plants remov'd to milder regions thrive,
 In one eternal spring? and we bewail
 The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail.

EPODE V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,
 Parental joys, unmix'd with care,
 Through perpetual time improve?
 Or do the deathless blessed share
 Sublimar raptures, unreveal'd,
 Beyond or weak conception pure?
 But, while those glories lie conceal'd,
 The righteous count the promise sure,
 Trials to the last enduring,
 To the last their hope securing.

To the Right Honourable.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

May 1. 1723.

Who, much distinguish'd, yet is blest'd!
 Who, dignified above the rest,
 Does, still, unenvied live?
 Not to the man whose wealth abounds,
 Nor to the man whose fame resounds,
 Does heaven such favour give,
 Nor to the noble-born, nor to the strong,
 Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young,

Whom then, secure of happiness,
 Does every eye beholding bless,
 And every tongue commend?
 Him, Pultney, who, possessing store,
 Is not solicitous of more,
 Who, to mankind a friend,
 Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,
 Polite in courts, polite in his retreat.

Whose unambitious, active soul,
 Attends the welfare of the whole,
 When public storms arise,
 And in the calm a thousand ways
 Diversifies his nights and days,
 Still elegantly wise;
 While books, each morn, the lightsome soul invite,
 And friends, with season'd mirth, improve the night.

In him do men no blemish see;
 And factions in his praise agree,
 When most they vex the state:
 Distinguish'd favourite of the skies,
 Belov'd he lives, lamented dies;
 Yet, shall he not to fate

Submit entire; the rescuing muse shall save
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

Too frail is brass and polish'd stone;
Perpetual fame the muse alone
On merit can bestow:
Yet, must the time-enduring song,
The verse unrivall'd by the throng,
From nature's bounty flow:
Th' ungifted tribe in metre pass away,
Oblivion's sport, the poets of a day.

What laws shall o'er the ode preside?
In vain would art presume to guide
The chariot-wheels of praise.
When fancy, driving, ranges free,
Fresh flowers selecting, like the bee,
And regularly strays,
While nature does, disdaining aids of skill,
The mind with thought, her ears with numbers, fill.

As when the Theban hymns divine
Make proud Olympian victors shine
In an eternal blaze,
The varying measures, ever new,
Unbeaten tracts of fame pursue,
While through the glorious maze
The poet leads his heroes to renown,
And weaves in verse a never-fading crown.

TO MISS MARGARET PULTENEY,

DAUGHTER OF DANIEL PULTENY, ESQ. IN THE
NURSERY.

April 27. 1727.

DIMPLY damsel, sweetly smiling,
All carefing, none beguiling,
Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
Every charm to nature owing,
This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that inquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day some virtue gaining,
Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
Beardless poets, fondly rhyming,
(Rescued now, perhaps in spelling,)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuse each killing feature
Of the cruel, charming, creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averse from killing.

TO MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,

IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS,

May 1. 1724.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,

Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush.
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray,
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

To the Right Honourable
ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ.

June 15. 1724.

VOTARY to public zeal,
Minister of England's weal,
Have you leisure for a song,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and sweet in every measure,
Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure?
Nothing lofty will I sing,
Nothing of the favourite king,
Something, rather, sung with ease,
Simply elegant to please.

Fairy virgin, British muse,
Some unheard-of story choose
Choose the glory of the swain,
Gifted with a magic strain,
Swaging grief of every kind,
Healing, with a verse, the mind:
To him came a man of power,
To him, in a cheerless hour;
When the swains by Druids taught,
Soon divin'd his irksome thought,
Soon the maple harp he strung,
Soon with silver accent, sung.

"Steerer of a mighty realm,
"Pilot waking o'er the helm,
"Blessing of thy native soil,
"Weary of a thankless toil,
"Cast repining thought behind,
"Give thy trouble to the wind.
"Mortal, destin'd to excel,
"Bear the blame of doing well,
"Like the worthies great of old,
"In the list of fame enroll'd.
"What, though titles thou decline?
"Still the more thy virtues shine.
"Envy, with her serpent eye,
"Marks each praise that soars on high.
"To thy lot resign thy will:
"Every good is mix'd with ill.
"See, the white unblemish'd rose
"On a thorny bramble blows:
"See, the torrent pouring rain
"Does the limpid fountain stain:
"See, the giver of the day
"Urgeth on, through clouds, his way:

" Nothing is entirely blest'd;
 " Envy does thy worth attest.
 " Pleasing visions, at command,
 " Answer to my voice and hand;
 " Quick, the blissful scene prepare,
 " Sooth the patriot's heavy care:
 " Visions, cheering to the sight,
 " Give him earnest of delight.
 " Wise disposer of affairs,
 " View the end of all thy cares!
 " Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,
 " See the gladdening harvest rise:
 " Lo, the people reap thy pain!
 " Thine the labour, theirs the gain.
 " Yonder turn a while thy view,
 " Turn thee to yon spreading yew,
 " Once the gloomy tree of fate,
 " Once the plighted virgin's hate:
 " Now, no longer does it grow,
 " Parent of the warring bow:
 " See, beneath the guiltless shade,
 " Peasants shape the plow and spade,
 " Rescued, ever, from the fear
 " Of the whistling shaft and spear.
 " Lo, where plenty comes, with peace!
 " Hear the breath of murmur cease:
 " See, at last, unclouded days;
 " Hear, at last, unenvied praise.
 " Nothing shall thy soul molest;
 " Labour is the price of rest.
 " Mortal, destin'd to excel,
 " Bless the toil of doing well!"

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET,

IN THE SMALL-POX.

Dublin, July 31. 1725.

POWER o'er every power supreme,
 Thou the poets hallow'd theme,
 From thy mercy seat on high,
 Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
 Breather of all vital breath,
 Arbiter of life and death,
 Oh, preserve this innocence,
 Yet unconscious of offence,
 Yet in life and virtue growing,
 Yet no debt to nature owing.
 Thou who giv'st angelic grace
 To the blooming virgin face,
 Let the fell disease not blight
 What thou mad'st for man's delight:
 O'er her features let it pass
 Like the breeze o'er springing grass,
 Gentle as refreshing showers
 Sprinkled over opening flowers.
 O, let years alone diminish
 Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish.
 To the pious parents give
 That the darling fair may live:
 Turn to blessings all their care,
 Save their fondness from despair.
 Mitigate the lurking pains
 Lodg'd within her tender veins;
 Soften every throb of anguish,
 Suffer not her strength to languish:
 Take her to thy careful keeping,
 And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO LORD CARTERET.

August 10. 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
 Minature of beauty's queen,
 Numbering years, a scanty nine,
 Stealing hearts without design,
 Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
 Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
 Yet a novice in disdain,
 Pleasure giving without pain,
 Still caressing, still carefs'd,
 Thou and all thy lovers blest'd,
 Never teiz'd and never teizing,
 O, for ever pleas'd and pleasing!
 Hither, British muse of mine,
 Hither all the Grecian nine,
 With the lovely graces three,
 And your promis'd nursing see:
 Figure on her waxen mind
 Images of life refin'd;
 Make it, as a garden gay,
 Every bud of thought display,
 Till, improving year by year,
 The whole culture shall appear,
 Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
 All to human sense surprising.
 Is the filken web so thin
 As the texture of her skin?
 Can the lily and the rose
 Such unfully'd hue disclose!
 Are the violets so blue
 As her veins expos'd to view?
 Do the stars, in wint'ry sky,
 Twinkle brighter than her eye?
 Has the morning lark a throat
 Sounding sweeter than her note?
 Who e'er knew the like before thee?
 They who knew the nymph that bare thee.
 From thy pastime and thy toys,
 From thy harmless cares and joys,
 Give me now a moment's time:
 When thou shalt attain thy prime,
 And thy bosom feel desire,
 Love the likeness of thy fire,
 One ordain'd, through life, to prove
 Still thy glory still thy love.
 Like thy sister, and like thee,
 Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:
 Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
 Trace the pattern set before thee,
 Where the Liffy meets the main,
 Has thy sister heard my strain:
 From the Liffy to the Thames,
 Minstrel echoes sing their names,
 Wafting to the willing ear
 Many a cadence sweet to hear,
 Smooth as gently breathing gales
 O'er the ocean and the vales,
 While the vessel calmly glides
 O'er the level glassy tides,
 While the summer flowers are springing,
 And the new-sledg'd birds are singing.

EPIGRAMS AND SHORT POEMS.

UPON THE TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

THE reigning fair on polish'd crystal shine,
 Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine.
 The favourite names we to our lips apply,
 Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy.
 While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,
 Propitious on the cause of freedom smile,
 The rash pretender's hopes we may despise,
 And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes.

ON A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO
GOOD MUSIC *.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

EPIGRAM.

GEORGE came to the crown without striking a
 blow:
 Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do so!

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, WHAT
IS THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
 The fire that warms the poet's brain,
 The lover's heaven, or his hell,
 The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
 And the true poet is a public good:
 This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
 In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd the senate and upheld her laws,
 Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
 And given the just success to Cato's sword,
 O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
 And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

A FRAGMENT.

IN search of wisdom far from wit I fly:
 Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
 In whose bewitching arms our early time
 We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime:
 But when reflection comes with riper years,
 And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
 We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
 And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

*The following Epitaph on the monument of my kins-
 woman, was written at the request of her husband.*

Within the burial-vault near this marble, lieth
 the body of Penelope, youngest daughter (and
 coheir with her sister Elizabeth) to Robert Phi-
 lips of Newton-Regis, in the county of Warwick,
 Esq. She died in her six and thirtieth year, on
 the 25th day of January, 1726.

* This epigram is claimed by Mr. Jeffreys, and is
 printed in his Works.

VOL. IX.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION,

(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)
 Recall to every surviving witness,
 And, for ensample, record to posterity,
 Her endowments,
 Whether owing to the indulgency of nature,
 Or to the assiduous lessons of education,
 Or to the silent admonitions of reflection.
 To her parents, husband, children,
 In no care, no duty, no affection,
 Was she wanting,
 Reserving, deserving, winning,
 From them respectively,
 Equal endearments.
 Of countenance and of disposition,
 Open, cheerful, modest;
 Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;
 Of speech, affable, free, discreet;
 In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;
 Prone to offices of kindness and good will;
 To enmity a stranger;
 Forward, earnest, impatient,
 To succour the distress'd,
 To comfort the afflicted;
 Solicitous for the poor,
 And rich in store of alms:
 Whereby she became
 The delight, the love, the blessing, of all.
 In her household flourished
 Cheerfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.
 In the closet retired,
 In the temple public.
 Morning and evening did she worship;
 By instruction, by example,
 Sedulous to nurture her children in godliness:
 So prevalent her love to them,
 Visited with that sore disease,
 Which too often kills or blights
 The mother's fondest hopes,
 That (regardless of self-preservation)
 In piously watching over their lives
 She, catching the infection, lost her own,
 Triumphant, through resignation,
 Over sickness, pain, anguish, agony,
 And (encompassed with tears and lamentations)
 Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

*To the Memory, ever dear and precious, of his most af-
 fectionate, most beloved, and most deserving Wife, is
 this monument raised by Henry Vernon, of Hilton,
 in the county of Stafford, Esquire. To him she bore five
 Sons and two Daughters, all surviving, saving Eli-
 zabeth; who dying, in her second year, of the small-
 pox, some few days before, rested by her mother.*

THE FABLE OF THULE, UNFINISHED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway,
 Where the sun glances but a sloping ray,
 Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,
 Disdainful Thule's wintry island lies.
 Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
 Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,
 And every youth, who lingers in despair,
 By thy example warn the cruel fair.

C c

In Cyprus, sacred to the queen of love,
 (Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
 Was Thule born, uncertain how. 'Tis said
 Once Venus won Adonis to her bed,
 And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd
 In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.
 With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,
 With downy moss some spread the carpet ground,
 Some ripen'd fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;
 And some fetch water from the running spring;
 While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
 Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear.
 Soon as the sun forsakes the evening skies,
 And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,
 The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
 And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep.

This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,
 No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.
 In every forming feature might be seen
 Some bright resemblance of the Cyprian queen:
 Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
 In all her early passion of the chase:
 And when, on springing flowers reclin'd, she sung,
 The birds upon the bending branches hung,
 While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,
 And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains:
 So sweet her voice resounding through the wood,
 They thought the nymph some Syren from the
 Half human thus by lineage, half divine, [flood.
 In forests did the lonely beauty shine, [glades,
 Like woodland flowers, which paint the desert
 And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades.
 No human face she saw, and rarely seen
 By human face: a solitary queen
 She rul'd, and rang'd, her shady empire round.
 No horn the silent huntress bears; no hound,
 With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chase,
 Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace;
 And, bend where'er she will her ebon bow,
 A speedy death arrests the flying foe.
 The bow the hunting goddess first supply'd,
 And ivory quiver crosses her shoulders ty'd.

Th' imperious queen of heaven, with jealous
 Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies, [eyes,
 At once admires, and dreads her glowing charms,
 And sees the god already in her arms:

In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves
 His broken vows, and his clandestine loves:
 Jove still continues frail: and all in vain
 Does Thule in obscurest shades remain,
 While Maja's son, the thunderer's winged spy,
 Informs him where the lurking beauties lie.
 What sure expedient then shall Juno find,
 To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind?
 Delays to jealous minds a torment prove;
 And Thule ripens every day for love.

She mounts her car, and shakes the filken reins;
 The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
 And smooth their glossy necks against the sun:
 The wheels along the level azure run.
 Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
 And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.

The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
 Of heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep
 In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
 Hang pois'd in air, to bless the isles with rain:
 And here the panting birds repose a while:
 Nor so their queen; she gains the Cyprian isle,
 By speedy zephyrs borne in thicken'd air:
 Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair.

Now o'er the mountain tops the rising sun
 Shot purple rays: now Thule had begun
 Her morning chase, and printed in the dews
 Her fleeting steps. The goddess now pursues,
 Now overtakes her in the full career,
 And flings a javelin at the flying deer.
 Amaz'd, the virgin huntress turns her eyes;
 When Juno, (now Diana in disguise,)
 Let no vain terrors discompose thy mind;
 My second visit, like my first, is kind.
 Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
 Did not I give?—Here sudden blushes glow
 On Thule's cheeks: her busy eyes survey
 The dress, the crescent; and her doubts give way.

I own thee, goddess bright, the nymph replies,
 Goddess, I own thee, and thy favours prize:
 Goddess of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
 Fresh in my mind thine image still remains.

Then Juno, beauteous ranger of the grove,
 My darling care, fair object of my love,
 Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
 To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTORIOUS IN THE
 HORSE-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom,
 and his skill in music. He likewise celebrates
 the horse that won the race, and the place where
 the Olympic games were performed. From the
 place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an oc-
 casion of digressing to the known fable of Tan-
 talus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero,

he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian vic-
 tors. Then he concludes, by praying to the
 gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero,
 admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his
 high station; and, lastly, glories in his own ex-
 cellency in compositions of this kind.

STROPHE I. Measures 18.

EACH element to water yields;
 And gold like blazing fire by night,
 Amidst the stores of wealth that builds
 The mind aloft, is eminently bright;

But if, my soul, with fond desire
To sing of games thou dost aspire,
As thou by day canst not descry,
Through all the liquid waste of sky,
One burnish'd star, that like the sun does glow,
And cherish every thing below,
So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,
In song, does like th' Olympian shine:
Hence do the mighty poets raise
A hymn, of every tongue the praise,
The son of Saturn to resound,
When far, from every land, they come
To visit Hiero's regal dome,
Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

ANTISTROPHE I. *Measures 18.*

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
He governs, righteous in his power,
And, all excelling while he reigns,
From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
In music, blossom of delight,
Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,
As we are wont, when friends design
To feast and wanton o'er their wine:
But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
If Pisa, city of renown,
And if the fleet victorious steed,
The boast of his unrivall'd breed,
Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,
And warm thy breast with sacred fire,
When late, on Alpheus' crowded shore,
Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,
The warning of the spur disdain'd,
And swift to victory his master bore.

EPODE I. *Measures 16.*

The lov'd Syracusan, the prince of the course,
The king, who delights in the speed of the horse:
Great his glory, great his fame,
Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came
To plant his men, a chosen race,
A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
Was known to love, when into life again,
From the reviving cauldron warm,
Clotho produc'd him whole, his shoulder-blade,
And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made:
But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,
When fabled tales, invented to surprise,
In miracles mighty, have power to charm,
Where fictions, happily combin'd,
Deceive and captivate the mind.

STROPHE II. *Measures 18.*

Thus Poësy, harmonious spell,
The source of pleasures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell;
And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
Day, after day, brings truth to light,
Unveil'd, and manifest to sight:
But, of the blest'd, those lips which name
Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame.
Thee, son of Tantalus, my faithful song
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy house restore,
And baffle falsehoods told before:
Now, in his turn, thy fire prepar'd
A banquet: when the gods appear'd

At Siplyus, his sweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feast:
There, first, the trident-bearing guest
Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd;

ANTISTROPHE II. *Measures 18.*

And now, his soul subdued by love,
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
Whose name the nations all around adore:
Thus Ganymede was caught on high,
To serve the power who rules the sky.
When thou no longer didst appear,
And those, who sought a pledge so dear,
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour, to defame
Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,
The rumour through the country fled,
That thou, to heighten the repast,
Wast into seething water cast,
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,
Thy limbs without compassion carv'd,
Thy sodden flesh in messes serv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious fire:

EPODE II. *Measures 16.*

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliss:
Let me then refrain, and dread:
A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.
If they, who supervise and ward
The heavens, did ever show regard
To mortal man, this Tantalus might boast,
Of mortal men that he was honour'd most:
But he not able to digest
The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his bliss destroys:
For over him the godhead hung, in air,
A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care!
From his head to remove it, with terror oppress'd,
In vain he tries, and seeks in vain
One cheerful moment to regain:

STROPHE III. *Measures 18.*

A life of woe, beyond relief,
His portion now; ordain'd before
To torments of a three-fold grief,
This fourth was added to complete his store,
Since, high presuming in his soul,
He nectar and ambrosia stole,
To give to men; by which he knew
That, tasting, he immortal grew:
But be not man deceiv'd: the gods reveal
What most we labour to conceal:
For this the powers, who deathless reign,
To earth sent down his son again,
To dwell with men, a short-liv'd race,
Whose sudden fate come on apace.
His flowery age in all its pride,
When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade
Of down was cast, a vow he made,
Deep in his soul, to win the profer'd bride.

ANTISTROPHE III. *Measures 18.*

Hippodamia, boasted name,
From her great sire the Pisan proud.
Alone, by night, the lover came
Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud
On him who sways the triple spear,
And fills with din the deafen'd ear;

When, at his feet, the god arose:
 Then Pelops, eager to disclose
 His mighty care, "O Neptune, if thy mind
 "In love did ever pleasure find,
 "Let not Oenomaus prevail,
 "And let this brazen javelin fail:
 "Oh! bear me hence, on wheels of speed,
 "To Elis, to the glorious meed:
 "To victory oh! whirl me, strait:
 "Since, after ten, and other three,
 "Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,
 "From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait

EPODE III. *Measures 16.*

"Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
 "The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.
 "Since we all are born to die,
 "Who, overcast, would in oblivion lie,
 "In unrepented age decay,
 "And meanly squander life away,
 "Cut off from every praise? Then let me dare
 "This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share;
 "And prosper thou my glowing wheels."
 Thus Pelops spoke; nor was his fervent prayer
 Pour'd forth in fruitless words, to waft in air:
 The deity his whole ambition grants;
 Nor shining car, nor coursers, now he wants:
 In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
 Exulting in the horses' feet,
 Unwearied ever, ever fleet:

STROPHE IV. *Measures 18.*

Oenomaus, he triumphs o'er
 Thy prowess, and, to share his bed,
 Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
 Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred.
 Now, solemniz'd with steaming blood,
 And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
 Entomb'd, he sleeps, where th' altar stands,
 That draws the vows of distant lands:
 And round his tomb the circling racers strive:
 And round the wheeling chariots drive.
 In thy fam'd courses, Pelops, rise
 Th' Olympian glories to the skies,
 And shine afar: there we behold
 The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold,
 In fore fatigues, and there the strife
 Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
 Who overcomes! for he shall see
 Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life:

ANTISTROPHE IV. *Measures 18.*

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize.
 The good that, in a day obtain'd,
 From day to day fresh joy supplies,
 Is the supreme of bliss to man ordain'd:
 But let me now the rider raise
 And crown him with Æolian lays,
 The victor's due: and I confide,
 Though every welcome guest were try'd,
 Not one, in all the concourse, would be found
 For fairest knowledge more renown'd,
 Nor yet a master more to twine,
 In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.
 The guardian god, who watchful guides
 Thy fortunes, Hiero, presides
 O'er all thy cares with anxious power:
 And soon, if he does not deny
 His needful aid, my hopes run high
 To sing more pleasing in the joyful hour.

EPODE IV. *Measures 16.*

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear,
 And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,
 Tracing paths of language fair,
 As I to Cronion's sunny mount repair.
 Even now the muse prepares to raise,
 Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,
 For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
 Do others rise, conspicuous, only kings,
 High mounting on the summit fix:
 There bound thy view, wide spread, nor vainly try
 Farther to stretch the prospect of thine eye:
 Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,
 With steady steps, the measur'd tract of time;
 Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
 In Greece, throughout the learned throng,
 Proclaim'd unrival'd in my song.

THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM, VICTORIOUS IN
 THE CHARIOT-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic Games, with a chariot and four horses; likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors; whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Pelus, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyric, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. *Measures 16.*

SOVEREIGN hymns, whose numbers sway
 The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,
 What man, shall we resound?
 Is not Pifa Jove's delight?
 And did not Hercules, with conquest crown'd
 To him ordain
 Th' Olympiad for an army slain,
 Thank-offering of the war?
 And must we not, in Theron's right,
 Exert our voice, and swell our song?
 Theron, whose victorious car
 Four coursers whirl, fleeting along,
 To stranger-guests indulgent host,
 Of Agrigentum the support and boast,
 Cities born to rule and grace,
 Fair blossom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. *Measures 16.*

Worthies fore perplex'd in thought, [sought,
 Till, wandering far, they found, what long they
 A sacred feat, fast by
 Where the stream does rapid run,
 And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
 When happy days,
 And wealth, and favour, flow'd, and praise,
 That in-born worth inflames.
 Saturnian Jove, O! Rhca's son,
 Who o'er Olympus dost preside,
 And the pitch of lofty games,
 And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,

Rejoicing in my songs, do thou
Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,
Blessing, with a bounteous hand,
The rich hereditary land.

EPODE I. *Measures 10.*

Through their late lineage down. No power can
actions past,
Whether deeds of right or wrong,
As things not done recall,
Not even time, the father, who produces all;
Yet can oblivion, waiting long,
Gathering strength
Through the length
Of prosperous times, forbid those deeds to last:
Such force has sweet-healing joy
The festering smart of evils to destroy,

STROPHE II. *Measures 16.*

When felicity is sent
Down by the will supreme with full content:
Thy daughters, Cadmus, they
Greatly wretched here below,
Bless'd evermore, this mighty truth display.
No weight of grief,
But, whelm'd in pleasures, find relief,
Sunk in the sweet abyss.
Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow,
Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
Mingling with the gods in bliss,
Art happy, for ever on high:
Thee Pallas does for ever love,
Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above;
Thee thy son holds ever dear,
Thy son with the ivy-wreath'd spear.

ANTISTROPHE II. *Measures 16.*

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
With the sea-daughters dwells of Nereus old,
And has, by lot, obtain'd
Lasting life, beneath the deep,
A life within no bounds of time restrain'd.
The hour of death,
The day when we resign our breath,
That offspring of the sun,
Which bids us from our labours sleep,
In vain do mortals seek to know,
Or who destin'd is to run
A life unintangled with woe;
For none are able to disclose
The seasons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleasures, now of pains,
Which hidden fate to men ordains:

EPODE II. *Measures 10.*

Thus Providence, that to thy ancestry, long-fam'd,
Portions out a pleasing share
Of heaven-sprung happiness,
Does, ceasing in another turn of time to bless,
Distribute some reverse of care,
As from years
Past appears,
Since the predestin'd son, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius, blindly meeting kill,
And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil:

STROPHE III. *Measures 16.*

Fell Erinnyes, quick to view
The deed, his warlike sons in battle flew,
Each by the other's rage
But to Polynices slain

Surviv'd Thersander, glory of his age,
For feats of war,
And youthful contests, honour'd far,
The Scion, kept alive
To raise th' Adrastian house again:
From whence Ænefidamus' heir
Does his spreading root derive,
To branch out a progeny fair;
Who, springing foremost in the chase
Of fame, demands we should his triumph grace,
Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
Sweet union of melodious praise;

ANTISTROPHE III. *Measures 16.*

For not only has he borne
Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn
The garland of renown,
At Pytho and at Isthmus; where,
Victorious both, they shar'd th' allotted crown,
Joint-honour, won
In twelve impetuous courses, run
With four unwearied steeds.
To vanquish in the strife severe
Does all anxiety destroy:
And to this, if wealth succeeds
With virtues enamel'd, the joy
Luxuriant grows; such affluence
Does glorious opportunities dispense,
Giving depth of thought to find
Pursuits which please a noble mind,

EPODE III. *Measures 10.*

Refulgent star! to man the purest beam of light!
The possessor of this store,
Far-future things discerning, knows [woes
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate
Consign'd, too late their pains deplore;
For below
Ere they go,
Sits one in judgment who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;
Whose dire decree no power can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. *Measures 16.*

But the good, alike by night,
Alike by day, the sun's unclouded light
Beholding, ever bless'd,
Live an unlaborious life,
Nor anxious interrupt the hallow'd-rest
With spade and plow,
The earth to vex, or with the prow
The briny sea, to eat
The bread of care in endless strife.
The dread divinities among
The few unaccustom'd to wrong,
Who never broke the vow they swore,
A tearless age enjoy for ever-more;
While the wicked hence depart
To torments which appall the heart;

ANTISTROPHE IV. *Measures 16.*

But the souls who greatly dare,
Thrice try'd in either state, to persevere
From all injus- e pure,
Journeying onward in the way
Of Jupiter, in virtue still secure,
Along his road
Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode;
Where soft sea-breezes breathe
Round the island of the bless'd; where gay

The trees with golden blossoms glow;
Where, their brows and arms to wreath,
Bright garlands on every side below;
For, springing thick in every field,
The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield;
And, in every limpid stream,
The budding gold is seen to gleam:

EPODE IV. *Measures 10.*

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award;
Who, coequal, takes his seat
With Saturn, fire divine,
Thy consort, Rhea, who above the rest doth shine,
High thron'd, thou matron-goddess great:
These among
(Blissful throng!)
Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard;
And, through his mother's winning prayer
To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. *Measures 16.*

He who Hector did destroy,
The pillar firm, the whole support, of Troy,
And Cynus gave to die,
And Aurora's Æthiop son.
My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
All swift of flight,
Within my quiver, sounding right
To every skilful ear:
But, of the multitude, not one
Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.
He transcendent does appear
In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd
His store: but the dull-letter'd crowd,
In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,
Clamour idly, wanting skill,
Like crows, in vain, provoking still.

ANTISTROPHE V. *Measures 16.*

The celestial bird of Jove:
But, to the mark, address thy bow, nor rove,
My soul: and whom do I
Single out with fond desire,
At him to let illustrious arrows fly?
My fix'd intent,
My aim, on Agrigentum bent,
A solemn oath I plight,
Sincere as honest minds require,
That through an hundred circling years,
With recorded worthies bright,
No rivaling city appears
To boast a man more frank to impart
Kind offices to friends with open heart,
Or, with hand antidist his store,
Delighting to distribute more.

EPODE V. *Measures 10.*

Than Theron: yet foul calumny, injurious blame,
Did the men of rancour raise
Against his fair renown,
Defamers who by evil actions strove to drown
His good, and to conceal his praise.
Can the sand,
On the strand,
Be number'd o'er? Then, true to Theron's fame,
His favours showering down delight
On thousands who is able to recite?

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ON HIS LUTE.

THE line of Atreus will I sing;
To Cadmus will I tune the string:
But, as from string to string I move,
My lute will only sound of love.
The chords I change through every screw,
And model the whole lute anew.
Once more in song, my voice I raise,
And, Hercules, thy toils I praise:
My lute does still my voice deny,
And in the tones of love reply.
Ye heroes, then, at once farewell:
Loves only echo from my shell.

THE SECOND ODE.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE the bull with horns supplies,
The horse with hoofs she fortifies,
The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,
And on their skill bids men rely.
Women alone defenceless live,
To women what does nature give?
Beauty, she gives instead of darts,
Beauty, instead of shields, imparts;
Nor can the sword, nor fire oppose
The fair, victorious where she goes.

THE THIRD ODE.

ON LOVE.

ONE midnight when the Bear did stand
A-level with Böotes' hand,
And, with their labour sore oppress'd,
The race of men were laid to rest,
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.
Who thus assails my doors, I cry'd?
Who breaks my slumbers? Love reply'd,
Open: a child alone is here!
A little child!—you need not fear:
Here through the moonless night I stray,
And, drench'd in rain, have lost my way.
Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haste my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I see,
A little child, he seem'd to me;
Who bore a quiver, and a bow;
And wings did to his shoulders grow.
Within the hearth I bid him stand,
Then chafe and cherish either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.
Now come, said he, no longer chill,
We'll bend this bow, and try our skill,
And prove the string, how far its power
Remains unslacken'd by the shower.
He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces like a breeze, my liver:
Then leaping, laughing, as he fled,
Rejoice with me, my host, he said:
My bow is found in every part,
And you shall rue it at your heart.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O VENUS, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLESS'D as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

TO MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS,

ON HIS DISTRESS MOTHER.

Anonymous, from Steele's Collection.

LONG have the writers of this warlike age
With human sacrifices drench'd the stage;
That scarce one hero dares demand applause,
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:
As if, like swans, they only could delight
With dying strains, and while they please affright.

Our Philips, though 'twere to oblige the fair,
Dares not destroy, where Horace bids him spare:
His decent scene like that of Greece appears;
No deaths our eyes offend, no fights our ears.
While he from nature copies every part,
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.

Oft' as Andromache renews her woe,
The mothers sadden, and their eyes o'erflow.
Hermione, with love and rage possess'd,
Now soothes, now animates, each maiden breast.
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
Love, and Despair, and Furies are combin'd
In poor Orestes, to distract his mind.
From first to last alternate passions reign;
And we resist the Poet's will in vain.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

Containing

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE,
THE THISTLE,
ODES,
SONGS,

EPISTLES,
EPITAPHS,
FABLES,
IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For HAMILTON, the Loves and Graces mourn,
And tuneful muses weep o'er Ramsay's urn.

LANGHORNE'S GENIUS AND VALOUR.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann^o 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

WILLIAM HAMILTON, ESQ.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM
BALCANQUHARN,
PRINTERS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH,
PRINTED BY
JAMES
BALCANQUHARN.

MDCCCXXXIII.

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For the Author's Son, the Rev. Mr. James Hamilton,
and the Author's Daughter, Miss Mary Hamilton,
the following Poems are published.

EDINBURGH.

PRINTED BY WILKIE AND ROSS, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

THE LIFE OF HAMILTON.

Of the personal history of HAMILTON, the compiler of this collection regrets his inability to give an account proportioned to his reputation among his contemporaries, or his rank among the writers of verse.

Little attention has been bestowed by the anonymous editor of his poems, in transmitting the incidents of his life, or in delineating his most prominent and observable particularities; and the intelligence which tradition has preserved, is general and scanty.

The life of a private gentleman, devoting part of his time to polite literature, is held by his acquaintance, to be little deserving of transmission to posterity. He rises to eminence by exertions, which, to ordinary discernment, do not distinguish him from other men. When his fame is established by time, it is generally too late to trace the events of his life, or to investigate minutely the peculiarities of habit and disposition which mark his character.

The account, therefore, which is here to be expected, may properly be proportioned to the means of information, rather than to his qualifications, which deserve more ample illustration than this brief memorial can bestow.

William Hamilton, was the second son of ——— Hamilton, Esq. of Bangour in Ayrshire; a gentleman of an opulent fortune, and of an ancient and honourable family. He was born in 1704.

He had all the advantages of a liberal and polite education. His taste, like his studies, was unconfined; but his peculiar genius for poetry appeared at an early time of life. It was improved by a lively imagination, an exquisite delicacy of sentiment, an extensive acquaintance with classical learning, and a thorough knowledge of the world.

The early part of his life seems to have been divided between the occupations of literature, the amusements of poetry, and the gaieties of elegant society, of which he was the unrivalled pride and ornament.

The latter part of his life was unfortunate.

Education, private affection, and friendship, have often a powerful influence on political principles. He had been bred a Jacobite, and was unhappily prompted, by his own misguided zeal, or the persuasions and example of his friends, to join the standard of the Pretender, in 1745.

The same year, he celebrated the success of the rebels at Prestonpans, in an *Ode on the Battle of Gladsuir*, which was printed at the time, and "married to the harmonies" of M'Gibbon. This was the only occasion he had of poetical triumph and exultation.

The year following, he saw the hopes of his party perish, in the suppression of the rebellion by the memorable victory obtained over the rebels by the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden.

It is not certain whether he was present in the action; but it appears, that his life, for some time afterwards, was in imminent danger.

His reflections on this reverse of fortune, are expressed in *A Soliloquy*, wrote in June 1746.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiply'd distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less.

When all around thee, cruel snares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains, or death.

He wandered about, for some time, in the Highlands, and experienced much personal inconvenience in eluding the diligence of the King's troops, employed in disarming the inhabitants; but at last, found means to escape to France.

For this intelligence, the present writer is obliged to Mr. John Home, the celebrated author of "Douglas," a very accurate observer of the passages of that time, which, he is happy to announce, will soon receive every possible illustration from his elegant and classical pen.

He resided several years abroad, chiefly in France and Italy, unconnected with the zealots of rebellion, and devoted to the milder ambitions of the ingenuous muse.

At length, having made his peace with the Government, he returned to Scotland to take possession of the family estate, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother.

He was of a delicate constitution; and, in his later years, his health was greatly impaired. This decay made him try the benefit of a warmer climate, in which he had passed a considerable part of his time. It had not, however, the desired effect. He died at Lyons, on the 25th of March, 1754, in the 50th year of his age. His corpse was brought to Scotland, and interred in the Abbey Church of Holyroodhouse.

He was twice married into families of distinction; and, by his first lady, daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart. of Dunglass, left an only son, who inherits his estate.

The character of Hamilton was amiable and respectable. He possessed the social virtues in an eminent degree. His writings breathe the passions which he felt; and are seldom cold or inanimated. The qualities of his heart and head were equally remarkable. His elegance and judgment were universally confessed. He was, in the proper sense of the word, a fine gentleman.

As he wrote verses entirely for his own amusement, and that of his particular friends, few of his pieces were prepared for the press by himself. A collection of several of them was first published at Glasgow, in 1748, not only without his name, but without his consent. He was then abroad; and it was hoped the appearance of that collection would have drawn from him a more perfect edition. But, though after his return, he corrected many errors of the Glasgow copy, occasioned by the inadvertency of transcribers, he did not live to make a new and complete publication. The improvements he made, were, however, inserted in the posthumous edition of his *Poems on Several Occasions*, printed at Edinburgh, in 8vo. 1760, with the addition of a great many valuable pieces taken from his own original manuscripts. They are now, with the *Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir*, not inserted in the edition 1760, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

As a poet, Hamilton does not seem to have hitherto received so much attention as he deserves. Party spirit, in our nation, has often influenced the judgment of poetical merit. His genius, perhaps, has been overlooked, because his political opinions were reprobated. In this liberal age, when the just tribute of praise is bestowed on talents and literary merit, of whatever party, it would be improper to take notice of his political opinions. He is certainly a pleasing and amiable writer, though not a first-rate poet. He is not distinguished for strength of intellect or fertility of invention. His taste was delicate, and refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. He writes with neatness and terseness, frequently with elevation and spirit. His compositions are characterised by sprightliness and elegance, simplicity and tenderness. His diction is commonly chaste and poetical; and his versification, in general, correct and harmonious. Of his addresses and smaller pieces, which are commonly personal and occasional, the greater part is panegyrical, and the chief source is gallantry. Of praise, he is very lavish in his light and amatory productions. Undoubtedly many beauties of that time were proud of his praises. Who they were, whom he dignifies with poetical names, cannot be easily known. Perhaps by traditions preserved in families, they may be discovered.

His *Triumph of Love*, if he had written nothing else, is sufficient to entitle him to the character and distinction of a poet. It was published separately in his life time; and, though in a careless dress, and even without a name, was received with the highest approbation. His *Epistle to the Countess of Eglington*, though incorrect, has many elegant passages. It was originally prefixed to the inimitable *Gentle Shepherd*, of Ramsay, with whom his wit, poetry, and political principles naturally connected him. His imitation of the *Eighteenth Epistle of the first Book of Horace*, addressed to Ramsay, is written in a strain of vigorous sense and easy versification. His other *Imitations of Horace*, deserve great praise, for elegance of expression and propriety of application. To be pleased with his fine *Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir*, it is not necessary to think well of his opinions. Of his other *Odes*, the *second* and *third* deserve particular commendation. The *second* possesses all the exquisite delicacy, picturesque description, and appropriate imagery of Milton's "L'Allegro," of which it is evidently an imitation. His *Epitaphs* are among the most beautiful and pathetic compositions of that kind in our language. The *Epitaphs on Mrs. Colquhoun and his Wife* are truly admirable. The *Episode of the Thistle* abounds in poetical description, animated by patriotic enthusiasm. Of his song in the Scottish dialect, called, *The Braes of Yarrow*, the extensive popularity is the best encomium. The remaining pieces, it is not necessary to examine singly. They must be supposed to have faults and beauties of the same kind with the rest; but the author's finishing hand, it ought to be remembered, has been wanting to many.

THE WORKS OF HAMILTON.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

READ here the pangs of unsuccessful love,
View the dire ills the weary sufferers prove,
When care in every shape has leave to reign,
And keener sharpens ev'ry sense of pain:
No charm the cruel spoiler can controul,
He blasts the beauteous features of the soul;
With various conflict rends the destin'd breast,
And lays th' internal fair creation waste:
The dreadful demon raging unconfin'd,
To his dire purpose bends the passive mind,
Gloomy and dark the prospect round appears,
Doubts spring from doubts, and fears engender
Hope after hope goes out in endless night, [fears;
And all is anguish, torture, and affright.

O! beauteous friend, a gentler fate be thine;
Still may thy star with mildest influence shine;
May heav'n surround thee with peculiar care,
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair;
That gave thee sweetness, unaffected ease,
The pleasing look, that ne'er was taught to please,
True genuine charms, where falsehood claims no
Which not alone entice, but fix the heart: [part,
And far beyond all these, supreme in place,
The virtuous mind, an undecaying grace.
Still may thy youth each fond endearment prove
Of tender friendship and complacent love;
May love approach thee, in the mildest dress,
And court thee to domestic happiness;
And bring along the pow'r that only knows
To heighten human joys and soften woes;
For woes will be in life; these still return,
The good, the beauteous, and the wise must
mourn:

Doubl'd the joy that friendship does divide,
Lessen'd the pain when arm'd the social side:
But ah! how fierce the pang, how deep the groan,
When strong affliction finds the weak alone!
Then may a friend still guard thy shelter'd days,
And guide thee safe through fortune's mystic
ways;

The happy youth, whom most thy soul approves,
Friend of thy choice and husband of thy loves,
Whose holy flame heav'n's altar does inspire,
That burns through life one clear unsully'd fire,
A mutual warmth that glows from breast to breast,
Who loving is belov'd and blessing blest.
Then all the pleasing scenes of life appear,
The charms of kindred and relations dear,
The smiling offspring, love's far better part,
And all the social meltings of the heart:

Then harlot pleasure, with her wanton train
Seduces from the perfect state in vain;
In vain to the lock'd ear the syren sings,
When angels shadow with their guardian wings.
Such, fair Monimia, be thy sacred lot,
When ev'ry memory of him forgot,
Whose faithful muse inspir'd the pious pray'r,
And weary'd heaven to keep thee in its care;
That pleas'd it would its choicest influence show'r,
Or on thy serious, or thy mirthful hour;
Conspicuous known in ev'ry scene of life,
The mother, sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
That joy may grow on joy, and constant last,
And each new day rise brighter than the past.

CONTEMPLATION: OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

— *Rursusque resurgens*
Saevit amor. —

Virg. *Aen.* 4.

O VOICE divine, whose heavenly strain
No mortal measure may attain,
O powerful to appease the smart,
That festers in a wounded heart,
Whose mystic numbers can assuage
The bosom of tumult'ous rage,
Can strike the dagger from despair,
And shut the watchful eye of care.
Oft lur'd by thee, when wretches call,
Hope comes, that cheers or softens all;
Expell'd by thee, and dispossess'd
Envy forsakes the human breast.
Full oft with thee the bard retires,
And lost to earth, to heav'n aspires;
How nobly lost! with thee to rove
Through the long deep'ning solemn grove,
Or underneath the moonlight pale,
To silence trust some plaintive tale,
Of nature's ills, and mankind's woes,
While kings and all the proud repose;
Or where some holy aged oak
A stranger to the woodman's stroke;
From the high rock's aerial crown
In twisting arches bending down,
Bathes in the smooth pellucid stream,
Full oft he waits the mystic dream
Of mankind's joys right understood,
And of the all-prevailing good.
Go forth invoc'd, O voice divine!
And issue from thy sacred shrine;
Go search each solitude around,
Where Contemplation may be found,

Where'er apart the goddess stands
 With lifted eyes and heaven-raised hands;
 If rear'd on speculation's hill
 Her raptur'd soul enjoys its fill
 Of far transporting nature's scene,
 Air, ocean, mountain, river, plain;
 Or if with measur'd step she go
 Where meditation spreads below,
 In hollow vale her ample store,
 'Till weary fancy can no more;
 Or inward if she turn her gaze,
 And all th' internal world surveys;
 With joy complacent fees succeed
 In fair array, each comely deed.
 She hears alone thy lofty strain,
 All other music charms in vain;
 In vain the sprightly notes rebound,
 That from the fretted roofs rebound,
 When the dext minstrelsy advance
 To form the quaint and orb'd dance;
 In vain unhallow'd lips implore,
 She hearkens only to thy lore.
 Then bring the lonely nymph along,
 Obsequious to thy magic song;
 Bid her to bliss the secret bow'r
 And heighten wisdom's solemn hour.
 Bring faith, endu'd with eagle eyes,
 That joins this earth to distant skies;
 Bland hope that makes each sorrow less,
 Still smiling calm amidst distress;
 And bring the meek-eyed charity,
 Not least, though youngest of the three:
 Knowledge the sage, whose radiant light,
 Darts quick across the mental night,
 And add warm friendship to the train,
 Social, yielding, and humane;
 With silence, sober-suited maid,
 Seldom on this earth survey'd:
 Bid in this sacred band appear,
 That aged venerable seer,
 With sorrowing pale, with watchings spare,
 Of pleasing yet dejected air,
 Him, heavenly melancholy hight,
 Who flies the sons of false delight,
 Now looks serene through human life,
 Sees end in peace the moral strife,
 Now to the dazzling prospect blind,
 Trembles for heaven and for his kind,
 And doubting much, still hoping best,
 Late with submission finds his rest:
 And by his side advance the dame
 All glowing with celestial flame,
 Devotion, high above that soars,
 And sings exulting, and adores,
 Dares fix on heav'n a mortal's gaze,
 And triumph 'midst the seraph's blaze:
 Last to crown all, with these be join'd
 The decent nun fair peace of mind,
 Whom innocence ne'er yet betray'd,
 Bore young in Eden's happy shade:
 Resign'd, contented, meek and mild
 Of blameless mother, blameless child.
 But from these woods, O thou retire!
 Hood-wink't superstition dire;
 Zeal that clanks her iron bands,
 And bathes in blood her ruthless hands;
 Far hence hypocrisy away,
 With pious semblance to betray,

Whose angel outside fair contains
 A heart corrupt, and foul with stains;
 Ambition mad, that stems alone
 The boisterous surge, with bladders blown;
 Anger, with wild disorder'd pace;
 And malice pale of famish'd face;
 Loud-tongu'd clamour, get thee far
 Hence, to wrangle at the bar;
 With opening mouths vain rumour hung;
 And falsehood with her serpent tongue;
 Revenge, her bloodshot eyes on fire,
 And hissing envy's snaky tire;
 With jealousy, the fiend most fell
 Who bears about his inmate hell;
 Now far apart with haggard mien
 To lone suspicion list'ning seen,
 Now in a gloomy band appears
 Of fallow doubts and pale-eyed fears,
 Whom dire remorse of giant kind
 Pursues with scorpion lash behind;
 And thou self-love, who tak'st from earth,
 With the vile crawling worm, thy birth,
 Untouch'd with others' joy or pain,
 The social smile, the tear humane;
 Thy self thy sole intemperate guest,
 Uncall'd thy neighbour to the feast,
 As if heaven's universal heir
 'Twas thine to seize and not to share:
 With these away, base wretch accurst,
 By pride begot, by madness nurs'd,
 Impiety! of harden'd mind,
 Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn, blind,
 Unmov'd amidst this mighty all,
 Deaf to the universal call:
 In vain above the systems glow,
 In vain earth spreads her charms below,
 Confiding in himself to rise,
 He hurls defiance to the skies,
 And steel'd in dire and impious deeds
 Blasphemes his feeder whilst he feeds.
 But chiefly love, love far off fly,
 Nor interrupt my privacy;
 'Tis not for thee, capricious pow'r,
 Weak tyrant of a feverish hour,
 Fickle, and ever in extremes,
 My radiant day of reason beams,
 And sober contemplation's ear
 Disdains thy syren song to hear;
 Speed thee on changeful wings away,
 To where thy willing slaves obey,
 Go herd amongst thy wonted train,
 The false, th' inconstant, lewd, and vain;
 Thou hast no subject here; begone,
 Contemplation comes anon.
 Above, below, and all around,
 Now nought but awful quiet's found,
 The feeling air forgets to move,
 No zephyr stirs the leafy grove;
 The gentlest murmur of the rill,
 Struck by the potent charm is still,
 Each passion in this troubled breast
 So toiling once lies hush'd to rest,
 Whate'er man's bustling race employs,
 His cares, his hopes, his fears, his joys,
 Ambition, pleasure, interest, fame;
 Each nothing of important name;
 Ye tyrants of this restless ball,
 This grove annihilates you all.

Oh power unseen, yet felt, appear
 Sure something more than nature's here.
 Now on the flow'ring turf I lie,
 My soul conversing with the sky.
 Far lost in the bewildering dream
 I wander o'er each lofty theme;
 'Tis on inquiry's wings on high,
 And soar the heights of deity:
 Fain would I search the perfect laws
 That constant bind th' unerring cause;
 Why all its children, born to share
 Alike a father's equal care:
 Some weep by partial fate undone,
 The ravish'd portion of a son;
 Whilst he whose swelling cup o'erflows,
 Heeds not his suff'ring brother's woes;
 The good, their virtues all forgot,
 Mourn need severe, their destin'd lot;
 While vice, invited by the great,
 Feasts under canopies of state.
 Ah! when we see the bad prefer'd,
 Was it eternal justice err'd?
 Or when the good could not prevail,
 How could almighty prowess fail?
 When underneath the oppressor's blow
 Afflicted innocence lies low,
 Has not th' All-seeing eye beheld?
 Or has a stronger arm repell'd?
 When death dissolves this brittle frame,
 Lies ever quench'd the soul's bright flame?
 Or shall th' ethereal breath of day
 Relume once more this living ray?
 From life escape we all in vain?
 Heaven finds its creature out again,
 Again its captive to control,
 And drive him to another goal.
 When time shall let his curtain fall,
 Must dreary nothing swallow all?
 Must we the unfinish'd piece deplore,
 E'er half the pompous piece be o'er?
 In his all comprehensive mind,
 Shall not th' almighty poet find
 Some reconciling turn of fate
 To make his wondrous work complete;
 To finish fair his mingled plan,
 And justify his ways to man?
 But who shall draw these veils that lie
 Unpierc'd by the keen cherub's eye?
 Cease, cease, the daring flight give o'er,
 'Tis time to submit and to adore
 Learn then: Into thyself descend,
 To know thy being's use and end,
 For thee what nature's kind intent,
 Or on what fatal journey bent.
 Is mean self-love the only guide?
 Must all be sacrific'd to pride?
 What sacred fountains then supply
 The feeling heart and melting eye?
 Why does the pleading look disarm
 The hand of rage with slaughter warm?
 Or in the battle's generous strife,
 Does Britain quell the lust of life?
 Next the bold inquiry tries,
 To trace our various passions rise;
 This moment hope exalts the breast,
 The next it sinks by fear deprest;
 Now fierce the storms of wrath begin,
 Now all is holy calm within.

What strikes ambition's stubborn springs,
 What moves compassion's softer strings;
 How we in constant friendships join,
 How in constant hates combine;
 How nature, for her favourite, man,
 Unfolds the wonders of her plan;
 How fond to treat her chosen guest
 Provides for every sense a feast;
 Gives to the wide excursive eye
 The radiant glories of the sky;
 Or bids each odorous bloom exhale
 His soul t'enrich the balmy gale;
 Or pour upon th' enchanted ear
 The music of the op'ning year;
 Or bids the limpid fountain burst,
 Friendly to life, and cool to thirst;
 What arts the beauteous dame employs
 To lead us on to genial joys,
 When in her specious work we join
 To propagate her fair design,
 The virgin-face divine appears
 In bloom of youth and prime of years,
 And e'er the destin'd heart's aware
 Fixes Monimia's image there.
 Ah me! what helpless have I said?
 Unhappy by myself betray'd!
 I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
 From the dear image to refrain;
 For when I fixt my musing thought,
 Far on solemn views remote;
 When wand'ring in the uncertain round
 Of mazy doubt, no end I found;
 O my unblest and erring feet!
 What most I sought to shun, ye meet.
 Come then my serious maid again:
 Come and try another strain;
 Come and nature's dome explore,
 Where dwells retir'd the matron hoar;
 There her wondrous works survey,
 And drive th' intruder love away.
 'Tis done. Ascending heaven's height
 Contemplation take thy flight:
 Behold the sun, thro' heav'n's wide space,
 Strong as a giant, run his race:
 Behold the moon, exert her light,
 As blushing bride on her love-night:
 Behold the sister starry train,
 Her bride-maids, mount the azure plain.
 See where the snows their treasures keep;
 The chambers where the loud winds sleep;
 Where the collected rains abide
 'Till heav'n set all its windows wide,
 Precipitate from high to pour
 And drown in violence of show'r:
 Or gently strain'd they wash the earth
 And give the tender fruits a birth.
 See where thunder springs his mine;
 Where the paths of lightning shine.
 Or tir'd those heights still to pursue,
 From heav'n descending with the dew,
 That soft impregns the youthful mead,
 Where thousand flowers exalt the head,
 Mark how nature's hand bestows
 Abundant grace on all that grows,
 Tinges, with pencil flow unseen,
 The grass that clothes the valley green;
 Or spreads the tulips parted streaks,
 Or sanguine dyes the rose's cheeks,

Or points with light Monimia's eyes,
And forms her bosom's beauteous rise.

Ah! haunting spirit art thou there!
Forbidden in these walks t' appear.
I thought, O love! thou wouldst disdain
To mix with wisdom's black stay'd train;
But when my curious searching look,
A nice survey of nature took,
Well pleas'd the matron set to show
Her mistress-work, on earth below.
Then fruitless knowledge turn aside,
What other art remains untry'd
This load of anguish to remove,
And heal the cruel wounds of love?
To friendship's sacred force apply
That source of tenderness and joy;
A joy no anxious fears profane,
A tenderness that feels no pain:
Friendship shall all these ills appease,
And give the tortur'd mourner ease.
Th' indissoluble tie, that binds
In equal chains, two sister minds:
Not such as servile int'rests choose,
From partial ends and sordid views;
Nor when the midnight banquet fires,
The choice of wine-inflam'd desires;
When the short fellowships proceed,
From casual mirth and wicked deed;
'Till the next morn estranges quite
The partners of one guilty night;
But such as judgment long has weigh'd
And years of faithfulness have try'd;
Whose tender mind is fram'd to share
The equal portion of my care;
Whose thoughts my happiness employs
Sincere, who triumphs in my joys;
With whom in raptures I may stray,
Through study's long and pathless way,
Obscurely blest, in joys, alone,
To the excluded world unknown.
Forsook the weak fantastic train
Of flatt'ry, mirth, all false and vain;
On whose soft and gentle breast
My weary soul may take her rest,
While the still tender look and kind
Fair springing from the spotless mind,
My perfected delights ensure
To last immortal, free and pure.
Grant, Heav'n, if Heav'n means bliss for me,
Monimia such, and long may be.

Here, here again! how just my fear!
Love ever finds admittance here;
The cruel spright intent on harm,
Has quite dissolv'd the feeble charm;
Assuming friendship's faintly guise,
Has past the cheated sentry's eyes,
And once attained his hellish end,
Displays the undissembled fiend.
O say! my faithful fair ally
How did'st thou let the traitor by?
I from the desert bade thee come*,
Invok'd thee from thy peaceful home,
More to sublime my solemn hour,
And curse this demon's fatal pow'r;
Lo! by superior force oppress'd,
Thou these three several times hast blest.

* Numbers, ch. 23.

Shall we the magic rites pursue,
When love is mightier far than thou;
Yes come, in blest enchantment skill'd,
Another altar let us build;
Go forth as wont, and try to find,
Where'er devotion lies reclin'd;
Thou her fair friend, by heaven's decree,
Art one with her, and she with thee.

Devotion come with sober pace,
Full of thought and full of grace;
While humbled on the earth I lie,
Wrapt in the vision of the sky,
To noble heights and solemn views
Wing my heav'n-aspiring muse;
Teach me to scorn, by thee refin'd,
The low delights of human kind:
Sure then to put to flight the boy
Of laughter, sport, and idle joy.

O plant these guarded groves about,
And keep the treach'rous felon out.

Now see! the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair,
To the solemn house of prayer.
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off in Contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground,
And cautious tread with awful fear
The courts of heav'n;—for God is here!
Now my grateful voice I raise.
Ye angels swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony,
The ear of him who sits on high.
Grant me, propitious heav'nly pow'r,
Whose love benign we feel each hour,
An equal lot on earth to share,
Nor rich, nor poor, my humble pray'r;
Lest I forget, exalted proud,
The hand supreme that gave the good;
Lest want o'er virtue should prevail,
And I put forth my hand and steal;
But if thy sov'reign will shall grant,
The wealth I neither ask nor want;
May I the widow's need supply,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye;
May the weary wand'rer's feet,
From me a blest reception meet!
But if contempt and low estate
Be the assignment of my fate,
O! may no hope of gain entice
To tread the green broad path of vice.
And bounteous O! vouchsafe to clear
The errors of a mind sincere.
Illumine thou my searching mind,
Groping after truth and blind.
With stores of science be it fraught
That bards have dream'd, or sages taught;
And chief the heav'n-born strain impart,
A muse according to thy heart;
That wrapt in sacred ecstasy,
I may sing and sing of thee;
Mankind instructing in thy laws,
Blest poet in fair virtue's cause,
Her former merit to restore,
And make mankind again adore,

As when conversant with the great,
 She fixt in palaces her seat.
 Before her all-revealing ray,
 Each sordid passion should decay:
 Ambition shuns the dreaded dame,
 And * pales his ineffectual flame;
 Wealth sighs her triumphs to behold,
 And offers all his sums of gold;
 † She in her chariot seen to ride,
 A noble train attend her side:
 A cherub first, in prime of years,
 The champion fortitude appears;
 Next temp'rance sober mistress seen,
 With look compos'd and cheerful mien;
 Calm patience still victorious found,
 With never-fading glories crown'd,
 Firm justice last the balance rears,
 The good man's praise, the bad man's fears;
 While chief in beauty as in place
 She charms with dear Monimia's grace.

Monimia still! here once again!
 O! fatal name. Oh! dubious strain!
 Say heav'n-born virtue, pow'r divine,
 Are all these various movements thine?
 Was it thy triumphs, sole inspir'd
 My soul to holy transports fir'd?
 Or say do springs less sacred move?
 Ah! much I fear, it's human love.
 Alas! the noble strife is o'er,
 The blissful visions charm no more;
 Far off the glorious rapture flown,
 Monimia rages here alone.
 In vain, love's fugitive, I try
 From the commanding pow'r to fly,
 Though grace was dawning on my soul,
 Possess'd by heav'n sincere and whole,
 Yet still in fancy's painted cells
 The soul-inflaming image dwells.
 Why didst thou, cruel love, again
 Thus drag me back, to earth and pain?
 Well hop'd I, love, thou would'st retire
 Before the blest Jesean lyre.
 Devotion's harp would charm to rest,
 The evil spirit in my breast;
 But the deaf adder fell disdains,
 Unlistning to the chanter's strains.

Contemplation, baffled maid,
 Remains there yet no other aid?
 Helpless and weary must thou yield
 To love supreme in ev'ry field?
 Let melancholy last engage,
 Rev'rend hoary mantled sage.
 Sure, at his sable flag's display
 Love's idle troop will flit away:
 And bring with him his due compeer,
 Silence, sad, forlorn, and drear.

Haste thee silence, haste and go,
 To search the gloomy world below.
 My trembling steps, O Sybil, lead,
 Through the dominions of the dead:
 Where care, enjoying soft repose,
 Lays down the burden of his woes;
 Where meritorious-want, no more
 Shiv'ring begs at grandeur's door;

Unconscious grandeur, seal'd his eyes,
 On the mould'ring purple lies.
 In the dim and dreary round,
 Speech in eternal chains lies bound.
 And see a tomb, it's gates display'd,
 Expands an everlasting shade.
 O ye inhabitants! that dwell
 Each forgotten in your cell,
 O say! for whom of human race
 Has fate decreed this hiding place?

And hark! methinks a spirit calls,
 Low winds the whisper round the walls,
 A voice, the sluggish air that breaks,
 Solemn amid the silence speaks.
 Mistaken man thou seek'st to know,
 What known will but afflict with woe;
 There thy Monimia shall abide,
 With the pale bridegroom rest a bride,
 The wan assistants there shall lay,
 In weeds of death, her beauteous clay.

O words of woe! what do I hear?
 What sounds invade a lover's ear?
 Must then thy charms, my anxious care,
 The fate of vulgar beauty share?
 Good heav'n retard (for thine the pow'r)
 The wheels of time, that roll the hour.—

Yet ah! why swells my breast with fears?
 Why start the interdicted tears?
 Love dost thou tempt again? depart
 Thou devil, cast out from my heart.
 Sad I forsook the feast, the ball,
 The sunny bow'r and lofty hall,
 And sought the dungeon of despair;
 Yet thou overtak'st me there.
 How little dream'd I thee to find
 In this lone state of human kind?
 Nor melancholy can prevail,
 The direful deed, nor dismal tale:
 Hop'd I for these thou would'st remove?
 How near akin is grief to love?
 Then no more I strive to shun
 Love's chains: O heav'n! thy will be done.
 The best physician here I find,
 To cure a sore diseased mind,
 For soon this venerable gloom
 Will yield a weary sufferer room;
 No more a slave to love decreed,
 At ease and free among the dead.
 Come then ye tears, ne'er cease to flow,
 In full satiety of woe:
 Though now the maid my heart alarms,
 Severe and mighty in her charms,
 Doom'd to obey, in bondage prest,
 The tyrant's love commands unblest;
 Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
 This rebel heart shall beat no more;
 Then from my dark and closing eye,
 The form belov'd shall ever fly.
 The tyranny of love shall cease,
 Both laid down to sleep in peace;
 To share alike our mortal lot,
 Her beauties and my cares forgot.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH THE GENTLE SHEPHERD. 1726.

ACCEPT, O Eglington! the rural lays,
 Thine be the friends, and thine the poet's praise

D d

* See Hamlet.

† See *Characteristics*, Vol. II. page 252,
 VOL. IX.

The muse that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, through the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade;
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love. [sings,

Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing
Inflame the breast that real love inspires;
Delighted read of ardor, sighs, and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair is bounteous to relent,
And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase admir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy, and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear;
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains;
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content;
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost,
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat;
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Seduc'd from innocence incautious hearts;
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed:
Then dow'rlless beauty lost the power to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good, [blood.
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.

Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.
O Happiness! from human search retir'd,
Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
Nun sober and devout! why art thou fled
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'st thou displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
Where with thy fire content thou lov'st to dwell,
Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
O'er the full banquet when we feast our soul,
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or with th' industrious planter dost thou talk,
Conversing freely in an ev'ning walk?
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still musing silent at the morning hour?
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
In S——'s wisdom, or Montgomery's arms!

In vain our flatter'ing hopes our steps beguile,
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
In vain we seek the city or the cell;
Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
But many passions must the blessing cost;
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy grieving at another's state.
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst;
Unlike, O Eglintoun! thy happy breast,
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
How f'ist to praise, how obstinate to blame!
Bold in thy presence bashful sense appears,
And backward merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
Confer'd is thine, an early blooming race,
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,
Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
What transports shall they to thy soul impart!
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart.)
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess'd,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of future days.
Meanwhile pursue the following tender scenes,
And listen to thy native poet's strains.
In ancient garb the home bred muse appears,
The garb our muses wore in former years.
As in a glass reflected, here behold
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
And virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;

While midst the various gifts that gracious heaven,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
Let this, O Eglintoun! delight thee most,
T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

O D E I.

TO FANCY.

FANCY, bright and winged maid!
In thy night drawn car convey'd,
O'er the green earth, and wide spread main,
A thousand shadows in thy train,
A vary'd air-embodiy'd host,
To don what shapes thou pleasest most;
Brandish no more thy scorpion stings
Around the destin'd couch of kings;
Nor in rebellion's ghastly size
A dire gigantic spectre rise:
Cease, for a while, in rooms of state
To damp the slumbers of the great;
In merit's lean look'd form t' appear,
And holla traitor in their ear:
Or freedom's holier garb bely,
While justice grinds her axe fast by:
Nor o'er the miser's eye-lids pour
The unrefreshing golden show'r;
Whilst, keen th' unreal bliss to feel,
His breast bedews the ruffian steel.

With these, (when next thou tak'st thy round)
The thoughts of guilty pride confound:
These swell the horrors and affright
Of conscience, keen condemning night.
For this (nor gracious pow'r! repine)
A gentler ministry be thine:
Whate'er inspires the poet's theme,
Or lover's hope enliven'd dream.
Monimia's mildest form assume;
Spread o'er thy cheeks her youthful bloom;
Unfold her eyes unblemish'd rays,
That melt to virtue as we gaze;
That envy's guiltiest with disarm,
And view benign a kindred charm:
Call all the graces from thy store,
'Till thy creative pow'r be o'er;
Bid her each breathing sweet dispense,
And robe in her own innocence.

My wish is giv'n; the spells begin;
Th' ideal world awakes within;
The lonely void of still repose
Pregnant with some new wonder grows;
See, by the twilight of the skies,
The beauteous apparition rise;
Slow in Monimia's form, along
Glides to the harmony of song.

But who is he the virgin leads,
Whom high a flaming torch proceeds,
In a gown of stainless lawn,
O'er each manly shoulder drawn?
Who, clad in robe of scarlet grain,
The boy that wears her flowing train?
Behind his back a quiver slung;
A bended bow across is hung;
His head and heels two wings unfold,
The azure feathers girt with gold.
Hymen! 'tis he who kind inspires
Joys unfeign'd and chaste desires.
And thou, of love deceitful child!
With tyger-heart, yet lamb-like mild,

Fantastic by thyself, and vain,
But seemly seen in Hymen's train;
If fate be to my wishes kind,
O! may I find ye ever join'd;
But if the fates my wish deny,
My humble roof come ye not nigh.
The spell works on: yet stop the day
While in the house of sleep I stay.
About me swells the sudden grove,
The woven arbourette of love;
Flow'rs spring unbidden o'er the ground,
And more than nature plants around.
Fancy, prolong the kind repose;
Still, still th' enchanting vision glows;
And now I gaze o'er all her charms,
Now sink transported in her arms.
Oh sacred energy divine!
All these enraptur'd scenes are thine.
Hail! copious source of pure delight;
All hail! thou heaven-revealed rite;
Endearing truth thy train attends,
And thou and meek-ey'd peace are friends:
Closer entwine the magic bow'r;
Thick rain the rose-empurpl'd show'r:
The mystic joy impatient flies
Th' unhallow'd gaze of vulgar eyes.

Unenvy'd let the rich and great
Turmoil without, and parcel fate,
Indulging here, in bliss supreme,
Might I enjoy the golden dream:
But, ah! the rapture must not stay;
For see! she glides, she glides away.

Oh fancy! why did'st thou decoy
My thoughts into this dream of joy,
Then to forsake me all alone,
To mourn the fond delusion gone?
O! back again, benign, restore
The pictur'd vision as before.

Yes, yes: once more I fold my eyes;
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise.
Ideas bland! where do ye rove?
Why fades my visionary grove?
Ye fickle troop of Morpheus' train,
Then will you, to the proud and vain,
From me, fantastic, wing your flight,
T' adorn the dream of false delight?
But now, seen in Monimia's air,
Can you assume a form less fair,
Some idle beauty's wish supply,
The mimic triumphs of her eye?
Grant all to me this live-long night,
Let charms detain the rising light;
For this one night my liv'ries wear,
And I absolve thee for the year.

What time your poppy-crowned God
Sends his truth-telling scouts abroad,
Ere yet the cock to matins rings,
And the lark with mounting wings,
The simple village-swain has warn'd
To shake off sleep, by labour earn'd;
Or on the rose's silken hem,
Aurora weeps her earliest gem;
Or, beneath the op'ning dawn,
Smiles the fair-extended lawn.
When in the soft encircled shade
Ye find reclin'd the gentle maid,
Each busy motion laid to rest,
And all compos'd her peaceful breast:

Swift paint the fair internal scene,
 The phantom labours of your reign;
 The living imag'ry adorn
 With all the limnings of the morn;
 With all the treasures nature keeps
 Conceal'd below the forming deeps;
 Or dress'd in the rich waving pride,
 That covers the green mountain's side,
 Or blooms beneath the am'rous gale
 In the wide embosom'd vale.
 Let pow'rful music too effay
 The magic of her hidden lay:
 While each harsh thought away shall fly
 Down the full stream of harmony,
 Compassion mild shall fill their place,
 Each gentle minister of grace;
 Pity, that often melts to love,
 Let weeping pity kind improve,
 The soften'd heart, prepar'd to take
 Whate'er impressions love shall make.
 Oh! in that kind, that sacred hour,
 When hate, when anger have no power;
 When fighting love, mild simple boy,
 Courtship sweet, and tender joy,
 Alone possess the fair one's heart;
 Let me then, fancy, bear my part.

Oh! Goddess how I long to appear;
 The hour of dear success draws near:
 See where the crowding shadows wait;
 Haste and unfold the iv'ry gate;
 Ye gracious forms, employ your aid,
 Come in my anxious look array'd;
 Come love, come Hymen, at my pray'r,
 Led by blythe hope, ye decent pair
 By mutual confidence combin'd,
 As erst in sleep I saw you join'd.
 Fill my eyes with heart swell'd tears,
 Fill my breast with heart born fears,
 Half-utter'd vows and half-suppress'd,
 Part look'd, and only wish'd the rest;
 Make sighs, and speaking sorrows prove,
 Suffering much, how much I love;
 Make the muses lyre complain,
 Strung by me in warbled strain;
 Let the melodious numbers flow
 Powerful of a lover's woe,
 Till, by the tender Orphean art,
 I through her ear shall gain her heart.

Now fancy, now the fit is o'er:
 I feel my sorrows vex no more:
 But when condemn'd again to mourn,
 Fancy, to my aid return.

O D E II.

BEGONE, pursuits so vain and light;
 Knowledge, fruitless of delight;
 Lean study, fire of fallow doubt,
 I put thy musing taper out;
 Fantastic all, a long adieu;
 For what has love to do with you?
 For, lo, I go, where beauty fires,
 To satisfy my soul's desires;
 For, lo, I seek the sacred walls
 Where love, and gentle beauty, calls:
 For me she has adorn'd the room,
 For me has shed a rich perfume:
 Has she not prepar'd the tea;
 The kettle boils—she waits for me.

I come, nor single, but along
 Youthful sports a jolly throng!
 Thoughtless joke, and infant wiles;
 Harmless wit, and virgin smiles;
 Tender words, and kind intent;
 Languish fond and blandishment;
 Yielding curtsy, whisper low;
 Silken blush, with cheeks that glow;
 Chaste desires, and wishes meet;
 Thin clad hope, a foot-man fleet;
 Modesty, that turns aside,
 And backward strives her form to hide;
 Healthful mirth, still gay and young,
 And meekness with a maiden's tongue;
 Satire, by good humour dress'd
 In a many-colour'd vest:
 And enter leaning at the door,
 Who send'st thy flaunting page before,
 The roguish boy of kind delight,
 Attendant on the lover's night,
 Fair his iv'ry shuttle flies
 Through the bright threads of mingling dyes,
 As swift his rosy fingers move
 To knit the silken cords of love;
 And stop who softly stealing goes
 Occasion high on her tiptoes,
 Whom youth with watchful look espies,
 To seize the forelock ere she flies,
 Ere he her bald pate shall survey,
 And well ply'd heels to run away.

But, anxious care, be far from hence;
 Vain surmise, and alter'd sense;
 Mishapen doubts, the woes they bring;
 And jealousy, of fiercest sting;
 Despair, that solitary stands,
 And wrings a halter in his hands;
 Flatt'ry false and hollow sound,
 And dread with eye still looking round;
 Avarice, bending under pelf;
 Conceit, still gazing on herself:
 O love! exclude high crested pride,
 Nymph of Amazonian stride:
 Nor in these walls, like waiting-maid,
 Be curiosity survey'd,
 That to the key-hole lays her ear,
 List'ning at the door to hear;
 Nor father time unless he's found
 In triumph led by beauty bound,
 Forc'd to yield to vigour's stroke,
 His blunted scythe and hour glass broke.

But come, all ye who know to please;
 Inviting glance, and downy ease;
 The heart born joy, the gentle care;
 Soft breath'd wish, and power of prayer;
 The single vow, that means no ill;
 Believing quiet, submissive will;
 Constancy of meekest mind,
 That suffers long and still is kind;
 All ye who put our woes to flight;
 All ye who minister delight;
 Nodes, and wreaths, and becks, and tips;
 Meaning winks, and roguish trips;
 Fond deceits, and kind surprises;
 Sudden sinks and sudden rises;
 Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights;
 Jolly dance, and girds and flights:
 Then, to make me wholly blest,
 Let me be there a welcome guest.

O D E III.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus—

HOR.

Now spring begins her smiling round,
 Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground;
 The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
 And gay on every bough rejoice.
 The lovely graces, hand in hand,
 Knit in love's eternal band,
 With dancing step at early dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.
 Where'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love.
 Now, by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride:
 While, pleas'd she hears his artless vows;
 Above the feather'd songster woos.
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
 Her various gifts to ev'ry field;
 Soon fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
 With ruby tinctur'd births shall glow;
 Sweet smells, from beds of lilies born,
 Perfume the breezes of the morn.
 The sunny day, and dewy night,
 To rural play my fair invite;
 Soft on a bank of violets laid,
 Cool she enjoys the evening shade;
 The sweets of summer feast her eye:
 Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
 To profit by the moral show:
 Now young and blooming thou art seen,
 Fresh on the stalk, for ever green;
 Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
 Full blown to fight the blushing rose:
 Yet, once the sunny season past,
 Think not the co'ring scene will last;
 Let not the flatt'ring hope persuade:
 Ah! must I say that this will fade?

For see the summer posts away,
 Sad emblem of our own decay.
 Now winter, from the frozen north,
 Drives his iron chariot forth;
 His grizly hand in icy chains
 Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains:
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
 He wanders on the tops of Yare!
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen
 Confess'd on many a with'ring green.
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see,
 A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree,
 Frequenting now the stream no more,
 Thou fly'st, displeas'd the barren shore.
 When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
 But late to charm thy ravish'd view,
 Shall I, ah horrid! wilt thou say,
 Be like to this another day?

Yet, when in snow and dreary frost
 The pleasure of the field is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 We do not lose, but change our joy;
 Happy abandon ev'ry care,
 To lead the dance, to court the fair,
 To turn the page of ancient bards,
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.

But when the beauteous white and red
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled;
 When wrinkles dire and age severe,
 Make beauty fly we know not where:
 The fair whom fates unkind disarm,
 Have they for ever ceas'd to charm?
 Or is there left some pleasing art,
 To keep secure a captive heart?

Unhappy love! might lovers say,
 Beauty, thy food does swift decay;
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
 What art thy famine can prevent?
 Virtues prepare with early care,
 That love may live on wisdom's fare;
 Though ecstasy with beauty flies,
 Esteem is born when beauty dies.
 Happy to whom the fates decree
 The gift of heav'n in giving thee:
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage;
 Thy virtues shall delight his age.

O D E IV.

ON THE NEW YEAR M.DCC.XXXIX.

JANUS, who with sliding pace,
 Run'st a never ending race,
 And driv'st about, in prone career,
 The whirling circle of the year,
 Kindly indulge a little stay,
 I beg but one swift hour's delay.
 O! while th' important minutes wait,
 Let me revolve the books of fate;
 See what the coming year intends
 To me, my country, kind and friends.
 Then may'st thou wing thy flight, and go,
 To scatter blindly joys and woe;
 Spread dire disease, or purest health,
 And, as thou lists, grant place or wealth.
 This hour, with-held by potent charms.
 Ev'n peace shall sleep in pow'rs mad arms?
 Kings feel their inward torments less,
 And for a moment wish to bleis.

Life now presents another scene,
 The same strange farce to act again;
 Again the weary human play'rs
 Advance, and take their several shares:
 Clodius riots, Cæsar fights,
 Tully pleads, and Maro writes,
 Ammon's fierce sons controuls the globe,
 And Harlequin diverts the mob.

To time's dark cave the year retreats,
 These hoary unfrequented seats;
 There from his loaded wing he lays
 The months, the minutes, hours, and days;
 Then flies, the seasons in his train,
 To compass round the year again.

See there, in various heaps combin'd,
 The vast designs of human kind;
 Whatever swell'd the statesman's thought,
 The mischiefs mad ambition wrought,
 Public revenge and hidden guilt,
 The blood by secret murder spilt,
 Friendships to sordid interest given,
 And ill-match'd hearts, ne'er pair'd in heaven;
 What avarice, to crown his store,
 Stole from the orphan, and the poor;
 Or luxury's more shameful waste,
 Squander'd on the unthankful feast.

Ye kings, and guilty great, draw near;
 Before this awful court appear:
 Bare to the muse's piercing eye
 The secret of all mortals lie;
 She, strict avenger, brings to light
 Your crimes conceal'd in darkest night;
 As conscience, to her trust most true,
 Shall judge between th' oppress'd and you.

This casket shows, ye wretched train,
 How often merit su'd in vain.
 See, there, undry'd, the widow's tears;
 See, there, unsooth'd, the orphan's fears:
 Yet, look, what mighty fumes appear,
 The vile profusion of the year.
 Could'st thou not, impious greatness, give
 The smallest alms, that want might live?
 And yet, how many a large repast,
 Pall'd the rich glutton's sickly taste!
 One table's vain intemp'rate load,
 With ambush'd death, and sickness strow'd,
 Had bless'd the cottage peaceful shade,
 And given its children health and bread:
 The rustic fire, and faithful spouse,
 With each dear pledge of honest vows.
 Had, at the sober-tasted meal,
 Repeated oft the grateful tale;
 Had hymn'd, in native language free,
 The song of thanks to heaven and thee;
 A music that the great ne'er hear,
 Yet sweeter to the internal ear,
 Than any soft seducing note
 E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's throat.

Let's still search on——This bundle's large.
 What's here? 'Tis science' plaintive charge.
 Hear wisdom's philosophic sigh,
 (Neglected all her treasures lie)
 That none her secret haunts explore,
 To learn what Plato taught before;
 Her sons seduc'd to turn their parts
 To flattery's more thriving arts;
 Refine their better sense away
 And join corruptions flag, for pay.
 See his reward the gameller share,
 Who painted moral virtue fair;
 Inspir'd the minds of gen'rous youth
 To love the simple mistress truth;
 The patriot path distinctly show'd,
 That Rome and Greece to glory trode;
 That self-applause is noblest fame,
 And kings may greatness link to shame;
 While honesty is no disgrace,
 And peace can smile without a place.
 Hear too astronomy repine,
 Who taught unnumber'd worlds to shine;
 Who travels boundless ether through,
 And brings the distant orbs to view.
 Can she her broken glass repair,
 Though avarice has her all to spare!
 What mighty secrets had been found,
 Was virtue mistress of five pound?
 Yet see where, given to wealth and pride,
 A bulky pension lies beside.

Avaunt then, riches; no delay;
 I spurn th' ignoble heaps away.
 What though your charms can purchase all
 The giddy honours of this ball;
 Make nature's germans all divide,
 And haughty peers renounce their pride;

Can buy proud Flavia's fordid smile,
 Or, ripe for fate, this destin'd isle.
 Though greatness condescends to pray,
 Will time indulge one hour's delay,
 Or give the wretch intent on self,
 One moment's credit with himself?
 Virtue, that true from false discerns,
 The vulgar courtly phrase unlearns,
 Superior far to fortune's frown,
 Bestows alone the stable crown,
 The wreath from honours root that springs,
 That fades upon the brows of kings.

O D E V.

ON THE BATTLE OF GLADSMUIR, 1745.

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,
 Scotia, imperial goddess flew;
 Her lifted spear and radiant shield
 Conspicuous blazing to the view:
 Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
 Now reassum'd its first majestic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm
 She glow'd through many a martial age;
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
 In pious plans and counsel sage:
 For, o'er the mangling glories of her face,
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
 Her voice the pow'r celestial rais'd;
 Whilst her victorious sons around
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:
 The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

" 'Tis done! my sons! 'tis nobly done!"
 Victorious over tyrant pow'r;
 How quick the race of fame was run!
 The work of ages in one hour: [reigns;
 Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish
 One glorious moment rose, and burst your
 chains.

But late, forlorn, dejected, pale;
 A prey to each insulting foe;
 I fought the grove and gloomy vale,
 To vent in solitude my woe:
 Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;
 Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

What arm has this deliverance wrought?
 'Tis he! the gallant youth appears;
 O warm in fields, and cool in thought!
 Beyond the flow advance of years!
 Haste, let me, rescu'd now from future harms,
 Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.

Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
 Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;
 I fill'd his mind with love of truth,
 With fortitude and wisdom's stores:
 For when a noble action is decreed,
 Heav'n forms the hero for the destin'd deed.

Nor could the soft seducing charms
 Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil,
 E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,
 Of generous deeds and honest toil;

Fir'd with the warmth a country's love im-
parts,

He fled their weakness, but admir'd their

With him I plow'd the stormy main ;

My breath inspir'd th' auspicious gale ;

Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,

Through dangers wing'd his daring sail :

Where, form'd with inborn worth, he durst
oppose

His single valour to an host of foes.

He came ! he spoke ! and all around,

As swift as heav'n's quick-darted flame,

Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,

And every bosom beat for fame :

They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,

And at his side the willing heroes rise.

Rouse, England ! rouse, fame's noblest son,

In all thy ancient splendor shine ;

If I the glorious work begun,

O let the crowning palm be thine :

I bring a prince, for such is heav'n's decree,

Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,

While plenty crowns the smiling plain ;

And industry, fair child of peace,

Shall in each crowded city reign ;

So shall these happy realms for ever prove

The sweets of union, liberty, and love.

ON SEEING

LADY MARY MONTGOMERY

SIT TO HER PICTURE.

In Imitation of Spenser's Style.

WHEN Lindsay drew Montgomery, heavenly maid,

And gaz'd with wonder on that angel face,

Pleas'd I sat by, and joyfully survey'd

The daring pencil image every grace.

When as the youth, each feature o'er and o'er

Careful retouch'd with strict observant view ;

Estfoons I saw how charms unseen before

Swell'd to the sight, and with the picture grew.

With milder glances now he arms her eyes,

The red now triumphs to a brighter rose ;

Now heaves her bosom to a softer rise,

And fairer on her cheek the lily blows.

Last glow'd the blush that pure of female wile,

I whilom knew when so my stars decreed,

My pipe she deign'd to laud in pleasing smile,

All undeserving I such worthy meed.

The whiles I gaz'd, ah ! felice art thought I,

Ah ! felice youth that doen it possess ;

Couth to depeint the fair so verily,

True to each charm, and faithful to each grace.

Sythence she cannot emulate her skill,

Ne envy will the muse her sisters praise,

Then for the deed, O let her place the will,

And to the glowing colours join her lays.

Yet algates would the nine, that high on hill

Parnasse, sweet imps of Jove, with Jove reside,

Give me to reign the fiery steed at will,

And with kind hand thy lucky pencil guide.

Then certes mought we fate misprise, of praise

Secure, if the dear maid in beauties bloom

Survive, or in thy colours, or my lays,

Joy of this age, and joy of each to come.

MISS AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

In the manner of the late Mr. Gay.

A TENDER Miss, whom mother's care

Bred up in wholesome country air,

Far from the follies of the town,

Alike untaught to smile or frown ;

Her ear unus'd to flatt'ry's praise,

Unknown in woman's wicked ways ;

Her tongue from modish tattle free,

Undipp'd in scandal and bohea ;

Her genuine form and native grace

Were strangers to a looking-glass :

Nor cards she dealt, nor flirted fan,

And valu'd not quadrille or man ;

But simple liv'd, just as you know

Miss Cloe did—some weeks ago.

As now the pretty innocent

Walk'd forth to taste the early scent,

She tripp'd about the murmur'ing stream,

That oft had lull'd her thoughtless dream.

The morning sweet, the air serene,

A thousand flow'rs adorn'd the scene ;

The birds rejoicing round appear

To choose their comforts for the year ;

Her heart was light, and full of play,

And, like herself, all nature gay.

On such a day, as fages sing,

A Butterfly was on the wing ;

From bank to bank, from bloom to bloom,

He stretch'd the gold bespangled plume :

Now skims along, and now alights

As smell allures, or grace invites ;

Now the violet's freshness sips ;

Now kiss'd the rose's scarlet lips ;

Becomes anon the daisy's guest ;

Then press'd the lily's snowy breast ;

Nor long to one vouchsafes a stay,

But just salutes, and flies away.

The virgin saw with rapture fir'd ;

She saw, and what she saw desir'd,

The shining wings, and starry eyes,

And burns to seize the living prize :

Her beating breast and glowing face

Betray her native love of dress,

And all the woman full express

First flutters in her little breast :

Ensnar'd by empty outward show,

She swift pursues the insect-beau ;

O'er gay parterres she runs in haste,

Nor heeds the garden's flow'ry waste.

Long as the sun, with genial pow'r

Increasing, warm'd the sultry hour,

The nymph o'er every border flew,

And kept the shining game in view :

But when, soft breathing through the trees,

With coolness came the evening breeze ;

As hov'ring o'er the tulip's pride

He hung with wing diversify'd,

Caught in the hollow of her hand,

She held the captive at command.

D d iij

Flutt'ring in vain to be releas'd,
 He thus the gentle nymph address'd:
 Loose, gen'rous virgin, loose my chain;
 From me what glory canst thou gain?
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring thing,
 My only boast a gorgeous wing;
 From flow'r to flow'r I idly stray,
 The trisler of a summer's day:
 Then let me not in vain implore,
 But leave me free again to soar.

His words the little charmer mov'd,
 She the poor trembler's suit approv'd.
 His gaudy wings he then extends,
 And flutters on her fingers ends:
 From thence he spoke, as you shall hear,
 In strains well worth a woman's ear.

When now thy young and tender age
 Is pure, and heedless to engage;
 When in thy free and open mien
 No self-important air is seen;
 Unknowing all, to all unknown,
 Thou liv'st, or prais'd, or blam'd by none.
 But when, unfolding by degrees
 The woman's fond desire to please,
 Studious to heave the artful sigh,
 Mistress of the tongue and eye,
 Thou sett'st thy little charms to show,
 And sports familiar with the beau;
 Forsaking then the simple plain,
 To mingle with the courtly train,
 Thou in the midnight ball shalt see
 Things apparell'd just like me;
 Who round and round, without design,
 Tinsel'd in empty lustre shine:
 As dancing through the spacious dome,
 From fair to fair the friskers roam,
 If charm'd with the embroider'd pride,
 The victim of a gay out-side,
 From place to place, as me just now,
 The glitt'ring gew-gaw you pursue,
 What mighty prize shall crown thy pains?
 A butterfly is all thy gains!

TO A LADY,

ON HER TAKING SOMETHING ILL THAT THE
 AUTHOR SAID.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
 That beauteous heav'n ere while serene?
 Whence do these storms and tempests blow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscur'd in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how could I wrong thy name?
 Thy form so fair, and faultless stands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty could make large amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,
 With a l her charm; has deckt thy face,

And Pallas with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.
 Who can the double pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy heaven;
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying heaven not only does
 Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
 But even itself appeas'd bestows,
 As the reward of penitence.

UPON HEARING HIS PICTURE WAS IN A LADY'S BREAST.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart.
 Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
 Tell me thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou blest shade, that sweetly art
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish'd maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a god alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air;
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade:
 Thou can'st surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

SUCH, skill'd the tender verse to frame,
 And softly strike the golden lyre;
 A stranger to the soft'ning flame,
 And new to ev'ry mild desire.

Sweets that crown the budding year,
 Pour'd from the zephyrs tepid wing,
 Saw Sappho in the grove appear,
 The rival of the vocal spring.

To try the heart-subduing strains,
 Anon the vernal scenes impell

O'er lofty rocks and rilly plains
Soft warbled from th' Eolian shell.
Or such as in the bright abodes,
The youngest muse with glories crown'd,
To whom the fire of men and gods
Gave all th' enchanting pow'r of sound.
As at the banquet of the sky,
Freed from the giant's impious arms,
She drew each heavenly ear and eye,
With beauty mingling music's charms.
Had such a voice sure to prevail,
Soft warbled from the syren strand,
What wonder, if each amorous sail
Spontaneous sought the tuneful land.
Even thou who cautious wing'st thy way,
Had given thy tedious wand'rings o'er;
By Julia's all-persuading lay
Fix'd ever to the pleasing shore.
A face so sweet had sure prevail'd
With wisdom's self to hear the voice,
Whilst both the yielding heart assail'd,
Here wisdom might have fix'd his choice.

S O N G.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay
plain, [strain;
Approach from your sports, and attend to my
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.
Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.
She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air, [sighs.
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!
I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears:
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.
By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.
Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire;
Nor think she should love, whom she cannot ad-
mire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G.

As the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover;
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

S O N G.

ADIEU ye pleasant sports and plays,
Farewell each song that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I sing of Delia and of Damon's parting.
Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasant passion,
Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
On him to show his inclination.
Just as the fair one seem'd to give
A patient ear to his love story,
Damon must his Delia leave,
To go in quest of toilsome glory.
Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the usual greeting;
And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
These charming sounds were chang'd to
A. Dear idol of my soul, adieu: [weeping.
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
While Damon lives, he lives for you,
No other charms shall ever move me.
B. Alas! who knows, when parted far
From Delia, but you may deceive her?
The thought destroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.
A. If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian angel leave me:
And more to aggravate my woes,
Be you so good as to forgive me.

S O N G.

WOULDEST thou know her sacred charms
Who this destin'd heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the heavens decree
That maid that's made for love and me.
Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.
Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad;
For peace and me can pomp resign,
Such the heart that's made for mine.
Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows;
Who feels the blessing she bestows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if such there be.
Whose genuine thoughts devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A simple train, from falsehood free,
Such the maid that's made for me.
Avaunt ye light coquets, retire
Whom glittering fops around admire;

Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.
Should love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss;
And should she change, but can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

A S O N G

BY A YOUNG LADY, ON READING THE FOREGOING.

If you would know, my dearest friend,
The man whose merit may pretend
To gain my heart, that yet is free,
Him that's made for love and me:
His mind should be his chiefest care,
All his improvements centre there,
From each unmanly passion free;
That is the man who's made for me.
Whose generous bosom goodness warms,
Whom sacred virtue ever charms,
Who to no vice a slave will be;
This is the man who's made for me.
Whose tongue can easily impart
The dictates of his honest heart,
In plain good sense; from flatt'ry free;
Such he must be who's made for me.
He alone can love inspire,
Who feels the warmth of friendship's fire;
Humane and gen'rous, kind and free;
That is the man who's made for me.
If such an one, my friend e'er tries
To make me his by strictest ties,
The study of my life shall be,
To please the man so dear to me.
Ye powder'd beaux, from me retire,
Who only your dear selves admire;
Though deck'd in richest lace you be,
No tinsel'd fop has charms for me.
Glasgow.

REPLY BY THE AUTHOR.

—*Sed que legat ipse Lysoris. VIRG.*

O GENTLE maid! whoe'er thou art,
That seek'st to bless a friendly heart;
Whose muse and mind seem fram'd to prove
The tenderness of mutual love:
The heart that flutters in his breast,
That longs and pants to be at rest,
Roam'd all around thy sex, to find
A gentle mate; and hop'd her kind.
I saw a face—and found it fair;
I search'd a mind—saw goodness there:
Goodness and beauty both combin'd;
But heav'n forbade her to be kind.
To thee for refuge dare I fly,
The victim of another eye?
Poor gift! a lost, rejected heart,
Deep wounded by a foreign dart.
From this inevitable chain,
Alas! I hope to 'scape in vain.
Is there a pow'r can set me free,
A pow'r on earth—or is it thee?
Yet were thy cheek as Venus fair;
Bloom'd all the Paphian goddess there,
Such as she bless'd Adonis' arms;
Thou couldst but equal Laura's charms.

Or were thy gentlest mind replete
With all that's mild, that's soft, that's sweet;
Was all that's sweet, soft, mild, combin'd,
Thou couldst but equal Laura's mind.

Since beauty, goodness, is not found
Of equal force to sooth this wound,
Ah! what can ease my anguish'd mind?
Perhaps the charm of being kind.

Canst thou transported view the lays
That warble forth another's praise,
Indulgent to the vow unknown,
Well pleas'd with homage not thy own?

Canst thou the sighs with pity hear
That swell to touch another's ear?
Canst thou with soft compassion see
The tears that fall, and not for thee?

Canst thou thy blooming hopes resign,
The vow sincere, so dearly thine;
All these resign, and prove to me
What Laura would not deign to be?

When at thy feet I trembling fall,
My life, my soul, my Laura call;
Wilt thou my anxious cares beguile,
And o'er thy face spread Laura's smile.

Perhaps time's gently stealing pace
May Laura's fatal form efface,
Thou to my heart alone be dear,
Alone thy image triumph here.

Come then, best angel! to my aid;
Come, sure thou'rt such, the gentlest maid:
If thou canst work this cure divine,
My heart henceforth is wholly thine.

Edinburgh.

THE YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER.

Your Laura's charms I cannot boast;
For beauty I ne'er was a toast;
I'm not remarkable for sense;
To wit I've not the least pretence.

If gold and silver have the power
To charm, no thousands swell my dower;
No shining treasures I possess,
To make the world my worth confess.

An honest, plain, good natur'd lass,
(The character by which I pass),
I doubt will scarcely have the art
To drive your Laura from your heart.

But, Sir, your having been in love,
Will not your title to me prove:
Far nobler qualities must be
In him who's made for love and me.

'Tis true, you can with ease impart
The dictates of your honest heart,
In plain good sense, from flatt'ry free:
But this alone won't answer me.

Once more peruse my lines with care;
Try if you find your picture there:
For by that test you'll quickly see,
If you're the man who's made for me.

Glasgow.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

TO LADY JANE HOME,

In imitation of the ancient Scottish manner.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow?

Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she
weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weids
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow.

What yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he the comely swain I flew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wife,
His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight, but, to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, [the grass,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair fair indeed thy luvve,
In floury bands thou him didst fetter,
Though he was fair and weil belov'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bony bony bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bony bony bride,
How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That flew my luvve on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my luvve,
My luvve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little ken'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white
steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang e'er night the spear was flown
That flew my love, and left me mourning,

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
My luvver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me,
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luvve thee?

Yes yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar ye bridal maids the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands methinks are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lie all night between my breasts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breasts,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luvver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW,

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

Go Yarrow flower, thou shalt be blest,
To lie on beauteous Mary's breast;
Go Yarrow flower so sweetly smelling,
Is there on earth so soft a dwelling?

Go lovely flower, thou prettiest flower,
That ever smil'd in Yarrow bower;
Go daughter of the dewy morning,
With Alves' blush the fields adorning.

Go lovely rose, what do'st thou here?
Ling'ring away thy short liv'd year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to pull, no eye to view;
What are thy charms no heart desiring?
What profits beauty none admiring?

Go Yarrow flower to Yarrow maid,
And on her panting bosom laid,
There all thy native form confessing,
The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come Yarrow maid from Yarrow field,
What pleasure can the desert yield?
Come to my breast O all excelling,
Is there on earth so kind a dwelling?

Come my dear maid, thou prettiest maid,
That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade;
Come sister of the dewy morning,
With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come lovely maid, love calls thee here,
Linger no more thy fleeting year,
Vainly shining, idly blooming,
Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming.

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
No hand to press, no eye to view;
What are thy charms no heart desiring?
What profits beauty none admiring?

Come Yarrow maid with Yarrow rose,
Thy maiden graces all disclose;
Come blest by all, to all a blessing,
The charm of beauty is possessing.

SONG.

YE shepherds of this pleasant vale
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forfake your rural toils and join
In my triumphant song.
She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suff'ring days.
Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love fatiates now his boundless wish
From beauties boundless store:
No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears
This rising calm destroy,
Now every prospect smiles around
All opening into joy.
The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
New colour'd every flower:
The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,

The hov'ring songsters round were mute,
And wonder hush'd the grove.
The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by:
All nature seem'd in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,
She spoke and blest'd my ear.
Take, take, whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine,
Whate'er of joy or blest I boast
Love renders wholly thine;
The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resum'd their voice,
And wonder fill'd the grove.
The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by;
Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song.
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,
All nature joy'd along.

SONG.

Go plaintive sounds! and to the fair
My secret wounds impart;
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
To some enchanting strain;
The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes plaintive sounds, yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine;
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes plaintive sounds, no longer crost,
Your griefs shall soon be o'er;
Her cheek undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes plaintive sounds, she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
And be that softness love.

Cease plaintive sounds, your task is done,
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won,
I see you melting there.

Return ye smiles, return again,
Return each sprightly grace;
I yield up to your charming reign,
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward show amiss,
Rove where they will her eyes,
Still let her smiles each shepherd blest,
So she but hear my sighs.

SONG.

You ask me, charming fair,
Why thus I pensive go?
From whence proceeds my care,
What nourishes my woe?

Why seek'st the cause to find
Of ills that I endure?
Ah! why so vainly kind
Unless resolved to cure?

It needs no magic art,
To know whence my alarms;
Examine your own heart,
Go read them in your charms.

Whene'er the youthful quire,
Along the vale advance,
To raise at your desire,
The lay, or form the dance;

Beneficent to each,
You some kind grace afford,
Gentle in deed or speech,
A smile or friendly word.

Whilst on my love you put
No value;—or the same,
As if my fire was but
Some paltry village flame.

At this my colour flies,
My breast with sorrow heaves,
The pain I would disguise,
Nor man nor maid deceives.

My love stands all display'd,
Too strong for art to hide;
How soon the heart's betray'd
With such a clue to guide!

How cruel is my fate,
Affronts I could have borne,
Found comfort in your hate,
Or triumph'd in your scorn.

But whilst I thus adore,
I'm driven to wild despair;
Indifference is more
Than raging love can bear.

EPITAPH ON LORD NEWHAILE.

To fame let flatt'ry the proud column raise,
And guilty greatness load with venal praise,
This monument for nobler use design'd
Speaks to the heart, and rises for mankind;
Whose moral strain, if rightly understood,
Invites thee to be humble, wise and good.
Learn here of life, life's every sacred end,
Hence form the father, husband, judge and friend:
Here wealth and greatness found no partial grace;
The poor look'd fearless in th' oppressors face:
One plain good meaning through his conduct ran,
And if he err'd, alas! he err'd as man.
If then unconscious of so fair a fame
Thou read'st without the wish to be the same,
Though proud of titles, or of boundless store,
By blood ignoble, and by wealth made poor,
Yet read; some vice perhaps thou may'st resign,
Be ev'n that momentary virtue thine,

Heav'n in thy breast here work its first essay,
Think on this man, and pass unblam'd one day.

EPITAPH ON LORD BINNING.

BENEATH this sacred marble ever sleeps
For whom a father, mother, consort weeps;
Whom brothers, sisters, pious griefs pursue,
And children's tears with virtuous drops bedew:
The loves and graces grieving round appear,
Ev'n mirth herself becomes a mourner here;
The stranger who directs his steps this way
Shall witness to thy worth, and wond'ring say,
Thy life, though short, can we unhappy call!
Sure thine was blest, for it was social all:
O may no hostile hand this place invade,
For ever sacred to thy gentle shade,
Who knew in all life's offices to please;
Join'd taste to virtue, and to virtue ease;
With riches blest did not the poor disdain;
Was knowing, humble, friendly, great, humane;
By good men honour'd, by the bad approv'd,
And lov'd the muses, by the muses lov'd;
Hail! and farewell, who bore the gentlest mind,
For thou indeed hast been of human kind.

EPITAPH ON LORD BARGENY.

Go hence instructed from this early urn,
Wise as you weep, and better as you mourn:
This urn, where titles, fortune, youth repose:
How vain the fleeting good that life bestows!
Learn age, when now it can no more supply,
To quit the burden, and consent to die;
Secure, the truly virtuous never tell,
How long the part was acted, but how well:
Youth, stand convicted of each foolish claim,
Each daring wish of lengthen'd life and fame;
Thy life a moment, and thy fame a breath,
The natural end, oblivion and death:
Hear then this solemn truth, obey its call,
Submits adore, for this is mankind's all.

EPITAPH ON SIR JAMES SUTTIE.

THIS unambitious stone preserves a name
To friendship sanctify'd, untouch'd by fame,
A son this rais'd, by holy duty fir'd,
These sung a friend, by friendly zeal inspir'd.
No venal falsehood stain'd the filial tear;
Unbought, unask'd, the friendly praise sincere
Both for a good man weep; without offence,
Who led his days in ease and innocence.
His tear rose honest; honest rose his smile;
His heart no falsehood knew, his tongue no guile;
A simple mind with plain just notions fraught,
Nor warp'd by wit, nor by proud science taught,
Nature's plain light still rightly understood,
That never hesitates the fair and good—
Who view'd self balanc'd from his calm retreat,
The storms that vex the busy and the great,
Unmingling in the scene, whate'er beset
Pity'd his suff'ring kind, and wish'd 'em well:
Careless if monarchs frown'd, or statesmen smil'd,
His purer joy, his friend, his wife or child;
Constant to act the hospitable part,
Love in his look, and welcome in his heart;
Such unpriz'd blessings did his life employ,
The social moment, the domestic joy,

A joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
That leaves no doubt, no grudge, no sting behind:
The heart-born rapture that from virtue springs,
The poor man's portion, God withheld from kings.
This life at decent time was bid to cease,
Finish'd among his weeping friends in peace.
Go traveller, with his shade eternal rest,
Go, be the same, for this is to be blest.

EPITAPH ON MRS. COLQUHOUN OF LUSS.

UNBLAM'D, O sacred shrine, let me draw near;
A sister's ashes claim a brother's tear.
No semblant arts this copious spring supply,
'Tis nature's drops, that swell in friendship's eye;
O'er this sad tomb see kneeling brothers bend,
Who wail a sister, that excell'd a friend;
A child like this each parent's wish engage,
Grace of his youth and solace of his age:
Hence the chaste virgin learn each pious art
Who fights sincere to bless a virtuous heart,
The faithful youth, when Heaven the choice inspires,
Such hope the partner of his kind desires.
Oh early lost! yet early all fulfill'd,
Each tender office of wife, sister, child;
All these in early youth thou hadst obtain'd;
The fair maternal pattern yet remain'd; {spare;
Heav'n sought not that—else Heav'n had bid to
To thine succeeds now Providence's care—
Amidst the pomp that to the dead we give,
To sooth the vanity of those that live,
Receive thy destin'd place, a hallow'd grave;
'Tis all we can bestow, or thou can'st crave.
Be these the honours that embalm thy name,
The matron's praise, woman's best silent fame;
Such to remembrance dear, thy worth be found,
When queens, and flatterers sleep forgot around,
'Till awful sounds shall break the solemn rest;
Then wake amongst the blest, for ever blest.
Meanwhile upon this stone, thy name shall live,
Sure heaven will let this pious verse survive.

EPITAPH ON MRS. KEITH.

WHATE'ER all-giving nature could impart,
Whate'er or charm'd the eye, or warm'd the heart,
Beauty, by candid virtue still approv'd,
Virtue, by beauty render'd most belov'd;
Whate'er kind friendship, or endearing truth,
For blest old age had treasur'd up in youth;
What blest old age, in its last calm adieu,
Might with applause and conscious joy review,
Reposes here to wake in endless bliss,
Too early ravish'd from a world like this!
Where fair examples strike, but not inspire
To imitate the virtues all admire:
Yet listen, virgins! to this saving strain,
If she has liv'd—let her not die in vain.

EPITAPH ON MRS. HEPBURN.

STAY, passenger; this stone demands thy tear;
Here rest the hopes of many a tender year:
Our sorrow now—so late our joy and praise!
Lost in the mild Aurora of her days.
What virtues might have grac'd her fuller day!
'But ah! the charm just shown and snatch'd away.'
Friendship, love, nature, all reclaim in vain;
Heav'n when it wills, resumes its gifts again,

EPITAPH ON MISS SETON,

INTERRED IN THE CHAPEL OF SETON-HOUSE.

IN these once hallowed walls' neglected shade,
Sacred to piety and to the dead,
Where the long line of Seton's race repose,
Whose tombs to wisdom, or to valour rose;
Though now a thankless age, to slavery prone,
Past fame despising, careless of its own,
Records no more; each public virtue fled,
Who wisely counsell'd, or who bravely bled.
Though here the warrior shield is hung no more,
But every violated trophy tore, [lot,
Heav'n's praise, man's honour, share one shameful
God and his image both alike forgot.
To this sweet maid a kindred place is due;
Her earth shall consecrate these walls anew;
The muse that listens to desert alone,
Snatches from fate, and seals thee for her own.

EPITAPH.

COULD this fair marble to the world impart
Half of the woes that rend a husband's heart,
Could it be taught to look with nature's eye,
Like friendship cou'd it breathe the tender sigh,
With each dear rapture bid the bosom glow,
Love e'er cou'd taste, or tenderness bestow,
Then might it tow'r unblam'd amid the skies,
And not to vanity, but virtue rise.
Its noblest pomp, the humble eye endure,
And pride, when most it swell'd, here find a cure.
Cease then—nor at the sovereign will repine;
It gives, we bliss; it snatches, we resign:
To earth what came from earth returns again,
Heav'n fram'd th' immortal part above to reign.

EPITAPH ON MR. CUNNINGHAM OF CRAIGENDS.

A son, a wife, bade the plain marble arise;
Beneath the sacred shade a good man lies.
In Britain's senate long unblam'd he sat,
And anxious trembled for her doubtful fate:
Above all giddy hopes, all selfish ends,
His country was his family and friends.
Children! weep not, thus cruelly bereft;
The fair example of his life is left;
Another far more lasting, safe estate
Than e'er descended from the rich and great;
Theirs fall to time or fortune soon a prey;
Or the poor gift of kings, kings snatch away:
Your blest succession never can be less,
Still as you imitate you still possess.

ON A SUMMER-HOUSE IN MY OWN GARDEN.

WHILST round my head the zephyrs gently play,
To calm reflection I resign the day;
From all the servitudes of life releas'd,
I bid mild friendship to the sober feast;
Nor beauty banish from the hallow'd ground,
She enters here to solace not to wound;
All else excluded from the sacred spot,
One half detested, and one half forgot:
All the mad human tumult, what to me?
Here chaste Calliope, I live with thee.

ON A DIAL IN MY GARDEN.

ONCE at a potent leader's voice it stay'd ;
Once it went back when a good monarch pray'd.
Mortals, howe'er we grieve, howe'er deplore,
The flying shadow shall return no more.

ON AN OBELISK IN MY GARDEN.

VIEW all around, the works of power divine,
Inquire, explore, admire, extol, resign ;
This is the whole of human kind below,
'Tis only giv'n beyond the grave to know.

INSCRIPTION ON A DOG.

CALM tho' not mean, courageous without rage,
Serious not dull, and without thinking sage ;
Pleas'd at the lot that nature has assign'd,
Snarl as I list, and freely bark my mind ;
As churchman wrangle not with jarring spite,
Nor statesman like carressing whom I bite ;
View all the canine kind with equal eyes,
I dread no mastiff, and no cur despise.
True from the first, and faithful to the end,
I balk no mistress, and forsake no friend.
My days and nights one equal tenor keep,
Fast but to eat, and only wake to sleep.
Thus stealing along life I live *incog*,
A very plain and downright honest dog.

THE WISH.

If join'd to make up virtue's glorious tale,
A weak, but pious aid can aught avail,
Each sacred study, each diviner page
That once inspir'd my youth, shall sooth my age.
Deaf to ambition, and to interest's call ;
Honour my titles, and enough my all ;
No pimp of pleasure, and no slave of state,
Serene from fools, and guiltless of the great,
Some calm and undisturb'd retreat I'll choose
Dear to myself and friends. Perhaps the muse
May grant, while all my thoughts her charms em-
If not a future fame, a present joy. [ploy,
Pure from each feverish hope, each weak desire ;
Thoughts that improve, and slumbers that inspire,
A steadfast peace of mind, rais'd far above
The guilt of hate and weaknesses of love ;
Studious of life, yet free from anxious care ;
To others candid, to myself severe ;
Filial, submissive to the sovereign will ;
Glad of the good, and patient of the ill ;
I'll work in narrow sphere, what heaven approves,
Abating hatreds, and increasing loves.
My friendship, studies, pleasures, all my own,
Alike to envy, and to fame unknown :
Such in some blest asylum let me lie,
Take off my fill of life, and wait, not wish to die.

A SOLILOQUY.

IN IMITATION OF HAMLET,

My anxious soul is tore with doubtful strife,
And hangs suspended betwixt death and life :
Life ! death ! dread objects of mankind's debate ;
Whether superior to the shocks of fate,
To bear its fiercest ills with steadfast mind,
To nature's order piously resign'd,

Or, with magnanimous and brave disdain,
Return her back th' injurious gift again.
O ! if to die, this mortal bustle o'er,
Were but to close one's eyes, and be no more ;
From pain, from sickness, sorrows, safe withdrawn,
In night eternal that shall know no dawn ;
This dread, imperial, wondrous frame of man,
Lost in still nothing, whence it first began :
Yes, if the grave such quiet could supply,
Devotion's self might even dare to die,
Left hapless victors in the mortal strife,
Through death we struggle but to second life,
But, fearful here, though curious to explore,
Thought pauses, trembling on the hidden shore :
What scenes may rise, awake the human fear ;
Being again resum'd, and God more near ;
If awful thunders the new guest appall,
Or the soft voice of gentle mercy call.
This teaches life with all its ills to please,
Afflicting poverty, severe disease ;
To lowest infamy gives power to charm,
And strikes the dagger from the boldest arm.
Then, Hamlet, cease ; thy rash resolves forego
God, nature, reason, all will have it so ;
Learn by this sacred horror, well suppress,
Each fatal purpose in the traitor's breast.
This damps revenge with salutary fear,
And stops ambition in its wild career,
Till virtue for itself begin to move,
And servile fear exalt to filial love.
Then in thy breast let calmer passions rise,
Pleas'd with thy lot on earth, absolve the skies.
The ills of life see friendship can divide ;
See angels warring on the good man's side.
Alone to virtue happiness is given,
On earth self-satisfy'd, and crown'd in heaven.

A SOLILOQUY.

WROTE IN JUNE 1746.

MYSTERIOUS innate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame ;
By thee my being's best express,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray ;
Without thee sink to vilest earth,
Inanimated clay.

Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiply'd distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less.

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destin'd breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death.

Can ought that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore,
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store ?

Or does the muse ? 'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease,
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace ?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship, 'tis true, its sacred might,
May mitigate thy doom;
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God! thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here,
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy;
And from the horrors of the grave,
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows;
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,
And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious Heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

THRO' life's strange mystic paths, how mankind
A contradiction still in all their ways, [strays!
In youth's gay bloom, in wealth's insulting hour!
As heav'n all mercy was, they live secure,
Yet full of fears, and anxious doubts expire,
And in the awful judge forget the Sire.
Fair virtue then with faithful steps pursue,
Thy good deeds many, thy offences few;
That at the general doom thou may'st appear
With filial hope to sooth thy conscious fear;
Then to perpetual bliss expect to live,
Thy Saviour is thy judge, and may forgive.

DOVES.

A FRAGMENT.

Or doves sweet gentle birds, the heaven born muse
Prepares to sing, their manners and what law,
The blameless race obey, their cares and loves.
O sacred virgin, that, to me unseen
Yet present, whispers nightly in my ear
Love dited song or tale of martial knight,
As best becomes the time: and aidful grants
Celestial grace implor'd, O, bounteous, say
What fav'rite maid in her first bloom of youth
Wilt choose to honour? seem I not to see
The laurel shake, and hear the voice divine
Sound in mine ear: 'With Erskine best agrees
'The song of doves: herself a dove, well pleas'd
'Listen gracious to the tale benign, and hear
'How the chaste bird with words of fondling love,
'Soft billing, wooes his maid, their spousal loves,
'Pure and unstain'd with jealous fear of change;
'How studious they to build their little nests,
'Nature's artificers! and tender, breed [flight,
'Their unsledg'd children, till they wing their
'Each parent's care.' Come, as the muse ordains,
O thou of every grace, whose looks of love,
Erskine, attractive, draw all wond'ring eyes
Constant to gaze; and whose subduing speech
Drops as the honey comb, and grace is pour'd
Into thy lips: for ever thee attends
Sweetness thy handmaid, and, with beauty, clothes,
As with the morning's robe invested round:
O come, again invok'd, and smiling lend
Thy pleas'd attention, whilst in figur'd silk

Thy knowing needle plants th' embroider'd flower,
As in its native bed: so may'st thou find
Delight perpetual and th' inclining ear
Of heav'n propitious to thy maiden vow,
When thou shalt seek from love a youth adorn'd
With all perfection, worthy of thy choice,
To bless thy night of joy and social care.
O happy he, for whom the vow is made.

THE FLOWERS.

A FRAGMENT.

THE care of gardens, and the garden's pride,
To rear the blooming flowers, invites the muse;
A grateful task! To thee, O Hume, she sings
Well pleas'd amid the verdant walks to stray
With thee, her chief delight, when summer smiles.
Come now my love, nor fear the winter's rage;
For see the winter's past, the rains are gone:
Behold the singing of the birds is now,
Season benign; the joyous race prepare
Their native melody, and warbling airs
Are heard in ev'ry grove: the flowers appear,
Earth's smiling offspring, and the beautiful meads
Are cloth'd in pleasant green; now fruitful trees
Put forth their tender buds that soon shall swell
With rich nectareous juice, and woo thy hand
To pluck their ripen'd sweets. Forsake a while
The noise of cities, and with me retire
To rural solitude: Lo! for thy head
I weave a garland, deck'd with vernal flowers,
Violet, and hyacinth, and blushing rose
Of ev'ry rich perfume; here in this calm
And undisturb'd retreat, content to dwell,
Secluded from mankind, with thee and love,
Sweetener of human cares: But thou perhaps
Delight'st to hear the voice that bids thee come
To festival and dance; thou long'st to meet
The raptur'd youth, that at assembly hour
Awaits thy coming: haste adorn'd in all
Thy native softness, fresh as breathing flowers
Sweet smelling in the morning dew, and fire
His soul, ill able to resist such charms,
Won with attractive smiles: while I far off
Bemoan thy absence, and thy image form
In ev'ry thicket and each secret grove,
To sooth my longing mind by fancy's aid,
Pleasing resemblance! until thou thyself,
O fairest among women, deign to grace
The bower that love prepares, from me to learn
The care and culture of the flowery kind.

THE EPISODE OF THE THISTLE.

FLOWERS, BOOK I.

NOR to the garden sole where fair resides
As in her court the scarlet queen, amid
Her train of flow'ry nymphs, does nature boon
Indulge her gifts: but to each nameless field,
When the warm sun rejoicing in the year
Stirs up the latent juice, she scatters wide
Her rosy children: then innumerable births,
As from the womb spring up, and wide perfume
Their cradles with ambrosial sweets around.
Far as the eye can reach all nature smiles,

Hill, dale, or valley, where a lucid stream
Leads, through the level-down, his silver maze,
Gliding, with even pace, direct, as one
On journey bent, and now meand'ring fair,
Unnumber'd currents to and fro convolv'd,
His pastime, underneath the azure green
The wanton fishes sport; and round his banks,
Sole or in consort, the aerial kind
Resound in air with song: the wild thyme here
Breathes fragrance, and a thousand glittering
flowers

Art never sow'd. Even here the rising weed
The landscape paints the lion's yellow tooth,
Th' enamell'd daisy, with its rose adorn'd
The prickly briar, and the thistle rude,
An armed warrior, with his host of spears.
Thrice happy plant! fair Scotia's greatest pride,
Emblem of modest valour, unprovok'd
That harmeth not, provok'd that will not bear
Wrong unreveng'd; what though the humble root
Dishonour'd erst, the growth of every field
Arose unheeded through the stubborn soil
Jeune: though softer flowers, disdainful, fly
Thy fellowship, nor in the nosegay join,
Ill match'd compeers: not less the dews of heav'n
Bathe thy rough cheeks, and wash thy warlike
mail,

Gift of indulgent skies! though lily pure
And rose of fragrant leaf, best represent
Maria's snowy breast and ruddy cheek
Blushing with bloom: th' Ormond's laurel rear
Sublimar branch, indulging loftier shade
To heaven instructed bard, that strings beneath,
Melodious, his sounding wire, to tales
Of beauties praise, or from victorious camps
Heroes returning fierce. Unenvy'd may
The snowy lily flourish round the brow
Of Gallia's king: The thistle happier far
Exalted into nobler fame, shall rise
Triumphant o'er each flower, to Scotia's bards
Subject of lasting song, their monarch's choice;
Who, bounteous to the lowly weed, refus'd
Each other plant, and bade the thistle wave,
Embroider'd, in his ensigns, wide display'd
Along the mural breach: how oft, beneath
Its martial influence, has Scotia's sons
Through every age with dauntless valour fought
On every hostile ground? while o'er their breast,
Companion to the silver star, blest type
Of fame un sullied and superior deed,
Distinguish'd ornament! their native plant
Surrounds the faintest cross, with costly row
Of gems, emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold,
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride.

But wouldst thou know how first th' illustrious
plant
Rose to renown: hear the recording muse,
While back through ages that have roll'd she leads
Th' inquiring eye, and wakens into life
Heroes and mighty kings, whose godlike deeds
Are now no more, yet still the fame survives,
Victor o'er time, the triumph of the muse.

As yet for love of arts and arms renown'd,
For hoary fires with gifts of wisdom grac'd,
Unrival'd maids in beauteous bloom, desire
Of every eye, and youthful gallant chiefs
For courage fam'd and blest with sacred song,
Flourish'd, sublime, the Pictish throne; and shar'd,

VOL. IX.

Rival of Scotia's power, fair Caledon.
Equals in sway, while both alike aspired
To single rule, disdaining to obey:
Oft led by hate and thirst of dire revenge
For ravish'd beauty, or for kindred slain,
Wide-wasting others realms with inroads fierce,
Until the second Kenneth, great in arms,
Brandish'd th' avenging sword, that low in dust,
Humbled the haughty race: yet oft, of war
Weary, and havock dire, in mutual blood
Embru'd, the nations join'd in leagues of peace
Short space enjoy'd; when nice suspicious fears
By jealous love of empire bred, again,
With fatal breath, blew the dire flame of war,
Rekindling fierce: thus when Achaius reign'd,
By the disposing will of gracious Heav'n
Ordain'd the Prince of Peace. Fair Ethelind
Grace of the Pictish throne, in rosy youth,
Of beauties bloom, in his young heart, inspir'd
Spousal desires, soft love, and dove-ey'd peace,
Her dowry. Then, his hymeneal torch,
Concord, high brandish'd; and in bonds of love,
Link'd the contending race. But ah! how vain
Hopes mortal man, his joys on earth to last
Perpetual and sincere: for Athelstane,
Fierce from the conquest of great Alured,
Northumbrian ruler, came. On Tweda's shore
Full twenty thousand brazen spears, he fix'd,
Shining a deathful view; dismay'd the brave
Erst undismay'd: even he, their warlike chief,
Hungus, in arms, a great and mighty name,
Felt his fierce heart, suspended, if to meet
Th' outrageous Saxon, dreadful in the ranks
Of battle disarray'd. Suppliant of help,
He sues the Scottish race, by friendly ties
Adjur'd and nuptial rites and equal fears.
Led by their gallant prince, the chosen train
Forsoke their native walls. The glad acclaim
Of shouting crowds, and the soft virgins wish
Pursue the parting chiefs to battle sent,
With omens not averse. Darkness arose
O'er heav'n and earth, as now but narrow space
Sunder'd each hostile force: sole in his tent
The youthful chief, the hope of Albion, lay
Slumb'ring secure, when, in the hour of sleep,
A venerable form, St. Andrew, seen
Majestic, solemn, grand, before his sight
In vision, stood: his deep and piercing eye
Look'd wisdom, and mature sedateness weigh'd
To doubtful counsels, from his temples flow'd
His hair, white as the snowy fleece that clothes
The Alpine ridge, a-cross his shoulders hung
A baldric, where some heavenly pencil wrought
Th' events of years to come prophetic drawn,
Seasons and times: in his right hand he held
A cross, for beaming through the night; his left
A pointed thistle rear'd. Fear not, he cry'd,
Thy country's early pride; for lo! to thee
Commission'd I, from heav'n's eternal king,
Ethereal messenger of tidings glad,
Propitious now am sent. Then be thou bold,
To-morrow shall deliver to thy hand
The troops of Athelstane. But oh! attend,
Instructed from the skies, the terms of fate,
Conditional, assign'd; for, if mislead
By sacred lust of arbitrary sway,
Thou, or of thee to come, thy race shall wage
Injurious war, unrighteous to invade

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Conforted light, and near Hibernia's harp,
Breathing the sp'rit of peace and social love,
Harmonious power, the Scottish thistle fills
Distinguish'd place, and guards the English rose.

SPEECH OF RANDOLPH,

A FRAGMENT OF BRUCE, BOOK II.

DEMAND'ST thou, mighty Bruce, to know from
whence

My lineage I derive: Then hear a tale
Well known through fair Stirling's fruitful bounds,
My native land. Of ancient Scottish kings,
Thy royal ancestry, O Bruce, am I
Undoubted offspring; and, forgive the boast,
From the same fount my blood united flows,
All'y'd to thine. As yet Cameldoun's walls
By Forth, delightful stream! encircled stood
The seat of Edenuther, Pictish king;
To whose destruction, eager to revenge
The breach of faith and hospitable laws,
Insulted—his embattled host
Fierce Corbred led: for, from Dunstaffnage towers,
Pretending love and Hymeneal rite,
The treacherous Pict, with meditated force,
Bore Ethelind, her country's justest pride,
Peerless and fair; a thousand heroes fought
For her to death, fierce raging round the walls
Of lofty Cameldoun: the guilty prince
Had dearly paid the price of faith forsworn,
But, studious of new frauds within his walls,
H' invites the Scottish train, friendly to meet
In amicable talk, fair Ethelind
To be the pledge of future peace, and join
The warring nations in eternal league
Of love connubial: the unweeting king
Enter'd the hostile gates; with feast and song
The towers resound, till the dark midnight hour
Awake the murderers: in sleep he fell
With all his peers, in early life, and left
His vow'd revenge and sister unredeem'd.

Now was the royal virgin left expos'd
To the fell victor's lust, no friend to aid,
Her brother slain, and fierce and mighty chiefs
That warr'd in her defence. How could, alas!
Unshelter'd, helpless innocence resist
Th' infernal ravisher? with stedfast mind
She scorn'd his profer'd love; by virtue's aid
Triumphant o'er his lust. In vain, with tears
And rough complaint that spoke a savage heart,
Strove he to gain and woo her to his will:
In vain, enrag'd and ruthless in his love,
He threat'ned. Death disdain'd, force was the last,
But that her arm oppos'd, resolv'd to strike
The poignard in her breast, her virtue's guard.
All arts thus try'd in vain, at last incens'd,
Deep in a dungeon, from the cheerful light
Far, far remov'd, the wretched maid he threw
Deplorable; doom'd in that dwelling drear
To waste her anxious days and sleepless nights.
Anguish extreme! ah, how unlike these hours
That in her father's palace wont to pass
In festival and dance. Her piteous shrieks
Mov'd her stern keeper's heart; secret he frees
The imprison'd maid, and to the king relates
Her death, dissembling. Then, with fell despite
And rage, inflam'd for unenjoyed love,

The monarch storm'd, he loth'd his food, and fled
All human converse, frustrate of his will.

Meanwhile the nymph forsakes the hostile walls
Flying by night; through pathless wilds unknown
Guideless she wanders, in her frightened ears
Still hears the tyrant's voice, in fancy views
His form terrific, and his dreaded front
Severe in frowns; her tender heart is vex'd
With every fear, and oft desires to die.
Now day return'd, and cheerful light began
T' adorn the heav'ns; lost in the hills she knew
No certain path; around the dreary waste
Sending her weeping eye, in vain requir'd
Her native fields, Dunstaffnage well known
tow'rs,

And high Edelta's walls, her father's reign.

Three days the royal wanderer bore the heat
Intensely fervent, and three lonesome nights
Wet with the chilling dews; the forest oak
Supply'd her food, and at the running stream,
Patient, she slack'd her thirst. But when the
fourth

Arose, descending from the Ochell height,
The flow'ry fields beneath, she wander'd long
Erroneous, disconsolate, forlorn.
Jerne's stream she pass'd; a rising hill
Stood on the bank oppos'd, adorn'd with trees,
A silvan scene! thither she bent her flight,
O'ercome with toil, and gently laid her down
In the embow'ring shade: the dew of sleep
Fell on her weary eyes, then pleasing dreams
Began to lay the tempest in her mind,
Calming from troubled thoughts: to regal pomp
She seems restor'd, her brother's fate reveng'd,
The tyrant slain: she dream'd till morn awoke,
The fifth that rose since from Cameldoun's walls
She bent her flight: the cheerful day invites,
From fair Dundalgan's ever sunny towers,
Mildred t' arise, who oft in fields of death,
Victorious, led the Picts embattled race,
Illustrious chief! he to the hilly height,
His morning walk, pleas'd with the season fair,
Betakes him musing, there it was he saw
Fair Ethelind, surpris'd as Hengist's son,
Elfred asleep beheld, when, as she fled
From Saxony to shun a step-dame's rage
That sought her life, he, with prevailing words,
Woo'd the consenting maid: nor less amaz'd
The Pictish leader saw the beauteous form;
Fix'd in surprise and ardent gaze, he stood
Wond'ring! his beating heart with joy o'erflow'd.
He led her blushing from the sacred grove
In bashful modesty, and doubting joy
Chastis'd with fear, alternate in her breast,
Poor lovely mourner! to his parents show'd
The beauteous stranger; they in age rever'd
Lift up their trembling hands, and blest the maid,
Best workmanship of heaven! the youthful chief
Transported every day his guest beheld,
And every day beheld with new delight,
Her winning graces mild, and form divine,
That drew with soft attraction, kindling love,
Enflam'd his soul: still new delays he frames
To gain a longer stay, e'er he restore
The beauteous exile to her native land,
His promis'd faith. The story of her woes,
He o'er and o'er demands; she pleas'd relates
Her past adventures sad, but, prudent, kept

Unknown her royal race ; the ardent youth
Hangs on the speaker's lips, still more and more
Enamour'd of her charms, by courtly deed
He fought the virgin's love ; by pray'rs and vows
Won to consent ; the nuptial day arose,
Awak'd by music's sound ; the Pow'rs invok'd
To bliss the hallow'd rite, and happy night
'That to his arms bestow'd the much lov'd maid,
'The gift of Heaven : then gladness fill'd his heart
Unspeakable, as when the sapient King,
The son of David, on the happy day
Of his espousals, when his mother bound
His brow in regal gold, delighted saw
His fair Egyptian bride adorned with all
Perfection, blooming in celestial sweets.

While thus the royal exile liv'd remote,
In Hymen's softest joys, the Scottish chiefs
Prepare for battle, studious to redeem
Their captive queen, unknowing of her fate ;
With just success unblest'd, discomfited
They fell in ruthless fight, their mighty men
Unworthy bondage ! helpless exiles sold
To foreign lands. The Pictish king enrag'd
Collects an host, embattled as the sands
Along the Solway coast, from all the bounds
Of his wide empire, Brica's rising towers,
And Jeda's ancient walls, once seat of kings,
With Eden rais'd on rocks, and Cameldoun,
Send forth their chiefs and citizens to war,
Pour'd thro' their lofty gates. What anguish then,
O royal virgin, vex'd thy tender heart,
When thou, thy husband midst your country's foes,
Enroll'dst their leader ? much didst thou adjure
By nuptial ties, much by endearing love,
To spare thy country in the waste of war ;
He too, the youthful chief, long doubting stood
'Twixt love and duty, unresolv'd of choice,
Hard conflict ! to Dunstaffnage walls he flies,
And left the weeping fair, intent to drown
The voice of love, soft pleading in his heart,
In sounds of battle ; but in vain ! his wife
A beauteous form, still rises to his thoughts
In supplicating tears ; he grieves to see
The mingling hosts engage, and dreads to find
Amidst the slain, his kindred new ally'd.

But now the Pictish king with mighty chiefs
Selected from his peers, pursues his way
To raze the Scottish walls, Dundalgan's towers
Receive their monarch, proud to entertain
The mighty guest : exults the haughty king
With savage joy, when first his eyes beheld
The maid so lately lost, again restor'd
Sad victim to his lust : what could she do,
Hopeless of aid ! or how alas ! avert
The dire event that from the monarch's lust
Her fears presag'd ? 'twas heav'n her thoughts in-
In a hour of sad extreme, she flies the dome [spir'd
With two, alone of all her menial train,
Companions of her flight. The king meanwhile,
Fierce with desire and violent to enjoy,
Him nor the bowl delights, nor sprightly mirth,
Nor tale of martial knight in ancient time
Recited : the unfinished feast he leaves
With wine inflam'd and ill persuading lust,
Worst counsellors ! a secret way he found
That to the queen's apartment led unseen ;
Thither he flies through many a lofty hall,
Where heroes oft have met in wise consult,

Elate in thought ; but heavens ! what fell despite,
What raging pain tore his distracted mind,
When first he knew the royal fair was fled ?
Desp'rate in rage, he hopes his absent prey,
Intent to ravish. Hurrying to the camp
He sought the general's tent, begirt around
With noble Picts there weeping Ethelind,
In soft'ned anguish, on the hero's breast
He found reclining, sad : he would have seiz'd
The trembling fair one from her lover's arms,
Her surest refuge, miserably torn,
Victim to lust obscene, had not the youth
Withstood the dire attempt of sovereign sway.
Haughty, the monarch rag'd and call'd his chiefs
To aid, his chiefs refuse th' unjust command :
Then impotent of mind he storm'd, he rav'd,
Outrageous in his ire : then wild uproar,
Tumult, and martial din, sounds o'er the camp,
While these assist the king, and these the youth,
By fearless friendship led : the clash of swords,
Through the still night, heard on the Scottish walls,
Alarms the chiefs in midnight council met :
The boldest of their warrior train they choose
For secret ambush, sheath'd in jointed mail ;
Th' intrepid band beneath a bending hill,
Await the rising dawn ; Mildred they seiz'd,
The royal exile and their social train,
Flying the monarch's rage : the beauteous queen
Rejoices to behold her native walls,
Exil'd so long, her peers with lifted hands [turn'd,
Extoll'd the bounteous Pow'rs, their queen re-
The wondrous work of Fate ; now she relates
Her direful tale, the audience melt in tears.

Meanwhile the monarch raging in the camp,
Forsook of all his peers, for fierce assault
Prepar'd, attended with a desperate crew
Of men, that shar'd in partnership of crimes,
March'd forward to his fate ; the ambush'd train
Rise sudden, round them spread the slaughter'd
Himself, as furious in the front he warr'd [foe.
Bled by a well aim'd spear ; to punish'd ghosts
Of kings perfidious, fled his guilty soul.

The monarch slain, the Pictish chiefs that late
Forsook the noisy camp, convene within
The Scottish walls, the princes joyful plight
In leagues of mutual peace ; in every fane
Each grateful altar blaz'd ; to heaven they paid
Their vows, their queen restor'd, and with her
peace

The purchase of her love : through all the town
Public rejoicings reign'd, the voice of mirth
Was heard in ev'ry street, that blazing shone
Illuminated bright. The diadem
Instar'd with diamond gems and flaming gold,
Magnificent ! by Scotia's monarchs worn
From eldest times upon her beauteous brow
Plac'd by a mitr'd priest, in rich array,
Incircling, shines ; her native peers around,
Mix'd with the Pictish chiefs, admiring stand,
Pleas'd with her heavenly smiles, her gentle look,
The type of softer rule : then next they gave
The sceptre to her hands ; the precious stones
Blaz'd on the beaming point, hail ! Queen of Scots ;
Joyful they cry, hail ! to thy own return'd,
Safe from a thousand toils, beyond our hopes,
Crown'd where thy fathers reign'd : thus past the
In celebrated rites. When morn arose [night
Th' assembled senate, partner of her throne

Elect the noble youth; in times of peace
 To aid by counsel, and in war to lead
 Her marshall'd chiefs: thus ended all her woes.
 Bless'd in her husband's, and her subjects love,
 Peace flourish'd in her reign: three sons she bore,
 All men of valour known; well could they bend
 The bow in time of need. Her eldest grac'd
 With all the train of virtues that adorn
 A prince, succeeded to the Scottish rule,
 His mother's kingdom; in his happy days
 The Scottish prowess twice o'erthrew the Dane
 In bloody conflict, from our fatal shore
 Repuls'd with ignominious rout, disgrac'd.
 Her second hope, born to unluckier fate
 Matchless in fight and every gallant deed,
 The terror of his foes, his country's hope,
 In ruthless battle by ignoble hands
 Fell in his prime of youth, for ever wept,
 For ever honour'd. Athingart the last
 For prudence far renown'd, Elgidra's charms
 The heroic fir'd, as in her father's court
 A peaceful legate by his brother sent
 To Pictland's monarch; there the royal youth
 Graceful, in warlike tournament above
 His equals shone, and won the princely maid
 Courted by rival kings: from that embrace
 Descend a thousand chiefs, that lineal heir'd
 The virtues of their sire, witness the fields
 Of Loncart, and the streams that purple ran
 With stain of Danish blood: the brazen spears
 And crested helms, and antique shields, the spoils
 Of chiefs in battle slain, hung on the roof,
 Eternal trophies of their martial deeds,
 From son to son preserv'd with jealous care.
 My father in his country's quarrel met
 A glorious fate, when god-like Wallace fought;
 He, firm adherer to the nobler cause
 Shar'd all his toils, and bled in all his fights,
 Till Falkirk saw him fall; with Graham he fell,
 Wallace his bold compeer, whom, great in arms,
 Wallace alone surpass'd. With martial thoughts
 He fired my youthful mind, and taught betimes
 To build my glory on my country's love,
 His great example! to thy native reign
 If thee, thy fate propitious to the good,
 Restor'd, h' enjoin'd me to unite my force,
 From foreign victors to retrieve again
 Thy ravish'd kingdoms: then this sword he gave
 In dangers ever faithful to his arm,
 Pledge of paternal love; nor shall the foe
 Exult, I ween, to find the dastard son
 Degenerate from his sire, to wield in vain
 A father's gift. In me, O Bruce, behold
 A willing warrior, from Bodotria's stream
 I lead my native bands, hardy and bold,
 In fight distinguish'd by superior deed.
 He said and ceas'd; the arm'd assembly stood
 Silent in thought, till from his lofty seat
 Great Bruce arose—O noble youth! he cry'd,
 Descended from a line of noble sires,
 Accept thy monarch's thanks—Welcome thyself,
 Welcome thy sequent chiefs, thy country sore
 Oppress'd by dire usurpers, now demands
 Warriors like thee, where death and bloodshed
 reign
 In conflict stern; do thou approve thy might
 Above thy fellows, by transcendent acts
 To Fame endear'd; she, on thy praise well pleas'd

Constant to dwell, shall rear thee up on high
 The loftiest branch, to adorn thy ancient stem.

He spake, and gave the youth his plighted hand,
 Pledge of benevolence and kind intent;
 The chiefs around embrace and glad receive
 The youthful champion worthy of his race.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V. IMITATED.

WHAT happy youth Maria now
 Breathes in thy willing ear his vow!
 With whom thou spend'st thy evening hours,
 Amidst the sweets of breathing flowers;
 For whom retir'd to secret shade,
 Soft on thy panting bosom laid,
 Thou set'st thy looks with nicest care,
 And bind'st in gold thy flowing hair.
 O neatly plain! How oft shall he
 Bewail thy false inconstancy?
 Condemn'd perpetual frowns to prove,
 How often weep thy alter'd love?
 Who thee, too credulous, hopes to find,
 As now still golden and still kind;
 And heedless now of fortune's power
 Sets far away the evil hour.
 How oft shalt thou, ill-star'd, bewail
 Thou trusted to the faithless gale?
 When unaccustom'd to survey
 The rising winds and swelling sea;
 When clouds shall rise on that dear face,
 That shone adorn'd in every grace;
 That yet untaught in wicked wiles,
 Was wont to appear to thee in smiles.
 Wretch'd they to whom thou shin'st, untry'd
 Thy shifting calm and treacherous tide:
 For me once shipwreck'd, now on shore,
 I venture out my bark no more.

PALINODE.

O HAPPY youth, who now possessest
 Of my Maria's smiles are blest;
 Think not thy joys will constant prove,
 How many changes are in love!
 I once was happy too like thee,
 That sun of beauty shone on me:
 In darkness ever to deplore,
 The sun is set to shine no more;
 Doom'd near to view the rising light,
 But weep out love's eternal night.
 When first I spread the lover's sail,
 Love blew from shore a friendly gale;
 Sweet appear'd th' enchanting scene,
 All calm below, above serene:
 Joyous I made before the wind,
 Heedless of what I left behind;
 Nor rocks, nor quicksands did I dread,
 No adverse winds to check my speed;
 No savage pirate did I fear,
 To ravish all my soul held dear,
 Far off my treasure to convey,
 And sell in foreign lands away:
 Maria's hand unfurl'd the sails,
 Her prayers invok'd the springing gales:
 'Twas calm whate'er her eyes survey'd,
 Her voice the raging storm obey'd;
 And o'er the bosom of the tides,
 Her will the ruling rudder guides.

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But ah! the change, she flies away,
And will vouchsafe no longer stay.
See now the swelling seas arise,
Loud storming winds enrage the skies,
All weak the tempest to withstand,
Trembling and pale I put to land.
Wet from the tossing surge, aghast
I thank the gods, the danger's past;
And swear to venture out no more
Secure upon the safer shore;
Yet should the swelling seas subside,
And roll serene a silver tide;
Should yet the angry tempest cease,
And gently breathe a gale of peace;
Much, much I fear, I'd dare again
A second shipwreck on the main.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE VII. IMITATED.

TO THE EARL OF STAIR.

LET others in exalted lays
The lofty dome of Hopetoun praise,
Or where of old, in lonely cell,
The musing Druid wont to dwell:
Or with the sacred sisters roam,
Near holy Melrose' ruin'd dome:
There are who paint with all their might
The fields where Forth's streams delight;
That winding through Stirlina's plain,
Rolls beauteous to the distant main:
Or faithful to the farmer's toil,
Extol fair Lothian's fertile soil;
Where Ceres her best gifts bestows,
And Edin town her structures shows.
Nor me delight those sylvan scenes,
Those chequer'd bow'rs and winding greens;
Where art and nature join to yield
Unnumber'd sweets to Marlefield:
Nor yet that soft and secret shade,
Where fair Aboyn asleep is laid;
Where gay in sprightly dance no more
She dreams her former triumphs o'er,
These scenes can best entice my soul,
Where smooth Blancatrina's waters roll;
Where beauteous Hume in smiling hour,
Plucks the green herb or rising flower;
Pleas'd on the borders to behold
The apple redden into gold.

But whate'er place thy presence boast,
Let not, O S——! an hour be lost.
When the rough north and angry storm,
Nature's lovely looks deform;
The south restores the wonted grace,
And wipes the clouds from heaven's face.
So thou to finish all thy care,
The flask of brisk Champaign prepare;
Invite thy friends with wife design,
And wash the ills of life with wine:
Whether beneath the open sky,
Stretch'd in the tented couch to lie
Thy fate ordains; to shine again
Great on some future Blenheim's plain;
Higher to raise thy deathless name
Triumphant to sublimer fame:
Or if secure from feverish heat,
Newliston cover thy retreat,
Where wit conspires with love's delights,
To grace thy days and bless thy nights.

When Fergus led in days of yore,
His exil'd bands to Scotia's shore;
The godlike founder of our state,
Sustain'd the shocks of adverse fate:
Yet brave, disdaining to repine,
Around his brows he bound the vine:
Let's follow still without delay
Wherever fortune shows the way;
Courage, my lads, let none despair,
When Fergus leads, 'tis base to fear:
With better auspice shall arise
Our empire in the northern skies:
Beauty and valour shall adorn,
Our happy offspring yet unborn:
Now fill the glass, come fill again,
To-morrow we shall cross the main.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XI. IMITATED.

TO MISS ERSK—.

ENQUIRE not E—— fair, what end
The gods for thee or me intend:
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes?
Far happier they who ne'er repine
To draw the lots their fates assign;
Then be advis'd, and try not thou
What spells and cunning men can do.
In mirth thy present years employ,
And consecrate thy charms to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Propitious add a winter more;
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth,
Now raging o'er Edina's frith.
Let youth, while yet it blooms, excite
To mirth, and wit, and gay delight;
Nor thou refuse the voice that calls
To visits and to sprightly balls.
For time rides ever on the post,
Ev'n while we speak the moment's lost,
Then call each joy into this day,
And spend them now while now you may;
Have every pleasure at command,
Fools let them lie in fortune's hand.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII. IMITATED.

TO R—— S——.

THE man sincere and pure of ill,
Needs not with shafts his quiver fill,
Nor point the venom'd dart,
O'er him no weapon can prevail,
Clad in the firmest coat of mail,
A brave and honest heart.

Secure in innocence he goes
Through boiling friths and highland snows;
Or if his course he guide,
To where far-fam'd Lochleven's wave
Does round his islands winding, lave
Buchannan's hilly side.

For in Glentannar, as I stood
And sung my Erskine to the wood,
Unheeding of my way;
My every care forsook behind,
While all on Erskine ran my mind,
It chanc'd my steps to stray.

When, lo! forth rushing from behind
A savage wolf of monstrous kind,
Fierce shook his horrid head:
Unarm'd I stood, and void of fear,
Beheld the monstrous savage near,
And me unarm'd, he fled.

A beast of such portentous size,
Such hideous tusks and glaring eyes,
Fierce Daunia never bred.
Nor Juba's land, without controul,
Where angry lions darkling howl,
His equal ever fed.

Place me where the summer breeze
Does ne'er refresh the weary trees,
All on the gloomy plain,
Which side of earth, offended heav'n
To the dominion foul has given,
Of clouds and beating rain.

Place me underneath the day,
Near neighbour to the burning ray;
Yet there the maid shall move,
There present to my fancy's eyes,
Sweet smiling Erskine will I prize,
Sweet speaking Erskine love.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIII. IMITATED.

TO MISS D——.

TELL me, Maria, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run;
Why from his fond embraces fly,
And every soft endearment shun.

So through the rocks, or dewy lawn,
With plaintive cries, its dam to find,
Flies wing'd with fears the youngling fawn,
And trembles at each breath of wind.

Ah! stop thy flight, why shouldst thou fly?
What canst thou in a lover fear?
No angry boar, nor lion I,
Pursue thy tender limbs to tear.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy;
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms and come to mine.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER
FATHER.

WHAT measure shall affliction know?
What bounds be set to such a woe,
That weeps the loss of one so dear!
Come, muse of mourning! haste, ordain
The sacred melancholy strain:
When virtue bids, 'tis impious to forbear.

Thy voice with powerful blessings fraught,
Inspires the solemn serious thought;
A heavenly sorrow's healing art,
That, whilst it wounds, amends the heart.
A far more pleasing rapture thine,
When bending over friendship's shrine,
Than mirth's fantastic varied lay,
Deceitful, idle, flutt'ring, vain,

Still shifting betwixt joy and pain,
Where sport the wanton, or where feast the gay.

In dust the good and friendly lies.
Must endless slumber seal those eyes?——
Oh! when shall modest worth again,
Integrity, that knows no stain,
Thy sister, justice, free from blame,
Kind truth, no false affected name,
To meet in social union, find
So plain, so upright and so chaste a mind?

By many good bewail'd, he's lost;
By thee, O beauteous virgin! most.
Thou claim'st, ah pious! ah, in vain!
Thy father from the grave again.
Not on those terms, by dooming heav'n,
His loan of mortal life was giv'n.
The equal lot is cast on all,
Obedient to the universal call.
Ev'n thou, each decent part fulfill'd,
Wife, sister, mother, friend and child,
Must yield to the supreme decree,
And every social virtue weep for thee.

What though thou boasts each soul subduing art,
That rules the movements of the human heart;
Though thine be every potent charm,
The rage of envy to disarm:
Thus far heav'n grants, the great reward
Of beauty, under virtue's guard:
Yet all in vain ascends thy pious pray'r,
To bid th' impartial Pow'r one moment spare;
That Pow'r who chastens whom he dearest loves,
Deaf to the filial sorrows he approves:
Seal'd sacred by th' inviolable fates,
Unlocks no more the adamant gates,
When once th' ethereal breath has wing'd its way,
And left behind its load of mortal clay.

Severe indeed! yet cease the duteous tear;
'Tis nature's voice that calls aloud, "Forbear."
See, see descending to thy aid,
Patience, fair celestial maid:
She strikes through life's dark gloom a bright'ning
And smiles adversity away. [ray,
White-handed hope advances in her train,
Leads to new life, and wakens joy again;
She renders light the weight of human woes,
And teaches to submit when 'tis a crime t'oppose.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII. IMITATED.

TO HIS LYRE.

If e'er with thee, we fool'd away
Vacant beneath the shade a day,
Still kind to our desire,
A Scottish song we now implore,
To live this year, and some few more,
Come then my Scottish lyre.

First strung by Stewart's cunning hand,
Who rul'd fair Scotia's happy land,
A long and wide domain:
Who bold in war, yet whether he,
Reliev'd his wave-beat ship from sea,
Or camp'd upon the plain,

The joys of wine, and muses young,
Soft beauty, and her page he sang,
That still to her adheres:

E c iij

Margaret, author of his sighs,
Adorn'd with comely coal-black eyes,
And comely coal-black hairs.

O thou the grace of song and love,
Exalted to the feasts above,
The feast's supreme delight:
Sweet balm to heal our cares below;
Gracious on me thy aid bestow,
If thee I seek aright.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIII. IMITATED.

Why do'st thou still in tears complain,
Too mindful of thy love's disdain!
Why still in melancholy verse
Unmeek Maria's hate rehearse?
That Thirsis finds by fate's decree
More favour in her sight than thee!
The love of Cyrus does enthrall
Lycoris fair, with forehead small;
Cyrus declines to Pholoe's eyes,
Who unrelenting hears his sighs:
But wolves and lambs shall sooner join
Than they in mutual faith combine.
So seemeth good to love, who binds
Unequal forms, unequal minds,
Cruel in his brazen yoke,
Pleas'd with too severe a joke.
Myself, in youth's more joyous reign,
My laundress held in pleasing chain;
When pliable to love's delights
My age excus'd the poet's flights:
More wrathful she, than storms that rore
Along the Solway's crooked shore.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE IV. IMITATED.

TO THE E— M— OF S— D.

Ne sit ancilla tibi amor pudori.

Avow my noble friend thy kind desires,
If Phillis' gentle form thy breast inspires,
Nor glory, nor can reason disapprove;
What though unknown her humble name,
Unchronicled in records old,
Or tale by flatt'ring poets told:
She to her beauties owes her noblest fame,
Her noblest honours to thy love.
Know Cupid scorns the trophy'd shield,
Vain triumph of some guilty field,
Where dragons hiss and lions roar,
Blazon'd with argent and with or,
His heraldry is hearts for hearts,
He stamps himself o'er all, and dignifies his darts.
Smote by a simple village maid,
See noble Petrarch night and day
Pour his soft sorrows through the shade;
Nor could the muse his pains allay:
What though with hands pontific crown'd,
With all the scarlet senate round;
He saw his brows adorn the living ray,
Though sighing virgins try'd each winning art,
To cure their gentle poet's love sick heart;
Cupid more pow'rful than them all,
Resolv'd his tuneful captive to enthrall,
Subdued him with a shepherdess's look;
He wreathes his verdant honours round her crook,

And taught Vall Clusa's smiling groves,
To wear the fable liveries of his loves.

But this example scarce can move thy mind,
The gentle power with verse was ever join'd:
Then hear, my Lord, a dreadful tale,
Not known in fair Arcadia's peaceful vale,
Nor in the academic grove,
Where mild philosophy might dwell with love;
But poring o'er the mystic page,
Of old Stagira's wond'rous sage,
In the dark cave of syllogistic doubt,
Where neither muse nor beauty's queen,
Nor wand'ring grace was ever seen,
Love found his destin'd victim out,
And put the rude militia all to rout:
For whilst poor Abelard, ah! soon decreed
Love's richest sacrifice to bleed,
Unweiting drew the argumental thread,
A finer net the son of Venus spread:
Involving in his ample category,
With all his musty schoolmen round,
Th' unhappy youth, alike renown'd
In philosophic and in amorous story.

Inflexible and stern the Czar,
Amidst the iron sons of war,
With dangers and distress encompass'd round,
In his large bosom deep receiv'd the wound.
No Venus she, surrounded by the loves,
Nor drawn by cooing harvest doves;
'Twas the caprice love to yoke,
Two daring souls, unharvest and unbroke,
When now the many-laurell'd Swede,
The field of death his noblest triumph fled,
And forc'd by fate, but unsubdu'd of soul,
To the fell victor left the—conquest of the pole.

Henry, a monarch to thy heart,
In action brave, in council wise,
Felt in his breast the fatal dart, [eyes;
Shot from two snowy breasts, and two fair lovely [eyes;
Though Galia wept though Sully frown'd,
Though rag'd the impious league around,
The little urchin entrance found,
And to his haughty purpose forc'd to yield
The virtuous conqueror of Coutra's field.

Who knows but some four-tail'd bashaw
May hail thee, peer, his son-in-law,
Some bright sultana, Asia's pride,
Was grandame to the beauteous bride:
For sure a girl so sweet, so kind,
Such a sincere and lovely mind,
Where each exalted virtue shines,
Could never spring from vulgar loins.
No, no, some chief of great Arfaces' line,
Has form'd her lineaments divine;
Who Rome's imperial fasces broke,
And spurn'd the nation's galling yoke,
Though now, oh! sad reverse of fate,
The former lustre of her royal state,
She sees injurious time deface,
And weeps the ravish'd sceptres of her race.

Her melting eye and slender waist,
Fair tap'ring from the swelling breast,
All nature's charms, all nature's pride,
Whate'er they show, whate'er they hide,
I own.—But swear by bright Apollo,
Whose priest I am, nought, nought can follow

Suspect not thou a poet's praise,
Unhurt I hear, uninjur'd gaze :
Alas! such badinage but ill would suit
A married man, and forty years to boot.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI. IMITATED.

TO THE EARL OF M——T.

EASE from the gods the sailor prays,
O'ertaken in the Ægean seas,
When storms begin to roar;
When clouds wrap up the moon from sight,
Nor shine the stars with certain light,
To guide him safe to shore,

Ease, fierce the Russian in war's trade:
Ease, graceful in his tartan plaid,
The highlander demands,
M——t, not to be bought or sold,
For purple, precious gems, or gold,
Or wide and large command.

For nor can wealth, nor golden mace,
Borne high before the great in place,
Make cares stand out o' the way;
The anxious tumults of the mind,
That round the palace unconfined,
Still roam by night and day.

Rich he lives on small, whose board
Shines with frugal affluence stor'd,
The wealth his fire possest;
Nor fear to lose, creates him pain,
Nor fordid love of greater gain,
Can break his easy rest.

Why do we draw too strong the bow,
Beyond our end our hopes to throw,
For warm with other suns
Why change our clime? to ease his toil,
What exile from his native soil,
From self an exile runs.

For vicious care the ship ascends,
On the way-faring troupe attends
First of the company:
Swifter than harts that seek the floods,
Swifter than roll wind driven clouds
Along the middle sky.

Glad in the present hour, a mind
Disdains the care beyond, assign'd
To all, content at heart;
Tempers of life the bitter cup,
With sweetning mirth, and drinks it up,
None blest in every part.

Dwindl'd thy fire in slow old age,
Young K——m from off this stage
Was ravish'd in his prime:
The hour perhaps benign to me,
Will grant what it denies to thee,
And lengthen out my time.

A numerous herd thy vallies fills,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
That low around are thine.
The well-pair'd mares, thy gilded car,
Draw through the streets, thyself from far,
In richest silks to shine,

Conspicuous seen: To me my fate,
Not much to blame, a small estate,
Of rural acres few:
A slender portion of the muse
Bounteous besides, the grace allows,
To scorn th' ill thinking crew.

HORACE BOOK IV. ODE I. IMITATED.

VENUS! call'st thou once more to arms?
Sound'st thou once more thy dire alarms?
Annoy'st my peaceful state again——
Oh, faith of treaties sworn in vain!
Seal'd with the signet of thy doves,
And ratify'd by all the loves.
Spare, Goddess! I implore, implore!
Alas! thy suppliant is no more
What once he was in happier time,
(Illustrated by many a rhyme)
When, skill'd in every ruling art,
Good A****s sway'd his yielding heart:
Love's champion then, and known to fame,
He boasted no inglorious name.
Now, cruel mother of desires!
That doubts and anxious joys inspires,
Ah why so long diffus'd, again
Leviest thou thy dreadful train;
That, when in daring fights he toil'd,
So oft his youthful ardor foil'd?
Oh! let thy hostile fury cease,
Thy faithful veteran rest in peace,
In the laborious service worn,
His arms decay'd, and ensigns torn.

Go, go, swan-wing'd! through liquid air,
Where the bland breath of youthful pray'r
Recals thee from the long delay,
And weeping, chides thee for thy stay.
My lowly roof, that knows no state,
Can't entertain a guest so great:
In P****th's dome, majestic queen,
With better grace thou shalt be seen,
If worthy of the Cyprian dart,
Thou seek'st to pierce a lovely heart
For he to noble birth has join'd
A graceful form and gentle mind;
And to subdue a virgin breast
The youth with thousand arts is blest;
Nor silent in his country's cause,
The anxious guardian of her laws.
He, in thy noblest warfare try'd,
Shall spread thy empire far and wide;
Confirm the glories of thy reign;
And not a glance shall fall in vain.
Then, when each rival shall submit
The prize of beauty and of wit,
And riches yield to fair desert
The triumph of a female heart;
Grateful thy marble form shall stand,
Fair breathing from the sculptor's hand,
Below the temple's pillar'd pride,
Fast by a sacred fountain's side.
Where Tweed sports round each winding maze,
There song shall warble, incense blaze;
Nor dumb shall rest the silver lyre,
To animate the festive choir.
There twice a-day fond boys shall come,
And tender virgins in their bloom,

(With fearful awe and infant shame)
 To call upon thy hallow'd name,
 As thrice about the wanton round
 With snowy feet they lightly bound.
 —For me no beauty now invites,
 Long recreant to the soft delights.
 Lost to the charming arts that move,
 Ah, dare I hope a mutual love!
 The fond belief, of pleasing pain,
 That hopes, fears, doubts, and hopes again.
 No wreaths upon my forehead bloom,
 Where flow'rs their vernal souls consume,
 No more the reigning toast I claim:
 I yield the fierce contended name,
 Though daring once to drink all up,
 While Bacchus could supply the cup.
 Farewell, delusive idle power!

" Welcome, contemplation's hour.
 " Now, now I search, neglected long,
 " The charms that lie in moral song,
 " How to assuage the boiling blood,
 " The lessons of the wise and good;
 " Now with fraternal sorrows mourn;
 " Now pour the tear o'er friendship's urn;
 " Or higher raise the wish refin'd,
 " The generous pray'r for human kind;
 " Or anxious for my Britain's fate,
 " To freedom beg a longer date,
 " To calm her more than civil rage,
 " And spare her yet one other age,
 " These, these the labours I pursue:
 " Fantastic love! a long adieu."

—Yet why, O bounteous ***** , why,
 Heaves the long forgotten sigh?
 Why, down my cheeks, when you appear,
 Steals drop by drop th' unbidden tear?
 Once skill'd to breathe the anxious vow,
 Why fails my tongue its master now,
 And, fault'ring, dubious strives in vain
 The tender meaning to explain?
 Why, in the visions of the night,
 Rises thy image to my sight?
 Now seized, thy much lov'd form I hold,
 Now lose again the transient fold;
 Unequal, panting far behind,
 Pursue thee fleetier than the wind,
 Whether the dear delusion strays
 Through fair Hope-park's enchanting maze,
 Or where thy cruel phantom glides
 Along the swiftly running tides.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE XVIII. IMITATED.

DEAR Ramsay, if I know thy soul aright,
 Plain-dealing honesty's thy dear delight:
 Not great, but candid born; not rich, but free;
 Thinks kings most wretched, and most happy me:
 Thy tongue untaught to lie, thy knee to bend,
 I fear no flatt'rer where I wish a friend.
 As the chaste matron's tender look and kind,
 Where sits the soul to speak the yearning mind,
 From the false colouring of the wanton shows
 Th' unhallow'd roses and polluted snows,
 A glare of beauty, nauseous to the sight,
 Gross but to feed desire, not raise delight:
 So differs far, in value, use and end,
 The praising foe from the reproving friend,

Such distance lies between, nay greater far,
 Who bears an honest heart, or bears a star.
 A fault there is, but of another sort,
 That aims by nastiness to make its court;
 By downright rudeness would attempt to please,
 And sticks his friendship on your lips in grease:
 With him (for such were Sparta's rigid rules)
 All the polite are knaves; the cleanly, fools;
 Good humour for impertinence prevails;
 So strangely honest—he'll not pair his nails.
 Know, virtuous Sir, if not indeed a slave
 Yet, sordid as the thing, thou art a knave;
 Virtue, its own, and every plain man's guide,
 Serenely walks with vice on every side,
 Keeps its own course, to its own point does bend,
 To follies deaf that call from either end.
 This simple maxim should a statesman doubt,
 Two characters shall make it plainly out.
 The first is his (the opposite of proud),
 By far more humble than a Christian should,
 Pursues, distasteful of plain sober cheer,
 Th' inhospitable dinner of a peer;
 Usurps, without the task of saying grace,
 The poor starv'd chaplain's perquisites and place;
 To vice gives virtue, to old age gives youth;
 So well bred he—he never spoke one truth:
 With watchful eyes sits full against my lord,
 And catches, as it falls, each heavy word;
 That, echo'd back, and sent from lungs more able,
 Assumes new force, and bandies round the table.
 All stare: "Was ever thing so pretty spoke?"
 You'd almost swear it was his Grace's joke.
 Yet such as these divide the great man's store,
 And flatter out the friendless and the poor.

Nor less the fool our censure must engage,
 Whom every trifle rouses into rage.
 He arms for all, so fierce the wordy war,
 Labeo far less tenacious at the bar;
 Words heap'd on words so fast together drive,
 Like clustering bees that darken from the hive,
 He fights, alas! what mortal dares confute him?
 With tongue, hand, eyes, and every inch about him?
 Deny me this; ah! rather than comply
 A thing so plain,—I'd sooner starve or die.
 But, pray, what all this mighty fury draws?
 Say, raves the patriot o'er expiring laws?
 Say, on th' oppressor does his anger fall?
 Pleads he for the distress'd, like good Newhall?
 Against corruption does his vengeance rise?
 The army; or the general excise?
 On trifling themes like these our man is mute,
 As S———, if fee-less you present your suit.
 More sacred truths his zealous rage supply;
 What all acknowledge, or what all deny:
 If rogues in red are worse than rogues in lawn;
 Or *** be as great a dunce as —;
 Or if our Hannibal's fam'd Alpine road,
 Be thirty foot, or five and thirty broad.

The vicious man, though in the worst degree,
 His neighbour thinks more vicious still than he.
 Is there whom lawless love should bring to gallows?
 He cries, what vengeance wait on perjur'd fellows?
 Ruchead, who pin'd amidst his boundless store,
 Cou'd wonder why rich Selkirk wish'd for more:
 The youthful knight, who squanders all away,
 On whores, on equipage, on dress and play;
 The man who thirsts and hungers after gold;
 The tripping tradesman, and the merchant bold,

Whom fear of poverty compels to fly
Through seas, excisemen, rocks, oaths, perjury;
Start at each others crimes with pious fright,
Yet think themselves for ever in the right.

But above all, the rogue of wealth exclaims,
And calls the poorer sinner filthy names;
Though his foul soul, discolour'd all within,
Has deeper drank the tincture of each sin:
Or else advises, as the mother sage
Rebukes the hopes and torment of her age,
(And faith, though insolent of wealth, in this
Methinks, good friend, he talks not much amiss)
"Yield, yield, O fool, to my superior merit,
"Without a sixpence thou, and sin with spirit?
"For me those high adventures kept by fate;
"For crimes look graceful with a large estate:
"Then cease, vain madman, and contend no more;
"Heav'n meant thee virtuous when it made thee
"poor."

But crimes like these to gold we can forgive;
What boots it how they die or how they live?
Then weep, my friend, when wicked wealth you
To change the species of the virtuous mind. [find,
You've doubtless heard how 'twas a statesman's way,
Whene'er he would oblige, that is, betray,
Invited first the destin'd prey to dine,
Then whisper'd in his ear, "You must be fine:
"Fine clothes, gay equipage, a splendid board
"Give youth a lustre, and become a lord.
"Why loiter meanly in paternal grounds,
"To neighbours owe thy ease, thy health to
"hounds!"

"Go roam about in gilded chariot hurl'd; [world:
"Make friends of strangers, child, and learn the
"These kind instructors teach you best of any,
"The wise Sir William, and the good Lord Fanny."
Guileless he hears of pension and of place,
Then sinks in honour as he swells in lace;
Each hardy virtue yields, and, day by day,
Melts in the sunshine of a court away.
At first (not every manly thought resign'd)
He wonders why he dares not tell his mind;
Feels the last footsteps of retiring grace,
And virtuous blushes ling'ring on his face:
The artful tempter plies the slavish hour,
And works the gudgeon now within his pow'r;
Then tips his fellow statesman, "He'll assume
"New modes of thinking in the drawing-room;
"See idle dreams of greatness strike his eyes,
"See pensions, ribbons, coronets arise."
"The man, whom labour only could delight,
"Shall loiter all the day, and feast all night:
"Who, mild, did once the kindest nature boast,
"Unmov'd shall riot at the orphan's cost;
"To pleasures vile, that health and fame destroy,
"Yield the domestic charm, the social joy.
"See, charm'd no more with Maro's rural page,
"He slumbers over Lucan's free born rage.
"Each action in inverted lights is seen;
"Meanness, frugality; and freedom, spleen;
"How foolish Cato! Cæsar how divine!
"In spite of Tully, friend to Catiline."
Thus to each fair idea long unknown,
The slave of each man's vices and his own,
Inroll'd a member of the hireling tribe,
He tow'rs to villany's last act, a bribe,
And turns to make his ruin'd fortune's clear,
Or gamester, bully, jobber, pimp, or peer

Till, late refracted through a purer air,
The beams of royal favour fall elsewhere:
Lo, vile, obscure he ends his bustling day,
All stain'd the lustre of his orient ray;
And envies, poor, unpity'd, scorn'd by all,
Marchmont the glories of a gen'rous fall.
Such sad examples can this land afford?
Why 'tis the history of many a Lord.

But you, perhaps, think odd whate'er I say;
Yet drink with such originals each day.
Then censure we no more, too daring friend,
Whom Scandalum Magnatum may offend.
How poor a figure should a poet make,
Ta'en into custody for scribbling's sake?
Ah how! (you know the muses never pay)
With all his verses earn five pounds a-day?
Leave we to Pope each knave of high degree,
Sing we such rules as suit or you or me.
Then, first, into no others secrets pry;
To such be deaf your ear, be blind your eye:
Of these, unask'd, why shou'd you claim a share?
But keep these safe intrusted to your care.
For this, beware the cunning low design,
That takes advantage of your rage or wine;
For rage no pause of cooler thought affords,
Is rash, intem'rate, headlong in its words.
Lock fast your lips, then, guard whate'er you say,
Lest in the fit of passion you betray;
And dread the wretch, who boasts the fatal pow'r
To cheat in friendship's unsuspecting hour.

There is a certain pleasing force that binds,
Faster than chains do slaves, two willing minds.
Tempers oppos'd each may it self controul,
And melt two varying natures in one soul.
This made two brothers diff'rent humours hit,
Though one had probity, and one had wit.
Of sober manners this, and plain good sense,
Avoided cards, wine, company, expence;
Safe from the tempting fatal sex withdrew,
Nor made advances further than a bow.
A diff'rent train of life his twin pursues;
Lov'd pictures, books, (nay authors write) the stews,
A mistress, op'ra, play, each darling theme;
To scribble, above all, his joy supreme.
Must these two brothers always meet to scold,
Or quarrel, like to Jove's fam'd twins of old?
Each yielding, mutual, could each other please,
And drew life's yoke with tolerable ease:
This thinking mirth not always in the wrong,
Wou'd sometimes condescend to hear a song;
And that, fatigu'd with his exalted fits,
His beauties, gewgaws, whirlegigs and wits,
Would leave them all, far happier, to regale
With prose and friendship o'er a pot of ale.
Then to thy friend's opinion sometimes yield,
And seem to lose, altho' thou gain'st the field;
Nor, proud that thy superior sense be shown,
Rail at his studies, and extol your own.
For when Aurora weeps the balmy dew,
(And dreams, as rev'rend dreamers tell, are true)
Sir George my shoulder flaps, just in the time
When some rebellious word consents to rhyme:
Sudden my verses take the rude alarm,
New-coin'd, and from the mint of fancy warm!
I start, I stare, I question with my eyes;
At once the whole poetic vision flies.
Up, up, exclaims the knight; the season fair;
See how serene the sky, how calm the air;

Hark! from the hills the cheerful horns rebound,
And echo propagates the jovial sound;
The certain hound in thought his prey pursues,
The scent lies warm, and loads the tainted dews,
I quit my couch, and cheerfully obey,
Content to let the younker have his way;
I mount my courser, fleetier than the wind,
And leave the rage of poetry behind.
But when, the day in healthful labour lost,
We eat our supper earn'd at common cost; [troul,
When each frank tongue speaks out without con-
And the free heart expatiates o'er the bowl;
Though all love prose, my poetry finds grace,
And, pleas'd, I chant the glories of the chase.

Of old, when Scotia's sons for empire fought,
Ere av'rice had debas'd each gen'rous thought,
Ere yet, each manlier exercise forgot,
One half had learn'd to dose, one half to vote,
Each hardy toil confirm'd their dawning age,
And mimic fights inspir'd to martial rage:
'Twas theirs with certain speed the dart to send,
With youthful force the stubborn yew to bend;
O'er came with early arm the fiercest floods,
Or rang'd 'midst chilling snows the pathless woods;
Toil'd for the savage boar on which they fed:
'Twas thus the chief of Bannockburn was bred:
That gave (not polish'd then below mankind)
Strength to the limbs, and vigour to the mind.
The smiling dame, in those victorious days,
Was woo'd by valour, not seduc'd by praise;
Who ne'er did fears, but for her country, feel,
And never saw her lover, but in steel;
Could make a Douglas' stubborn bosom yield,
And send her hero raging to the field;
Heard kind the honest warrior's one-tongu'd vow,
Pleas'd with the genuine heart, as H*** is now.
How would the gen'rous lass detest to see
An effenc'd fopling puling o'er his tea;
Ah how, distasteful of the mimic show,
Disdain the false appearance, as a foe!
'To greet, unfolding ev'ry social charm,
Her soldier from the field of glory warm.

But now, alas! these gen'rous aims are o'er;
Each foe insults, and Britain fights no more.
Yet humbler tasks may claim the patriot's toil:
Who aids her laws no more, may mend her foil.
Since, to be happy, man must ne'er be still,
'Th' internal void let peaceful labours fill;
When kind amusements hours of fame employ,
The working mind subsides to sober joy:
Behold, in fair autumnal honours spread,
The wheaten garland wreath the laurell'd head:
Where stagnant waves did in dull lakes appear,
Rich harvests wave, the bounty of the year;
In barren heaths, where summer never smil'd,
The rural city rises o'er the wild;
Along the cool canal, or shooting grove,
Disport the sons of mirth and gamefome love.

It now remains I counsel, if indeed
My counsel, friend, can stand thee ought in stead.
Judge well of whom you speak; nor will you find
It always safe to tell each man your mind.
Even honesty regard to safety owes;
Nor need it publish all it thinks and knows.
'Th' eternal quest'ner shun; a certain rule,
There is no blab like to the quest'ning fool;
Even scarce before you turn yourself about,
Whate'er he hears his leaky tongue runs out;

The word elanc'd no longer we controul,
Once fally'd forth, it bursts from pole to pole.

Guard well your heart, ah! still be beauty-proof
Beneath fair friendship's venerable roof,
What though she shines the brightest of the fair,
A form even such as Wallace self might wear!
What though no rocks, nor marble arm her breast,
A yielding Helen to her Trojan guest,
The dangerous combat fly: why wouldst thou gain
A shameful conquest won by years of pain?
For know, the short-liv'd guilty rapture past,
Reflection comes a dreadful judge at last:
'Tis that avenges (such its pointed stings)
The poor man's cause on statesmen and on kings.

To praise aright, is sure no easy art;
Yet prudence here directs the wise-man's part.
Let long experience then confirm the friend,
Dive to his depth of soul, ere you commend.
Should you extol the fool but slightly known,
Guileless you blush for follies not your own.
Alas! we err: for villains can betray,
And gold corrupt the saint of yesterday.
Then shield, convicted by the public voice,
And frankly own the weakness of your choice;
So greater credit shall your judgment gain,
When you defend the worth that knaves arraign;
Whose soul secure, confiding in your aid,
Hopes the kind shelter of your friendly shade;
When envy on his spotless name shall fall,
Whose venom'd tooth corrupts and blackens all;
This mutual help the kindred virtues claim;
For calumny eats on from fame to fame.
When o'er thy neighbour's roof the flames aspire,
Say, claims it not thy care to quench the fire?
When envy rages, small the space betwixt,
In worth ally'd, thy character is next.

Fir'd at the first with what the great impart,
Frank we give way, and yield up all the heart.
How sweet the converse of the potent friend!
How charming when the mighty condescend!
The smile so affable, the courtly word!—
And, as we would a mistress, trust a lord.
Th' experienc'd dread the cheat; with prudent care
Distrust alike the powerful and the fair.
Thou, when thy vessel flies before the wind,
Think on the peaceful port thou left behind;
Though all serene, yet bear a humble sail,
Lest veering greatness shift the treach'rous gale.
How various man! yet such are nature's laws,
With pow'rful force each diff'rent humour draws.
The grave the cheerful hate; these hate the sad;
Your sober wise man thinks the wit quite mad;
He, happy too in wit's inverted rule,
Thinks every sober wise man more than fool;
Whose active mind from toil to toil can run,
And join the rising to the setting sun,
Like Philip's son for fame, pursuing gains
While yet one penny unsubdu'd remains;
Admires how lovers waste th' inactive day,
Sigh, mid't the fair, their gentle souls away.
The tuneful bard, who boasts his vary'd strains,
Shares with the lark the glory of the plains,
Whose life th' impression of no sorrow knows,
So smoothly calm, he scarcely feels it flows.
In vocal woods each fond conceit pursues,
Pleas'd with the glingling bauble of a muse,
Pities the toiling madman's airy scheme,
When greatness sickens o'er th' ambitious dream;

Each boon companion, who the night prolongs,
In noise and rapture, festivals and songs,
Condemns the graver mortal for an ass,
Who dares refuse his bumper and his lass;
Still urging on, what boots it that you swear
You dread the vapours and nocturnal air;
Yet grant a little to the social vine,
Full on the friend with cloudless visage shine,
Oft fullen silence speaks a want of sense,
Or folly lurks beneath the wise pretence.
Is there severe, who baulks the genial hour?
He's not so sober, were he not so four.

But above all, I charge thee o'er and o'er,
Fair peace through all her secret haunts explore;
Consult the learn'd in life, (these best advise)
The good in this, more knowing than the wise,
Their sacred science learn, and what the art
To guard the sallies of th' impetuous heart;
With temper due th' internal poise to keep,
Not soaring impudent, nor servile creep;
How sure thyself, thy friends, thy God to please,
Firm health without, within unshaken peace;
Lest keen desire, still making new demands,
Should raise new foes unnumber'd on thy hands:
Or hope, or fear inspire th' unmanly groan,
For things of little use, perhaps of none.
Who best can purchase virtue's righteous dow'r,
The sage with wisdom, or the king with pow'r:
Or if the mighty blessing stands confin'd,
To the chaste nature and the heav'n-taught mind;
And chief th' important lesson wise attend,
What makes thee to thyself thyself's best friend:
If gold a pure tranquillity bestows,
Or greatness can insure a night's repose;
Or must we seek it in the secret road
That leads through virtue to the peaceful God;
A shaded walk, where, separate from the throng,
We steal through life all unperceiv'd along.

For me, afraid of life's tempestuous gale,
I make to port, and crowd on all my sail.
Soon may the peaceful grove and shelter'd seat
Receive me weary in the kind retreat;
Blest if my **** be the destin'd shade,
Where childhood sported of no ills afraid,
Ere youth full grown its daring wing display'd. }
That often cross'd by life's intestine war,
Forefaw that day of triumph from afar,
When warring passions mingling in the fray,
Had drawn the youthful wand'rer from his way:
But recollecting the short error, mourn'd,
And duteous to the warning voice return'd.
No more the passions hurrying into strife,
My soul enjoys the gentler calms of life.
Like Tityrus, blest'd among the rural shades,
Whose hallow'd round no guilty wish invades;
No joy tumultuous, no depressing care;
All that I want is Amaryllis there;
While silver Forth each fair meander leads
Through breathing harvests and empurpl'd meads;
Whose russet swains enjoy the golden dream,
And thankful blest the plenty-giving stream.
There youth, convinc'd, forgoes each daring claim,
And settling manhood takes a surer aim;
Till age accomplish late the fair design,
And calm possess the good, if age be mine.
What think'st thou then, my friend, shall be my
cares,
My daily studies, and my nightly pray'rs?

Of the propitious Pow' er this boon I crave,
Still to preserve the little that I have;
Nor yet repugnance at the lot express,
Should fate decree that little to be less,
That what remains of life to heav'n I live,
If life indeed has any time to give:
Or, if the fug'tive will no longer stay,
To part as friends should do, and slip away:
Thankful to heav'n, or for the good supply'd,
To heav'n submissive for the good deny'd;
Renounce the household charm, a bliss divine!
Heav'n never meant for me, and I resign:
In other joys th' allotted hours improve,
And gain in friendship what was lost in love:
Some comfort snatch'd, at each vain year return'd,
When nature suffer'd, or when friendship mourn'd,
Of all that stock so fatally bereft,
Once youth's proud boast, alas! the little left;
These friends, in youth belov'd, in manhood try'd,
Age must not change through avarice or pride:
For me let wisdom's sacred fountain flow,
The cordial draught that sweetens every woe:
Let fortune kind, the *just enough* provide,
Nor dubious float on hope's uncertain tide:
Add thoughts compos'd, affections ever even.—
Thus far suffices to have ask'd of heaven,
Who, in the dispensations of a day, [away:
Grants life, grants death; now gives, now takes
To scaffold oft the ribbon'd spoiler brings;
Takes power from statesmen, and their thrones
from kings;
From the unthankful heart the bliss decreed—
But leaves the man of worth still blest'd indeed:
Be life heav'n's gift, be mine the care to find,
Still equal to itself, the balanc'd mind;
Fame, beauty, wealth forgot, each human toy,
With thoughtful quiet pleas'd, and virtuous joy;
In these, and these alone, supremely blest,
When fools and madmen scramble for the rest.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE I. TRANSLATED *.

WATER, great principle where nature springs,
The prime of elements, and first of things,
Amidst proud riches' soul-inflaming store,
As through the night the fiery blaze
Pours all around the streaming rays,
Conspicuous glows the golden oar.
But if thee, O my soul, a fond desire
To sing the contests of the great,
Calls forth t' awake th' etherial fire,
What subject worthier of the lyre,
Olympia's glories to relate!
Full in the forehead of the sky,
The sun, the world's bright radiant eye,
Shines o'er each lesser flame;
On earth what theme suffices more
To make the muses' offspring soar,
Than the Olympian victor's fame?
But from the swelling column, where on high
It peaceful hangs, take down the Doric lyre,

* *Lyricorum longè Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris, beatissima rerum verborumque copâ, et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine; profertur quæ Horatius cum merito credit nemini imitabilem. Quintil. Instit. Orat. lib. x. cap. I.*

If with sweet love of sacred melody,
 The steeds of Hiero thy breast inspire.
 When borne along the flow'ry fide,
 Where smooth Alpheus' waters glide,
 Their voluntary virtue flies,
 Nor needs the driver's rousing cries,
 But rapid sieze the dusty space,
 To reap the honours of the race
 The merit of their speed ;
 And bind, with laurel wreath, the manly brows
 Of him, the mighty king of Syracuse,
 Delighting in the victor steed.
 Far found his glory through the winding coast
 Of Lydia, where his wand'ring host
 From Elis, Pelops led to new abodes ;
 There prosper'd in his late found reign,
 Lov'd by the ruler of the main ;
 When, at the banquet of the gods,
 In the pure laver of the fates again,
 Clotho, the youth to life renew'd,
 With potent charm and mystic strain,
 When, by his cruel father slain,
 With ivory shoulder bright endow'd.
 Oft fables with a fond surprise,
 When shaded o'er with fair disguise,
 The wand'ring mind detain ;
 Deluded by the kind deceit,
 We joy more in the skilful cheat
 Than in truth's faithful strain.
 But chief to verse these wond'rous pow'rs belong,
 Such grace has heaven bestowed on song ;
 Blest parent ! from whose loins immortal joys,
 To mitigate our pain below,
 Soft'ning the anguish of our woe,
 Are sprung, the children of its voice :
 Song can o'er unbelief itself prevail,
 The virtue of its magic art,
 Can make the most amazing tale,
 With shafts of eloquence assail,
 Victorious, the yielding heart :
 But time, on never-ceasing wings,
 Experienc'd wisdom slowly brings,
 And teaches mortal race
 Not to blaspheme the Holy One
 That, deathless, fills the heav'nly throne,
 Inhabiting eternal space.
 Therefore, O son of Tantalus, will I
 In other guise thy wond'rous tale unfold,
 And juster to the rulers of the sky,
 With lips more hallow'd than the bards of old.
 For when thy fire, the gods above,
 To share the kind return of love,
 Invited from their native bow'rs,
 To his own lov'd Sipylian tow'rs,
 The trident pow'r, by fierce desire,
 Subdu'd, on golden steeds of fire
 Thee bore aloft to Jove on high ;
 Where, since young Ganymede, sweet Phrygian
 Succeeded to the ministry of joy, [boy,
 And nectar banquet of the sky.
 But when no more on earth thy form was seen,
 Conspicuous in the walks of men,
 Nor yet to sooth thy mother's longing sight,
 The searching train sent to explore
 Thy lurking place, could thee restore,
 The weeping fair's supreme delight :
 Then Envy's forked tongue began t' infest
 And wound thy fire's untainted fame,

That he to each ethereal guest
 Had serv'd thee up a horrid feast,
 Subdu'd by force of all-devouring flame ;
 But, the blest pow'rs of heav'n t' accuse,
 Far be it from the holy muse,
 Of such a feast impure ;
 Vengeance protracted for a time,
 Still overtakes the fland'ers crime,
 At heaven's slow appointed hour.
 Yet certain, if the Pow'r who wide surveys,
 From his watch-tow'r, the earth and seas,
 E'er dignify'd the perishable race ;
 Him, Tantalus they rais'd on high,
 Him, the chief fav'rite of the sky,
 Exalted to sublimest grace.
 But his proud heart was lifted up and vain,
 Swell'd with his envy'd happiness,
 Weak and frail his mortal brain,
 The lot superior to sustain,
 He fell degraded from his blifs.
 For on his head th' Almighty Sire,
 Potent in his kindled ire,
 Hung a rock's monstrous weight :
 Too feeble to remove the load,
 Fix'd by the sanction of the God,
 He wand'ring erring from delight.
 The watchful synod of the skies decreed
 His wasted heart a prey to endless woes,
 Condemn'd a weary pilgrimage to lead,
 On earth secure, a stranger to repose.
 Because, by mad ambition driv'n,
 He robb'd the sacred stores of heav'n :
 Th' ambrosial vintage of the skies
 Became the daring spoiler's prize,
 And brought to sons of mortal earth,
 The banquet of celestial birth,
 With endless blessings fraught ;
 And to his impious rev'lers pour'd the wine,
 Whose precious sweets make blest the pow'rs divine,
 Gift of the rich immortal draught.
 Foolish the man who hopes his crimes may lie
 Unseen by the supreme all-piercing eye :
 He, high enthron'd above all heav'ns height,
 The works of men with broad survey,
 And, as in the blazing flame of day,
 Beholds the secret deeds of night.
 Therefore his son the immortals back again
 Sent to these death-obnoxious abodes,
 To taste his share of human pain,
 Exil'd from the celestial reign,
 And sweet communion of the gods.
 But when the fleecy down began
 To clothe his chin, and promise man,
 The shafts of young desire,
 And love of the fair female kind,
 Inflam'd the youthful hero's mind,
 And set his amorous soul on fire.
 Won by fair Hippodamia's lovely eyes,
 The Pisan tyrant's blooming prize,
 High in his hopes he purpos'd to obtain ;
 O'ercome her savage fire in arms,
 The price of her celestial charms :
 For this the ruler of the main
 Invoking in the dreary solitude,
 And secret season of the night ;
 Oft, on the margin of the flood
 Alone, the raging lover stood,
 Till to his long-desiring sight,

From below the sounding deeps,
 His scaly herds where Proteus keeps,
 The fav'rite youth to please,
 Dividing swift the hoary stream,
 Refulgent on his golden team, [seas.
 Appear'd the trident-scepter'd king of
 To whom the youth: If e'er with fond delight,
 The gifts of Venus could thy soul inspire,
 Restrain fell Oenemaüs' spear in fight;
 And me, who dare advent'rous to aspire,
 Me grant, propitious, to succeed,
 Enduing with unrivall'd speed
 The flying car, decreed to gain
 The laurel wreath, on Elis' plain,
 Victorious o'er the father's pow'r;
 Who dire, so many hapless lovers slain,
 Does still a maid the wond'rous fair detain,
 Protractive of the sweet connubial hour.
 Danger demands a soul secure of dread,
 Equal to the daring deed!
 Since then th' immutable decrees of fate,
 Have fix'd, by their vicegerent death,
 The limits of each mortal breath,
 Doom'd to the urn, or soon or late:
 What mind resolv'd and brave would sleep away
 His life, when glory warms the blood,
 Only t' enjoy some dull delay,
 Inactive to his dying day,
 Not aiming at the smallest good?
 But the blooming maid inspires
 My breast to far sublimer fires,
 To raise my glory to the skies:
 Gracious, O fav'ring pow'r! give ear,
 Indulgent to my vow sincere,
 Prosp'ring the mighty enterprise.
 So pray'd the boy: nor fell his words in vain,
 Unheeded by the ruler of the main;
 A golden car, earth's shaking pow'r bestow'd,
 And to the glitt'ring axle join'd
 Unrivall'd steeds, fleet as the wind:
 Glad of the present of the god,
 The ardent youth demands the promis'd fight:
 In dust, the haughty parent laid,
 Neptune fulfils the youth's delight,
 And wings his chariot's rapid flight,
 To win the sweet celestial maid.
 She, with six sons, a fair increase,
 Crown'd the hero's warm embrace,
 Whom virtue's love inspir'd;
 Upright to walk in virtue's ways,
 The surest path to noblest praise,
 The noblest praise the youth acquir'd.
 Now by Alpheus' stream, meand'ring fair,
 Whose humid train wide spreads the Pisan plains,
 A sepulchre, sublimely rear'd in air,
 All, of the mighty man that was, contains.
 There frequent in the holy shade,
 The vows of stranger-chiefs are paid,
 And on the sacred altar lies
 The victim, smoking to the skies;
 When heroes, at the solemn shrine,
 Invoke the pow'rs with rites divine,
 From every distant soil,
 And drive about the consecrated mound
 The sounding car, or on the list'd ground
 Urge the fleet racers, or the wrestlers toi'.
 Happy the man whom fav'ring fate allows
 The wreaths of Pisa to surround his brows;

All wedded to delight, his after-days
 In calm and even tenor run,
 The noble dow'r of conquest won,
 Such conscious pleasure flows from praise.
 Thee, muse, great Hiero's virtue to prolong,
 It fits, and to resound his name:
 Exalting o'er the vulgar throng,
 In thy sweet Eolian song,
 His garland of Olympian fame.
 Nor shalt thou, O my muse! e'er find
 A more sublime or worthier mind,
 To better fortunes born:
 On whom the gracious love of God,
 The regal pow'r has kind bestow'd,
 And arts of sway, that power t' adorn.
 Still may thy God, O potent king! employ
 His sacred ministry of joy,
 Solicitous, with tutelary care,
 To guard from the attacks of fate
 Thy blessings, lasting as they're great,
 The pious poet's constant pray'r.
 Then to the mighty bounty of the sky,
 The muse shall add a sweeter lay,
 With wing sublime, when she shall flie
 Where Cronius rears his cliffs on high,
 Smote with the burning shafts of day;
 If the muses' quiver'd god
 Pave for song the even road,
 With sacred rapture warm,
 A further flight aloft in air
 Elanc'd, shall wing my tuneful spear,
 More vigorous from the muse's arm.
 To many heights the daring climber springs,
 Ere he the highest top of pow'r shall gain;
 Chief seated there the majesty of kings,
 The rest, at different steps, below remain:
 Exalted to that wondrous height,
 T' extend the prospect of delight,
 May'st thou, O Hiero! live content,
 On the top of all ascent.
 To thee, by bounteous fates, be giv'n
 T' inhabit still thy lofty heav'n:
 To me, in arts of peace,
 Still to converse with the fair victor host,
 For graceful song, an honourable boast,
 Conspicuous through the realms of Greece.

PINDAR'S OLYMPIA.

ODE II.

O SOVEREIGN hymns! that pow'rful reign
 In the harp, your sweet domain,
 Whom will ye choose to raise;
 What god shall now the verse resound;
 What chief, for godlike deed renown'd,
 Exalt to loftiest praise?
 Pisa is Jove's: Jove's conqu'ring son
 First the Olympic race ordain'd:
 The first fair fruits of glory won
 The haughty tyrant's rage restrain'd.
 He first the wond'rous game bestow'd,
 When breathing from Augean toils,
 He consecrates the dreadful spoils,
 An off'ring to his father-god.
 Theron, his virtues to approve,
 And imitate the seed of Jove,
 Th' Olympic laurel claims;

Whose swift-wheel'd car has borne away
 The rapid honours of the day,
 Foremost among the victor names.
 Therefore for Theron praise awaits,
 For him the lyre awakes the strain,
 The stranger welcom'd at his gates
 With hospitable love humane.
 Fix'd on the councils of his breast,
 As on the column's lofty height
 Remains secure the building's weight,
 The structure of his realm may rest.
 Of a fair stem, himself a fairer flow'r,
 Who soon transplanted from their native soil,
 Wander'd many climates o'er,
 Till, after long and various toil,
 On the fair river's destin'd bank they found
 Their sacred seat, and heav'n-chose ground;
 Where stood, delightful to the eye,
 The fruitful, beauteous Sicily,
 And could a num'rous issue boast, [the coast.
 That spread their lustre round, and flourish'd o'er
 The following years all took their silver flight,
 With pleasure wing'd and soft delight,
 And every year that flew in peace,
 Brought to their native virtues, store
 Of wealth and pow'r, a new increase, [more.
 Fate still confirm'd the sum, and bounteous added
 But son of Rhe' and Saturn old,
 Who dost thy sacred throne uphold
 On high Olympus' hill;
 Whose rule th' Olympic race obeys,
 Who guid'ft Alpheus' winding maze,
 In hymns delighting still;
 Grant, gracious to the godlike race,
 Their children's children to sustain,
 Peaceful through time's ne'er-ending space,
 The sceptre and paternal reign.
 For time, the aged sire of all,
 The deed impatient of delay,
 Which the swift hour has wing'd away,
 Just or unjust can ne'er recall.
 But when calmer days succeed,
 Of fair event and lovely deed,
 Our lot serene at last;
 The memory of darker hours,
 When heav'n severe and angry low'rs,
 Forgotten lies and past.
 Thus mild and lenient of his frown,
 When Jove regards our adverse fate,
 And sends his chosen blessings down
 To cheer below our mortal state:
 Then former evils, odious brood,
 Before the heav'n-born blessings fly,
 Or trodden down subjected lie,
 Soon vanquish'd by the victor-good.
 With thy fair daughters, Cadmus! best agrees
 The muse's song; who, after many woes
 At last on golden thrones of ease,
 Enjoy an undisturb'd repose.
 No more they think of Cadmus, mournful swain!
 Succeeding joys dispel his former pain.
 And Semele, of rosy hue,
 Whom the embracing thunderer slew,
 Exalted now to heav'n's abodes,
 Herself a goddess blythe, dwells with immortal
 Bath'd in ambrosial odours of the sky, [gods.
 Her long dishevell'd tresses fly:
 Her, Minerva still approves;

She is her prime and darling joy:
 Her, heav'n's Lord supremely loves;
 As does his rosy son, the ivy-crowned boy.
 Thou too! in pearly cells,
 Where Nereus' sea-green daughter dwells,
 Enjoy'ft a lot divine:
 No more of suff'ring mortal strain,
 An azure goddess of the main,
 Eternal rest is thine.
 Lost in a maze, blind feeble man,
 Knows not the hour he sure foresees,
 Nor with the eyes of nature can
 Pierce through the hidden deep decrees.
 Nor sees he if his radiant day,
 That in meridian splendour glows,
 Shall gild his ev'ning's quiet close,
 Soft smiling with a farewell ray.
 As when the ocean's reflux tides,
 Within his hollow womb subsides,
 Is heard to sound no more;
 Till rousing all its rage again,
 Flood roll'd on flood it pours amain,
 And sweeps the sandy shore:
 So fortune, mighty queen of life,
 Works up proud man, her destin'd slave,
 Of good and ill the stormy strife,
 The sport of her alternate wave;
 Now mounted to the height of bliss,
 He seems to mingle with the sky;
 Now looking down with giddy eye,
 Sees the retreating waters fly,
 And trembles at the deep abyss.
 As, by experience led, the searching mind
 Revolves the records of still-changing fate,
 Such dire reverses shall he find,
 Oft mark the fortunes of the great!
 Now bounteous gods, with blessings all divine,
 Exalt on high the sceptred line,
 Now the bright scene of laurell'd years,
 At once quick-shifting, disappears:
 And in their radiant room succeeds
 A dismal train of ills, and tyrannous misdeeds.
 Since the curst hour the fateful son
 Plung'd in the guilt he sought to shun,
 And saw beneath his hasty rage
 The hoary king, heav'n's victim, bleed;
 Deaf to a father's pleading age,
 His erring hands fulfill'd, what guilty fate decreed.
 Erynnis, dreadful fury! saw
 The breath of nature's holiest law,
 She mounts her hooked car;
 Through Phocis' death-devoted ground
 She flew, and gave the nations round
 To the wide waste of war:
 By mutual hands the brothers dy'd,
 Furious on mutual wounds they run;
 Sons, fathers, swell the sanguine tide;
 Fate drove the purple deluge on.
 Thus perish'd all the fated brood,
 Thus Eris wrought her dreadful will;
 When fated vengeance had its fill,
 Thersander clos'd the scene of blood.
 He, sprung from beauteous Argæa, shone,
 The glory of Adrastus' throne,
 When fierce in youthful fire,
 He rag'd around the Theban wall,
 And saw the sevenfold city fall
 A victim to his fire.

From him, as from a second root,
 Wide spreading to the lofty skies,
 The sons of martial glory shoot,
 And clust'ring chiefs on chiefs arise.
 There in the topmost boughs display'd,
 Great Theron sits with lustre crown'd,
 And verdant honours bloom around,
 While nations rest beneath his shade.
 Awake the lyre! Theron demands the lays,
 Yet all too low! Call forth a nobler strain!
 Decent is ev'n th' excess of praise:
 For Theron strike the sounding lyre again.
 Olympia's flow'ring wreath he singly wears;
 The Isthmian palm his brother shares.
 Delphi resounds the kindred name,
 The youths contend alike for fame,
 Fair rivals in the glorious chase, [giddy space.
 When twelve times darting round, they flew the
 Thrice blest! for whom the graces twine
 Fame's brightest plume, the wreath divine:
 Lost to remembrance, former woes
 No more reflection's sting employ;
 With triumph all the bosom glows,
 Pour'd through th' expanding heart, th' impetuous
 Riches, that singly are possess'd, [tide of joy.
 Vain pomp of life! a specious waste,
 But feed luxurious pride:
 Yet when with sacred virtues crown'd,
 Wealth deals its liberal treasures round,
 'Tis nobly dignify'd.
 To modest worth, to honour's bands,
 With conscious warmth he large imparts;
 And in his presence smiling stands
 Fair science, and her handmaid, arts.
 As in the pure serene of night,
 Thron'd in its sphere, a beauteous star
 Sheds its blest influence from afar
 At once beneficent and bright.
 But hear ye wealthy, hear ye great,
 I sing the fix'd decrees of fate,
 What after death remains,
 Prepar'd for the unfeeling kind
 Of cruel unrelenting mind,
 A doom of endless pains!
 The crimes that stain'd this living light,
 Beneath the holy eye of Jove,
 Meets in the regions drear of night,
 The vengeance but delay'd above.
 There the pale sinner drear aghast,
 Impartial, righteous, and severe,
 Unaw'd by pow'r, unmov'd by pray'r,
 Eternal justice dooms at last.
 Far otherwise the souls whom virtue guides
 Enjoy a calm repose of sacred rest,
 Nor light, nor shade, their time divides,
 With one eternal sunshine blest.
 Emancipated from the cares of life,
 No more they urge the mortal strife;
 No more with still-revolving toil,
 They vex a hard, ungrateful soil;
 Nor plow the furges of the main,
 Exchanging holy quiet for false deceitful gain.
 But to these sacred seats preferr'd,
 With gods they live, as gods rever'd,
 And tears are wip'd from every eye;
 While banish'd from the happy reign,
 The guilty souls in darkness lie,
 And weary out the frightful ministers of pain.

Vol. IX,

So heav'n decrees: The good and just,
 Who, true to life's important trust,
 Have well sustain'd the field;
 Whose souls undaunted, undismay'd,
 Nor flatt'ring pleasure could persuade,
 Nor passions taught to yield;
 These through the mortal changes past,
 Still list'ning to the heav'nly lore,
 Find this sublime reward at last,
 The trial of obedience o'er.
 Then bursting from the bonds of clay,
 Triumphant tread the heav'n-pav'd road
 That leads to Saturn's high abode,
 And Jove himself directs the way.
 There, where the blest reside at ease,
 Bland Zephyrs breathe the sea-born breeze
 O'er all the happy isle:
 Unnumber'd sweets the air perfume,
 'Tis all around one golden bloom,
 All one celestial smile.
 By living streams fair trees ascend,
 Whose roots the humid waters lave;
 The boughs with radiant fruitage bend,
 Rich produce of the fruitful wave.
 Thus sporting in celestial bow'rs,
 The sons of the immortal morn,
 Their heads and rosy hands adorn,
 With garlands of unfading flow'rs.
 There Rhadamanth, who great assessor reigns
 To Rhæa's son, by still unchanging right,
 Awarding all: To vice, eternal chains;
 To virtue opes the gates of light.
 Rhæa! who high in heav'n's sublime abodes
 Sits thron'd, the mother of the gods.
 Cadmus to this immortal choir
 Was led; and Peleus' noble fire!
 And glorious son! since Thetis' love
 Subdu'd with pray'r, the yielding mind of Jove.
 Who Troy laid prostrate on the plain,
 His country's pillar, Hector, slain;
 By whom unhappy Cygnus bled;
 By whom the Ethiopian boy,
 That sprung from Neptune's godlike bed,
 The aged Tithon's, and Aurora's highest joy.
 What grand ideas crowd my brain!
 What images! a lofty train
 In beauteous order spring:
 As the keen store of feather'd fates
 Within the braided quiver waits,
 Impatient for the wing:
 See, see they mount! The sacred few
 Endu'd with piercing flight,
 Alone through darling fields pursue
 Th' aerial regions bright.
 This nature gives, her chiefest boast;
 But when the bright ideas fly,
 Far soaring from the vulgar eye,
 To vulgar eyes are lost.
 Where nature sows her genial seeds,
 A lib'ral harvest straight succeeds,
 Fair in the human soil;
 While art, with hard laborious pains,
 Creeps on unseen, nor much attains,
 By slow progressive toil.
 Resembling this, the feeble crow,
 Amid the vulgar winged crowd,
 Hides in the dark'ning copse below,
 Vain, strutting, garrulous, and loud.

F f

While genius mounts th' etherial height,
 As th' imperial bird of Jove
 On sounding pinions soars above,
 And dares the majesty of light.
 Then fit an arrow to the tuneful string,
 O thou my Genius? warm with sacred flame;
 Fly swift, etherial shaft! and wing
 The godlike Theron unto fame.
 I solemn swear, and holy truth attest,
 That sole inspires the tuneful breast,
 That, never since th' immortal sun
 His radiant journey first begun,
 To none the gods did e'er impart
 A more exalted mind, or wide-diffusive heart.
 Fly, envy, hence, that durst invade
 Such glories, with injurious shade;
 Still, with superior lustre bright,
 His virtues shine, in number more
 Than are the radiant fires of night, [shore.
 Or sands that spread along the sea-surrounding

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

FROM THE VI. ILIAD OF HOMER, TRANSLATED
 LITERALLY.

Beginning ver. 407. *Δυσμάρτυς, φίλῳ τε τὸ σὸν μένος.*

O DARING thou! to thy own strength a prey,
 Nor pity moves thee for thy infant son,
 Nor miserable me, a widow soon!
 For, rushing on thy single might, at once
 The Greeks will overwhelm thee: Better far
 I had been wrapt in earth, than live of thee
 Forlorn, and desolate; if thou must die,
 What further comfort then for me remains,
 What solace, but in tears? No father mine,
 Nor mine no venerable mother's care.
 Noble Achilles' hand my father flew,
 And spread destruction through Cilicia's town,
 Where many people dwelt, high-gated Thebes.
 He flew Aetion, but despoil'd him not,
 For inly in his mind he fear'd the gods;
 But burnt his body with his polish'd arms,
 And o'er him rear'd a mound: the mountain
 The daughters fair of Ege-bearing Jove, [nymphs,
 Planted with elms around the sacred place.
 Seven brothers flourish'd in my father's house;
 All in one day descended to the shades,
 All slain by great Achilles, swift of foot,
 'Midst their white sheep, and heifers flexile-hoof'd,
 My mother, woody Hypoplacia's queen,
 Brought hither, number'd in the victor's spoils;
 Till loos'd from bands, for gifts of mighty price,
 By chase-delighting Dian's dart she fell,
 Smote in my father's house: But, Hector, thou,
 Thou art my sire, my hoary mother thou,
 My brother thou, thou husband of my youth!
 Ah pity, Hector, then! and in this tow'r
 With us remain, nor render by thy fall
 Him a sad orphan, me a widow'd wife.
 Here at this fig-tree station, where the town
 Is easiest of ascent, and low the walls,
 Here thrice the bravest of the foes have try'd
 To pass; each Ajax, brave Idomeneus,
 Th' Atridae too, and Tydeus warlike son;
 Whether some seer, in divination skill'd,

Prompted th' attempt, or their own valour dar'd
 To execute a deed, their wisdom plan'd.

To whom plume-nodding Hector thus reply'd:
 These, woman, are my care; but much I fear
 The Trojan youth, and long-gown'd Trojan dames,
 If, coward-like, I shun afar the fight:
 Not so my courage bids; for I have learnt
 Still to be brave, and foremost to defend
 My father's mighty glories, and my own.
 For well I know, and in my mind foresee,
 A day will come, when sacred Ilion sinks,
 Old Priam perishes, the people too
 Of Priam aspen-spear'd: Yet not so much
 The woes the Trojans yet in after-times
 Must undergo, not Hecuba herself,
 Nor princely Priam, nor my brothers dear,
 Who numerous and brave, have fall'n in dust
 Below the boasting foe, distract my soul,
 As thou: Then when some brazen-coated Greek,
 In the sad day of thy distress shall drag
 Thee weeping; or in Argos, breathing sad,
 To some imperious mistress handmaid, thou
 Shalt weave the web, or fetch the water's weight
 From Meleis or Hyperia's springs, against
 Thy will, but hard necessity compells.
 Then shall he say, who sees thee sunk in tears,
 Lo! Hector's wife, who far the chief of all
 The Trojan steed subduing race excell'd
 Who fought at Ilion. Thus shall they say.
 But thee new pangs shall seize; on thee shall come
 Desire of such a husband, to repel
 The evil hour: but may I low beneath
 The monumental earth be laid to rest,
 Nor thy soft sorrows, nor the melting voice
 Of thy captivity e'er reach my ear.

So saying, the illustrious Hector stretch'd
 His hands to reach his child; the child averse,
 In the soft bosom of the fair zon'd nurse
 Weeping, fell back abhorrent, from his fire
 Of warlike aspect: for he fear'd the shine
 Of armour, and the horse-hair horrid crest
 That nodded dreadful on the helmet's top.
 The loving father smil'd, the mother smil'd;
 Strait from his head th' illustrious Hector took
 His helm, and plac'd it blazing on the ground;
 Then fondled in his arms his much-lov'd son
 He took; thus praying Jove, and all the gods.

Jove, and ye other gods, grant this my son,
 Grant he may too become, as I am now,
 The grace of Troy, the same in martial strength,
 And rule his Ilion with a monarch's sway;
 That men may say when he returns from fight,
 "This youth transcends his sire:" Then may he
 The bloody spoils aloft of hostile chiefs [bear
 In battle slain, and joy his mother's heart.

He said: and to his much-lov'd spouse resign'd
 His child; she, on her fragrant bosom lull'd
 Smiling through tears, receiv'd him: at the sight,
 Compassion touch'd her husband's heart; her cheek
 With gentle blandishment he stroak'd, and spoke:

O best beloved! oh sadden not thy heart
 With grief beyond due bounds: I trust, no hand
 Shall send me down to shades obscure, before
 My day of doom decreed; for well I ween
 No man of mortal men escapes from death,
 Fearful or bold: whoe'er is born must die.
 But thou returning to thy home, attend
 The spindle and the loom, thy peaceful cares,

And call thy duteous maidens round to share
Their tasks by thee assign'd; for war belongs
To men, and chief to me, of Ilion's sons.

This said, illustrious Hector seiz'd his helm,
And to her home return'd his much lov'd spouse,
Oft looking back, and shedding tears profuse.
Then sudden at the lofty dome arriv'd,
With chambers fair adorn'd, where Hector dwelt,
The godlike Hector! There again she wept!
In his own house the living Hector wept;
For now foreboding in their fears, no more
They hop'd to meet him with returning step
From battle 'scap'd the rage and force of Greece.

FIRST SCENE OF THE PHILOCTETES OF SOPHOCLES.

[ULYSSES SPEAKS.]

SON of Achilles! brave Neoptolemus,
You tread the coast of sea-surrounded Lemnos,
Where never mortal yet his dwelling rear'd.
Here, in obedience to the Grecian chiefs,
I erst expos'd the son of noble Pæan,
Consuming with his wounds, and wasting slow
In painful agonies; wild from despair,
He fill'd the camp with lamentations loud,
And execrations dire: No pure libation,
No holy sacrifice could to the gods
Be offer'd up: ill-omen'd sounds of woe
Profan'd the sacred rites: But this no more—
Should he discover my return, 'twere vain
The plan my wakeful industry has wove,
Back to restore yet to the aid of Greece
This most important chief. 'Tis thine, brave youth,
To ripen into deed, what I propose.
Cast round thy eyes, if thou by chance may'st find
The double rock, where from the winter's cold
He shrouds his limbs, or when the summer glows
Amid the cool, the zephyrs gentle breath
Lulls him to his repose; fast on the left
Flows a fresh fountain; if the hero sees
This living light, one of the attendant train
Speed with the hour to glad my list'ning ears,
If in that savage haunt he harbours yet,
Or in some other corner of this isle;
Then farther I'll disclose, what chief imports
Our present needs, and claims our common care.

THE

EPISODE OF LAUSUS AND MEZENTIUS.

FROM THE X. BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

Beginning line 689. Written in the year 1719.

Now Jove inflames Mezentius great in arms,
His ardour rouses, and his courage warms;
Fir'd by the god, to Turnus he succeeds;
Beneath his arm the Trojan battle bleeds;
The Tuscan troops invade their common foe,
Alike in hate their kindling bosoms glow
Fierce to destroy, on him alone they pour
Darts following darts, a thick continu'd shower:
But he undaunted, all the storm sustains,
And scorns th' united fury of the plains;
As some huge rock high tow'ring 'midst the waves,
Of seas and skies the mingling tumult braves,
On its eternal basis fix'd is found,
Though tempests rage, and oceans foam around.

First by his arm unhappy Hebrus bled,
The issue of fam'd Dolicaon's bed;
Then Latagus submits to fate, his way
Adverse he took, the chief with furious sway
Uprear'd a pond'rous rock, the shatter'd brain
Confus'd with blood and gore, o'er spreads the
At flying Palmus next his dart he threw, [plain.
The speedy dart o'ertook him as he flew,
Full in the ham he feels the smarting wound,
Left by the victor grow'ling on the ground:
His arms surround his Lausus' manly breast,
The waving plume adorns his shining crest:
Evas and Mimas, both of Trojan seed,
By the same arm were mingled with the dead;
Mimas, companion of the youthful cares
Of Paris, and the equal of his years: [queen
For, big with fancy'd flames, when Phrygia's
Brought forth the cause of woes, but ill foreseen;
T'extend his blooming race, that self-same night
The spouse of Amycus, Theano bright,
That night so fatal to the peace of Troy,
Blest her lov'd husband with a parent's joy:
But fate to diff'rent lands their deaths decreed,
This in his father's town was doom'd to bleed;
Unthinking Mimas, by Mezentius slain,
Now rolls his carcase o'er the Latian plain.
And as a tusky boar, whom dogs invade,
Of Vesulus bred in the piny shade,
Or near Laurentia's lake, with forest mast,
His feasts obscene supply'd in wild repast;
Rous'd from his savage haunt, a deep retreat,
A length of years his unmolested seat;
When once in toils enclos'd no flight appears,
Turns sudden, foaming fierce, his bristles rears;
All safe at distance stand, and none is found,
Whose valour dares inflict a nearer wound:
Dreadless meanwhile, to ev'ry side he turns,
His teeth he gnashes, and with rage he burns;
Th' united vengeance of the field derides,
A forest rattles as he shakes his sides:
So fare the Tuscan troops; with noisy rage,
And shouts, in the mixt tumult they engage;
All from afar their missile weapons throw,
Fearful in equal arms to meet the foe.
Next, Grecian Acron rush'd into the plain,
Who came from Coritus's ancient reign:
Him thirst of fame to warlike dangers led,
The joys untasted of the bridal bed;
From far Mezentius ey'd him with delight,
In arms refulgent, as he mix'd in fight;
Full o'er his breast, in gold and purple known,
The tokens of his love conspicuous shone.
Then, as a lion thirsting after blood,
(For him persuades the keen desire of food,)
If, or a frisking goat he chance to view,
Or branching stag, that leads the stately crew;
Rejoices, gaping wide, he makes his way,
Furious, and clings incumbent on the prey,
That helpless pants beneath his horrid paws,
The blood o'erflowing, laves his greedy jaws:
So keen Mezentius rushes on each foe;
Unhappy Acron sinks beneath his blow,
Mad in the pangs of death, he spurns the ground,
The blood distains the broken spear around:
Then fled Orodes shameful from the fight;
The victor scorn'd th' advantage of his flight;
But fir'd with rage thro' cleaving ranks he ran,
And face to face oppos'd, and man to man:

F f ij

Not guileful from behind his spear to throw,
 A wound unseen, but strikes an adverse blow.
 Then with his foot his dying foe he press'd,
 Lean'd on his lance, and thus his friends address'd:
 Lo! where Orodes gasps upon the sand,
 His death was due to this victorious hand,
 Large portion of the war! Exulting cries
 Ascend amain, and ring along the skies.
 To whom the vanquish'd with imperfect sound,
 All weak, and faint, and dying of the wound;
 Nor long my ghost shall unreveng'd repine,
 Nor long the triumph of my fall be thine;
 Thee, equal fates, insulting man, remain;
 Thee, death yet waits, and this the fatal plain.
 Him, as he roll'd in death, Mezentius spy'd,
 He smil'd severe, and thus contemptuous cry'd:
 Die thou the first; as he thinks fit, for me,
 The fire of heav'n and earth, let Jove decree.
 He said: and pull'd the weapon from the wound;
 The purple life ebb'd out upon the ground:
 Death's clay-cold hand shut up the sinking light,
 And o'er his closing eyes drew the dark mist of
 By Cædicus' great arm Alcathous fell; [night.
 Sacrator sent Hydaspes down to hell:
 Parthenius dies, by Rapo slain in fight;
 And Orfes vast, of more than mortal might.
 Next sunk two warriors, Clonius the divine,
 And Ericetes of Lycaon's line;
 The issue of the god, their deaths renown'd,
 Whose forked trident rules the deep profound.
 His courser unobedient to the rein,
 Great Ericetes tumbled to the plain.
 Prone as he lay, swift fled the thirsty dart,
 And found the mortal passage to his heart.
 Then lights the victor from his lofty steed,
 And foot to foot engag'd made Clonius bleed.
 Then Lycian Agis, boastful of his might,
 Provok'd the bravest foe to single fight;
 Him boldly Tuscan Valerus assail'd,
 And in the virtues of his fire prevail'd.
 By Salius' arm the swift Antronius bled;
 Nealces javelin struck the victor dead;
 Nealces, skill'd the sounding dart to throw,
 And wing the treach'rous arrow to the foe.
 Mars, raging god, and stern! the war confounds;
 Equals the victor's shouts, and dying sounds.
 Encount'ring various on th' imbattl'd field,
 Now fierce they rush, now fierce retreating, yield.
 With equal rage, each adverse battle glows,
 Nor flight is known to these, nor known to those.
 Typhione enjoys the direful fight.
 Pale, furious, fell! and storms amidst the fight.
 The gods, from Jove's immortal dome survey
 Each army toiling, through the dreadful day;
 With tender pity touch'd, lament the pain,
 That human life is destin'd to sustain.
 On either side two deities are seen;
 Jove's awful consort, and soft beauty's queen:
 The wife of Jove the conqu'ror's palm implores,
 Soft beauty's queen her Trojans' loss deploras.
 Again, his jav'lin huge, Mezentius wields,
 Again tumult'ous he invades the fields:
 Large as Orion, when the giant stalks,
 A bulk immense! through Nereus midmost walks;
 Secure he cleaves his way; the billows braves,
 His sin'wy shoulders tow'r above the waves;
 Bearing an ash, increas'd in strength with years,
 That huge upon the mountain's height appears;

He strides along, each step the earth divides;
 In clouds obscure his lofty head resides:
 In stature huge, amidst the war's alarms,
 Such shone the tyrant in gigantic arms.
 Him as exulting in the ranks he stood,
 At distance seen, and rioting in blood,
 Æneas hastes to meet; in all his might
 He stands collected, and awaits the fight:
 First measuring, as he stood in act to throw,
 With nice survey, the distance of his foe:
 This arm, this spear, he cry'd, assert my might;
 These are my gods, and these assist in fight:
 His armour from the boastful robber won,
 Shall tow'r a trophy to my conqu'ring son.
 He said; and flings the dart with dreadful force;
 The dart drove on unerring from the course;
 It reach'd the shield, the shield the blow repell'd:
 Nor fell the jav'lin guiltless on the field;
 But piercing 'twixt the side and bowels, tore
 The fam'd Anthores, and deep drank the gore:
 He, in his lusty years, from Argos sent,
 With fam'd Alcides, on his labours went:
 Tir'd with his toils, a length of woes o'erpass'd,
 In the Evandrian realm he fix'd at last:
 Call'd back again to war, where glory calls,
 Unhappy, by a death unmeant, he falls:
 To heav'n his mournful eyes, the dying throws:
 In his last thoughts his native Argos rose.
 Straight then, his beaming lance the Trojan threw;
 Swift hissing on the wind the weapon flew;
 The plates of threefold brags were forc'd to yield;
 And three bull's hides that bound the solid shield:
 Deep in his lower groin, an arm so strong,
 Drove the sharp point, but brought not death
 Then joyful as the Trojan hero spy'd [along.
 The spouting blood pour down his wounded side,
 Like lightning, from his thigh his sword he drew,
 And furious on th' astonish'd warrior flew.
 As Lausus saw, full sore he heav'd the sigh;
 The ready tear flood trembling in his eye:
 His father's danger touch'd the youthful chief:
 With pious haste he ran to his relief.
 Nor shalt thou sink unnoted to the tomb,
 Unsung thy noble deed, and early doom:
 If future times to such a deed will give
 Their faith, to future times thy name shall live.
 Disabled, trembling for a death so near,
 The father slow-receding, drags the spear:
 Just in that moment, as suspended high
 The flaming sword shone adverse to the sky,
 The daring youth rush'd in, and fronts the foe,
 And from his father turns th' impending blow.
 His friends, with joyful shouts, reply around;
 Through all their echoes, all the hills resound:
 As wond'ring they beheld the wounded fire,
 Protected by the son, from fight retire.
 A dark'ning flight of singing shafts annoy,
 From ev'ry quarter pour'd, the Prince of Troy:
 He stands against the fury of the field,
 And rages, cover'd with his mighty shield.
 And as when stormy winds encount'ring loud,
 Burst with rude violence the bellowing cloud,
 Precipitate to earth, the tempest pours
 The vexing hailstones thick in sounding show'rs:
 The delug'd plains then ev'ry plowman flies,
 And ev'ry hind, and trav'ller shelter'd lies;
 Or, when the rock high over-arch'd impends,
 Or, when the river's shelving bank defends;

That, pow'rful o'er the storm, when bright the ray
Shines forth, they each may exercise the day.
Loud sounds the gather'd storm o'er all the field
The cloud of war pours thund'ring on his shield.
Yet still he try'd with friendly care to save
Th' unhappy youth, unfortunately brave.
Ah! whither dost thou urge thy fatal course,
In daring deeds! unequal to thy force?
Too pious in thy love, thy love betrays;
Nor such the vigour crowns thy youthful days.
Not thus advis'd the youth still fronts the foe
Exulting, and provokes the ling'ring blow:
For now, his martial bosom all on fire,
The Trojan leader's tide of rage swell'd higher;
For now, the sisters view'd the fatal strife,
And wound up the last threads of Lausus' life:
Deep plung'd the shining falchion in his breast,
Pierc'd his thin armour, and embroider'd vest,
That, rich in ductile gold, his mother wove
With her own hands, the witness of her love.
His breast was fill'd with blood; then, sad and slow
Through air resolv'd, the spirit fled below:
As ghastly pale, the chief the dying spy'd,
His hands he stretch'd to heav'n, and pitying sigh'd;
His sire Anchises rose an image dear
Sad in his soul, and forc'd the tender tear.
What praise, O youth! unhappy in thy fate,
What can Æneas yield to worth so great?
Worth, that distinguish'd in thy deed appears,
Ripe in thy youth, and early in thy years:
Thy arms, once pleasing objects of thy care,
Inviolable from hostile spoil I spare;
Thy breathless body on thy friends bestow,
To mitigate thy pensive spirit's woe,
If ought below the separate soul can move,
Solicitous of what is done above;
(Yet in the grave, perhaps, from ev'ry care
Releas'd, nor knowledge, nor device is there;)
That, gather'd to thy fires, thy friends may mourn
Thy hapless fall, and dust to dust return:
This be thy solace in the world below,
'Twas I the great Æneas struck the blow.
He said; and beck'ning, chides his friends delay;
And pious to assist, directs the way,
To rear him from the ground, with friendly care;
Dishonour'd foul with blood, his comely hair.

The wretched father now, by Tyber shore
Wash'd from his streaming thigh, the crimson gore:
Pain'd with his wound, and weary from the fight,
A tree's broad trunk supports his drooping weight:
A bough, his helmet beaming far, sustains:
His heavier armour rest along the plains.
Panting, and sick, his body downward bends,
And to his breast his length of beard descends:
He leans his careful head upon his hand;
Around him wait a melancholy band:
Much of his Lausus asks, and many sent,
To warn him back, a father's kind intent:
How vainly sent! for breathless from the field
They bear the youth, extended on his shield;
Loud wailing, mourn'd him slain in early bloom,
Mighty, and by a mighty wound o'ercome.

Far off the sounds of woe the father hears;
He trembles in the foresight of his fears:
With dust the hoary honours of his head
Sad, he deforms, and cleaves into the dead,
Then both his hands to heav'n aloft he spread;
And thus, in fullness of his sorrows, said:

Could then this lust of life so warp my mind,
That I could think of leaving thee behind
Whom I begot, unhappy in my stead
To meet the warrior, and for me to bleed?
Now fate severe has struck too deep a blow,
Now first I feel a wretched exile's woe.
And is it thus I draw this wretched breath,
Sav'd by thy wound, and living by thy death?
I too, my son, with horrid guilt profan'd
Thy sacred virtues, and their lustre stain'd:
Outcast, abandon'd by the care of heav'n,
From empire, and paternal sceptres driv'n,
My people's hatred, and insulting scorn,
The merit of my crimes, I've justly borne:
To thousand deaths this wicked soul could give,
Since now 'tis crime enough that I can live,
Can yet sustain the light, and human race,
Wretch'd as I am:—but short shall be the space.
He said; and as he said, he rear'd from ground
His fainting limbs, yet stagg'ring from the wound:
But whole and undiminish'd still remains
His strength of soul, unbroke with toil and pains.
He calls his steed, successful from each fight,
With whom he march'd, his glory and delight;
With words like these his conscious steed address'd,
That mourn'd, as with his master's ills oppress'd:
Rhoëbus, we long have liv'd in arms combin'd,
(If long the frail possessions of mankind;)
This day thou shalt bring back, to crown our toils,
The Trojan hero's head, and glitt'ring spoils
Torn from the bloody man! with me shalt take
A dear revenge, for murder'd Lausus' sake:
If strength shall fail to ope the destin'd way,
Together fall, and press the Latian clay;
For, after me, I trust thou wilt disdain
A Trojan leader, and an alien rein.
He said. The steed receives his wonted weight,
The tyrant arm'd, and furious for the fight:
His blazing helmet, formidably grac'd
With nodding horse-hair bright'ning o'er the crest:
With deathful jav'lins next he fills his hands;
And spurs his steed, and seeks the fighting bands;
Grief mix'd with madness, shame of former flight,
And love by rage inflam'd to desp'rate height,
And conscious knowledge of his valour wrought
Fierce in his breast, and boil'd in ev'ry thought.
He calls Æneas thrice: Æneas heard
The welcome sound; and thus his pray'r preferr'd,
May Jove, supreme of gods, who rules on high!
And he, to whom 'tis giv'n to rule the sky,
Far shooting king! inspire thee to draw near
Swift to thy fate, and grant thee to my spear.
But he:—My Lausus ravish'd from my sight,
Me, with vain words, O! cruel, would'st affright;
With age, with watchings, and with labours worn,
Death is below my fear, and God I scorn!
I come resolv'd to die; but, ere I go,
Receive this dart the present of a foe.
He said: the jav'lin hiss'd along the skies;
Another after, and another flies;
Thick, and incessant, as he rides the field;
Still all the storm sustains the golden shield,
Firm, as Æneas stood: thrice rode he round,
Urging his darts, the compass of the ground:
Thrice wheel'd Æneas; thrice his buckler bears
About, a brazen wood of rising spears:
Press'd in unrighteous fight, with just disdain
To wrench so many darts, and wrench in vain,

Much pond'ring in his mind the chief resolv'd
 Each rising thought; at last he springs resolv'd:
 Full at the warrior steed, the hostile wood [blood.
 He threw, that pierc'd his brain, and drank the
 Stung with the pain, the steed up-rear'd on high
 His founding hoofs, and lash'd the yielding sky:
 Prone fell the warrior from his lofty height;
 His shoulders broad receiv'd the courser's weight.
 From host to host the mingling shouts rebound,
 Deep echoing all in fire the heav'ns resound;
 Unsheath'd his flaming blade, Æneas flies,
 And thus address'd the warrior as he lies:
 Say, where is now Mezentius great, and bold,
 That haughty spirit, fierce, and uncontroul'd?
 To whom the Tuscan, with recover'd breath,
 As faint he view'd the skies, recall'd from death:
 Dost thou the stroke, insulting man! delay?
 Haste! let thy vengeance take its destin'd way:
 Death never can disgrace the warrior's fame
 Who dies in fight; nor conquest was my aim:
 Slain savage! by thy hand in glorious strife,
 Not so my Lausus bargain'd for my life:
 Depriv'd of him, sole object of my love,
 I seek to die;—for joy is none above.
 Yet, piteous of my fate, this grace allow,
 If pity to the vanquish'd foe be due,
 Suffer my friends my gather'd bones to burn,
 And decent lay me in the funeral urn:
 Full well I know my people's hate, decreed
 Against the living, will pursue the dead;
 My breathless body from their fury save,
 And grant my son the partner of my grave.
 He said, and stedfast ey'd the victor foe.
 Then gave his breast undaunted to the blow.
 The rushing blood distain'd his arms around;
 The soul indignant fought the shades profound.

KING LEAR'S SPEECH TO EDGAR,

TAKING A VIEW OF MAN FROM THE SIDE OF HIS MISERIES.

Is man no more than this? Consider him well.
 Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide,
 the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha!
 here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art
 the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no
 more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as
 thou art. Off, off, you lendings; come unbut-
 ton here.

SHAKESPEARE.

SEE where the solitary creature stands,
 Such as he issued out of nature's hands;
 No hopes he knows, no fears, no joys, no cares,
 Nor pleasure's poison, nor ambition's snares;
 But shares, from self-forg'd chains of life releast,
 The forest kingdom with his fellow beast.
 Yes, all we see of thee is nature's part;
 Thou art the creature's self;—the rest is art.
 For thee, the skilful worm of specious hue,
 No shining threads of ductile radiance drew;
 For thee no sun the rip'ning gem refin'd;
 No bleeting innocence the fleece resign'd:
 The hand of luxury ne'er taught to pour
 O'er thy faint limbs, the oil's refreshing show'r:
 His bed the flinty rock; his drink, his food,
 The running brook, and berries of the wood.
 What have we added to this plain account?
 What passions? what desires? a huge amount!

Cloth'd, fed, warm'd, cool'd, each by his brother's
 We live upon the wide creation's spoil. [toil,
 Quit, monarch, quit thy vain superfluous pride;
 Lay all thy foreign ornaments aside:
 Bid art no more its spurious gifts supply;
 Be man, mere man; thirst, hunger, grieve, and die.

TO A SWALLOW.

FROM ANACREON.

MALICIOUS bird! what punishment,
 Due to thy crimes, can love invent?
 Or clip thy wings, or cut thy tongue,
 And spoil thy flight, and future song:
 That thus, unseasonable guest,
 Thou dar'st disturb a lover's rest,
 And tear the maid, profuse of charms,
 My fair Maria, from my arms.

TO A DOVE.

FROM ANACREON.

SAY, beauteous dove, where dost thou fly?
 To what new quarter of the sky
 Dost thou with silken plumes repair,
 To scent with sweets the ambient air?
 Stay, gentle bird, nor thou refuse
 To bear along a lover's vows.

O tell the maid, of me belov'd,
 O tell how constant I have prov'd;
 How she to me all nymphs excell'd,
 The first my eyes with joy beheld;
 And since she treats me with disdain,
 The first my eyes beheld with pain.
 Yet whether, to my wishes kind,
 She hear my pray'r with gracious mind,
 Or, unrelenting of her will,
 Her riot displeasure kindle still,
 I, in her beauty's chains bound fast,
 Shall view her with indiff'rence last.
 Fly swift, my dove, and swift return
 With answer back to those that mourn:
 O! in thy bill, bring soft and calm
 A branch of silver-flow'ring palm.
 But, why should I thy flight delay?
 Go fleet, my herald, speed away,

THE XIX. ODE OF ANACREON.

FAIR Niobe, old times survey'd,
 In Phrygian hills, a marble maid.
 Chang'd Pandion! to the swallow's hue,
 On swallow's wings thy daughter flew.

But I a looking-glass would be,
 That thou might'st see thyself in me.
 No; I would be a morning gown,
 That so my dear might be put on.
 But I a silver stream would flow,
 To wash thy skin, as pure as snow.
 I would myself in ointment pour,
 To bathe thee with the fragrant show'r.
 But I would be thy tucker made,
 Thy lovely swelling bosom's shade.
 I would, a diamond necklace, deck
 The comely rising of thy neck.
 I would thy slender feet enclose,
 To tread on me transform'd to shoes.

THE XXI. ODE OF ANACREON.

FILL with Bacchus' blessings fraught,
 Ye virgins, fill a mighty draught:
 Long since dry'd up by heat, I faint,
 I scarcely breathe, and feverish pant.
 O! with these fresher flow'rs, renew
 The fading garland, on my brow,
 For, oh! my forehead's raging heat
 Has rifled all their graces sweet;
 The rage of thirst I yet can quell,
 The rage of heat I can repell;
 But, love, thy heat which burns my soul,
 What draughts can quench? what shades can cool?

THE XXII. ODE OF ANACREON.

COME, sit beneath this shade with me,
 My lovely maid, how fair the tree!
 Its tender branches wide prevail,
 Obedient to each breathing gale;
 Summer's loom industrious weaves,
 In mazy veins the silken leaves,
 Soft as the milky veins I view,
 O'er thy fair breast meand'ring blue;
 Hard by a fount with murmur'ing noise
 Runs a sweet persuasive voice;
 What lover, say, my lovely maid,
 So foolish as to pass this shade?

By various youths admir'd, by all approv'd,
 By many sought, by one sincerely lov'd,
 Chief of Edina's fair I flourish'd long,
 First in the dance, the visit, and the song;
 Beauty, good nature, in my form combin'd,
 My body one adorn'd, and one my mind.
 When youthful years, a foe to lonely nights,
 Impells young hearts to Hymen's chaste delights,
 I view'd th' admiring train with equal eye,
 True to each hope, and faithful to each sigh:
 The happy hours of admiration past,
 The hand of nuptial love was giv'n at last;
 Not to the faithful youth my charms inspir'd
 Nor those who sought my charms, nor who ad-
 He not prefer'd for merit, wit, or sense, [mir'd;
 Not chose, but suffer with indifference,
 Who neither knew to love, or be belov'd,
 Approv'd me not, and just not disapprov'd,
 Nor warmth pretended, nor affection show'd;
 Ask'd, not implor'd; I yielded, not bestow'd:
 Without or hopes, or fears, I join'd his side,
 His mistress never, and but scarce his bride.
 No joys at home, abroad was only show;
 I neither gain'd a friend, nor lost a foe;
 For, lost alike to pleasure, love, and fame,
 My person he enjoys, and I his name.
 Yet patient still I lead my anxious life,
 Pleas'd that I'm call'd my formal husband's wife.

LOVE TURNED TO DESPAIR.

'Tis past! the pangs of love are past,
 I love, I love no more;
 Yet who would think I am at last
 More wretched than before?
 How bless'd, when first my heart was freed
 From love's tormenting care,
 If cold indiff'rence did succeed,
 Instead of fierce despair?

But ah! how ill is he releas'd,
 Though love a tyrant reigns,
 When the successor in his breast
 Redoubles all his pains:
 In vain attempts the woeful wight,
 That would despair remove,
 Its little finger has more weight,
 Than all the loins of love:
 Thus the poor wretch that left his dome,
 With spirit foul accurs'd,
 Found sev'n, returning late, at home
 More dreadful than the first.
 Well hop'd I once that constancy
 Might soften rigour's frown,
 Would from the chains of hate set free,
 And pay my ransom down:
 But ah! the judge is too severe,
 I sink beneath his ire;
 The sentence is gone forth, to bear
 Despair's eternal fire.
 The hopes of sinners, in the day
 Of grace, their fears abate;
 But ev'ry hope flies far away,
 When mercy shuts her gate:
 The smallest alms could oft suffice
 Love's hunger to assuage;
 Despair, the worm that never dies,
 Still gnaws with ceaseless rage.

THE YOUNGEST GRACE.

A LOVE-ELEGY.

Addressed to a Lady who had just finished her fifteenth Year.

*His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
 Munere— VIRG. Æneid vi.*

As beauty's queen, in her aerial hall,
 Sublimely seated on a golden throne,
 Before her high tribunal summon'd all
 Who or on earth, sea, air, her empire own.
 First came her son, her pow'r, her darling boy,
 Whose gentlest breath can raise the fiercest flame,
 Oft working mischief, though his end be joy,
 And though devoid of sight, yet sure of aim.
 With him, his youthful consort, sad no more
 Psyche, infranchis'd from all mortal pain,
 Who, ev'ry trial of obedience o'er,
 Enjoys the blessings of the heav'nly reign.
 Next, as it well beseem'd, the tuneful nine,
 Daughters of memory, and dear to Jove,
 Who, as they list, the hearts of men incline
 To wit, to music, poetry, or love.
 She, who with milder breath inspiring fills
 Than ever zephyr knew, the heart-born sigh,
 Or else from nature's pregnant source distils
 The tender drops that swell the love-sick eye.
 Or she, who from her copious store affords,
 When love decrees, the faithful youth to bless,
 The sacred energy of melting words,
 In the dear hour, and season of success.
 Last in the train, two sisters fair appear'd, [sweet;
 Sorrowing they seem'd, yet seem'd their sorrow
 Nor ever from the ground their eyes they rear'd,
 Nor tripp'd, as they were wont, on snowy feet,
 The Cyprian goddess cast her eyes around,
 And gaz'd o'er all, with ever new delight.

So bright an host was no where to be found :
 Her heart dilates, and glories in its might.
 But when without their lov'd companion dear,
 Two solitary graces hand in hand
 Approach'd, the goddess inly 'gan to fear
 What might befall the youngest of the band.
 Ah ! whither is retir'd my darling joy,
 My youngest grace, the pride of all my reign,
 First in my care, and ever in my eye,
 Why is she now the lag of all my train ?
 Ah me ! some danger threatens my Cyprian state,
 Which, goddess as I am, I can't foresee ;
 Some dire disaster labours, (ah my fate !)
 To wrest love's sceptre from my son and me.
 She wept : not more she wept, when first her eyes
 Saw low in dust her Ilion's tow'ry pride ;
 Nor from her breast more frequent burst the sighs,
 When her lov'd youth, her dear Adonis dy'd.
 Yet, yet, she cry'd, I will a monarch reign,
 In my last deed my greatness shall be seen :
 Ye loves, ye smiles, ye graces, all my train,
 Attend your mother, and obey your queen.
 Wisdom's vain goddess weaves some treach'rous
 wile,
 Or haughty Juno, heav'n's relentless dame :
 Haste ! bend each bow, haste ! brighten ev'ry smile,
 And launch from ev'ry eye the light'ning's
 flame.
 Then had fell discord broke the golden chain
 That does the harmony of all uphold,
 And where these orbs in beauteous order reign,
 Brought back the anarchy of Chaos old :
 When Cupid keen unlocks his feather'd store,
 When Venus burns with more than mortal fire,
 Mortals, immortals, all had fled before
 The loves, the graces, and the smiles in ire :
 In vain, t' avert the horrors of that hour,
 Anxious for fate, and fearing for his sky,
 The fire of gods and men had try'd his pow'r,
 And hung his golden balances on high :
 Had not the eldest grace, serene and mild,
 Who wish'd this elemental war might cease,
 Sprung forward, with persuasive look, and smil'd
 The furious mother of desires to peace.
 Ah whence this rage, vain child of empty fear !
 With accent mild thus spoke the heav'nly maid :
 What words, O sov'reign of hearts ! severe
 Have pass'd the roses of thy lips unweigh'd ?
 Think not mankind forsake thy mystic law :
 Thy son, thy pride, thy own Cupido reigns ;
 Hard with respect, and seen with tender awe ;
 Mighty on thrones, and gentle on the plains.
 Remember'st not how in the blest abodes
 Of high Olympus, an ethereal guest,
 Mix'd with the synod of th' assembled gods,
 Thou shar'd'st the honours of th' ambrosial feast ?
 Celestial pleasures reigning all around,
 Such as the pow'rs who live at ease enjoy,
 The smiling bowl with life immortal crown'd,
 By rosy Hebe, and the Phrygian boy :
 Hermes, fly god, resolv'd thy spleen to hit,
 Thy spleen, but, of itself, too apt to move ;
 Prone to offend with oft-mistaking wit,
 That foe perverse to nature and to love.
 Much glaz'd he spiteful, how rebellious youth,
 Lost to thy fear, and recreant from thy name,
 False to the int'rest of the heart, and truth
 On foreign altars kindles impious flame.

Much glaz'd he tauntful, how to nobler aims
 The youth awak'ning from each female wile,
 No longer met in love's opprobrious flames,
 Slaves to an eye, or vassals to a smile.
 Now fifteen years the still returning spring
 With flow'rs the bosom of the earth has sow'd,
 As oft the groves heard Philomela sing,
 And trees have pay'd the fragrant gifts they
 ow'd,
 Since our dear sister left the heav'nly bow'rs :
 So will'd the fates, and such their high command,
 She should be born in high Edina's tow'rs,
 To thee far dearer than all other lands.
 There, clad in mortal form, she lies conceal'd,
 A veil more bright than mortal form e'er knew ;
 So fair was ne'er to dreaming bard reveal'd,
 Nor sweeter e'er the shad'wing pencil drew.
 Where'er the beauteous heart-compeller moves,
 She scatters wide perdition all around :
 Blest with celestial form, and crown'd with loves,
 No single breast is refractory found.
 Vain Pallas now th' unequal conflict shuns ;
 Vain are the terrors of her Gorgon shield :
 Wit bends ; but chief Apollo's yielding sons :
 To thy fair doves Juno's proud peacocks yield,
 No rival pow'rs thy envy'd empire share ;
 Revolted mortals crowd again thy shrine ;
 Duteous to love, and ev'ry pleasing care,
 All hearts are hers, and all her heart is thine.
 So mild a sway the willing nations own ;
 By her thou triumph'st o'er this subject ball ;
 Whilst men (the secret of the skies unknown)
 The beauteous apparition Laura call.

TO MRS. A. R.

Now spring begins her smiling round,
 Lavish to paint th' enamell'd ground :
 The birds exalt their cheerful voice,
 And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice :
 The lovely graces, hand in hand,
 Knit in love's eternal band,
 With dancing step at early dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn ;
 Where'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love.
 Now by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride,
 While pleas'd she hears his artless vows :
 Above the feather'd songster woes.
 Soon will the rip'ned summer yield
 Her various gifts to ev'ry field :
 The fruitful trees, a beauteous show,
 With ruby-tinctur'd births shall glow :
 Sweet smells, from beds of lilies borne,
 Perfume the breezes of the morn :
 The sunny day, and dewy night,
 To rural play my fair invite,
 Soft on a bank of violets laid,
 Cool she enjoys the ev'ning shade ;
 The sweets of summer feast her eye—
 Yet soon soon will the summer fly.
 Attend, my lovely maid, and know
 To profit by th' instructive show.
 Now young and blooming thou art seen,
 Fresh on the stalk, for ever green ;
 Now does th' unfolded bud disclose
 Full blown to fight the blushing rose :

Yet, once the sunny season past,
Think not the co'ning scene will last.
Let not the flatt'ring hope persuade ;
Ah ! must I say that it will fade ?
For see the summer posts away,
Sad emblem of our own decay.
Now winter, from the frozen north
Drives his stiff iron chariot forth ;
His grisly hand in icy chains
Fair Tueda's silver flood constrains :
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare ;
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen,
Confest on ev'ry with'ring green ;
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath to clothe each tree :
Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fly'st displeas'd the frozen shore :
When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
But late to charm thy ravish'd view :
Shall I, ah horrid ! wilt thou say,
Be like to this some other day ?

Yet when in snow and dreary frost
The pleasure of the field is lost,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires supply the distant sun,
In gay delights our hours employ,
We do not lose, but change our joy.
Happy, abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair ;
To turn the page of sacred bards ;
To drain the bowl ; and deal the cards.
But when the lovely white and red,
From the pale ashy cheek is fled ;
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,
Make beauty fly we know not where ;
The fair whom fates unkind disarm,
Have they for ever ceas'd to charm ?
Or is there left some pleasing art
To keep secure a captive heart ?
Unhappy love ! might lovers say,
Beauty thy food does swift decay :
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What art thy famine can prevent ?
Lay virtues in with early care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare.
Though ecstasy with beauty flies,
Esteem is born when beauty dies.
Happy to whom the fates decree
The gift of heav'n in giving thee :
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy virtues shall delight his age.

TO H. H. IN THE ASSEMBLY.

WHILE crown'd with radiant charms divine,
Unnumber'd beauties round thee shine ;
When Erskine leads her happy man,
And Johnston shakes the flutt'ring fan ;
When beauteous Pringle shines confest,
And gently heaves her swelling breast,
Her raptur'd partner still at gaze,
Pursuing through each winding maze ;
Say, youth, and canst thou keep secure
Thy heart from conqu'ring beauty's pow'r ?
Or, hast thou not, how soon ! betray'd
The too believing country maid ?

Whose young and unexperienc'd years
From thee no evil purpose fears ;
And, yielding to love's gentle sway,
Knows not that lovers can betray.
How shall she curse deceiving men ?
How shall she e'er believe again ?
For me, my happier lot decrees
The joys of love that constant please ;
A warm, benign, and gentle flame,
That clearly burns, and still the same ;
Unlike these fires that fools betray,
That fiercely burn, but swift decay ;
Which warring passions hourly raise,
A short and momentary blaze.
My Hume, my beauteous Hume ! constrains
My heart in voluntary chains :
Well pleas'd, for her my voice I raise ;
For daily joys claim daily praise.
Can I forsake the fair, complete
In all that's soft, and all that's sweet ;
When heav'n has in her form combin'd
The scatter'd graces of her kind ?
Has she not all the charms that lie
In Gordon's blush, and Lockhart's eye ;
The down of lovely Haya's hair,
Killochia's shape, or Cockburn's air ?
Can time to love a period bring
Of charms, for ever in their spring ?
'Tis death alone the lover frees,
Who loves so long as she can please.

TO A GENTLEMAN GOING TO TRAVEL.

Trabit sua quemque voluptas.

WELL sung of old, in everlasting strains,
Horace, sweet lyrist ; while the Roman harp
He strung by Tyber's yellow bank, to charm
Tuscan Mecenes, thy well-judging ear ;
How in life's journey, various wishes lead
Through diff'rent roads, to diff'rent ends, the race
Diverse of human kind. The hero runs
Careless of rest, of sultry Libyan heat
Patient, and Russian cold, to win renown ;
Mighty in arms, and warlike enterprise ;
Vain efforts ! the coquettish nymph still flies
His swift pursuit, and jilts ambition's hope.
At home, this man with ease and plenty blest'd
The tow'ring dome delights ; and gardens fair,
And fruitful fields, with sylvan honours crown'd
Stretch'd out in wide extent ; the gay machine
Dear to the female race, the gilded coach,
With liv'ry'd servants in retinue long,
Adorn'd with splendid robes, the pompous train
Of pageantry and pride. His neighbour sits
Immur'd at home, a miser dire ! nor dares
To touch his store, through dread of fancy'd want :
Industrious of gain, he treasures up
Large heaps of wealth, to bless a spendthrift heir,
That wastes in riot, lux'ry, and misrule,
The purchase of his want ; naught shall he reck
His father's pine, when lavish he ordains
The feast in pillar'd hall, or sunny bow'r,
With lust-inflaming wine, and wicked mirth
Prolong'd to morning hour, and guilty deed.
Others again, the woods of Astry
Love to inhabit, or where down the mount
Sky-climbing Parnass', her sweet-sounding wave
Castalia pours, with potent virtue's blest'd ;

Pow'rful to charm the year of furious wrath,
To close the eye of anguish, or to strike
The lifted dagger from despairing breast.
Such Addison; and such, with laurel crown'd,
Immortal Conreve; such the muses' grace,
Mæonian Pope: nor do the nine refuse
To rank with these, Fergusian nightingale
Untaught with wood-note wild, sweet Allan hight;
Whether on the flow'r-blushing bank of Tweed,
Or Clyde, or Tay's smouth-winding stream, his
Choose to reside; or o'er the snowy hills [muse
Benlomon, or proud Mormount, all the day,
Clad in tartana, vary'd garb, she roves,
To hear of kings' and heroes' godlike deeds:
Or, if delighted on the knee she lies
Of lovely nymph, as happy lap-dog grac'd;
Intent to sooth the Scottish damsel's ear,
Cochrane, or Hamilton; with pleasing song
Of him who sad beneath the wither'd branch
Sat of Traquair, complaining of his lass;
Or the fond maid, that o'er the wat'ry brink
Wept sleepless night and day; still wafting o'er
Her flying love, from Aberdour's fair coast.

Others again, by party rage inflam'd,
Blindfolded zeal, and superstition dire,
Offspring of ignorance, and cloyster-born,
With undistinguish'd violence, assault
Both good and bad.

There is, who studious of his shape and mien
On dress alone employs his care to please,
Aspiring with his outward show; who, vain
Of flaxen hair perfum'd, and Indian cane,
Embroider'd vest, and stockings silver-clock'd,
Walks through th' admiring train of ladies bright;
Sole on himself intent; best liken'd to
The painted insect, that in summer's heat
Flutters the gardens round, with glossy wing,
Distinct with eyes; him oft the tender Miss,
Escap'd from *sampler* and the boarding-school,
Pursues with weary foot, from flow'r to flow'r,
Tulip, or lily bright, or ruby'd rose;
And often in the hollow of her hand
Retains him captive, sweet imprisonment.
But ah! how vain the joys the beau can boast;
A while he shines in tavern, visit, dance,
Unrival'd, clad in rich resplendent garb,
Lac'd or brocaded; till the merchant bold,
With messenger conspiring, mortal dire!
Of merc'less heart, throw him in dungeon deep
Recluse from ladies: what avails him then
The love of women? or the many balls
He made to please the fair? there must he lie
Remediless, if not by pity won
Fair Cytherea, sea-begotten dame,
By spousal gifts from sooty Vulcan earn
Fallacious key; as erst, by love o'ercome,
He forg'd celestial arms, to grace her son
Anchises-born; and in the borrow'd form
Of longing widow, or of maiden aunt,
(While fly Cyllenius, with opiate charm
Of Ceres, the still-watching Argus eyes
Of ke-per drench in sleep profound), release
The captive knight from the enchanted dome.

Thus others choose, their choice affects not me;
For each his own delight, with secret force
Magnetic, as with links of love, constrains.
Behoves me then to say what bias rules
My inclinations, since desire of fame

Provokes me not to win renown in arms,
Nor at Pieria's silver spring to stake
Th' insatiate thirst; to write on the coy nymph
Love-labour'd sonnet; nor in well dress'd beau
To please the lovely sex: For me at Keith's
Awaits a bowl, capacious for my cares;
There will I drown them all, no daring thought
Shall interrupt my mirth, while there I sit
Surrounded with my friends; and envy not
The pomp of needless grandeur, insolent.
Nor shall alone the bowl of punch delight,
Compounded fluid! rich with juicy spoil
Of fair Iberia's sunny coast, combin'd
With the auxiliar aid of rack or rum,
Barbade, or Samatra, or Goan-born;
The luscious spirit of the cane, that in
Fermenting cups with native element
Of water mixt, pure limpid stream! unite
Their social sweets. For us, her ruddy soul
The Latian grape shall bleed; nor will thy hills
Far-flowing Rhine withhold their clust'ring vines.
Haste then! to friendship sacred let us pour
Th' exhilarating flood, while, as our hands
In union knit, we plight our mutual hearts
Close as the loving pair, whom holy writ
Renowns to future times, great Jonathan,
And Jesse's son: Now this delights my soul.

There was a time we would not have refus'd
Macdougall's lowly roof, the land of ale;
Flowing with ale, as erst is Canaan said
To flow with honey: there we often met,
And quaff'd away our spleen, while fits of mirth
Frequent were heard: nor wanted am'rous song,
Nor jocund dance; loud as in Eden town,
Where the tir'd writer pens the live long day,
Summons and horning, or the spousal band
Of Strephon, and of Cloc lovely lass:
Spent with his toil when thirsty twilight falls,
He hies him gladsome, to the well-known place,
Bull-cellar; or, O Johnstoun's, thine! where fond
Of drink, and knowledge, erst philosophers
Have met: or Cout's dark cymmerian cell,
Full many a fathom deep: from far he hears
The social clamour through the dome resound;
He speeds amain to join the jovial throng.
So we delighted once: The bowl meanwhile
Walk'd ceaseless still the round, to some fair name
Devoted; thine Maria toasted chief,
Duty obsequious! and thy looks benign
Miss'd not their due regard. Dundasica fair
Claim'd next the kindred lay; nor didst thou pass,
Constance, uncelebrated or unsung.
Hail, sacred three! hail, sister minds! may heav'n
Pour down uncommon blessings on your heads.

Thus did our younger years in pleasing stream
Flow inoffensive; friendship grac'd our days,
And dream of loving mistress bless'd our night.
Now from these joys convey'd, (so fate ordains)
Thou wander'st into foreign realms, from this
Far, far sejoin'd; no more with us to drain
The ample bowl; or, when in heav'n sublime
The monthly virgin, from full gather'd globe
Pours down her amber streams of light, till wide
The ether flame, with choral symphony
Of voice, attemper'd to sweet hautboy's breath,
Mixt with the violin's silver sound, below
The window of some maid belov'd, shall ply
The nightly serenade: To other joys

Thou now must turn, when on the pleasing shore
Of mild Hesperia, thou behold'st amaz'd,
The venerable urns of ancient chiefs,
Who stern in arms, and resolute to dare
In freedom's cause, have dy'd, or glorious liv'd:
Camillus; Brutus, great from tyrant's blood;
Coriolanus, famous in exile;
Laurel'd Zamean Scipio, the scourge
Of Punic race; or liberty's last hope,
Self murder'd Cato; consecrate to fame
They live for ever in the hearts of men,
Far better monument, than costly tomb
Of Egypt's kings; time with destructive hand,
Shall moulder into dust, the pil'd-up stone,
With all its praises; ah! how vain is fame!
With virtue then immortalise thy life.

But these, so potent nature's will decrees,
Delight not me, on other thoughts intent;
Not studious at midnight lamp to pore
The medal, learned coin! where laurel wreathes
The sacred head of kings, or beauty bright
Of kings sweet paramour, the letter'd sage
Or prudent senator, by eating time
Defac'd injurious; the faithless trust
Of human greatness! Nor do I incline
To pass the frith that parts from Gallia's reign
My native coast, solicitous to know
What other lands impart: all my delights
Are with my friends in merry hour, at Steel's
Assembled, while unrespited the glass [name,
Swift circles round the board, charg'd with fair
Erskine, or Pringle thine, until the sun
That, setting, warn'd us to the friendly cups
Awake, and view our revels uncomplete.
But if the Heaven's disposer of our fate,
Force me, unwilling, shift my native land;
O! in whatever soil my weary feet
Are doom'd to stray, O might I meet my friend!
Or, if the rising sun shall gild my steps
On fruitful fields of Ind, Bengala's shore,
Spice-bearing Tidor's isle, or where at eve,
Near western Califurn, beneath the main
He sinks in gold; or on vine-foft'ring hills
Of nearer Latium, nurse of kings and gods.
O! might I view thee on the flow'ry verge
Of Tyber, stream renew'd in poets song;
Or in the Roman streets, with curious eye
Studying the polish'd stone, or trophy'd arch,
Trajan, or Antonin; not long content
With toil unprofitable. Thee I'd lead
Well pleas'd to Horace tomb, dear laughing bard!
Where the Falernian vintage should inspire
Sweet thoughts of past delight; the goblet rough
With sculptur'd gold rosy from Chios' isle,
Should warm our hearts sacred to Pringle's cheek
Still glowing, and to sweet Humeia's lip,
To Drummond's eye, Maria's snowy breast
Soft-heaving, or to lovely Erskine's smile;
While on the wounded glass the diamond's path,
Faithful, shall show each fav'rite virgin's name;
Not without verse and various emblem grac'd;
The Latian youth at merry revels met,
In fancy shall admire the Scottish maid
Bright as the ruddy virgin Roman-born;
Nor with their native dames refuse to join
Impartial, their health belov'd: and would
The nine inspire me equal to my choice,
In lays such as the Roman swan might sing,
Fair as Horatian Lydia should my Hume
For ever flourish, or Næra bright,

Of soft Tibullus' muse the lovely theme.
Nor should alone in melancholy strains,
Of cruel nymph, and constant vows refus'd,
Gallus complain, when on the flinty rock,
Or wailing near earth-diving Arethuse,
Sicilian stream, he made to woods his moan,
Despairing of his loves: Maria's scorn
Cloth'd in the style of Mantua, should shine
As thine, Lycoris! theme of future song
Surviving as itself. Maria's scorn
For ever I endure. Ah! hard return
To warmth like mine: Nathless the mourning muse
Must praise the maid still beauteous in her eye,
Crown'd with each lovely grace, and warm in
bloom;

Though fullen to my suit, her ear be shut
Against my vows, ungracious to my love.

But this as time directs; thy health demands
The present care, and joys within our pow'r;
Nor shall we not be mindful of thy love,
Met in our festivals of mirth: but when
Thou to thy native Albion shalt return,
From whate'er coast, or Russia's northern bear,
Inclement sky! or Italy the blest
Indulgent land, the muse's best belov'd;
Over a wondrous bowl of flowing punch
We'll plight our hands a-new, at Don's, or Steel's—
Who bears the double keys, of plenty sign;
Or at facetious Thom's, or Adamson
Who rears alone (what needs she more?) the vine,
Emblem of potent joys; her self with looks
Suasive to drink, fills up the brimming glass,
Well-pleas'd to see the sprightly healths go round.
Hail, and farewell! may Heav'n defend thee
And to thy natal shore and longing friends [safe;
Restore thee, when thy destin'd toils are o'er,
Polish'd with manners, and enrich'd with arts.

TO LADY MARY MONTGOMERY.

SAY, thou with endless beauty crown'd,
Of all the youth that sigh around,
Thy worshippers, and anxious wait
From thy bright eyes their future fate;
Say, whom do most these eyes approve;
Whom does Montgomery choose to love?
Not him who strives to build a name,
From ruins of another's fame:
Who proud in self-conceit throws down
His neighbour's wit, to raise his own.
Shou'd the vain man expect success,
The fool of compliment and dress?
Thy eyes undazzled can behold,
The gaudy nothing deckt in gold.
Thy wise discernment soon discries,
Where folly lurks in wit's disguise;
Trac'd through each shape in which 'tis seen,
Through the grave look, the solemn mien;
The proud man's front, the vain man's walk,
The foplin's dress, the coxcomb's talk.
A large estate, and little sense,
To charms like thine have no pretence.
Shalt thou, O insolent! prevail?
Heav'n never meant its goods for sale:
Beauty the pearl of price, is giv'n,
Not bought, 'tis the free grace of heav'n.

The happy youth with arts refin'd,
Simple of heart, of stedfast mind:
Whom thirst of gain, could never draw
To trespass friendship's sacred law:

Whose soul the charms of sense inspire;
 Who loves, where reason bids admire:
 Cautious to shun, with wise disdain,
 The proud, the airy, and the vain.
 Him whom these virtues shall adorn,
 Thou, fair Montgomery, wilt not scorn:
 Of all the gifts of heav'n possest,
 To him thou yield'st thy willing breast;
 For him the blush, with modest grace,
 Glows rosy, o'er thy blooming face:
 For him thy panting bosom swells,
 And on thy lips such sweetness dwells.
 Crown'd with success, the happy boy
 Shall revel in excess of joy:
 While in thy presence, heav'n appears
 In sweets laid up for many years.
 The beau and witling then shall fly,
 The fop in secret corner sigh;
 Condemn'd to cry in love's despair,
 Ah! why so wise who was so fair?

Did thy example, beauteous maid,
 The rest of womankind persuade;
 Nor injur'd merit would complain,
 That it may love, and love in vain:
 Nor flattery false, and impudence,
 Usurp the room of bashful sense;
 No more at midnight ball appear,
 To gain on beauty's list'ning ear.
 Beauty would hear the vows of truth;
 Nor love would speak with folly's mouth.

Yet some there are, the better few,
 Wise thy example to pursue;
 Who rich in store of native charms,
 Employ no artificial arms.
 Such heav'nly Charlotte, form divine!
 Love's universal kingdom's thine,
 Anointed queen; all unconfin'd,
 Thine is the homage of mankind:
 Thy subjects, willing to obey,
 Bless thy mild rule, and gentle sway;
 With loyal mind each zealous pays
 His tribute dutious to thy praise.
 Yet nought to greatness dost thou owe;
 Thy merit from thy self does flow;
 Alike our wonder and our theme,
 In beauty as in place supreme.
 Such thy fair sister fram'd to please,
 Of aspect gay, and graceful ease.
 Pure flows her wit, and unrestrain'd;
 By envy, and by hate unstain'd:
 Not as the rushing torrent pours,
 Increas'd by snows, and wint'ry show'rs;
 Involving in its furious sway,
 The lab'ring hinds, a helpless prey;
 Now wide o'erspreads the watery scene,
 And now decreas'd, no more is seen:
 But as a constant river leads
 Its winding stream through purple meads;
 That through the blushing landscape roll'd
 Reflects the bord'ring flow'rs in gold;
 And, borne along with gentle force,
 Distributes wealth through all its course;
 Nor does the faithful spring deny
 The alimental just supply.

Thou, Douglas too, in whom combine
 A spirit and a noble line;
 Engaging looks, that mild inspire,
 Fond delight, and young desire;
 All-winning sweetness, void of pride,
 Thou hast no faults for art to hide.

Maria such, whose op'ning bloom
 Foreshows the pregnant fruits to come.
 O blest! for whom the seasons' flight
 Ripens that harvest of delight;
 To whom, the autumn shall resign,
 To press the rich luxuriant vine.
 Unwounded who can thee espy,
 Maid of the black and piercing eye!
 Too rashly bold, we take the field
 Against thy shafts with wisdom's shield:
 Pierc'd helpless in our guarded side,
 We fall the victims of our pride.

Nor Erskine less the song demands,
 Not least in beauty's blooming bands.
 Erskine, peculiar care of heav'n,
 To whom the pow'r of sound is giv'n;
 Artist divine! to her belong
 The heav'nly lay, and magic song:
 How do we gaze with vast delight
 Her fingers swift harmonious flight,
 When o'er th' obedient keys they fly,
 To waken sleeping harmony?
 Whene'er she speaks, the joy of all,
 Soft the silver accents fall:
 Whene'er she looks, in still amaze,
 The eyes of all enamour'd gaze:
 Each word steals gently on the ear;
 'Tis heav'n to see, 'tis heav'n to hear.

In everlasting blushes seen,
 Such Pringle shines of sprightly mien:
 To her the pow'r of love imparts,
 Rich gift! the soft successful arts,
 That best the lover's fires provoke,
 The lively step, the mirthful joke,
 The speaking glance, the am'rous wile,
 The sportful laugh, the winning smile;
 Her soul awak'ning ev'ry grace,
 Is all abroad upon her face;
 In bloom of youth still to survive,
 All charms are there, and all alive.

Fair is the lily, sweet the rose,
 That in thy cheek, O Drummond! glows;
 Pure is the snow's unfully'd white
 That clothes thy bosom's swelling height.
 Majestic looks her soul express,
 That awe us from desir'd access;
 Till sweetness soon rebuke the fear,
 And bid the trembling youth draw near.
 See, how sublime she does advance,
 And seems already in the dance;
 Exalted how she moves along,
 Ten thousand thousand graces strong!
 Such Marchmont's daughter, unprov'd,
 The maid by men of sense belov'd;
 Who knows with modesty to scorn
 The titles that may fools adorn:
 She claims no merit from her blood,
 Her greatest honour to be good:
 Heedless of pomp, with open heart
 Well has she chose the better part.
 Such Hamilla's looks divine,
 Earth's wonder, Tinnegham, and thine!
 Her soul all tenderness and love,
 Gentle as the harmless dove:
 Who artless charms without design,
 She! of the modest look benign.

Eliza young in beauty bright,
 Though new to every soft delight,
 Yet soon her conquests shall extend,
 Soon shall the sprightly maid ascend

The rival of each kindred name,
And triumph to her mother's fame.
Full in the pleasing list appears
Robertoun, in prime of years;
With skill she does her smiles bestow,
For Pallas bends her Cupid's bow:
Wisely she shuns to entertain
The designing, and the vain;
To these 'tis all forbidden ground,
Prudence, a cherub guards her round,
With flaming sword fools to expel;
In Paradise fools must not dwell.

Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inspire;
O lovely Hume! repeat again
My lyre the ever-pleasing strain.
Dear to the muse, the muse approves
Each charm, the muse the virgin loves:
The muse preserves in lasting lays,
The records of soft beauties praise;
In vain would triumph beauties eye,
Unsung these triumphs soon would die;
Fate overcomes the fair and strong,
But has no pow'r o'er sacred song;
Verse the dying name can save,
And make it live beyond the grave.
Thus Hume shall unborn hearts engage,
Her smile shall warm another age;
Her race of mortal glory past,
Th' immortal fame shall ever last;
Last shall the look that won my heart,
The pleasing look sincere of art.
O! pow'rful of persuasive face,
Adorn'd and perfected in grace;
What joys await, joys in excess,
The youth whom thou decreest to bless;
Ordain'd thy yielding breast to move,
Thy breast yet innocent of love?

But who is she, the gen'ral gaze
Of sighing crowds, the world's amaze;
Who looks forth as the blushing morn
On mountains of the east new born?
Is it not Cochrane fair? 'Tis she
The youngest grace of graces three.
The eldest fell to death a prey,
Ah! snatch'd in early flow'r away;
The second, manifold of charms,
Blesses a happy husband's arms;
The third a blooming form remains;
O'er all the blameless victor reigns:
Where-e'er she gracious deigns to move,
The public praise, the public love.

Superior these shall still remain,
The lover's wish, the poet's strain;
Their beauties shall all hearts engage,
Victorious over spite and age;
Like thee Montgomery shall they shine,
And charm the world with arts like thine.

PART OF THE XI. EPISTLE OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE IMITATED.

WHEN through the world fate led the destin'd way,
Tell me, my Mitchell, in the broad survey,
What country pleas'd thy roving fancy most?
Say, wast thou smit with Baia's sunny coast?
Or wisht thou rather weary to repose
In some cool vale where peaceful Arno flows?

Or in Ombrosa dream the lonely hour,
Where high arch'd hills th' Etrurian shades em-
bow'r;

Where plenty pours her golden gifts in vain,
That dubious swell for Carlos or Lorrain?
Or charm'd thee more the happy viny plains,
And lofty tow'rs, where mighty Louis reigns?
Say, is it true what travellers report
Of glories shining in the Gallic court?
Or, do they all, though e'er so pompous, yield
To the thatch'd cottage in thy native field?

But hark, methinks I hear thee anxious say,
That thou at Palestine wouldst choose to stay.
Yes, Palestine; I know the place full well,
Where holy dotards riot in each cell,
The hapless peasant pines with want and sorrow,
And all unpeopled as a *royal burrow*.
Yet there for ever would thy friend remain,
Rather than change once more the frantic scene,
And distant hear the rollings of the main;
Unenvy'd, calm, enjoy a peaceful lot,
My friends rememb'ring nor by them forgot.

THE CORYCIAN SWAIN.

FROM GEORG. IV. LINE CXVI.

BUT, were I not, before the fav'ring gale,
Making to port, and crowding all my sail,
Perhaps I might the garden's glories sing,
The double roses of the Pæstan spring;
How endive drinks the rill, and how are seen
Moist banks with celeri for ever green;
How, twisted in the matted herbage, lies
The bellying cucumber's enormous size;
What flow'rs Narcissus late, how nature weaves
The yielding texture of acanthus' leaves:
Of ivy pale, the culture next explore,
And whence the lover-myrtle courts the shore.
For I remember, where Galefus yields
His humid moisture to the yellow fields,
And high Oebalia's tow'rs o'erlook the plain,
I knew in youth an old Corycian swain;
A few and barren acres were his share,
Left and abandon'd to the good man's care;
Nor these indulg'd the grassy lawn, to feed
The fatt'ning bullock, nor the bounding steed,
Nor gave to cattle browse, nor food to kine,
Bacchus averse refus'd the mantling vine.
What happy nature to his lands deny'd,
An honest, painful industry supply'd;
For, trusting pot-herbs to his bushy ground,
For bees, fair candid lilies flourish'd round,
Vervain for health, for bread he poppies plants,
With these he satisfy'd all nature's wants;
And late returning home from wholesome toil,
Enjoy'd the frugal bounty of the soil.
His mind was royal in a low estate,
And dignify'd the meanness of his fate.
He first in spring was seen to crop the rose,
In autumn first to unload the bending boughs;
For every bud the early year bestow'd,
A redd'ning apple on the branches glow'd.
Ev'n in the midst of winter's rigid reign,
When snow and frost had whiten'd o'er the plain,
When cold had split the rocks, and stript the woods,
And shackled up the mighty running floods,
He then, anticipating summer's hopes,
The tendrils of the soft acanthus crops;

His industry awak'd the lazy spring,
 And hasten'd on the zephyr's loit'ring wing.
 For this with pregnant bees he chief was known
 'T' abound: the balmy harvest all his own.
 Successive swarms reward his faithful toil;
 None press'd from richer combs the liquid spoil.
 He crown'd his rural orchard's plain design,
 With flow'ring lime-trees, and a wealth of pine.
 He knew, in graceful order, to dispose
 Large-body'd elms, transplanted into rows.
 Hard pear-trees flourish'd near his rustic dome,
 And thorns already purple with the plumb;
 Broad planes arose to form an ample bow'r,
 Where mirth's gay sons refresh'd the sultry hour.
 But I this grateful subject must discard,
 The pleasing labour of some future bard.

THE RHONE AND THE ARAR.

Two rivers in fam'd Gallia's bounds are known,
 The gentle Arar, and the rapid Rhone; [dream,
 Through pleasing banks, where love-sick shepherds
 Mild Arar softly steals her ling'ring stream:
 Her wave so still, th' exploring eye deceives,
 That sees not if it comes, or if it leaves:
 With silver graces ever dimpled o'er,
 Reflects each flow'r, and smiles on ev'ry shore;
 Each youth with joy th' enchanting scene surveys,
 And thinks for him the amorous stream delays;
 While the fly nymph above unseen to flow,
 To her own purpose true, steals calm below.
 More rapid rolls the Rhone, tumultuous flood,
 All raging unwithheld, and unwithstood;
 In vain or fertile fields invite its stay,
 In vain or roughest rocks oppose its way;
 It bounds o'er all, and, insolent of force,
 Still hurries headling on, a downward course.
 Sometimes, 'tis true, we snatch with painful fight,
 Across the working foam a moment's light;
 The momentary vision snatch'd again,
 The troubled river boils and froths amain.
 To which of these, alas! shall I confide?
 Say, shall I plunge in Rhone's impetuous tide,
 And by the various eddies roll'd about,
 Just as the whirlpools guide, suck'd in, cast out!
 Till through a thousand giddy circles tost,
 In the broad ocean's boundless floods I'm lost?
 Or, tell me, friend,—less vent'rous, shall I lave
 My glowing limbs in Arar's gentle wave?
 In whose fair bosom beauteous prospects rise,
 The earth in verdure, and in smiles the skies:
 With thoughtless rapture ev'ry charm explore,
 Heav'd by no breeze, or wafted to no shore:
 Till trusting cred'lous to the false serene,
 I sink to ruin in the pleasing scene.

THE PARODY: BY MR. W*****.

Two toasts at ev'ry public place are seen,
 Godlike Elizabeth and gentle Jean:
 Mild Jeany smiles at ev'ry word you say,
 Seems pleas'd herself, and sends you pleas'd away.
 Her face so wondrous fair, so soft her hands,
 We're tempted oft to think—she understands:
 Each fop with joy the kind endeavour sees,
 And thinks for him the anxious care to please:
 But the fly nymph has motives of her own,
 Her lips are open'd, and—her teeth are shown,

Befs blunders out with ev'ry thing aloud,
 And rattles unwithheld and unwithstood:
 In vain the sighing swain implores a truce,
 Nor can his wit one moment's pause produce;
 She bounds o'er all, and conscious of her force,
 Still pours along the torrent of discourse.
 Sometimes, 'tis true, just as her breath she draws,
 With watchful eye we catch one moment's pause:
 But when that instantaneous moment's o'er,
 She rattles on incessant as before.
 To which of these two wonders of the town,
 Say, shall I trust, to spend an afternoon?
 If Betty's drawing-room should be my choice,
 Intoxicate with wit, struck down with noise,
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, I quit the Bedlam scene,
 And joyful hail my peace of mind again:
 But if to gentle Jeany's I repair,
 Regal'd on syllabub, and fed on air,
 With study'd rapture yawning I commend,
 Mov'd by no cause, directed to no end,
 Till half asleep, though flatter'd, not content,
 I come away as joyless as I went.

SONG.

TO A LADY WHO RIDICULED THE AUTHOR'S
 LOVES.

A FEMALE friend advis'd a swain
 Whose heart she wish'd at ease,
 Make love thy pleasure, not thy pain,
 Nor let it deeply seize.

Beauty, where vanities abound,
 No serious passion claims:
 Then, till a phoenix can be found,
 Do not admit the flames.

But griev'd, she finds all his replies
 (Since prepossess'd when young)
 Take all their hints from Silvia's eyes,
 None from Ardelia's tongue.

Thus, Cupid, all their aim they miss,
 Who would unbend thy bow;
 And each slight nymph a phoenix is,
 If thou would'st have it so.

EPIGRAM

ON A LION ENRAGED AT SEEING A LAD IN THE
 HIGHLAND DRESS.

CALM and serene th' imperial lion lay,
 Mildly indulging in the solar ray,
 On vulgar mortals with indiff'rence gaz'd,
 All unconcern'd, nor angry, nor amaz'd;
 But when the Caledonian lad appear'd,
 Sudden alarm'd, his manly mane he rear'd,
 Prepar'd in fierce encounter to engage
 The only object worthy of his rage.

MITHRIDATES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After the manner of the French dramatic rhyme of
 RACINE.

XIPHARES. ARBATES.

Xiphares.

'Tis true, Arbates! what all tongues relate,
 Rome triumphs, and my father yields to fate:

He whose wide empire stretch'd from shore to shore,
The mighty Mithridates is no more.

Pompey, wide scatt'ring terror and affright,
Surpris'd his prudence in the shades of night;
Through all his camp a sudden ruin spread,
And heap'd it round with mountains of the dead:
On broad Euphrates' bank the monarch lies——
His diadem is fall'n the victor's prize.
Thus he whom Asia forty years beheld
Still rising nobler from each well-fought field,
Who bold aveng'd, high-rais'd on valour's wings,
The common cause of empire and of kings,
Dies, and behind him leaves, by fortune cross'd,
Two sons, alas! in mutual discords lost.

Arbates.

How, Prince! so soon does fell ambition move
To break the union of fraternal love?

Xiphbares.

Far, far such guilt be from Xiphbares' breast,
Far such ambition, which the good detest;
Nor glory shines so tempting in my eye,
Nor rate I empire at a price so high;
True to the kindred honours of my name,
I recognize a brother's juster claim;
Nor further does my highest wish aspire,
Than those fair kingdoms left me by my fire;
The rest without regret I see become
His valour's purchase, or the gift of Rome.

Arbates.

The gift of Rome, say'st? can Pharnaces owe?—
Can Mithridates' son?——

Xiphbares.

Arbates, know.

In vain Pharnaces veils himself in art,
Long since become all Roman at the heart;
Lost to his father's glories and his own,
He longs to mount a tributary throne:
Whilst I, more desp'rate from my father's fate,
Nourish within my breast immortal hate.
But yet, not all the rage that hatred breeds,
Not all the jealousies ambition feeds,
Not all the glories Pontus' realms can boast,
Not these divide our wretched bosoms most.

Arbates.

What nearer care Xiphbares' fear alarms?

Xiphbares.

Then hear astonish'd friend, Monimia's charms,
Whom late our father honour'd with his vows,
And now Pharnaces with bold zeal pursues.

Arbates.

Monimia!

Xiphbares.

I love, nor longer will conceal
A flame which truth and honour bid reveal:
Nor duty further binds my tongue, since here
I now no rival but a brother fear:
Nor is this flame the passion of a day,
A sudden blaze that hastens to decay;
Long in my breast I pent the rising groan,
Told it in secret to my heart alone:
O could I faithful to its rage, express
Its first uneasiness, my last distress!
But lose not now the moments to disclose
The long long story of my am'rous woes.——
Suffice it thee to know, that ere my fire
Beheld this beauteous object of desire,
I saw and felt the charmer in my heart,
And holy passion dignify'd the dart.

My father saw her too; nor sought to move
With vows that she and virtue could approve;
Haughty of sov'reign rule, he hop'd to find
An easy conquest o'er a woman's mind:
But when he found in honour resolute,
She scorn'd indignant his imperious suit,
'Twas then he sent in Hymen's sacred name
His diadem, the pledge of purer flame.
Judge then, my friend! what agonizing smart,
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When first from fame the dreadful tale I heard,
The fair Monimia to his throne prefer'd,
And that Arbates with his beauteous prey
Shap'd for Nymphaea's walls the destin'd way.

'Twas then the more to aggravate my doom,
My mother listen'd to the arts of Rome:
Whether by her great zeal for me misled,
Or stung with rage for her deserted bed,
Betray'd to Pompey (impotent of mind)
The fort and treasures to her charge consign'd.
How dreadful did my mother's guilt appear!
Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd my ear,
No more I saw my rival in my fire,
My duty triumph'd o'er my fond desire;
Alone in the unhappy man survey'd
The father injur'd, and the king betray'd:
My mother saw me, prodigal of breath,
In ev'ry field encounter ev'ry death;
Keen to redeem the honours of my name,
Repair her wrongs, and disavow her shame.
Then the broad Euxine own'd my father's sway,
I made the raging Hellespont obey;
His happy vessels flew without controul,
Wherever winds could waft, or oceans roll.
My filial duty had attempted more,
Ev'n hop'd his rescue on Euphrates' shore;
Sudden I heard, amid the martial strife,
A hostile arm had cut his thread of life.
'Twas then, I own, amid my various woes,
Monimia dear to my remembrance rose:
I fear'd the furious king, the dire excess
Of am'rous rage, and jealous tenderness:
Hither I flew, some mischief to prevent,
With all the speed presaging passion lent:
Nor less my fears sinister omens drew,
When in these walls Pharnaces struck my view.
Pharnaces, still impetuous, haughty, bold,
Rash in design, in action uncontroll'd,
Solicits the fair queen, again renews
His interrupted hopes, and former vows,
Confirms his father's death, and longs to move
Her gentle bosom to more equal love.
I own, indeed, whilst Mithridates reign'd,
My love was by parental law restrain'd,
Rever'd submissive his superior pow'r,
Who claim'd my duty from my natal hour;
Enfranchis'd by his death, it scorns to yield
To any other's hopes so dear a field.
Either Monimia adverse to my claim;
Rejects, ah heav'n forbid! my tender claim;
Or—but whatever danger's to be run,
'Tis by my death alone the prize is won.
'Tis thine to choose, which of the two to save,
Thy royal master's son, or Pompey's slave.
Proud of the Romans who espouse his cause,
Pharnaces proudly thinks to dictate laws;
But let him know, that here that very hour
My father dy'd, I knew no rival pow'r.

The realms of Pontus own his sov'reign sway,
Him Colchos and its provinces obey,
And Colchos princes ever did maintain
The Bosphorus a part of their domain.

Arbates.

My lord, what pow'r I boast you justly claim,
My duty and affection are the same;
Arbates has but one plain point in view,
To honour and his royal master true:
Had Mithridates reign'd, nor force nor art
Had e'er seduc'd this faithful loyal heart;
Now by his death releas'd, my duteous care
His royal will declar'd, awaits his heir:
The self-same zeal I to your succour bring,
With which I serv'd your father and my king,
Had heav'n Pharnaces' impious purpose sped,
I the first victim of his rage had bled;
Those walls so long his entrance which withstood,
Ere this had redden'd with my odious blood.
Go, to the blooming queen your suit approve,
And mould her gentle bosom to your love:
Affianc'd in my faith, dismiss your fear;
Either Arbates has no credit here,
Or else Pharnaces, by my arts o'ercome,
Elsewhere shall boast him of the aids of Rome.

EPITAPH

ON MR. BAILLIE OF JERVISWOOD.

THE pious parents rais'd this hallow'd place,
A monument for them and for their race.
Descendants, be it your successive cares,
That no degen'rate dust e'er mix with theirs.

EPITAPH

ON MR. BASIL HAMILTON.

THIS verse, O gentle Hamilton! be thine,
Each softer grace, below thy darling shrine.
Nature to thee, did her best gifts impart,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart;
Honour erected in thy breast its throne,
And kind humanity was all thy own.

EPITAPH.

Does great and splendid villany allure?
Go search in W——'s trial for a cure.
Blest with enough, wouldst thou increase it still?
Examine Ch——'s life, and R——'d's will.
Wouldst thou be happy? then these rules receive,
Read this verse *gratis*, and thy soul shall live.
Learn from this man, who now lies five feet deep,
To drink when doubting, and when tempted
sleep:
This led him safe thro' life's tempestuous steerage,
Poor by no place, ignoble by no peerage;
An easy mind, by no entails devis'd;
An humble virtue, by no kings excis'd:
Stated no law case, and no critic quoted; [voted.
Spoke what he thought, and never swore nor
Courts he abhor'd, their errors, their abuses,
St. James, Versailles; all, all, but Sancta Crucis*:
There where no statesman buys, no bishop sells;
A virtuous palace, where no monarch dwells.

* *Holyroodhouse.*

With kind Bargeny, faithful to his word, [lord;
Whom heav'n made good and social, though a
The cities view'd of many-languag'd men,
Popes, pimps, kings, gamesters; and saw all was vain.
Enjoy'd, what Hopetoun's groves could never yield,
The philosophic rapture of the field!
Nor ask'd, nor fear'd. His life, and humble lays,
No critic's envy, and no flatt'ers praise.
Sure those who know how hard to write and live,
Would judge with candour, pity and forgive.
Know'n but to few, as if he ne'er had been,
He stole through life unheeded and unseen.
He often err'd, but broke no social duty;
Unbrib'd by statesmen, and unhurt by beauty.

PSALM LXV. IMITATED.

THRICE happy he! whom thy paternal love
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,
Where blessings spring, and endless pleasures flow:
Awful in majesty, thy glories shine,
Thy mercy speaks its author all divine.
Thy tender and amazing care is own'd,
Where-e'er old ocean walks his wavy round;
Those that explore the terrors of the main,
Embroid'd with storms in search of paltry gain,
Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,
Derive their safety from thy boundless pow'r:
Within their stated mounds thy nod contains
The lawless waves, where headlong tumult reigns;
At thy despotic call the rebels cease,
Sink to a smiling calm,—and all is peace.
Those that inhabit earth's remotest bound,
Trembling survey thy terrors all around,
When kindling meteors redden in the air,
And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair;
At thy command fair blushes lead the day,
And orient pearls glow from each tender spray,
Night with her solemn gloom adores a God,
And spreads her fable horrors at his nod,
Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,
Each creature smiles, and all his works rejoice.
Thy bounty streams in soft descending show'rs,
And wakens into bloom the drooping flow'rs;
Pregnant on high thy cloudy cisterns move,
And pour their genial treasures from above;
Earth smiles, array'd in all her youthful charms. }
Her flow'ry infants ope their blushing arms, }
And kindling life each vernal blossom warms. }
Thus the glad year with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.
Whene'er thou smil'st, fresh beauties paint the
And flow'rs awaken'd vegetate to birth. [earth
The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never spring adorn'd the sterile ground,
At thy command a pompous dress assume,
Fair roses glow, and op'ning lilies bloom:
Here verdant hills arise on ev'ry side,
And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride;
There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,
And crown with fleecy wool the shepherd's toil:
While tender lambs their infant voices raise,
And sweetly bleat th' Almighty Giver's praise.
Here loaded vallies smile with waving corn,
And golden prospects ev'ry field adorn;
They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,
With sweet harmonious notes, their gracious King.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

Containing

INSTITUTION OF THE GARTER,
IMITATIONS OF SPENSER,
HYMN OF CLEANTHES,



ODES,
EPISTLES,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Albion exult! Thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The *Man of Thebes* hath in thy vales appear'd.
Hark! with fresh rage, and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the *British* lyre;
The sounds that echo'd on *Alpheus'* streams,
Reach the delighted ear of listening *Thames*;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great *Theron's* foaming courfers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

DR. WARTON'S ODE ON READING WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

GILBERT WEST, 1880

Containing

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

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The author of the above works has been
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LINCOLN

PRINTED BY WENDLE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE

THE LIFE OF G. WEST.

GILBERT WEST was the son of the Rev. Dr. West, prebendary of Winchester, and was born in 1706. His father was of an ancient family, and eminent for his worth and learning. He superintended the Oxford edition of "Pindar," in folio, with the Greek Scholia, 1697. Bishop Burnet gave him the living of Hundred in Berkshire; and, in the reign of Queen Anne, Lord Orford procured him a stall in the Cathedral of Winchester. At the accession of King George, he was appointed one of his first Chaplains, and had a promise from his Majesty of the first vacant Bishopric, which he did not live to obtain. He died in 1718.

His mother, Maria Temple, was sister to Sir Richard Temple, Bart. afterwards Lord Cobham, a woman of exemplary prudence, piety, and virtue, who lost her right of inheritance to her brother's estate, by marrying a man without one; and her sister, Hesther, married to Richard Grenville, Esq. of Wotton in Buckinghamshire, and her issue, received the honours and fortune he had to bequeath, with remainder to her sister Christian, married to Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart. of Hagley in Worcestershire, and her issue. She married a second husband, Sir John Langham, Bart. of Cottesbroke in Northamptonshire.

His mother, purposing to educate him for the church, soon after his father's death, sent him to Eton school, of which he became Captain, and went off to Oxford, and became a Student of Christ-Church.

His studious and serious turn inclined him to embrace the clerical profession; but he was seduced to a more airy mode of life, by obtaining a Cornetcy in his uncle's Regiment of Horse.

He continued some time in the army; though it is reasonable to suppose that, as his uncle exempted him from country quarters, he never sunk into a mere soldier, nor ever lost the love, or neglected the pursuit of learning; and afterwards, finding himself more inclined to civil employment, he resigned his commission, and engaged in business, with other young gentlemen, trained by government for public service, under Lord Townshend, then Secretary of State, with whom he attended the King to Hanover.

Lord Townshend showed him particular marks of his regard; and Walpole testified the strongest inclination to serve him; but Lord Cobham's opposition to the administration obstructed his preferment; the minister acknowledging, that he must not expect to have his merit distinguished by government, as any favours conferred on him would be imputed as done to his uncle.

Finding that he was to be sacrificed, he took his leave of the secretary's office, and all views of advancing his fortune; his uncle dissuading him from going to the Temple, where he had been entered, and studying the law, which he proposed to himself, as his last resource.

His adherence to Lord Townshend ended in nothing but a nomination, May 1729, to be Clerk Extraordinary of the Privy Council, procured of the Duke of Devonshire, then President of the Council, by one of his sons, with whom he had contracted a friendship at school, which produced no immediate profit; for it only placed him in a state of expectation and right of succession; and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards, he married a daughter of Mr. Bartlett, and settled himself in a very pleasant house at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning and to piety.

He was very often visited by his cousin Lyttleton, and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debate, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. Lyttleton's epigram to him in 1744, contains a just character both of the master and of his habitation.

Fair nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.
To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

There is a walk at Wickham made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham, Lyttleton received that conviction which produced his "Dissertation on the conversion of St. Paul." Hammond also came often from the busy world to see him, and found at Wickham a temporary relief from the anxieties of love.

And you, O West, with her, your partner dear,
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

Of his piety, the influence has probably been extended far by his *Observations on the Resurrection of Christ*, published in 1747, for which the University of Oxford created him a Doctor of Laws, by diploma, March 30, 1748; and would doubtless have reached yet farther had he lived to complete what he had for some time meditated, the *Evidence of the Truth of the New Testament*.

Of his learning, the present collection exhibits evidence, in his version of *Pindar*, which would have been yet fuller if the *Dissertation on the Olympic Games*, which accompanies it, had not been omitted. "I am now revising and preparing for the press," he writes Dr. Doddridge, March 14, 1748, "some papers which have lain by me many years; the translations of some *Odes of Pindar*, and some other pieces, both in verse and prose, translated from the Greek, to all which will be prefixed a *Dissertation on the Olympic Games*, which yet wants something of being finished. Though I look upon these subjects as mere trifles in comparison of the other, [*Observations upon Celsus*] yet I am sensible they have a weight, indeed too great a weight in the opinion of the world.

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In bona, laudatum semel, acceptumque benigne.

"Works of this kind sometimes gain a man a reputation and authority which may serve him upon better and more useful subjects. You will not think I am either too vain or sanguine in my expectations, when I tell you that these papers have passed their examination, and received the approbation of Mr. Lyttleton, the best critic, the best friend, and the best man in this world."

In 1749, he published his version of the *Odes of Pindar*, with a dissertation on the Olympic Games, and notes critical and explanatory, in 4to.; which was praised in a recommendatory "Ode," by Dr. Warton, the present respectable master of Winchester school.

The same year, he translated from the Greek, the *Hymn of Gleanthes*, at the request of Dr. Doddridge, to whom he writes, "I am weary of translating; but would willingly put a force upon myself to oblige you."

In 1751, he wrote his *Canto on Education*, in the manner of Spenser, which received the approbation of Dr. Doddridge. In return, he writes him, "I am glad my *Canto* pleased you; though, to tell you the truth, I expected no less. You are a lover of the author as well as of virtue and religion, and must therefore be disposed to read it with a favourable, if not a partial eye."

This was followed, or preceded, by another poem in the same stanza, and a translation of the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, from the Greek of Euripides, with critical remarks and historical explanations, and a version of a part of the *Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*.

His income was not large, and his friends endeavoured, but without success, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but that he required "a more extensive power of superintendence than it was thought proper to allow him."

In 1752, he succeeded to one of the lucrative clerkships of the Privy Council; and when Pitt was made Paymaster-General, he had it in his power to make him Treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

Soon after, he published his *Poems and Translations*, which he affectionately inscribed to his two illustrious friends, Pitt and Lyttleton.

He was now sufficiently rich; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed; nor could it save him from the calamities of life.

In 1755, he lost his only son, in the 20th year of his age; an affliction which he felt very severely.

The year after, a stroke of the palsy brought to the grave, in the emphatical language of Dr. Johnson, "one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrors." The expression might be interpreted to the dishonour of poetry; but, as it ought rather to be considered as a pointed sentence, than a just censure, it would be improper to take notice of it. He died March 26, 1756, in the 50th year of his age.

His works, in prose and verse, containing the *Odes of Pindar*, a *Dissertation on the Olympic Games*, *Gymnastic Exercises*, a *Dialogue from Lucian*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius*, a *Dialogue of Plato*, a *Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout*, the *Institution of the Order of the Garter*, a dramatic poem, and *Original Poems on several occasions*, were re-printed in 3 vols. 12mo. 1766. The *Odes of Pindar*, and the *Poems on several occasions*, were printed in the collection of "The English Poets," 1779 and 1790. The anonymous translation of the *Six Olympic Odes of Pindar*, omitted by West, published in 1775, is incorporated with the translation of West in the present edition; and *The Institution of the Order of the Garter*, omitted in the collection of "The English Poets," is now arranged with his *Original Poems*, and *Translations from Apollonius Rhodius*. "The Swallows," an elegy, printed in the "Adventurer," and attributed by Hawkesworth to West, was the production of Jago, the "poet of the birds."

The works of West bear ample testimony of his genius and learning; and his contemporaries are lavish in praise of his piety, probity, and amiable benevolence.

Pope, the most celebrated of his poetical contemporaries, in testimony of his esteem, left him 5 l. in his will, "to be laid out on a ring, or any other memorial," and 200 l. "after the decease of Mrs. Blount." "Crashaw," says Dr. Johnson, "is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the venerable names of *Poet and Saint*."

Of his private character, and domestic habits, the following account is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1783, from the MSS. of Mr. Jones, once Curate to Young at Welwyn, and afterwards Vicar of Hitchin, and well known by the active share he took in the "Free and Candid Disquisitions." It will be no disparagement to these particulars, to observe, that they have furnished some useful hints to Dr. Johnson, in the improved edition of his "Lives of the Poets."

"Mr. West was a person of great discernment, and of a very quick apprehension, and readily saw into men and things. He was lively and agreeable in conversation, and very much of a gentleman in all his behaviour.

"I have heard him say, that in his younger days he had gone over into the quarters of infidelity. His uncle, the late Lord Cobham, did all in his power to instill such principles into his mind, and that of his cousin Lyttleton, when they paid their visits to him. But the latter, he said, happily stood his ground, and made little or no progress in these perverse principles.

"When his *Treatise on the Resurrection*, &c. was first advertised in the public papers, numbers of those who had conceived an opinion of his continuing a staunch unbeliever, sent for it to his bookseller, hoping to find their own disbelief therein confirmed. But, finding themselves disappointed, some of them were pleased afterwards to rank him in the class even of Methodists, others ranked him among the Socinians. But his true character, to my certain knowledge, was a Christian, a Scholar, and a Gentleman.

"His uncle (even after the publication of his *Treatise on the Resurrection*) left him a legacy of 1000 l.

"He was very regular and exemplary in family religion; offered up prayers (those of the public liturgy) every day, when well, at eleven in the morning; and then, when the weather was fair, rode out for his health. On Sundays, he went to church (not to that of his own parish, but to that of St. James's, Dr. Clarke's church), and at evening ordered his servants to come into the parlour, when

he read to them the late Dr. Clarke's sermons, and then went to prayers. He read them always himself.

"One thing was somewhat singular; he always said grace himself at his table, though a clergyman was present. He gave me his reasons of his own accord, and I did not disapprove them.

"He bore his last illness in a very exemplary manner, very patient, and entirely resigned to the Divine Will.

"He had formed an excellent design of proving the authenticity of the New Testament, from many observations that had occurred to him from time to time, which he had begun to note down; and I remember he showed me some valuable hints that had been communicated to him by Dr. Doddridge, particularly drawn from the concessions of *Celsus* and others, amongst the more early opposers of Christianity. He seemed to delight in that subject, and to be fully resolved to pursue it if God should give him opportunities. I have heard him expatiate upon it in conversation, with great clearness of judgment and strength of argument. What became of his preparatory papers upon it, since his decease, I know not; but have reason to believe, from what I have heard, that they were soon after destroyed, with many others, and perhaps all that he had left remaining upon any topics of theology. Let his memory be ever dear to me, and sacred to the friends of Christianity in all succeeding ages."

His poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnson, is candid and judicious, and may be generally allowed; but with some exceptions in favour of the *Choruses* in *The Institution of the Order of the Garter*, unjustly overlooked; and making due allowance for his injurious and degrading estimate of the merit of poetical imitation.

"Of his translations, I have only compared the first *Olympic Ode* with the original, and found my expectation surpassed, both by its elegance and exactness. He does not confine himself to his author's train of stanzas; for he saw that the difference of the languages required a different mode of versification. The first strophe is eminently happy; in the second he has a little strayed from *Pindar's* meaning, who says, "If thou, my soul, wishest to speak of games, look not on the desert sky for a planet hotter than the sun, nor shall we tell of nobler games than those of *Olympia*." He is sometimes too paraphrastical. *Pindar* bestows upon *Hiero* an epithet which, in one word, signifies *delighting in horses*; a word, which, in the translation, generates these lines:

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
Tends the courser's noble breed;
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare;
Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

"*Pindar* says of *Pelops*, that "he came alone in the dark to the White Sea," and West:

Near the billow-beaten side
Of the foam-besilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he stood.

which, however, is less exuberant than the former passage.

"A work of this kind, must, in a minute examination, discover many imperfections; but West's version, so far as I have considered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.

"His *Institution of the Garter*, is written with sufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred; and with great elegance of diction; but for want of a process of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preserve the reader from weariness.

"His *Imitations of Spenser* are very successfully performed, both with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements together. But such compositions are not to be reckoned among the great achievements of the intellect, because their effect is local and temporary; they appeal not to reason or passion, but to memory, and presuppose an accidental or artificial state of mind. An imitation of *Spenser*, is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom *Spenser* has never been perused. Works of this kind may deserve praise, as proofs of great industry and great nicety of observation; but the highest praise, the praise of genius, they cannot claim. The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is co-extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life; what is less than this can be only pretty, the play-thing of fashion, and the amusement of a day."

WEST'S POEMS.

To the Right Honourable
WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.
Pay-Master-General of his Majesty's Forces,
One of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council;

And to the Honourable
SIR GEORGE LYTTLETON, BART.
One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury;

THESE POEMS

Are inscribed by the Author;
Who is desirous that the Friendship,
With which they have for many Years honoured him,
And the sincere Affection and high Esteem,
Which he hath conceived for them,
From a long and intimate Knowledge
Of their Worth and Virtue,
May be known

Wherever the Publication of the ensuing Pieces
Shall make known the Name of

GILBERT WEST.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS, AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

FROM THE ARGONAUTICKS OF APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THEN too the jarring heroes to compose
Th' enchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus rose,
And thus, attuning to the trembling strings:
His soothing voice, of harmony he sings.
In the beginning how heaven, earth, and sea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from disorder rose:
How roll'd incessant o'er th' ethereal plain
Move in eternal dance the starry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden sun,
Through months and years their radiant journeys
run;
Whence rose the mountains clad with waving
The rushing rivers, and resounding floods,
With all their nymphs; from what celestial seed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd consort, daughter of the main:

On high Olympus' snowy head enthron'd,
The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force superior, and successful war,
Divested of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd
Thus they resign'd the sceptre of the world:
And Saturn rul'd the blest Titanian gods,
While infant Jove possess'd the dark abodes
Of Dicte's cave; his mind yet uninform'd
With heavenly wisdom, and his hand unarm'd:
For'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's scorching blaze,
Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms a-
bove,
The strength and glory of almighty Jove.
This said, the tuneful bard his lyre unstrung,
And ceas'd th' enchanting music of his tongue.

But, with the sound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him still singing, still flood fix'd to hear.
In silent rapture every chief remains;
And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine,
And pay due honours to the power divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While rising flames the mystic tongues devour.

Now sable night ascends her starry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowsy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd morning rear'd her
head,

And look'd o'er Pelion's summits ting'd with red;
Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently swell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding shores
Hoarse-sounding Pagasæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad signal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of sacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Didona brought.

On their allotted posts now rang'd along
In seemly order fate the princely throng:
Fast by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmost station bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, whose enormous might
Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beside him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-sinking feels the demi-god.

Their hausers now they loose, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the consecrated wine.
Then from his native shores sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,
The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their harmonious feet:
Together so Thessalia's princes sweep
With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep.
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus and the movement guides.
On either side the dashing surges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty stroke;
Thick flash'd the brazen arms with streaming light,
While the swift bark pursues her rapid flight,
And ever as the sea-green tide she cleaves,
Foams the long tract behind, and whitens all the
waves:

So shines the path, across some verdant plain
Trac'd by the footsteps of the village swain.

Jove on that day from his celestial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of heaven look'd
The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey [down,
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-top'd summit stood
The nymphs, and fauns, and sisters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That shaded once the mountain's shaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the sounding sea
Thessalia's mighty heroes to convey.
But, lo! from Pelion's highest cliff descends,
And downward to the sea his footsteps bends
The Centaur Chiron; on the beach he stood
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.

Then waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
And speeds with prosperous vows the parting sails.
With him advanc'd his consort to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore:
Then, raising high in air the pleasing load,
To his fond fire the smiling infant show'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

THE following day Bithynia's coast they reach,
And fix their hausers to the sheltering beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood
The mournful mansions of sad Phineus stood,
Agenor's son; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burden of unequal'd care.
For taught by wise Apollo to descry
Th' unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his science, the presumptuous seer
Deign'd not Jove's awful secrets to reverē;
But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The sacred purpose of th' omniscient mind.
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But quench'd in endless shade his visual rays.
Nor would the vengeful god permit him taste
The cheerful blessings of the genial feast;
Though the large tribute of the nations round
Their prophet's board with wealth and plenty
crown'd.

For, lo! descending sudden from the sky,
Round the pil'd banquet shrieking harpies flie,
Who with rapacious claws incessant tear
Forth from his famish'd lips th' untasted fare.
Yet would some slender pittance oft remain,
What might suffice to keep up life and pain.
But then such odours the foul scraps exhal'd,
That with the stench the loathing stomach fail'd,
Aloof the hungry guests and wondering stood,
While their sick hearts abhor'd the putrid food.

But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome sound invades the prophet's ear.
Taught by th' inspiring god that now was come
The long-wish'd period of heaven's vengeful
doom,

That by these heroes destin'd aid restor'd,
Peace should thenceforward bless his feastful board.
Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade;
And leaning on his staff with faltering steps,
Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he pass'd.
Shrunk was his form, adust with want and care,
And bursting through his hide the pointed bones
appear.

But faint and breathless as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threshold over-toil'd he fate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And swims beneath his feet the solid ground.
No more their functions the frail senses keep,
And speechless sinks the seer in death-like sleep.

This saw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow sound,
With breath and utterance scarce recover'd broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd seer prophetic spoke:

"Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
Whom o'er the main Thessalia's pines convey,
And Jason leads to Colchos' magic land,
Such is your cruel tyrant's stern command.

Yes, ye be they; for yet my mental eye
 Undimm'd past, present, future, can descry.
 Thanks to thy son, Latona, who bestows
 This grace, this only solace of my woes.
 By Jove, to whom the suppliant's cause belongs,
 Who hates the merciless, who avenges wrongs,
 By Phœbus, by Saturnia wife of Jove,
 By all the blest immortal powers above,
 Who lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
 O help! O save from famine and despair
 A wretch ill-fated, to affliction born,
 Nor leave me here unpitied and forlorn.
 For not these orbs alone depriv'd of sight
 Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
 But to extreme old age his cruel law
 Dooms me th' unwasting thread of life to draw.
 Nor end my sorrows here; a heavy chain
 Of woes succeeds, and pain still link'd to pain.
 From secret haunts aerial, unexplor'd,
 Flights of devouring harpies vex my board.
 Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend,
 And from my mouth the tasteful morsel rend.
 Meanwhile my troubled soul, with woes oppress'd,
 No means of aid, no comfort can suggest.
 For when the feast I purpose to prepare,
 They see that purpose, and prevent my care.
 But cloy'd and glutted with the luscious spoil
 With noisome ordure parting they defile
 Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remain,
 That none approaching may the stench sustain,
 Though his strong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
 The filthy fragments such dire steams exhale:
 Yet me fell hunger's all-subduing pain
 Compells, reluctant, lothing, to remain;
 Compells the deadly odours to endure,
 And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
 From these invaders (so hath fate decreed)
 By Boreas' offspring shall my board be freed.
 Nor on a stranger to your house and blood,
 O sons of Boreas, is your aid bestow'd.
 Phineas behold, Agenor's hapless son,
 Once for prophetic skill and riches known;
 Who, while I sway'd the Thracian sceptre, led
 Your dower'd sister to my spousal bed."
 Here Phineus ceas'd, each pitying hero groans,
 But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting sons
 Feel kind compassion swelling in their souls,
 While down their cheeks the generous torrent rolls.
 Then Zetes near approaching, closely press'd
 His hand, and thus the labouring seer address'd:
 "O most disastrous of all human kind,
 Whence sprung the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
 Hast thou, intrusted with the book of fate,
 By folly merited celestial hate?
 Hence falls this indignation on thy head?
 Fain would the sons of Boreas grant thee aid;
 Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
 But awful dread their willing hands restrains.
 To frighted mortals well thy sufferings prove,
 How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
 Then swear, or never shall this righteous sword,
 Though drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford;
 Swear, that th' assistance which our arms shall lend,
 Shall no immortal angry God offend." [wide
 He spoke; when straight tow'r'd heav'n disclosing
 His frightless balls, the senior thus reply'd:
 "My son, th' injustice of thy tongue restrain,
 Nor let such thoughts thy pious soul profane:

By Phœbus, heavenly Augur, who inspires
 My conscious bosom with prophetic fires:
 By this my wretched lot of woe and care,
 These eyes involv'd in dark'ning clouds, I swear,
 By the fell demons of the realms below,
 Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
 From their resentments not in death secure,
 If falsely their dread godheads I adjure:
 That your assisting hands shall never move
 Wrath or displeasure in the powers above."

Then acquiescing in the solemn prayer,
 To aid the prophet Boreas' sons prepare.
 The ready youth a banquet spread, the last
 That those fell harpies were decreed to taste:
 Nigh stand the brothers, ardent to oppose
 With glittering faulchions their invading foes.
 But scarce the first sweet morsel Phineus took,
 When from the clouds with swift prevention broke
 Swift as the lightning's glance, or stormy blast
 Whose rapid fury lays the forest waste,
 Shrill clamouring for their prey the birds obscene,
 The watchful heroes shouting rush'd between;
 But they with speediest rage the cakes devour'd,
 And round intolerable odours pour'd;
 Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
 Upspringing swift with threatening blades pursue
 The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturnus steel'd
 Their vigorous nerves with force untaught to yield;
 And did not Jove their wearying strength sustain,
 Their flitting pinions had they spread in vain:
 For when to Phineus furious they repair,
 Or quitting Phineus seek the fields of air,
 The light wing'd monsters fleetier than the wind,
 Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
 As when the hound experienc'd in the chase,
 Through some wide forest o'er the scented grass
 A bounding hind or horned goat pursues,
 And near his panting prey, and nearer views;
 Eager he stretches the short space to gain,
 And, snapping, grinds his gnashing fangs in vain:
 So ever-near th' insulting chiefs pursued:
 The harpies so their catching hands elude.
 But now far off in the Sicilian main,
 By the wing'd brothers, sons of Boreas, slain,
 The race of harpies (though heav'n disallow'd)
 Had stain'd the Plotian isles with sacred blood;
 Their sore distress had Iris not survey'd,
 And darting from the skies the heroes staid.
 O sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
 Permit ye not to wound the dogs of Jove.
 And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
 Shall those fell dogs approach Bithynia's shore.
 This said, adjuring the tremendous floods,
 Most fear'd, most honour'd by th' immortal gods:
 By the flow-dripping urn of Styx she swore,
 The prophets peaceful mansions evermore
 From those rapacious spoilers should be free;
 Such was the fatal sister's fixt decree.
 The goddess swore, the brothers straight obey,
 And back to Argo wing their airy way.
 The Strophades from thence derive their name,
 The Plotian islands styl'd by ancient fame.
 Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid,
 In thousand various mingling dies array'd.
 These to the grotts retir'd and dark retreat
 Of Dictæ's caverns in Minoian Crete.
 While the gay goddess of the watery bow
 Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.

Meanwhile the princes in the cleansing wave
 With purifying rites the senior lave.
 Next from the spoil, which on Bybricia's shore
 From vanquish'd Amycus stern Pollux tore,
 A victim they select with pious care;
 And sooth the gods with sacrifice and prayer.
 Then in the palace each heroic guest
 Partakes the pleasures of the sumptuous feast.
 With them sat Phineus, and refresh'd his soul
 With savory viands and the cheering bowl.
 Unfatiated he feeds, and bates in streams
 Of ecstacy beyond the bliss of dreams.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES *.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd!
 Divinity supreme! all potent lord!
 Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative power all things obey!
 Majestic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
 The suppliant prayer, and tributary song:
 To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
 From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
 Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
 Embodied portions of the soul divine.
 Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
 And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
 The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
 That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
 Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
 And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
 Such is the awe impress'd on nature round
 When through the void thy dreadful thunders
 found,
 Those flaming agents of thy matchless power:
 Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.

* *Cleantes, the author of this hymn, was a stoick philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn was translated at the request of a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who was pleas'd to find such just sentiments of the Deity in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.*

Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
 Ruling that reason which through all convey'd
 Informs this general mass, though reign'd ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal lord.
 For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon ethereal pole, the seat of gods,
 Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost.
 But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose;
 And profit by the malice of thy foes;
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As hence to model one harmonious whole;
 One universal law of truth and right;
 But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
 And, though to bless directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not, reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good.
 Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
 As various objects various passions move. [war
 Some through opposing crowds and threatening
 Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car,
 Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:
 While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
 Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
 But, O great Father, thunder-ruling god!
 Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
 Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
 Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
 The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
 And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
 Those radiant beams, by whose all piercing flame
 Thy justice rules this universal frame.
 That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
 We may essay thy goodness to requite
 With honorary songs and grateful lays,
 And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
 The proper task of man; and sure to sing
 Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king,
 Is bless supreme. Let gods with mortals join!
 The subject may transport a breast divine.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF LUCIAN.

"Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram."

OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.

MESSENGER.

OCYPUS.

MOUNTEBANKS.

PHYSICIAN.

CHORUS.

NURSE.

SPIRITS.

SCENE LIES IN THEBES.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

*Enter Ocypus * lame, and leaning on the nurse.**Ocyp.* WHENCE, without wound, proceeds this horrid pain,That robs me of th' assistance of my feet?
While, like a bow-string by the forceful arm
Of some bold archer strain'd, the cracking
finews [plain,Labour and stretch; and force me to com-
That length of time but strengthens the
disease.*Nur.* Raise thyself up, my son, nor bear so hard,
Lest, helpless as thou art, with thee I fall.*Ocyp.* Less weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And rest upon my foot, and bear my pain.
For shame it is, that youth should ask the aid
Of such a prating, old, decrepit wretch.*Nur.* Forbear, vain boy, thy scoffing insolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well
thou know'st,In sickness youth is impotent as age.
Be govern'd; for this arm should I withdraw,
Thou fall'st, while my old feet unshaken
stand.*Ocyp.* But if thou fall'st, through age thou fall'st,
not sickness:Old age is weak, though prompt and wil-
ling ever—

* *Ocypus, the son of Podalirius and Aftasia, was eminent for his strength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and all gymnastic exercises. This young man, having been accustomed to insult and deride whomsoever he saw grievously afflicted with the gout, telling them at the same time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himself the indignation of the goddess who presides over that distemper, and was at last, by the violence of the disease, driven to a psecantation. Lucian had composed an entire drama upon this subject; but as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have translated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his other drama, whose subject is the triumph of the gout over physic.*

Nur. Leave arguing; and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got possession of thy toe.*Ocyp.* As in the course I exercis'd, awry
My ancle turn'd, and thence the pain ensued,*Nur.* Why, as the fellow said, who careless sat
Clipping his grisly beard, then run again.*Ocyp.* Or wrestling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling
limbs?*Nur.* A trusty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyself.

But this is a mere circle of evasions,

And I myself the like discourse have held

In former times and try'd to varnish o'er,

Ev'n to my dearest friends, th' unpleasing
truth;But now when every swelling member speaks.
And burning colours torture thy whole body—*Enter PHYSICIAN.**Phy.* O! where is Ocypus, illustrious youth?

For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet.

And therefore to assist him am I come.

But see! where careless on the couch diffus'd,
Supine he lies!—Heaven grant thee health,
my son,

And to thy feet restore their wonted strength.

Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cause

Of thy complaint: perhaps my powerful art

May for thy anguish find some quick relief.

Ocyp. Intolerable pain my foot consumes.*Phy.* Whence came it? how? what accident?
explain.*Ocyp.* Or in the straining race, or haply while
My gymnick exercises I perform'd,

Some hurt from my companions I receiv'd.

Phy. Then where's the sore and angry inflam-
mation?

And why no fomentation on the part?

Ocyp. The woollen bandage I abhor.*Nur.* Alas!

How baneful is the pride of handsome looks

Phy. What therefore must be done? shall I lay
open

Thy tumid foot? But, Ocypus, be sure
If once I seize upon it, I shall drain,
At many bleeding wounds, thy arteries.

Ocyp. Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.

Pby. Then lo! my steely instrument I draw,
This crooked, sharp, blood-thirsting instrument.

Ocyp. Hey! ho!

Nur. Physician, what dost thou intend?
Would'st thou with sharp incisions vex him
more? [danger?

And, without knowing why, his foot en-
He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
For neither in the straining race, nor while
His gymnastic exercises he perform'd,
From his companions did he hurt receive.
'Then listen to my tale. Healthful he came,
And all unwounded home; and greedily
'The evening feast devour'd, and drain'd the
bowl;

Then falling on the couch securely slept.
But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
As smitten by some god: fear seiz'd us all.
And, Oh! he cried, whence came this dire
mischance?

Some torturing demon seizes on my foot.
Thus on his couch up-sitting all night long
His foot in sad solemnity he moan'd.
But when the cock's shrill sounding trump
proclaims

The dawning day, lamenting forth he comes,
And on my shoulder leans his feverish hand,
While his disabled footsteps I upheld,
All that he told thee is a forg'd device
To veil the secret of his dire disease,
Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

Ocyp. Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words;
Vaunting in speech, but impotent in action.
He, who when sick his nursing friends de-
ceives,
Like the starv'd wretch that hungry mastic *
chews,

But cheats himself, and fosters his disease.

Pby. Thou cheatest all; now that, now saying this,
Confessing pain, but not explaining what.

Ocyp. And how shall I explain it? I indeed
Know that I suffer pain; and that is all.

Pby. When pain, without apparent cause, invades
The swelling foot, a man may please himself
In hunting after this and that solution,
But can't mistake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleasing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, 'tis come up-
on thee.

Ocyp. It? what? alas! what terrible disease,
That needs such preface to its horrid name?

Nur. The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whose pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didst once deride.

Ocyp. But what, O skilful artist, what say'st thou?

Pby. Farewell, to serve thee I neglect myself.

* Mastic is a great strengthener of the stomach, and consequently promotes appetite; which to a man dying of hunger is so far from being a relief, that it rather increases his complaint: this I take to be the meaning of this passage.

Ocyp. What accident or business calls thee hence?

Pby. Into a cureless evil thou art fall'n.

Ocyp. Must I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlasting woe?

Pby. Fear not: thou shalt not be for ever lame.

Ocyp. What worse have I to fear?

Pby. On either leg
Her galling fetters will the goddess bind.

Ocyp. Alas! in t'other sympathizing foot
Methinks I feel a new unusual pain.
Or am I motionless? Or wherefore dread I

[rising up.
To place these once so nimble feet on earth?
Seiz'd like a child with vain and sudden fear:
Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,
If aught thy art suggests of aid or comfort,
Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,
Or surely I shall die: within I feel
The secret venom, and the thrilling arrow
That pierces through my feet, and tears my
finews.

Pby. Not to amuse thee with unmeaning words,
Like some of those who call themselves phy-
sicians,

But of the healing science nothing know,
I'll briefly show the state of thy complaint:
An insurmountable and strong disease
Is fall'n upon thee: bonds more hard and
stubborn

Than those steel-temper'd shackles, which
the hand

Of justice fixes on the bold offender:
A dreadful, undiscover'd, secret ill,
Whose burden human nature scarce can bear.

Ocyp. Alas! oh! oh! what inward smart is this,
That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm
Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on
As the young satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.

[falls on the couch.
Pby. There leave him on the couch; refreshing
sleep

His much-exhausted spirits will recruit.
[Exeunt Nurse and Physician.

Ocypus solus.

Ocyp. O horrid name! detested by the gods!
Gout, rueful gout! of sad Cocytus born!
Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nourish'd at her breast: Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh! what god brought thy disastrous
power
To taint this light, and harass human-kind?
If punishment condign pursue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With streams forbidden Tantalus to vex?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?
And weary Sisyphus with fruitless toil?
It sure had been sufficient punishment
Had each offender the sharp pains endur'd
That tear this meagre miserable carcase:
While through th' obstructed pores the strug-
ling vapour
And bitter distillation force their way.
Ev'n through the bowels runs the scalding
plague,

And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying
fire.

So rage the flames in Ætna's sulphureous
womb :

So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave
Th' imprison'd tides, and in wild whirlpools
toss'd [foaming surge.

Dash'd 'gainst the mouldering rocks the
O evil unexplor'd ! how oft in vain

We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort, by false hopes abus'd.

[Sleeps.

*Scene changes, and discovers the Chorus, consisting of
Gouty Men and Women, marching in Procession to
the Temple of the Gout, with Music and Dancing.*

CHORUS.

To tender Attis, beardless boy,
The howling Phrygian throng,
On Cybele's high mountain chant
Th' enthusiastic song.

On yellow Tmolus' flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious sound.

With clashing arms, in frantic mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual strain.

To Mars, the furious God of war,
The swelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious strife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power !
We thy sad votaries,
In sighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual sacrifice :

When usher'd by the blushing hours
The genial spring appears ;
And every flower-embroider'd vale
Its verdant mantle wears :

When zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves ;
And her sad nest the swallow builds
Beneath the friendly caves :

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Disconsolate, alone,
For Itys lost th' Athenian bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

[Exit Chorus.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

Ocypus solus.

Ocyp. Come, O my comfort, my supporter, come,
My staff, my third best leg, O ! now uphold
My tottering footsteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raise thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd closeness of the room.
Dispel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids
In open day, and in the golden sun [down,
On purer air thy enliven'd spirit feast.

For now my willing mind invites me forth ;
But the weak flesh refuses to comply.

Be resolute, my soul ; for well thou know'st,
The gouty wretch, that would, but cannot
move,

Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on.

[Exit Ocypus.

SCENE changes.

*Enter Ocypus, who discovers the Chorus before a
Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Music
and Dancing. Dance.*

Ocyp.—But who are they, whose hands with
crutches fill'd,
Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands
bound,

Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate ?
Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans sing ? [brows.
Then would the Delphic laurel shade their
Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns ?
Then would their temples be with ivy
wreath'd,

Whence are ye, strangers ? speak : the truth
declare.

Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

Chor. But who art thou, that mak'st us this de-
mand ? [ferr'd,

Thou too, as from thy crutch may be in-
And hobbling pace, thou art a votary
Of the invincible divinity.

Ocyp. I am ; nor am unworthy of the name.

Chorus. When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,
In pearly dew fell from above,
Nereus amass'd her scatter'd frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Fast by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ouze the surges sleep,
On her broad bosom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wise,
From the great Monarch of the skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddess first embrac'd ;
First in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primeval Chaos ceas'd,
And night eternal fled ;
Bright rose the morning, and the sun
His new-born radiance shed.

Then from the womb of fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the babe,
Thence at the streaming breast
Of wealth by fostering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

Ocyp. Say by what rites mysterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit ?

Cho. Nor * with the biting steel ourselves we wound,
Or sprinkle with our blood the hallow'd
Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
Or livid backs with founding scourges torn:
Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding sacrifice:
But when the spring the rising sap impells.
And the young elm with genial moisture swells.

When in the hedges on the budding spray
The blackbird modulates her various lay:
Then unperceiv'd she drives her piercing dart,
And wounds the inmost sense with secret smart;

The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles swell,
The bending knee, and firm supporting heel:
The strong-knit shoulder and the sinewy arm,
And hand mechanic, feel th' intestine harm,
Through every joint the thrilling anguish pours,

And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and
Till length of suffering the dire power appease,

And the fierce torments at her bidding cease.

Oryp. Unweeting then her votary am I.
Thou, goddess, gentle and benign, approach!
And I, with these thy votaries, will begin
Thy sacred, solemn, customary song.

[Dance.

Chorus. Thou air, be still; thou sky, serene;
Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her staff, behold the queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!

[The Goddess of the Gout descends or enters.]

Hail! gentlest of the heavenly powers!

Propitious on thy servants smile;

And grant in spring's fermenting hours

A quick deliverance from our toils.

Godd. Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,

Unconquerable queen of mighty woes!

Whom nor the fuming censer can appease,

Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.

Me not Apollo's self with all his drugs,

High Heav'n's divine physician, can subdue;

Nor his learn'd son, wise Æsculapius.

Yet, ever since the race of man begun,

All have essay'd my fury to repel,

Racking th' invention of still-baffled physic.

Some this receipt 'gainst me, some that ex-

plore.

Plantane they bruise, the parsleys odorous

The lenient lettuce, and the purslain wild.

These bitter horehound, and the watery plant

That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;

Those nettles crush, and comfrey's viscid root,

And pluck the lentils in the standing pools.

Some parsnips, some the glossy leaf apply

That shades the downy peach, benumbing

henbane,

The poppies soothing gum, th' emollient

Rind of the Punic apple, fleawort hot,

The costly frankincense, and searching root
Of potent hellebore, soft fenugreek
Temper'd with rosy wine, collamphacum,
Nitre and spawn of frogs, the cypress-cone,
And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
Of colworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit!)
The dung of mountain-goats, and human

ordure,
The flower of beans, and hot sarcophagus.
The poisonous ruddock *, some, and shrew-

mouse boil,
The weasel some, the frog, the lizard green,
The fell hyæna, and the wily fox, †

And branching stone-buck † bearded like a

What kind of metals have ye left untry'd?

What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal

tear?

What beasts, what animals, have not bestow'd

Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood,

or marrow,

Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine?

The draught of four ingredients some com-

pose,

Some eight, but more from seven expect re-

Some from the purging hiera seek their cure,

On mystic verses vainly some depend;

The tricking Jew gulls other fools with

charms;

While to the cooling fountains others fly,

And in the crystal current seek for health.

But to all these fell anguish I denounce,

To all who tempt me ever more severe.

But they who patiently my visit take,

Nor seek to combat me with anodynes,

Still find me gentle and benevolent.

For in my rites whoe'er participates,

His tongue with eloquence I strait endow,

And teach him with facetious wit to please,

A merry, gay, jocular companion boon:

Round whom the noisy crowd incessant

laugh,

As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.

For that dire Ate, of whom Homer sings,

That dreaded powerful deity am I:

Who on the heads of men insulting tread,

And silent, soft, and unobserv'd approach.

But as for me the acid drop descends,

The drop of anguish, I the Gout am call'd.

Now then, my votaries all, my orgies sing,

And praise with hymns th' unconquerable

goddess.

Chorus. Hear, stubborn virgin, fierce and strong,
Impracticable maid!

O listen to our holy song!

And grant thy servants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, dismays

The monarch of the dead,

And strikes the ruler of the seas

And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee soft reposing beds delight

And flannel's warm embrace,

* The Chorus here allude to several religious ceremonies performed by several Priests to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Priests of Baal cutting and flaying themselves with knives, &c.

* A kind of red land-toad.

† A beast with shaggy hair and a beard like a goat, but otherwise like a stag.

And bandag'd legs nor swift in flight,
Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
And toe that dreads the ground.
Thy pains unclos'd our eye-lids keep,
Or grant at best tumultuous sleep
And slumbers never found.

Thy cramps our limbs distort,
Thy knots our joints invade:
Such is thy cruel sport!
Inexorable maid!

Enter Messenger, with two Mountebanks bound.

Mef. O! Mistress, opportunely art thou met.
Attend no vain or idle tale I bring,
But well supported by authentic facts.
As through the town (for so thou didst enjoin)
With slow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
Searching if haply I might chance to find
A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
Subdu'd, O goddess, by thy mighty arm.
All but these two presumptuous daring
wretches,
Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
To pay due reverence to thy deity,
Boasting that they would banish thee from
earth: [bound,
Wherefore with fetters strong their legs I
And after five days search have brought
them hither,

Godd. A weary march of twice five hundred feet.
Swift hast thou come, my winged messenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged
paths,

Hast thou thy tedious longsome way pursued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy speed?
Mef. Five stairs, whose weak and dislocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, descending
First to the level pavement I arriv'd, [down,
That 'gainst my feet its jarring surface turn'd;
Which having with uneasy footsteps cross'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty street,
Whose pointed stones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a smooth, though slippery
path,

I hurried on, but with backsliding haste,
The trodden slime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every side
The streaming sweat descended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
Thence lab'ring in each limb, and overtoil'd,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me
next:

For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and press'd, and drove me faster
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet, [on;
And quick into an alley stept aside,
Till every rattling hasty wheel was pass'd.
For, as to thee, O goddess, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not, run.

Godd. Servant, thou hast not well perform'd in
vain,

Nor shall thy prompt obedience want reward.
In recompence this pleasing boon receive,
Three years of light and gentler pains to bear.

But ye, most impious heaven-abandon'd vil-
lains, [dare

What and whence are ye, that so proudly
The lists to enter with the mighty Gout,
Whose power not Jove himself can overcome?
Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd,
As all the wise and learn'd can testify.
Priam * was gouty, as old poets sing,
And by the gout the swift Achilles fell.
Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy lord,
The mighty Oedipus, my prowess own'd,
And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Phlist-
henes.

He too, who led to Troy his warrior bands,
The halting son of Pæas felt my dart,
And by my dart the † Lord of Ithaca,
Not by the poisonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be assur'd,
Your wicked deeds shall meet their due re-
x Mo. Syrians we are, in fair Damascus born. [ward.
But urg'd by want, and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and sea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father
gave,

We comfort and relieve the sick and lame.

Godd. What is your ointment, say, and how pre-
2 Mo. We dare not tell, to secrecy oblig'd [par'd?
Both by the solemn oath of our profession,
And last injunctions of a dying father; [true
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful vir-
Of this our medicine, whose strong efficacy,
O gout, can ev'n thy madding fires allay.

Godd. Ha! miserable wretches, say ye so?
Is there on earth a medicine, whose effect
My power is not sufficient to controul?
Come on, upon this issue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your strong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting spirits, who preside
O'er my distracting sorrows, hither come.

Spirits descend.

Thou from the tender sole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguish spread.
Thou in the heel shalt settle from the thigh,
Thou on the knee shalt pour the bitter drop,
And each of you a finger shall torment.

Spir. Behold, O queen, thy orders are perform'd.
See! where the wretches maim'd and roar-
ing lie,

Their limbs distorted with our fierce attack.

Godd. Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
If aught your boasted ointment now avail.
For if my forces it indeed subdue,
Far, to the dark recesses of the earth,

* Priam was gouty, &c.] *Lucian had this cir-
cumstance from some secret histories that are not come
down to us; or possibly there may be some conceit which
we do not understand, since one cannot help thinking that
he alludes to the lameness of Philoctetes, which he got by
the fall of one of Hercules' arrows on his foot; and to
the wound which Achilles received in his heel from
Paris, which wound was the occasion of his death.*

† Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, coming to
Ithaca to see his father, was denied entrance by the ser-
vants; upon which a quarrel ensued, in which he un-
fortunately slew his father Ulysses with a spear or ar-
row, pointed with the bone of a trygon, a poisonous fish.

The depths profound of Tartarus, I'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and un-
seen.

Mo. Behold the ointment is apply'd! but, oh!
The flames relent not. Oh! I faint, I die!
A secret poison all my leg consumes.
Not so pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
Nor rages so the wild tempestuous sea:
Nor more resistless is the lightning's blast.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my sinews
gnaws:

Or on my flesh some poisonous viper preys;
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle
clings,

Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant
gore!

O queen, have mercy! freely we acknow-
That nor our ointment, nor aught else on
Thy unresisted fury can restrain, [earth
O mighty conquerers of human kind!

Ocy. "I too, O potent goddess, grace implore.
"Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
"Vain of my beauteous limbs and active
strength,

"I mock'd thy dolours, and thy power defy'd.

"But now chastis'd by thy afflictive arm,

"And by thy nearer influence subdued,

"My impious vaunts, O goddess, I retract,

"Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath."

Godd. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confess my stubborn
power,

Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs subdued.

Goddess and Spirits re-ascend.

* The mantle of the Centaur Nessus, who having
proffered Hercules his service to carry his wife over the
river Evenus, when he had her on the other side would
have forced her. Whereupon Hercules shot him with
an arrow. Nessus, seeing he must die, in revenge pre-
sents Deianira with his mantle stained with his own
blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believ-
ing this, when Hercules was sacrificing in Mount Oeta,
sent him this mantle to put on; which he no sooner did,
but the poison worked so strongly that he grew mad, and
threw himself into the fire.

Cho. In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus strove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
To deepest hell with scorching lightning
driven, [heaven.
Too late he own'd the stronger power of
The satyr Marfyas blew his boastful reed,
And, Phœbus, strike, he cry'd, thy rival
strings. [deed,
Stript of his skin, he mourns the impious
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius
fings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In streams eternal while her sorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, skill'd in every work divine,
Foolish Arachne at the loom defy'd;
Incessant thence she draws the filmy twine,
Memorial of her fond presumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
To mortals be this sage instruction given,
"That man, though bold, is not a match for
heaven." [Dance.

Cho. O awful Gout, whose universal sway
The trembling nations on the earth obey,
Our torments, gracious sovereign, O assuage!
Be short our rages, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
That this scene of life compose.
Use with reconciling balm
Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
Can our sharpest pains beguile,
And bid gouty wretches smile.
Hence companions of my care,
Learn with patient hearts to bear,
To expect with souls unmov'd
Ills ye have already prov'd.
If severer woes invade,
Heaven will grant you strength and aid.
Who, impatient of his pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the chain,
Laughter he and scorn shall move,
Such is the decree of Jove.

ON THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A CANTO.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-Crofs Knight
From love of Fairy land,
With shew of foreign pleasures all,
The which he doth withstand.

Wise was that Spartan Law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's base his well-built state,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the mischiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the distinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach ambition that to fame would soar,
To the false lure of wealth her stooping wing to lower.

Yet would corruption soon have entrance found,
And all his boasted schemes eftssoon decay'd,
Had not he cast a pow'rful circle round,
Which to a distance the arch felon fray'd,
And ineffectual his foul engines made:
This was, to weet, that politic command,
Which from vain travel the young Spartan stay'd,
Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,
To learn deceitful arts, and science contraband.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and schools;
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd;
Great rabbins deeply read in wisdom's rules,
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
Embellish life, and polish human-kind.
Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
Such, elder Egypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,
Mysterious Egypt, the rank nursery
Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,
Did the young Spartan want his deeds to grace,
Whose manly virtues, and heroic spright,
Check'd by no thought impure, no falsehood base,
With natural dignity might well outface
The glare of manners false, and mimic pride?
And wherefore should they range from place to place,

Who to their country's love so firm were ty'd,
All homely as she was, that for her oft they dy'd?

And * foorth it is (with reverence may ye hear,
And honour due to passion so refin'd)
The strong affection which true patriots bear
To their dear country zealous is and blind,

* *True.*

And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects espy,
Ne other * paragone may ever find,
But gazing on her with an awful eye
And superstitious zeal, her learn to deify.

And, like as is the faith unsound, untrue,
Of him who wandering aye from fair to fair,
Conceiveth from each object passion new,
Or from his heart quite drives the troublous
So with the patriot-lover doth it fare, [care;
Who through the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove,
On none, or all alike, bestows his vagrant love.

† Als doth corruption in a distant soil,
With double force † assay the youthful heart,
Expos'd suspectless to the traitor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to pleasure's poison'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, imposes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counsel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of shame, or spur of public praise.

§ Forthy, false Archimago, traytor vile,
Who burnt 'gainst Fairy-land with ceaseless ire.
'Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile
Her faithful knight, and quench the heavenly
That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire [fire
With zeal unfeign'd for her service true,
And send him forth in chivalrous attire,
Arm'd at all points adventures to pursue,
And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
Him soon the sly enchaunter || over-hent,
Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay, [bent,
With painted shield, and spear right forward
In knightly ¶ guise and shew of ** hardiment,
That aye prepared was for bloody fight.

* *Rival, or one to compare with her.*

† *Moreover, besides.*

§ *Therefore.*

¶ *Fashion.*

‡ *Affault.*

|| *Overtook.*

** *Courage.*

Whereat the * Elfin knight with speeches gent
Him first saluted, who, well as he might,
Him fair salutes again, as † seemeth courteous
knight.

Then 'gan he ‡ purpose frame of valiant deeds
Atchiev'd by foreign knights of § prowess great,
And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat;
Of arts and sciences for warrior || meet,
And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
Or him, who ¶ lieber choosing calm retreat,
With peace and gentle virtue aye would dwell,
Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

These as he said, beseeemed knight to know,
And all be they in Fairy-land ytaught,
Where every art and all fair virtues grow;
Yet various climes with various fruits are
fraught,
And such in one hath full perfection ** raught
The which no skill may in another rear.
So glaz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
To a huge rock that clomb so high in air,
That from it he †† uneath the murmuring surge
mote hear.

Thence the salt wave beyond in prospect wide
A spacious plain the false enchaunter shew'd,
With goodly castles deck'd on every side,
And silver streams, that down the champain
flow'd,
And wash'd the vineyards that beside them stood,
And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
His orient beams display'd withouten cloud,
Which lightly on the glistening waters play,
And tinge the castles, woods, and hills, with purple
ray.

So fair a landscape charm'd the wondering
knight;
And eke the breath of morning fresh and sweet
Inspir'd his jocund spirit with delight,
And ease of heart for soft persuasion meet.
Then him the traitor base 'gan fair entreat,
And from the rock as downward they descend,
Of that blest land his praises 'gan repeat,
Till he him moved hath with him to †† wend;
So to the billowy shore their hasty march they
bend.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
Whose sails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind.
There sat a stranger §§ wight in quaint array,
That seem'd of various garbs ||| attone combin'd,
Of Europe, Afric, east and western Inde.
Als round about him many creatures stood,
Of several nations and of divers kind, [dow'd,
Apes, serpents, birds with human speech en-
And monsters of the land, and wonders of the
flood.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,
Who curiosity thereafter ¶¶ hight

* Fairy. † Beseeemb. ‡ Discourse, or argument. § Might, valour.
|| Proper, fit. ¶ Rather. ** Reach'd. †† Hardly.
‡‡ To go. §§ Man or woman. ||| Together. ¶¶ Was called.

And well he knew each coast and harbour fair,
And every nation's latitude and site,
And how to steer the wandering bark aright.
So to him strait the false encounter bore,
And with him likewise brought the red-cross
knight.

Then fairly him besought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the ad-
verse shore.

There when they landed were, them ran to
A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay, [greet
Who with soft smiles and salutation sweet,
And courteous violence would force them stay,
And rest them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that most luxuriously was * dight
With all the dainties of air, earth, and sea,
All that mote please the taste and charm the
sight, [bright.
The pleasure of the board, and charm of beauty

Als might he therein hear a mingled sound
Of feast and song and laughing jollity,
That in the noise was all distinction drown'd
Of graver sense, or music's harmony.
Yet were there some in that blithe company
That aptly could discourse of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wisdom, and sound policy;
Yet † nould they often ope their sacred store,
Ne might their voice be heard mid riot and uproar.

Thereto the joys of idleness and love,
And luxury, that besots the noblest mind,
And custom prevalent at distance drove
All sense and relish of a higher kind,
Whereby the soul to virtue is refin'd.
Instead whereof the arts of slavery
Were taught, of slavery perverse and blind,
That vainly boasts her native liberty, [tony.
Yet wears the chains of pride, of lust, and glut-
Of which the red-cross knight right well aware,
Would in no wise agree with them to go,
Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
‡ Hight Politeffa him did kindly woo.
But all was false pretence and hollow show,
False as the flowers which to their breasts they
ty'd,
Or those which seemed in their cheeks to glow,
For both were false, and not by nature dy'd,
False rivals of the spring, and beauty's rosy pride.

Then from behind them straightway 'gan ad-
An uncouth stripling quaintly habited, [vaunce
As for some revel mask, or antic daunce,
All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
Als in a vizer black he shrouds his head,
The which he tossed to and fro amain,
And § est his lathy falchion brandished,
As if he meant fierce battle to || darrain,
And like a wanton ape est skipp'd he on the plain,

And est about him skip'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careless notes their amorous song,
Match'd with like careless guests, like amorous
play.

Als were they gorgeous, dress'd in rich array,

* Adorned, set forth. † Would not.
‡ Called. § Often. || Attempt.

And well accepted of that female train,
Whose hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
Each proffer'd love receive without disdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd
swain.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
The whiles with amorous leer and eyes askaunce
Each damsel fires with love her glowing swain;
Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
In sudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending so their daunce, each tender twain
To shady bowers forthwith themselves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves, beside a silver lake.

Thereat the red-crofs knight was much en-
mov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation swell,
To view in forms so made to be lov'd,
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;
But lust instead, and falsehood, child of hell;
And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire:
And sooth to say, them well could parallel
Their lusty * paramours in vain desire;
Well fitted to each dame was every gallant squire.

Yet when their sovereign calls them forth to
arms, [vere,
Their sovereign, whose † behests they most re-
Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,
And wield with valour great the martial spear,
So that their name is dreaded far and near.
Oh! that for liberty they so did fight!
Then need not fairy-land their prowess fear,
Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
Their friendship to beware, and sense-deluding
fleight.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
But solely to ‡ aggrate their mighty lord,
For whom their dearest blood they nillén § spare,
When so him listeth draw the conquering sword;
So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
Who ne with might beyond his meanest thrall
Endued, ne with superior wisdom stor'd,
Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,
And with religious dread obey his princely call.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,
That all the petty kings him sore envy'd,
And would him imitate in any sort,
With all the mimic pageantry of pride,
And worship'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly sycophants and || caitifs vile,
Who to those services themselves apply'd,
And in that school of servitude erewhile [guile.
Had learn'd to bow, and grin, and flatter, and be-

For to that seminary of fashions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And, courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native lond,
Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear,
And back returning drest by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other understond.

* Lovers. † Commands. ‡ Please.
§ Will not. || Scoundrels.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who fore was
griev'd
To see the knight reject those damsels gay,
Wherewith he thought him sure to have de-
ceiv'd,

Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majesty's bright ray:
So to a stately castle he him brought,
Which in the midst of a great garden lay,
And wisely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd surpassing human
thought.

There underneath a sumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the swoln form of royal * surquedry,
And deem'd itself † allgates some creature rare,
While its own haughty state it mote compare
With the base countenance of the vassal fry,
That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor
Ne any sense, ne any faculty, [ear;
That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low
Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,
The which conducted all that goodly shaw,
And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,
By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,
That he the subtle wires mote not ‡ avize,
But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
From his own motion and free grace did rise,
And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

And eke to each of that same gilded train,
That meekly round that lordly throne did
stand,
Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
Whereby their actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden influence the land.
Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
And those same magic chains within his hand
Did seem to place, albeit by the end
He held them fast, that none them from his gripe
mote rend.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown so crafty sage,
That none his secret counsels mote descry,
Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherish'd;
And traffic did promote, and industry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

Thence all the gorgeous splendour of the court,
§ Sith the sole business of the rich and great,
Was to that hope-built temple to resort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who, with their pride to swell his royal state,
Did pour large sums of gold on every one,
Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne,
Who lay deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did
groan.

Behold, says Archimage, the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!

* Pride. † By all means, omnino.
‡ Discover, perceive. § Since,
H h ij

Behold yon sun of power, whose glorious light,
O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
Calls up those princely flowers on every side;
Which like the painted daughters of the plain
Ne toil, ne spin, ne stain their silken pride
With care, or sorrow, sith withouten pain,
Them in eternal joy those heavenly beams maintain.

Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,
And for them thousands and ten thousands * moil,
Gathering from land and ocean honied sweets
For them who in soft indolence the while
And slumbering peace enjoy the luscious spoil;
And as they view around the careful bees
† Forespent with labour and incessant toil,
With the sweet contrast learn themselves to please,
And heighten by compare the luxury of ease.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,
That can rejoice to see another's woe!
And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely
That doth on sloth and gluttony bestow [brow,
The hard-earn'd fruits of industry and pain,
And to the dogs the labourer's morsel throw,
Unmindful of the hand that sow'd the grain,
The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatness vain.

O foul abuse of sacred majesty,
That boasteth her fair self from heaven y-sprong!
Where are the marks of thy divinity?
Truth, mercy, justice steady, bold and strong,
To aid the meek, and curb oppressive wrong?
Where is the care and love of public good,
That to the people's father doth belong?
Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
Who bids dispense to all, what he for all bestow'd?

Dwell'st thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
In Pandemonium full of ugly fiends?
Dissimulation, discord, malice fell,
Reckless ambition, that right onward † wends,
Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame
and friends,
And virtue and his country; crooked guile,
Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
And flattery, curs'd assassin, who the while
He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kifs,
and smile.

Then 'gan he strait unvail the mirror bright,
The which fair § Una gave him heretofore,
Ere he as yet, with || Paynim foe to fight,
For foreign land had left his native shore.
This in his careful breast he always bore,
And on it oft would cast his wary eye;
For it by magic framed was of yore,
So that no falsehood mote it well abye,
But it was plainly seen, or fearfully did fly.

This on that gay assembly did he turn,
And saw confounded quite the gaudy scene;

* *Work hard.*

† *Quite spent.*

‡ *Goes.*

§ *Una in Spenser represents Truth. See B. I. Fairy Queen.*

|| *Heathen, the usual enemy of Knight-errants in Spenser.*

Saw the close fire that inwardly did burn,
And waste the throbbing heart with secret
* teen;

Saw base dependence in the haughty mien
Of lords and princes; saw the magic chain
That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unseen,
That whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his
pain, [swain.
And homage did require from each poor lowly

And though to that old mage they louted down,
Yet did they dearly wish for his decay:
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
Of his great lord his tottering steps did stay,
And oft behind him skulk'd for great dismay;
Als shook the throne, when so the villain crew,
That underneath oppress'd and groveling lay,
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
And loudly for redress and liberty did sue.

There mote he likewise see a ribbald train
Of dancers, broiderers, slaves of luxury,
Who cast o'er all those lords and ladies vain
A veil of semblaunce fair, and richest dye,
That none their inward baseness mote descry.
But nought was hidden from that mirror
bright,
Which when false Archimago 'gan espy,
He feared for himself, and warn'd the knight
From so detested place to maken speedy flight.

So on he passed, till he comen hath
To a small river, that full flow did glide,
As it uncath mote find its watry path
For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,
So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her ancient greatness still be seen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial
queen.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
The boast of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian brass, Egyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And set before the eye of sober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold. [told.
All these and many more that may not here be

There in the midst of a ruin'd pile,
That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, statues half defac'd,
And pedestals with antique imagery
Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

Aloft on this strange basis was † ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye smiling with self-bred delight,
In careless pride reclin'd a lady fair,

* *Pain, anguish.*

† *Placed.*

And to soft music lent her idle ear;
The which with pleasure so did her enthrall,
That for aught else she had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,
An eunuch fate, of visage pale and dead,
Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely * sted,
Though from the dregs of earth he springen
were,
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty † Kefars
bear.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
For she was vain of her great ancestry,
But vainer still of that prodigious store
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treasury.
These she to strangers oftentimes would show,
With grave demean and solemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

Vertù she was ‡ yclept, and held her court
With outward shows of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort,
But men of base and vulgar industry.
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd he,
Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copied of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And generous purpose to adorn the breast
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away
do bear.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
The studious sons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
Her venerable reliques to adore,
And load their bosom with the sacred store,
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
But § sithence she declin'd from wisdom's lore,
They left her to display her pompous toys
To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth || 'long
Of ushers in her court well practised,
Who aye about the monied stranger throng,
Offering, with shows of courteous ¶ bountihed,

* Seat or place.

† Emperors.

‡ Called or named.

§ Since.

|| Belong.

¶ Good-nature or civility.

Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
And show him all the wonders of her state,
Whose names and price they wisely can * arced,
And tell of coins of old and modern date,
And pictures false and true right well discriminate.

Als are they named after him, whose tongue
Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
And thundering through the Roman senate, rung
His bold Phillippicks in Antonius' ear;
Which when the fairy heard, he sigh'd full dear,
And, casting round his quick discerning eye,
At every † deal he dropt a manly tear,
As he the stately buildings mote descry,
Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering frag-
ments lie.

And, oh! imperial city! then he said,
How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine
throne!
Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
Thou sittedst erst unequal'd and alone, [known:
And madest through the world thy greatness
While from the western isles, to Indus' shore,
From seven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
Thy dradded bolts the strong pounc'd eagle
bore,
And taught the nations round thy fasces to adore,

And doth among thy reliques nought remain,
No little portion of that haughty spright,
Which made thee whilom scorn soft pleasure's
chain,
And in free virtue place thy chief delight,
Whereby through ages shone thy glory bright?
And is there nought remaining to confound
Those who, regardless of thy woeful plight,
With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
And without thought survey thy memorable
wound?

Arise, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
That all these mighty ruins scatter'd wide
The sepulchres of Roman virtue were,
And trophies vast of luxury and pride,
Those fell diseases whereof Rome erst dy'd.
And do you then with vile mechanic thought
Your course, ye sons of fairy, hither guide,
That ye those gay refinements may be taught,
Which liberty's fair lond to shame and thralldom
brought?

Let Rome those vassal arts now meanly boast,
Which to her vanquish'd thralls she erst resign'd;
Ye who enjoy that freedom she has lost,
That great prerogative of human-kind,
Close to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
And learn the rich possession to maintain,
Learn virtue, justice, constancy of mind,
Not to be mov'd by fear or pleasure's train;
Be these your arts, ye brave; these only are hu-
mane.

As he thus spake, th' enchaunter half asham'd
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,

* Relate or declare. These under sort of antiquaries,
who go about with strangers to show them the antiqui-
ties, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.

† At every turn, every now and then.

As was his captive heart well nigh inflam'd,
By that same knight so virtuous, brave, and
 wife,
That long he doubts him farther to entise.

But he was harden'd and remorseless grown,
Through practice old of villainy and vice;
So to his former wiles he turns him soon,
As in another place hereafter shall be shown.

EDUCATION. A POEM.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND MANNER OF SPENSER'S FAERY
QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM, WIDOW OF SIR JOHN LANGHAM, BARONET.

"Unum studium verè liberale est, quod liberum facit. Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte,
"magnanimum: cætera pusilla et puerilia sunt.—Plus scire velle quàm sit satis intemperantiæ genus
"est. Quid, quòd ista liberalium artium consecratio molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes
"facit, et ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua didicerunt." SEN. EP. 88.

O GOODLY discipline! from heaven ysprong!
Parent of science, queen of arts refin'd!
To whom the graces, and the nine belong:
O! bid those graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind!
O bid the mules, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
Inspect, direct, and moralize the strain,
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain!

And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heavenly Providence,
With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense;
With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of truth and innocence;
Where happiness heart-felt, contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat.

Thou, most lov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd!
Accept this verse, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly * nurture o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues into view;
And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred
 lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valued gifts, thy careful love bestow'd;
If, imitating thee, well as I may,
I labour to diffuse th' important good,
Till this great truth by all be understood,
"That all the pious duties which we owe,
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our
 God;
"The seeds of every virtue here below,
"From discipline alone, and early culture, grow."

* Nurture, Education.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The knight, as to * Pædia's house
He his young son conveys,
Is staid by Custom; with him fights,
And his vain pride disdains.

A GENTLE knight there was, whose noble deeds
O'er fairy land by fame were blazon'd round:
For warlike enterprise, and sage † areeds
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
Whence with the marks of highest honours
 crown'd
By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
That port, to which the wise are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

There in domestic virtue rich and great,
As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain,
Long in primæval patriarchal state,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd, a matron sage
Aye dwelt; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
But merit similar and mutual love,
True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove,
Begirt with youthful bloom the ‡ parent tree,
The sacred olive; whence old Elis wove

* Pædia is a Greek word, signifying education.

† Areeds, counsels.

‡ Parent tree, the sacred olive.] This tree grew
in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at
Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been origi-
nally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred,
and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.

Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The * guerdons of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
Those generous scyons: they with watchful care
Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear:
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a † palmer sage instructed were,
Who from deep thought and studious search
erewhile [soil.
Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human

For by celestial wisdom whilom led [mind,
Through all th' apartments of th' immortal
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the ‡
To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd; [sted
And how sensation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darksome grotte,
Where, variously disjointed or combin'd,
As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pen-
sive thought.

¶ Alse through the fields of science had he stray'd
With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
Through each learn'd school, each philosophic
shade,
Where truth and virtue erst were deem'd to lie;
If haply the fair vagrants he § mote spy,
Or hear the music of their charming lore:
But all unable there to satisfy
His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
The sacred writ of faith; to learn, believe, adore.

Thence foe profess'd of falsehood and deceit,
Those fly artificers of tyranny,
¶ Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, liberty,
Mankind he led, to civil policy,
And mild religion's charitable law;
That, fram'd by mercy and benignity
The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

** Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride;
But, stooping from his height, would even deign
The feeble steps of infancy to guide.
Eternal glory him therefore betide,
Let every generous youth his praise proclaim;
Who, wandering through the world's rude for-
rest wide,
By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
To virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring
fame!

For this the fairy knight with anxious thought,
And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd;
And him of gentlest courtesy besought
His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid;
The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
Through devious paths to that secret retreat;
Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,

* Guerdons, rewards.

† Palmer, pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr.
Locke, characterized by his works.

‡ Sted, place, station. ¶ Alse, also, further.

§ Mote, might. ¶ Aye, ever. ** Ne, nor.

On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
'Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide;
Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Y-mounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle squire * ensues,
With his young lord aye marching side by side,
His counsellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every
muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain:
Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain,
That fruitful show'd, and apt for every grain,
For pastures, vines, and flowers; while nature
fair
Sweet-smiling all around with countenance ‡ fain
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil
Aye wont in happy season to repay
With tenfold usury the peasant's toil.
But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
The sheep shorn down with barren ¶ brakes
o'er-grown
The whiles the merry peasants sport and play.
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or every public care from every breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
And so deform'd; with wonder and delight
At man's neglect, and nature's bounty rare,
In studious thought a while the fairy knight
Bent on that goodly § lond his eager sight:
Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
What towns and castles there-in were ¶ empight;
For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming
eye.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
Black was the wave and fordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
Thereto along th' unlovely margin flood
A birchen grove, that waving from the shore,
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
Not distant far a forked mountain rose;
In outward form presenting to the sight
That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose;
Lisening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring
flows,

But this to that compar'd more justly seem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

* Ensues, follows. † Thews, manners.

‡ Fain, earnest, eager. ¶ Brakes, briars.

§ Lond, land. ¶ Empight, placed.

H h iiij

For this nor founded deep, nor spreaden wide,
Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art through tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
Was * erst up-thrown; if so it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be † hight
The noble seat of learning's goodly train.
Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
It like a garden fair most curiously was ‡ dight.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
By measure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade;
Each correspondent twain alike array'd
With like embellishments of plants and flowers,
Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
Through shells of Tritons their ascending
showers, [ers.]

And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven-bow-
There likewise mote be seen on every side
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And shapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently shorne, and with preposterous skill
To various beasts and birds of sundry quill [size;
Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous
Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill [prize,
High-heaping, fought with impious vain || em-
Despite of thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

Alse other wonders of the sportive shears
Fair nature mis-adorning there were found:
Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers
With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd;
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artists trac'd;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast [blast.

§ All were their bellying sails out-spread to every
O'er all appear'd the mountain's fork'd brows
With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And vists broad, the velvet slopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone.
But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful summers starv'd, and pinch'd by
winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty nine virgins sat,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Alse boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
And to the sweet Parnassian nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they
twin'd,

And matching with high names their apish pride,
O'er every learned school aye claim'd they to pre-
side.

In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artists ¶ whilom made,

* Erst, formerly. † Hight, called, named.

‡ Dight, dress. || Emprize, enterprise, attempt.

§ All, used frequently by the old English Poets for
although.

¶ Whilom, formerly.

Of various woofs, and variously distain'd;
With tints of every hue, were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
Erst by the muses o'er the Aonian maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard;
Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splen-
dor glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting wisdom's antiquated dress,
And usages by time cast far behind.
Thence, to the charms of younger science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts and phrase
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
Ne sacred truth herself would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey;
To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn;
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain would they
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.
Then, gathering up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro: This the Stagarite did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable sound,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
rod;

Through all the provinces of learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.
Alse from each region to their * drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The streams of science; which united flow'd
Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast;
And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
One of those virgin sisters did preside;
Who, dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of scholastic pride
Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on every side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread;
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
By various sluices from one common head;
A* turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
Hight of philology the lake; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level
round.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by † faitours strong.

* Drad, dreadful. † Faitour, doer, from faire, to
do, and fait; deed, commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the
tide.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness, [press.
With secret scourges, arm'd, those grievously fattours

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young sun with flowery Maia rides :
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides :
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their * seely fear; at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender
And, all regardless of their piteous moan, [sides;
Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

Thus urg'd by mastering fear and dolorous † teen
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
And labouring to attain the distant shore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood stood
The syren liberty, and ever-more
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irkfome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd [abide
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill
With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-past
The middle stream (for they in vain have try'd)
Again return'd ‡ astounded and aghast;
No one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued;
And, though with many a bruise and || muchel
blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued,
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
But in life's practis'd § lear unskill'd and rude,
Forth in that forked hill they silent pac'd;
Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours
they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred, [strain'd,
Though with the crowd to pass the flood con-
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

* Seely, simple. † Teen, pain, grief.
‡ Astounded, astonished. || Muchel, much.
§ Lear, learning.

A few, alas, how few! by heaven's high will
With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
* Albe fore † mated by the tempests shrill,
That bellow'd fierce and rise the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along
Cut briskly through the waves; and, forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
And to the true ‡ Parnasse and heaven-throng'd
glory flew.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and || singults fore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
Of all the various speeches that § while-ere
On Shinar's wide-spread champain did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works
confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which fore di-
stres'd
Up to his fire he rais'd in mournful wife;
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad
furmise;

Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid
ground:

The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
" Arrest, Sir Knight, it cried, thy fond career,
" Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
" That awful majesty which all revere!
" In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of na-
" tions hear!"

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rd him with impetuous gait,
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests, and kings his ¶ sov'ran
sceptre own.

Custom he height; and aye in every land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Constrains even stubborn nature to obey;
Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
And though deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels
her foul disgrace.

* Albe, although. † Mated, amazed, scared.
‡ Parnasse, Parnassus. || Singults, sighs.
§ While-ere, formerly. ¶ Sovran, for sovereign.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alse his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuade them to revere,
As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of those sisters nine,
Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
Feed the full streams, that through the valley
shine,
He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
* Like those, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
He doth constrain his vassals to adore [lore.
Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred

And to the fairy knight now drawing near,
With voice terrific and imperious mien,
(All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
When known and practis'd then at distance seen)
And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpose to refrain, [train.
And all due honours pay to learning's reverend

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to justify
His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,
Upon the fairy youth with great dismay
In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd:
And proudly stalking o'er the verdant † lay,
Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
With many his young compeers therein to be
‡ embay'd.

The knight his tender son's distressful || stour
Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew:
Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,
Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
With rash presumption; and with courage true,
Rather than step from virtue's paths aside,
Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

And now, disdainingly parle, his courser hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful
Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot, [spear;
That him perforce constrain'd to § wend arrear.
Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,
Forth-with his massy sceptre 'gan uprear;

* The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children
hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were
accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. And
I myself (says Plutarch, in his life of Lysurgus) have
seen several of them endure whipping to death, at the foot
of the altar of Diana, surnamed Orthia.

† Lay, mead.

‡ Embay'd, bathed, dipt.

|| Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

§ Wend arrear, move backwards.

For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest * fone.

With that enormous mace the fairy knight
So fore he † bet, that all his armour ‡ bray'd,
To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
Of so tempestuous strokes; but he was stay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The sudden changes of the doubtful fray;
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard assay:
So lightly from his steed he leapt upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his § trenchant
blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful shield;
And warily forecasting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With restless steps eye traversing the field.
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
With his sharp sword so oft he did him || gride,
That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were
dy'd.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmost reach were ¶ pight
The forts of life: ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and abolish quite
A power so puissant by his single might
Did he presume to hope: himself alone
From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
He stood; content to bow to custom's throne,
So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
His foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray;
Yet ** nould he algates lower his haughty crest;
But masking in contempt his fore dismay,
Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly casting on the warlike †† fay
A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
'Gan blow his shrilling horn; the blast was heard
afar.

Eftsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of every sex and order, old and young;
The vassals of great custom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by usage long,
His every summons heard with pleasure fain,
And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

They, when their bleeding king they did be-
hold,

And saw an armed knight him standing near,
Attended by that palmer sage and bold; [ere
Whose venturous search of devious truth while-
Spread through the realms of learning horrors
drear,

Y-seized were at first with terrors great;
And in their boding hearts began to fear,

* Fone, foes.

† Bet, beat.

‡ Bray'd, resounded.

§ Trenchant, cutting.

|| Gride, cut, back.

¶ Pight, placed.

** Nould be algates, would not by any means.

†† Fay, fairy.

Diffension factious, controversial hate.
And innovations strange in custom's peaceful state.

But when they saw the knight his fauchion
sheathe,

And climbing to his steed march thence away,
With all hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
Soon chac'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
Alse their great monarch, cheared with the
view

Of myriads, who confess his sovereign sway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew;
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

There-at the multitude, that stood around,
Sent up at once a universal roar
Of boisterous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
Like the explosion of a warlike store
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted * welkin tore.
Then turning towards the knight, with scoffings
Heart-piercing insults, and revilings fore, [lewd,
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps
pursued.

Alse from that forked hill the boasted seat
Of studious peace and mild philosophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Mustered their rage; eke baleful infamy,
Rous'd from her den of base obscurity
By those same maidens nine, began to sound
Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy:
While satire, with dark clouds encompass'd round,
Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to
wound.

But the brave fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;
With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
Through the wide provinces of custom's reign,
What mote afresh admonish him remain
Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around
So many objects mov'd his just disdain;
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing found,
In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,
Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee;
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
Nor heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's con-
vulsive throes.

But chiefly they whom heaven's disposing hand
Had seated high on fortune's upper stage;
And plac'd within their call the sacred band
That waits on nurture and instruction sage,
If happy their wife † hefts mote them engage
To climb through knowledge to more noble
And as they mount, enlighten every age [praise;
With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter
blaze.

* Welkin, sky.

† Hefts, behests, precepts, commands.

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
Despising the great ends of providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low services of brutal sense
Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence; [mind,
And, fettering on her throne th' immortal
The guidance of her realm to passions wild re-
sign'd.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
Nought worthy of their kind did they essay;
But or benumb'd with palsied Idleness
In merely living loiter'd life away.
Or, by false taste of pleasure led astray,
For-ever wandering in the sensual bowers
Of feverish debauch, and lustful play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal
hours.

Ev'n they to whom kind nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind, [board
Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd
Of beastly Comus, loathing they declin'd,
Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
Like painted insects through the summer-air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none, who only sought
With vain amusements to beguile the day;
And wherefore should they take or care or
thought,
Whom nature prompts, and fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind;
Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind, [find.
Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to

Nor tedious was the search; for every where,
As nigh great custom's royal towers the knight
Pass'd through th' adjoining hamlets, mote he
The merry voice of festival delight [hear
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers, [powers.
Offering her evening-vows to pleasure's joyous

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
To pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot stood open wide,
And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each earth with diverse charms to
move,
The sly inchantress summoned all her train:
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
Who, when blind fortune throws, directs the
And Phœbus tuning his soft Lydian strain [die,

To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling shew, and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aspire;
And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.

The which avizing well, the cautious fire
From that soft syren land of Pleasaunce vain,
With timely haste was minded to retire,

* Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain [stain.
His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious

So turning from that beaten road aside, [pac'd,
Through many a devious path at length he
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide,
Till to a mountain hoare they came at last;
Whose high-rais'd brows with sylvan honours
Majestically frown'd upon the plain, [grac'd,
And over all an awful horror cast.

Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain, [train.
Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted

The hill ascended strait, ere-while they came
To a tall grove, whose thick-embowering shade,
Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
Like to that sober light, which, disarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pour-
tray'd,

Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-
musing themes.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
Of clustering oaks a sylvan colonnade,
Aye listening to the native melody
Of birds sweet-echoing through the lonely shade,
On to the centre of the grove they stray'd;
Which, in a spacious circle opening round,
Within its sheltering arms securely laid,
Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,

With nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties
crown'd.

There, on the basis of an ancient pile, [wood,
Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the
A venerable matron they e'erwhile
Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood;
The which her changing cheer by turns exprest,
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now
* over-kest.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
When-as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew;
To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew.
For that right noble matron well he knew;
And many perils huge, and labours sore,
Had for her sake endur'd; her vassal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore,

O dearest drad! he cried, fair island queen!
Mother of heroes! empress of the main!

* Or ere, before.

† Over-kest, for over-cast.

What means that stormy brow of troublous teen?

* Sith heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling
Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign [train
With wealth and knowledge, splendour and re-
nown? [plain!

Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
While liberty secures and heightens every boon!

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
By these fair flattering words, she rais'd her head;
And, bending on the knight her frowning brow,
Mock'dst thou my sorrows, fairy son? she said.
Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest?
To deem them full of life and * lustihead,
Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are drest,
And with joy's careless mien, and dimpled smiles
imprest?

Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause!
And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
Th' assaults of mighty custom, which o'erawes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain
By the sweet lure of popular applause,
Against their bitter knowledge to maintain
The lawless throne of vice, or folly's childish
reign.

How vast his influence, how wide his sway!
Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand:
And saw'st, as through his realms thou took'st
thy way,
How vice and folly had o'erspread the land.
And canst thou then, O fairy son, demand
The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
The once dear names of wealth, and liberty, and
peace?

Peace, wealth, and liberty, that noblest boon,
Are blessings, only to the wise and good.
To weak and vicious minds their worth un-
known,
And thence abus'd but serve to furnish food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-spiced luxury; whence strife, debate,
Ambition, envy, faction's viperous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate
The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd, and bloated state.

Ev'n wit and genius, with their learned train
Of arts and muses, though from heaven above
Descended, when their talents they profane
To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
And aid eccentric sceptic pride to rove
Beyond celestial truth's attractive sphere,
This moral system's central sun, aye prove
To their fond votaries a curse severe,
And only make mankind more obstinately err.

And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
Have they considered well, and understood,
The use and import of those blessings dear,
Which the great Lord of nature hath bestow'd

* Sith, since.

† Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

As well to prove as to reward the good? [seas
Whence are these torrents then, these billowy
Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
The fell Leviathan licentious plays, [preys?
And upon shipwreck'd faith and sinking virtue

To you, ye noble, opulent and great!
With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal!
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and sickness of the commonweal;
The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
Will truth and reason make their just appeal;
In vain will sacred wisdom cry aloud; [blood.
And justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in

With you must reformation first take place:
You are the head, the intellectual mind
Of this vast body politic whose base,
And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
All the rich stores of science have resign'd
To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
You, for yourselves and them, may dress the men-
tal soil.

Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust;
But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
The godlike task to teach and mend mankind:
Learn, that ye may instruct: to virtue lead
Yourself the way: the herd will crowd be-
hind,

And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
"Example is a lesson, that all men can read."

But if (to all or most I do not speak)
In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
The strong Circean charm you cannot break,
Nor re-assume at will your native * mould,
Yet envy not the state you could not hold;
And take compassion on the rising age:
In them redeem your errors manifold;
And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
The prevalence of custom lewd and vain;
And you, who, though, by the rude torrent
Unwillingly along, you yield with pain [borne
To his behests, an act what you disdain,
Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
Of piety and truth, no more restrain
The manly zeal; but all your sinews move
The present to reclaim, the future race improve!

Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
A sceptre by repute alone upheld;
Who, where he cannot dictate strait obeys.
Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
And, drawing after all his menial fry,
Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

Ne for the achievement of this great emprise
The want of means or counsel may ye dread.

* Mould, shape, form.

From my Twin-daughter's fruitful wombs shall
A race of letter'd sages, deeply read [rise
In learning's various writ: by whom yled
Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous
grove,

Where antique wisdom whilom wont to tread,
With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of know-
ledge prove.

Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge
fraught

Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught;
Join'd with whatever else of modern date
Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
Discover'd have of nature, man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn state
Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
That leads through learning's vale to wisdom's
bright abode.

By you invited to her secret bowers,
Then shall Pædia reascend her throne,
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
While from their forked mount descending
Yon supercilious pedant train shall own [down
Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,
"To learning's richest treasures to prefer
"The knowledge of the world, and man's great
business there."

On this prime science, as the final end
Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
Her eye Pædia fixing aye shall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare
Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which vice and folly shall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare
With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainst pleasure's treacherous joys, and pain's em-
battled rage.

Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led
By fair example and ingenuous praise,
With willing feet the paths of duty tread;
Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
Conducted by religion's sacred rays;
Whose soul-invigorating influence
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
Of fordid selfishness and brutal sense, [volence,
And swell th' ennobled heart with blest bene-

Then also shall this emblematic pile,
By magic whilom fram'd to sympathize
With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise, [skies
Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding
Its radiant cross uplift; the while, to grace
The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious race.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She rose majestic from her lowly stead;
While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame,
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
That monumental pile; and as her head
To every front she turn'd, discovered round
The venerable front of heroes dead;

Who, for their various merit erst renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
Would often feast, and ever as she spy'd
Forth from the ground the lengthening struc-
ture rise

With new-plac'd statues deck'd on every side,
Her parent-breast would swell with generous
pride.

And now with her in that sequester'd plain,
The knight awhile constraining to abide,
She to the fairy youth with pleasure fain
Those sculptur'd chiefs did shew, and their great
lives explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord Westmoreland's hermitage.

Ne gay attire, ne marble-hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Bestow'd with pyes of perigord;
Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes grant to Father Francis;
Let me ne more myself deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave;
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
But such aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always with me dwell;
Then cast, sweet faint, a circle round,
And blest from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth;

The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh banish these, and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
Truth, liberty, content, sequester'd dwell;
Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay;
While I beneath this breezy shade,
In peace repose my careless head;
And joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmless breast
In solitude itself is blest.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM, IN
KENT.

(An imitation of Ausonius, "Ad Villam.")

Nor wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds
And not far distant, stands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy;
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

THE
INSTITUTION
OF THE
ORDER OF THE GARTER;
A DRAMATIC POEM.

———*Lectos ex omnibus Oris*

*Evebis ; & meritum, non quæ cunabula quæris,
Et qualis, non unde satus : sub teste benigno
Vivitur ; egregios invitant præmia mores,* CLAUD.
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD the Third, King of England, &c.
PHILIPPA, Queen of England, &c.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales.
JOHN, * King of France, &c.
SPIRITS, { Genius of England.
 { Bards.
 { Druids.
Heralds, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,

Windfor Park, with a Prospect of the Castle.

Flourish of ærial music at a distance, after which the following verses are sung in the air by Spirits, while the Genius of England descends.

First Spirit.

HITHER, all ye heav'nly pow'rs,
From your empyreal bow'rs;
From the fields for ever gay,
From the star-pav'd milky way,

From the moon's reluctant horil,
From the star that wakes the morn;
From the bow, whose mingling dyes
Sweetly cheer the frowning skies;
From the silver cloud that sails
Shadowy o'er the darken'd vales;
From th' Elysium's of the sky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

Chorus of Spirits.

Fly, and through the limpid air
Guard in pomp the sliding car,
Which to his terrestrial throne
Wafts Britannia's genius down:

Second Spirit.

Hither, all ye heav'nly pow'rs!
From your empyreal bow'rs!
Chiefly ye, whose brows divine
Crown'd with starry circlets shine;
Who in various labours try'd,
Once Britannia's strength and pride,
Now in everlasting rest
Share the glories of the blest!
Peers and nobles of the sky,
Spirits immortal, hither fly!

Chorus of Spirits.

Fly, and through the limpid air
Guard in pomp the sliding car,
Which to his terrestrial throne
Wafts Britannia's genius down.

* The Order of the Garter was instituted on St. George's day, the 23d of April 1350. King John came into England in 1357. I have taken the advantage of the licence usually allowed to poets, of departing a little from chronology; and having postponed for a few years the institution of this order, for the sake of rendering that solemnity more august, by introducing King John of France, who, though a prisoner, was treated both by Edward and his son the Prince of Wales with all the regard due to the quality and virtue of so great a prince. To alleviate his captivity, Edward entertained him and the other French prisoners with diversions of various kinds: among which a tournament he held at Windfor on the 23d of April, to solemnize the feast of St. George, the patron of the Order of the Garter, held the chief place; and was, as Rapin tells us, the most sumptuous and magnificent that had ever been seen in England. The duke of Brabant, with several other sovereign princes, and an infinite number of knights of all nations were present, and splendidly entertained.

Third Spirit.

Hither too, ye tuneful throng,
 Masters of enchanting song,
 Sacred bards! whose rapt'rous strains
 Sooth the toiling heroe's pains,
 Sooth the patriot's gen'rous cares;
 Sweetly through their ravish'd ears
 Whisp'ring to th' immortal mind
 Heav'nly visions, hopes refin'd;
 Hopes of endless peace and fame,
 Safe from envy's blasting flame,
 Pure, sincere, in those abodes,
 Where to throngs of list'ning gods,
 Hymning bards, to virtues' praise,
 Tune their never-dying lays.
 Sweet encomiasts of the sky,
 Spirits immortal, hither fly!

Chorus of Spirits.

Fly, and charm the limpid air,
 While the softly-sliding car,
 To his sea-encircled throne
 Wafts Britannia's genius down.

Chorus of Bards descends, dress'd in long flowing sky-colour'd robes spangled with stars, with garlands of oaken boughs upon their heads, and golden harps in their hands, made like the Welch, or old British harp. Before they appear, they sing the chorus, and afterwards, as they descend, the following songs; at the last stanza of which, the chariot of the Genius appears, and descends gradually all the while that and the grand chorus is singing.

Chorus of Bards.

Gentle spirit, we obey;
 Thus along th' ethereal way,
 We attend our monarch's car;
 Thus we charm the silent air.

SONG.

First Bard.

YE southern gales, that ever fly
 In frolic April's vernal train,
 Who, as ye skim along the sky,
 Dip your light pinions in the main,
 Then shake them fraught with genial show'rs,
 O'er blooming Flora's primrose bow'rs:
 Now cease a while your wanton sport,
 Now drive each threat'ning cloud away;
 Then to the flow'ry vale resort,
 And hither all its sweets convey;
 And ever as ye dance along,
 With softest murmurs aid our song.

SONG.

Second Bard.

But lo! fair Windsor's tow'rs appear,
 And hills with spreading oaks imbrown'd!
 Hark! hark! the voice of joy I hear,
 Sung by a thousand echoes round;
 And now I view a glitt'ring train,
 In triumph march o'er yonder plain.

Grand Chorus of Spirits and Bards.

Hail mighty nation! ever fam'd in war!
 Lo! heav'n descends thy festivals to share;

To view those heroes, whose immortal praise
 Celestial bards shall sing in living lays.

At the conclusion of this chorus, the Genius alights from his chariot, the front of which resembling the head of a man of war, is adorned with a carved lion, holding before his breast the arms of England, as they were borne by Edward. Behind, on a raised seat, sits the Genius, leaning upon an anchor of silver, and bearing in his right hand the vindicta, or wand of enfranchisement, and in his left a roll of parchment, upon which is written, in large letters of gold, MAGNA CHARTA. On his head is a corona rostrata, or naval crown; and his robe, of a sea-green colour, is embroidered with cornucopia's and golden tridents.

Genius.

Disdain not, ye blest denizens of air,
 To breathe this grosser atmosphere a while,
 Your service I shall need; mean time resort
 To yon imperial palace, and in air
 Draw up your squadrons in a radiant orb,
 Suspended o'er those lofty battlements,
 Like the bright halo that invests the moon,
 Or Saturn's lucid ring: thence shed benign
 Your choicest influence on the noble train,
 There on this solemn day assembled round
 The throne of British Edward: I awhile
 Must here await th' approach of other spirits,
 Sage Druids, Britain's old philosophers;
 Fetch'd by my summons from the western isles,
 That, scatter'd o'er the rough Hibernian flood,
 Seem like huge fragments by the wild wave torn
 From stormy Scotland, and the Cambrian shore.
 There, from the world retir'd, in sacred shades,
 Chiefly where Breint and Meinai wash'd the oaks
 Of ancient Mona, their academies
 And schools of sage and moral discipline
 They held; and to the neighb'ring Britons round,
 From their rever'd tribunals, holy mounts,
 Dispens'd at once their oracles and laws.
 'Till fierce Paulinus, and his Roman bands,
 Them and their gods defying, drove them thence
 To seek for shelter in Hibernian shades.
 Yet still enamour'd of their ancient haunts,
 Unseen of mortal eyes, they hover round
 Their ruin'd altars, consecrated hills,
 Once girt with spreading oaks, mysterious rows
 Of rude enormous obelisks, that rise
 Orb within orb, stupendous monuments
 Of artless architecture, such as now
 Oft times amaze the wand'ring traveller,
 By the pale moon discern'd on Sarum's plain.
 But hence, aerial spirits: lo, they come!

Here the Spirits and Bards, together with the chariot of the Genius, reascend, and at the same time the Druids enter cloib'd in dark-colour'd coarse stuff gowns which before hang no lower than the knee, but behind almost touch the ground. The sleeves of these gowns reach down below the elbow, and from behind comes up a sort of hood or coul, which hangs loose about the head and fore-head. From the left shoulder hangs in a string a kind of pouch, or scrip, and rests on the right hip. In their right hands they hold a staff, and in their left an oaken branch. Their beards are very large and long, reaching below their waists. Their legs are naked, and their feet shod with sandals, which

are fastened by thongs wound about the foot and the small of the leg*.

ENTER DRUIDS.

Chief Druid.

Inform us, happy spirit, protecting pow'r
Of this our ancient country, wherefore now
From our sequester'd vallies, pensive groves
And dark recesses, thou hast summon'd us
To wait thy orders on this flow'ry hill?

Genius.

A great event, sage Druids, that no less
Imports than this your ancient country's fame,
From contemplation, and your silent shades,
Calls you to meet me on this flow'ry hill.

Know, in yon castle, whose proud battlements
Sit like a regal crown upon the brow
Of this high-climbing lawn, doth Edward hold
This day his solemn session, to receive
The pleas of all th' aspiring candidates,
Who, summon'd by the † herald's public voice,
To Windsor, as to Fame's bright temple, haste
From every shore; the noble, wise, and brave,
Knights, senators, and statesmen, lords and kings;
Ambitious each to gain the splendid prize,
By Edward promis'd to transcendent worth.
For who of mortals is so great and high
In the career of virtue to contend?

Of these, selecting the most glorious names,
Doth England's monarch purpose to compose
A princely brotherhood, himself the chief,
And worthy sovereign of th' illustrious band;
A band of heroes list'd in the cause
Of honour, virtue, and celestial truth,
Under the name and holy patronage
Of Cappadocian George, Britannia's saint.

Such is the plan by gen'rous Edward form'd;
A plan of glory, that beyond the reach
Of his own conqu'ring arms, shall propagate
The sovereignty of Britain, and erect
Her monarchs into judges of mankind.

But from this day's decisions, from the choice
Of his first colleagues, shall succeeding times
Of Edward judge, and on his fame pronounce.
For dignities and titles, when misplac'd
Upon the vicious, the corrupt and vile,
Like princely virgins to low peasants match'd,
Descend from their nobility, and soil'd
By base alliance, not their pride alone
And native splendor lose, but shame retort
Ev'n on the sacred throne, from whence they
So may the lustre of this order bright [sprung.
This eldest child of chivalry be stain'd,
If at her first espousals her great sire,
Caught by the specious outides that deceive
And captivate the world, admit the suit
Of vain pretenders void of real worth;

* See a cut of the chief Druid in Rowland's *Mona Antiqua restaurata*, taken from a statue, p. 65.

† Edward having communicated his intention of instituting the Order of the Garter to the great council of his realm, and having received their approbation, dispatched his heralds to several parts of Europe, to invite all that were eminent for military virtue, &c. to be present at its institution. And his queen Philippa, on her part, assembled a train of 300 of the fairest ladies to grace the solemnity, and add to its magnificence.

VOL. IX.

Light empty bubbles, by the wanton gale
Of fortune swell'd, and only form'd to dance
And glitter in the sun-shine of a court.

Begin we then with Edward; first let him
At his own high tribunal undergo
The rigid inquisition—I for this
Have left my lucid star-encircled throne:
For this, immortal sages, have requir'd
Your wise and prudent ministry, well skill'd
In various science and the human heart.
Search Edward's to the bottom: sound the depths
And shallows of his soul; if he possess
That first of regal talents, to discern
With quick-ey'd penetration, through the veil
Of art, each character's intrinsic worth,
And all the labyrinths of the human mind.
Nor blush for this good end yourselves to wear
Fallacious forms to plead the cause of false
But specious merit: at his throne appear
In borrow'd shapes, and there with artful guile,
When the shrill trumpet cites the candidates,
Urge your pretensions: all the pow'r employ
Of wit and eloquence: Edward, I trust,
The trial shall abide; which shall but tend
To manifest, that not from arrogance,
But conscious virtue, hath he thus assum'd
Above all other kings, to be the judge
And great rewarder of heroic deeds.
Nor wholly unassisted will I leave
My royal charge, but with blest influence clear
His intellectual eye from the dim mists
It happily hath contracted from a long
Unebbing current of felicity,
Unhop'd, unequall'd triumphs from the view
Of captive monarchs, and the glitt'ring throng,
Who at his summons from all climates come,
To take, as from their sovereign, honours new.
When heav'n tries mortals in unusual ways,
'Tis fit it should afford unusual aid.

Now, sages, to yon spreading oaks retire,
There wait my summons; and meantime advise
How best to execute the task enjoin'd.

Ex. Gen. and Druids.

The SCENE changes to a large room in the castle (St. George's Hall) at the upper end of which is a royal canopy with the figure of St. George, and the motto of the Garter, HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE, beneath it, embroider'd in gold. Under this canopy appears seated on an elevation of two or three steps, King Edward, in the habit of the Order of the Garter, with a sceptre in his right hand, and a globe in his left. On his left hand is seated Queen Philippa, with a crown upon her head, and dress'd in a royal mantle of crimson velvet, powder'd with embroider'd garters, and an enamel'd* garter bound like a bracelet upon her left arm. By her stand a great number of ladies very richly dress'd. On Edward's right hand is seated King John, in the imperial robes of France; and on the same side, but a step lower, sits Edward the Black Prince, in the robes belonging to the Prince of Wales. Next to Queen Philippa are seated the rest of Edward's children; and next to the Black Prince, on

* That ladies of the Knights of the Garter wore this ensign of the order upon their left arms, may be seen in *Asmole's History of the Garter*.

the other side, stand the French prisoners, and a great number of lords, &c. richly dressed.

On the floor, at some distance, stands Garter king at arms in the habit of his office, holding in his hand a garter, with the grand collar of the order. Near him stand other heralds, ushers, attendants, &c.

Flourish of trumpets, kettle-drums, &c. After which, Edward, rising up from his throne, addresses himself to the assembly.

Edward.

That hither from your distant residence,
By solemn invitation, noble guests,
I have entreated your illustrious train,
Misconstrue not to levity and pride,
Or ostentatious vain magnificence,
Unworthy the grave majesty of kings,
Unworthy your attention, my renown.
This bright assemblage of the wise, the brave,
The noble, the magnificent, the fair,
The ornaments of Europe, have I sought
To grace the pomp of virtue, to adorn
With noblest off'rings her unspotted shrine,
Attracting thus to her divine commands
The awful veneration of mankind,
This was the cause, great princes, this the call,
The voice of virtue, not of England's king,
That with respectful zeal ye heard and follow'd:
From Burgundy's rich vineyards, from the meads
Of Hainault and Brabant, the rocky wave
Of Danube, from Germania's warlike tow'rs,
Imperial mother of an hundred states;
From Spain, long exercis'd by Moorish arms,
From Italy's fair princedoms, and the walls
Of sea-wash'd Venice, Adria's haughty spouse.
With me then, all ye virtuous, by what style
Recorded in the registers of fame,
Knights, senators, or soldiers, ermin'd lords,
Or sceptr'd princes; from whatever clime
Ye come, ennobled by heroic acts,
With me unite the splendor of your names
To dignify th' erection of a new
And noble order, which to heav'n's high praise,
And to heav'n's champion Cappadocian George,
On this his holy festival I mean
To found, a recompence for worthiest deeds.
Thus as the orient sun, ador'd of old
By prostrate Persia, ow'd his deity
Less to that genial and benignant heat
That cherishes and warms the seeds of life, [gold,
Than to those gorgeous beams, that deck with
And crimson the gay portals of the morn;
So shall this rising order owe its fame
And brightest lustre to the splendid train
Of lords and purpled princes, who are met
This day to usher and adorn its birth.

Nor deem that to allure heroic minds,
My private int'rests partially to serve,
To lift the valiant in ambition's cause,
And form a league of conquest, I have laid
In subtle policy this great design:

* ASHAM'D BE HE WHO WITH MALIGNANT EYE
SO READS MY PURPOSE: and be he accurs'd

* Edward being engaged in a war with France, for the obtaining that crown, in order to draw into England great multitudes of foreigners, with whom he might negotiate, either for their personal service, or aids of troops

Whoe'er in after-times shall so pervert
This sacred institution. To the world
I here consign it, to the good and great
Of every age and clime, and them alone.

Now sound the trumpet; bid the candidates
With confidence appear, and urge their claims.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. which is answered by another trumpet from without; then enter a grandee of Spain, magnificently attir'd in the Spanish habit, holding in his hand the pedigree of his family, and preceded by heralds, &c. bearing achievements, banners, coats of armour, helmets, gauntlets, spurs, &c.

Spaniard.

Illustrious monarch! emp'ror of the isles!
My name is Guzman—from those heroes sprung,
Who with Pelagio 'mid th' Asturian rocks
Against th' invasion of unnumber'd Moors,
Maintain'd the fame and empire of the Goths,
And founded at Oviedo once again
The Spanish monarchy and cath'lic faith,

to assist him in that undertaking, ordered, during the truce that then subsisted between the two crowns, publication to be made of a great tournament, to be held at Windsor; an expedient, says Rapin, which could not fail of success, because it was entirely agreeable to the taste of that age. Accordingly, many persons of distinction came over, to all of whom he gave an honourable reception, caressing them in such a manner that they could never sufficiently admire his politeness, magnificence, and liberality. To render these entertainments the more solemn, and to free himself also from the ceremonies, to which the difference of rank and condition would have subjected him, he caused a circular hall of boards to be run up at Windsor, 200 feet diameter. There it was that he feasted all the knights at one table, which was called the Round Table, in memory of the great Arthur, who, as it is pretended, instituted an order of knighthood by that name. Next year he caused a more solid building to be erected, that he might continue yearly the same diversions. During that time he treated with these several lords about the aids, wherewith each could furnish him, in proportion to his forces. His rival king Philip could not see without jealousy, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Flemings, and Frenchmen themselves flock to England to assist at these tournaments. He suspected some hidden design in these entertainments, and to break Edward's measures, caused the like to be published in his dominions; which meeting with success, proved a countermine to Edward's main design, so that he did not long continue to keep up his round table. From thence, however, it is generally agreed, he took the first hint of instituting the Order of the Garter. But as his purpose in erecting this order was very different from that which had induced him to revive Arthur's round table, as he had in this no private views, no ambitious scheme of engaging such as should be admitted into this fraternity to assist him in his wars, he thought proper, in order to obviate the like jealousies and suspicion as had alarmed King Philip, to signify by his motto the purity of his intentions, and to retort shame upon all those who should put any malignant construction upon his design in instituting this order. This therefore I take to be the true meaning and import of the famous motto, HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE. The not understanding the purport of which, gave rise, in all probability, to that vulgar story of the Countess of Salisbury's garter, rejected by all the best writers.

Transporting from the mountain's dreary womb
To glitt'ring temples her most holy altars.
Thence on the bordering Moor their valiant sons
Waging incessant war, ere long regain'd
Their ancient realms of Leon, Arragon,
And rich Castalia: in which great exploits
My brave progenitors, by valour, zeal,
And loyalty distinguish'd, from their kings
Gain'd those high honours, princely signories,
And proud prerogatives, which have extoll'd
The name of Guzman to such envy'd grandeur,
That scarce above it tow'rs the regal throne.

These honours undiminish'd, undefil'd,
To me deliver'd down, might well content
A vulgar mind; but spirits highly born
Are full of gen'rous and aspiring thoughts;
And use the vantage ground of rank and pow'r
But to ascend still higher. Thus I come
Thy Garter to solicit; pleas'd, great prince,
With thee to be enroll'd thy brother knight,
And fearing no repulse. Nobility,
As nearest in her orbit, first receives
The beams of majesty; alone can bear
The fullness of that glory, which o'erpow'rs
Inferior natures. Virtue's self would blush,
Did she at once approach too near the throne;
But the young eagle borne amid the blaze
Of glancing lightnings, with undazzled eye
Soars to the courts of heav'n, and perches bold
On the bright sceptere of imperial Jove.

The greatest king is he, who is the king
Of greatest subjects. Seek'st thou to advance
The glory of thy order? To thyself
Associate those, whose high-exalted names
For ages past from envy's selves have forc'd
Habitual veneration, never paid
To new and upstart merit. Such am I,
Whose pure and gen'rous blood descending down
From noblest fountains, in its course enrich'd
By glorious mixture with each royal stream
That fair Iberia boasts, might ev'n pretend
To thy alliance, Edward. View this scroll,
The faithful blazon of my ancient line;
A line of potentates whose every son
Deserv'd to wear the Garter I demand.
In me their representative, the heir
Of all their honours, son of their renown,
Do thou reward their virtues: in their names
I claim, and on hereditary right,
The right of monarchs, Edward, rest my plea.

Edward.

The high desert of thy renown'd forefathers
Well hast thou shown; but hast thou therefore
Thyself deserving to be call'd their son? [prov'd
To thee their prosp'rous virtues have indeed
Transmitted lineal rank, and titles proud,
By them more hardly gain'd; for which thou
stand'st

To custom and th' indulgence of thy country
Indebted, Guzman, in a large account;
Which thou must first discharge by noble deeds,
Ere thou canst style those dignities thine own.
This if thou hast not paid, why dost thou seek,
Like thriftless prodigals, to swell the debt,
And overwhelm thyself with obligations?

Virtue is honour, and the noblest titles
Are but the public stamps set on the ore
To ascertain its value to mankind.

It were a kind of treason to my crown,
To mark base metal with the royal impress,
And put off lazy pride in virtue's name.

Wouldst thou attain my Garter? Seek it there
Where thy heroic ancestors acquir'd
Their glorious honours, in th' embattl'd field
Among the squadrons of the warlike Moors:
Or in the council of thy king, by truth
And wisdom equal to th' important trust.
Be what thy fathers were, and then return
To ask the pledge of merit from my hand,
And be the fit companion of a king. [*Exit Spaniard.*

Flourish of trumpets, &c. which, as before, is answered by another trumpet from without; then enter an usurer and senator of Genoa (at that time the bank of Europe) dressed in his senatorial gown of black velvet, profusely, but awkwardly adorned with jewels, pearls, and diamond necklaces, pendants, bracelets, rings, such as he may be supposed to have received as presents, and to wear rather as marks of his great riches, than as ornaments of his dress. He is attended by a large train of people of every profession, appearing to be his debtors, by their abject and timid countenances, at the head of whom, and next to the usurer, marches a scrivener, bearing a large bundle of bonds, mortgages, &c.

Genoese.

From Genoa the opulent, the bank
And treasury of the world, most puissant king,
Invited by thy heralds, am I come
To claim the honour by thy promise due,
Due by thy justice to superior worth;
Due then to me, great Edward, who possess
That object of the toils, the cares, the vows
Of all mankind, that comprehensive good,
Source of all pow'r and grandeur, boundless wealth:
Behold yon glitt'ring train, whose sumptuous
pride,

Bright with the treasures of each precious mine,
Invests with glory thy imperial throne:
Whence is their dignity? The ray august,
That awes and dazzles the respectful crowd,
Proceeds it from nobility, from virtue,
Their wisdom, or their valour, or their fame?
Comes it not rather from the beaming ore?
The diamond's star-like radiance? Wealth, O king,
Wealth is the sun that decks the gorgeous scene;
That cherishes, adorns, and calls to view
These princely flowers of honour, virtue, fame,
Which in the shades of poverty were lost.

Whatever men desire or venerate,
On wealth attends; ev'n empire's self is bought.
Nor could the mighty Julius have attain'd
By wisdom or by valour sov'reign pow'r,
Had not the gold of vanquish'd Gaul subdu'd
The liberties of Rome. On wretched want,
Contempt and narrow-soul'd dependence wait.
Ev'n kings, of necessary wealth depriv'd,
In powerless indigence lose all respect,
All homage from their subjects: while the rich,
Like gods ador'd, o'er every neck extend
Their potent sceptres, and in golden chains
Fierce faction and rebellious freedom bind.

The glory, strength, importance of a realm.
Is measur'd by its riches: Venice thus,
Thus Genoa's petty state out-balances,
In Europe's scale, the boundless wilds that clothe
With tributary furs the Russian Czar.

With like pre-eminence exalted shines
In every land above the proudest names,
The blest possessor of all-worshipp'd gold.

My birth or rank I boast not here, though born
A senator of Genoa. The desert,
On which I found my claim, is all my own;
To have adorn'd and dignify'd the state
Of my declining house with greater wealth
Than e'er my thriftless ancestors possess'd;
Whose richest acquisitions were but sprigs
Of barren laurel, or the flaunting rags
Of some torn ensign, to their needy son
A worthless heritage. Yet not to swell
My narrow fortunes would my soul descend
To the base methods of ignoble trade,
And vulgar mercantile pursuit of gain.
Mine were the noble arts of raising gold
From gold, of nursing and improving wealth
By gainful use; arts practis'd heretofore
By senators and sages of old Rome,
Illustrious Crassus, and wise Seneca.
Thus have I grac'd the splendour of my name
With suitable possessions; thus I hold
In firm subjection to my will the poor
Of every rank and order, soldier, priest,
The vent'rous merchant, and the sumptuous lord,
Who in a lower vassalage to me,
Than to thy sceptre, Edward, bow their heads,
Pledging their lands and liberties for gold.

Hence am I bold to stand before thy throne
A candidate for glory's highest prize:
And let me add, that policy alone
Should teach thy prudence to approve my claim;
Should teach thee in thy subjects to excite,
By honours on superior wealth bestow'd,
An useful emulation to be rich:
Which once inspir'd, thy Albion shall become
The first of nations, thou the first of kings.

Edward.

Hadst thou by op'ning to thy native land
The golden veins of commerce, by employing
The useful hands of industry in works
Of national advantage, by uniting
Remotest regions in the friendly bands
And honest intercourse of mutual trade;
Hadst thou by these humane and generous arts,
Which thy mistaken pride so much disdains,
Enrich'd at once thy country and thyself,
Then not unworthy hadst thou been to wear
The brightest marks of honour; but thy wealth,
The base-born child of sordid usury,
That foe to commerce, nurse of idleness,
Stains and degrades thee from thy noble birth;
Nor in the usurer can I discern
The senator of Genoa.—To enlarge
The mind with gen'rous sentiments, to raise
Its aims by virtuous emulation, here
I sit; but not to gild with honour's beams
That selfish passion which congeals the heart,
And stops the streams of sweet benevolence,
Mean avarice, the vice of narrowest souls,
Incapable of glory.—Wealth, thou say'st,
Can buy ev'n empire, and to Julius gave
Dominion o'er his country.—Fatal gift,
And ruinous to both! But what to Rome,
What to that Cæsar's successors avail'd
The boundless treasures of the ravag'd world,
When they had lost their virtue? Did not soon

The valiant sons of poverty, the Goths,
The Huns and Vandals, from their barren hills
And rugged woods descending, to their steel
Subject the Roman gold? Yet I deny not
The pow'r and use of riches; to the wife
And good, in public or in private life,
They are the means of virtue, and best serve
The noblest purposes; but in the use,
Not in the bare possession, lies the merit.
Show me thy merit then, thy bounteous acts,
Public munificence, or private alms,
The hungry, and the naked, and the sick,
Sustain'd and cherish'd by thy saving hand;
Plead this, and I allow thy worthy claim,
For this is virtue, and deserves reward. [Ex. Gen.]

Flourish of trumpets, &c. which is answered by a symphony of flutes, violins, &c. playing a light amorous air; then appears a Neapolitan courtier, a favourite of queen Joan, who then reign'd at Naples, and whose Court was the most debauched and dissolute of that age. He comes in with a gay and affected gesture, and is dress'd in loose silken robes, rich, but finical and effeminate; on his hair, which is curled and spread all over his shoulders down to the middle of his back, he wears a chaplet of roses, and is attended by a train of beautiful boys, habited like Cupids, and musicians, who, as he marches towards the throne, continue playing their soft and wanton airs.

Neapolitan.

Not on my wealth, nor on my noble blood,
Shall I presume to claim thy royal gift,
Auspicious prince, but on the skill to give
That splendor to nobility and wealth,
That elegance of taste, from which alone
Their value they derive; of this to judge,
This to direct, I boast, fit arbiter
Of all refin'd delights.—But chief to kings
My happy talents I devote; on them
My genius waits with duteous care, and wasts
The golden cup of pleasure to their lips,
Like Ganymede before the throne of Jove.
And who indeed would wish to be a god
Only to thunder, and to hear the pray'rs
Of clam'rous suitors? 'Tis the nectar'd feast,
The dance of graces, and the wanton charms
Of Venus, sporting with the smiles and loves,
That make the court of heav'n a blest abode.
Far happier were the meanest peasant's lot,
Who sleeps or sings in careless ease beneath
The sun-burnt hay-cock, or the flow'ry thorn,
Than to be plac'd on high in anxious pride,
The purple drudge and slave of tiresome state,
If to superior pow'r superior means
Of joy were not annex'd, and larger scope
For every wish the lavish heart can form;
If the soft hand of pleasure did not wreath
Around the royal diadem, whose weight
Oppressive loads the monarch's aching brow,
Her fairest growth of ever-blooming flow'rs.

On thee, victorious prince, propitious fortune
Hath pour'd her richest gifts, renown and wealth,
And greatness equal to thy mighty mind;
One only bliss is wanting to thy court,
Voluptuous elegance, the lovely child
Of ease and opulence; that never comes,
But like a bird of summer to attend
The brightest sun-shine of a glorious state.

To her, and her alone belongs the task,
By learned delicacy to remove
What yet remains in this thy ancient realm
Of Gothic barbarism, the rust of war,
And valiant ignorance.—Her artful hand
Thy rugged Britons shall refine, and teach
More courtly manners to their sovereign's will
Politely pliant; do but thou command
Thy willing servant, with thy favours grac'd,
From fair Joanna's ever-smiling court,
Under whose happy influence I was train'd,
From polish'd Naples, her delightful seat,
The blooming goddess to transport, with all
Her train of joys, and fix them here beneath
Thy great protection.—But perhaps thou fear'st
The voice of censure, and the grave reproof
Of moralizing dullness: idle fear!
The vulgar herd, indeed, religious craft
And policy of state have well confin'd
With wise severity to rigid laws:
Else would that headstrong beast, the multitude,
Forget obedience, and its rider's voice
Disdain. But shall the rider put a curb
In his own mouth? The laws that kings have made,
Shall they restrain the makers? Edward, no!
For thee indulgent justice shall relax
Her harsh decrees, and piety shall wait
To give her rev'rend sanction to thy will.
'Tis thine to rove at large through nature's field,
Crop every flow'r, and taste of every fruit;
By sweet variety provoking still
The languid appetite to new desires.
Nor useless to thy pleasures, happy prince,
Shall be my faithful service; nicer joys,
Joys of a quicker, more exalted taste,
Than ever ripen'd in this northern clime,
The growth of softer regions, shall my hand
By skilful culture in thy Britain raise.

To them, whose gross and dull capacities
Are fit to bear the burthens of the state,
The lab'ring mules, that through the mire of forms
Draw the slow car of government along,
Gladly the task of business I resign.
Be mine the brighter province, to direct
Thy pleasures, Edward, minister supreme
Of all thy softer hours: to serve the king
Be theirs the glory, let me serve the man.

But should thy sterner genius, only pleas'd
With arms and royalty's important cares,
The duties of a king, my gentle arts
Too lightly prize, and thence reject my suit:
Permit at least, that to Philippa's ear,
Divine Philippa, thine and beauty's queen,
And her attendant graces, I may plead
The cause of bliss, a cause so much their own:
They will approve my claim, to whom the cares,
The labours of my life, my head, my heart
Are all devoted—Let me from their hands
Receive the Garter, and be call'd their knight.

Philippa.

Permit me, gracious Edward, to reply
To this irreverent flatt'rer, who presumes
Before a matron and a queen to plead
The cause of vice, and impudently hopes
To find in her a fautress of his suit.
But know, pernicious sophister, my heart [rank
Hath learn'd from Edward's love, and this high

Which I partake with him, a noble pride,
That ill can brook the too familiar eye
And saucy tongue of riot and debauch;
In whose unmanner'd light society,
Nor majesty, nor virtue can maintain
That dignity which is their proper guard.

Thy vile refinements, and luxurious arts,
Miscall'd politeness, I detest; and feel,
In the soft duties of a virtuous love,
Such pure, serene delight, as far transcends
What thou styl'st pleasure, the delirious joy
Of an intoxicated feverish brain.
Behold my royal lord, the first and best
Of kings, the love and wonder of mankind!
Behold my children, worthy their great sire,
The gen'ral theme of praise and benediction;
These are my pleasures; can thy skill bestow
Superior bliss? Ah no, the vain attempt
Would only bring disgust, remorse, and shame.

Edward.

That I have lov'd, Philippa, and esteem'd thee
More for thy virtues than those females charms,
Which this vile flatterer deems singly worth
His panegyric, be thy happiness
And glory, as it is thy Edward's pride.

With the like spirit have I also woo'd
And wedded sov'reign power: nor weakly caught
With outward pomp, or seeking to myself
A privilege to riot uncontroul'd
In sensual pleasures, and behind the throne
To laugh securely at restraint and law.
No: I embrac'd her as the child of heav'n,
Dowr'd with the ample means of doing good;
From whose espousals I might hope to raise
An offspring, worth th' ambition of a king,
Immortal glory! to a gen'rous mind
As far surpassing all the wanton toys,
Which he calls pleasure, as thy faithful love
(The sweet o'erflowing of heart-felt delight)
Excels, Philippa, the lascivious smile
Of common prostitutes, carefs'd and loath'd.

Hence from my sight with thy detested arts,
Base minister of luxury, the bane
Of every flourishing and happy state:
Presume no more within my court to sing
Thy Syren-song, nor soften into slaves
And cowards my brave subjects.—I disdain
That elegance, which such as thou can teach.
Virtue alone is elegant, alone
Polite; vice must be sordid and deform'd,
Though to adorn her every art contend.
And rather would I see my Britons roam
Untutor'd savages among the woods,
As once they did, in naked innocence,
Than polish'd like the vile degenerate race
Of modern Italy's corrupted sons.

Exit Neap.

Trumpet sounds, and is answered from without by another trumpet, which sounds a march, accompanied by kettle-drums, and other warlike instruments: then enters, preceded by soldiers playing upon fifes, and others bearing tatter'd ensigns, standards and trophies, a leader of mercenary bands, completely arm'd from head to foot, and carrying in his right hand a baton or truncheon. On each side of him march his 'squires, one bearing is ce, the other his shield. Behind him, as hi

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A senator of Genoa. The desert,
On which I found my claim, is all my own;
To have adorn'd and dignify'd the state
Of my declining house with greater wealth
Than e'er my thriftless ancestors possess'd;
Whose richest acquisitions were but sprigs
Of barren laurel, or the flaunting rags
Of some torn ensign, to their needy son
A worthless heritage. Yet not to swell
My narrow fortunes would my soul descend
To the base methods of ignoble trade,
And vulgar mercantile pursuit of gain.
Mine were the noble arts of raising gold
From gold, of nursing and improving wealth
By gainful use; arts practis'd heretofore
By senators and sages of old Rome,
Illustrious Crassus, and wise Seneca.
Thus have I grac'd the splendour of my name
With suitable possessions; thus I hold
In firm subjection to my will the poor
Of every rank and order, soldier, priest,
The vent'rous merchant, and the sumptuous lord,
Who in a lower vassalage to me,
Than to thy sceptre, Edward, bow their heads,
Pledging their lands and liberties for gold.

Hence am I bold to stand before thy throne
A candidate for glory's highest prize:
And let me add, that policy alone
Should teach thy prudence to approve my claim;
Should teach thee in thy subjects to excite,
By honours on superior wealth bestow'd,
An useful emulation to be rich:
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The golden veins of commerce, by employing
The useful hands of industry in works
Of national advantage, by uniting
Remotest regions in the friendly bands
And honest intercourse of mutual trade;
Hadst thou by these humane and generous arts,
Which thy mistaken pride so much disdains,
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The brightest marks of honour; but thy wealth,
The base-born child of fordid usury,
That foe to commerce, nurse of idleness,
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Of joy were not annex'd, and larger scope
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And policy of state have well confin'd
With wise severity to rigid laws:
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By sweet variety provoking still
The languid appetite to new desires.
Nor useless to thy pleasures, happy prince,
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Joys of a quicker, more exalted taste,
Than ever ripen'd in this northern clime,
The growth of softer regions, shall my hand
By skilful culture in thy Britain raise.

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Are fit to bear the burthens of the state,
The lab'ring mules, that through the mire of forms
Draw the slow car of government along,
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Of all thy softer hours: to serve the king
Be theirs the glory, let me serve the man.

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With arms and royalty's important cares,
The duties of a king, my gentle arts
Too lightly prize; and thence reject my suit:
Permit at least, that to Philippa's ear,
Divine Philippa, thine and beauty's queen,
And her attendant graces, I may plead
The cause of bliss, a cause so much their own:
They will approve my claim, to whom the cares,
The labours of my life, my head, my heart
Are all devoted—Let me from their hands
Receive the Garter, and be call'd their knight.

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But know, pernicious sophister, my heart [rank
Hath learn'd from Edward's love, and this high

Which I partake with him, a noble pride,
That ill can brook the too familiar eye
And saucy tongue of riot and debauch;
In whose unmanner'd light society,
Nor majesty, nor virtue can maintain
That dignity which is their proper guard.

Thy vile refinements, and luxurious arts,
Miscall'd politeness, I detest; and feel,
In the soft duties of a virtuous love,
Such pure, serene delight, as far transcends
What thou styl'st pleasure, the delirious joy
Of an intoxicated feverish brain.
Behold my royal lord, the first and best
Of kings, the love and wonder of mankind!
Behold my children, worthy their great sire,
The gen'ral theme of praise and benediction;
These are my pleasures; can thy skill bestow
Superior bliss? Ah no, the vain attempt
Would only bring disgust, remorse, and shame.

Edward.

That I have lov'd, Philippa, and esteem'd thee
More for thy virtues than those females charms,
Which this vile flatterer deems singly worth
His panegyric, be thy happiness
And glory, as it is thy Edward's pride.

With the like spirit have I also woo'd
And wedded sov'reign power: nor weakly caught
With outward pomp, or seeking to myself
A privilege to riot uncontroul'd
In sensual pleasures, and behind the throne
To laugh securely at restraint and law.
No: I embrac'd her as the child of heav'n,
Dow'd with the ample means of doing good;
From whose espousals I might hope to raise
An offspring, worth th' ambition of a king,
Immortal glory! to a gen'rous mind
As far surpassing all the wanton toys,
Which he calls pleasure, as thy faithful love
(The sweet o'erflowing of heart-felt delight)
Excels, Philippa, the lascivious smile
Of common prostitutes, carefs'd and loath'd.

Hence from my sight with thy detested arts,
Base minister of luxury, the bane
Of every flourishing and happy state:
Presume no more within my court to sing
Thy Syren-song, nor soften into slaves
And cowards my brave subjects.—I disdain
That elegance, which such as thou can teach.
Virtue alone is elegant, alone
Polite; vice must be fordid and deform'd,
Though to adorn her every art contend.
And rather would I see my Britons roam
Untutor'd savages among the woods,
As once they did, in naked innocence,
Than polish'd like the vile degenerate race
Of modern Italy's corrupted sons.

Exit Neap.

Trumpet sounds, and is answered from without by another trumpet, which sounds a march, accompanied by kettle-drums, and other warlike instruments: then enters, preceded by soldiers playing upon fifes, and others bearing tatter'd ensigns, standards and trophies, a leader of mercenary bands, completely arm'd from head to foot, and carrying in his right hand a baton or truncheon. On each side of him march his 'squires, one bearing is ce, the other his shield. Behind him, as his

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With like pre-eminence exalted shines
In every land above the proudest names,
The blest possessor of all-worshipp'd gold.

My birth or rank I boast not here, though born
A senator of Genoa. The desert,
On which I found my claim, is all my own;
To have adorn'd and dignify'd the state
Of my declining house with greater wealth
Than e'er my thriftless ancestors possess'd;
Whose richest acquisitions were but sprigs
Of barren laurel, or the flaunting rags
Of some torn ensign, to their needy son
A worthless heritage. Yet not to swell
My narrow fortunes would my soul descend
To the base methods of ignoble trade,
And vulgar mercantile pursuit of gain.
Mine were the noble arts of raising gold
From gold, of nursing and improving wealth
By gainful use; arts practis'd heretofore
By senators and sages of old Rome,
Illustrious Crassus, and wise Seneca.
Thus have I grac'd the splendour of my name
With suitable possessions; thus I hold
In firm subjection to my will the poor
Of every rank and order, soldier, priest,
The vent'rous merchant, and the sumptuous lord,
Who in a lower vassalage to me,
Than to thy sceptre, Edward, bow their heads,
Pledging their lands and liberties for gold.

Hence am I bold to stand before thy throne
A candidate for glory's highest prize:
And let me add, that policy alone
Should teach thy prudence to approve my claim;
Should teach thee in thy subjects to excite,
By honours on superior wealth bestow'd,
An useful emulation to be rich:
Which once inspir'd, thy Albion shall become
The first of nations, thou the first of kings.

Edward.

Hadst thou by op'ning to thy native land
The golden veins of commerce, by employing
The useful hands of industry in works
Of national advantage, by uniting
Remotest regions in the friendly bands
And honest intercourse of mutual trade;
Hadst thou by these humane and generous arts,
Which thy mistaken pride so much disdains,
Enrich'd at once thy country and thyself,
Then not unworthy hadst thou been to wear
The brightest marks of honour; but thy wealth,
The base-born child of sordid usury,
That foe to commerce, nurse of idleness,
Stains and degrades thee from thy noble birth;
Nor in the usurer can I discern
The senator of Genoa.—To enlarge
The mind with gen'rous sentiments, to raise
Its aims by virtuous emulation, here
I sit; but not to gild with honour's beams
That selfish passion which congeals the heart,
And stops the streams of sweet benevolence,
Mean avarice, the vice of narrowest souls,
Incapable of glory.—Wealth, thou say'st,
Can buy ev'n empire, and to Julius gave
Dominion o'er his country.—Fatal gift,
And ruinous to both! But what to Rome,
What to that Cæsar's successors avail'd
The boundless treasures of the ravag'd world,
When they had lost their virtue? Did not soon

The valiant sons of poverty, the Goths,
The Huns and Vandals, from their barren hills
And rugged woods descending, to their steel
Subject the Roman gold? Yet I deny not
The pow'r and use of riches; to the wise
And good, in public or in private life,
They are the means of virtue, and best serve
The noblest purposes; but in the use,
Not in the bare possession, lies the merit.
Show me thy merit then, thy bounteous acts,
Public munificence, or private alms,
The hungry, and the naked, and the sick,
Sustain'd and cherish'd by thy saving hand;
Plead this, and I allow thy worthy claim,
For this is virtue, and deserves reward. [Ex. Gen.]

Flourish of trumpets, &c. which is answered by a symphony of flutes, violins, &c. playing a light amorous air; then appears a Neapolitan courtier, a favourite of queen Joan, who then reign'd at Naples, and whose Court was the most debauched and dissolute of that age. He comes in with a gay and affected gesture, and is dress'd in loose silken robes, rich, but finical and effeminate; on his hair, which is curled and spread all over his shoulders down to the middle of his back, he wears a chaplet of roses, and is attended by a train of beautiful boys, habited like Cupids, and musicians, who, as he marches towards the throne, continue playing their soft and wanton airs.

Neapolitan.

Not on my wealth, nor on my noble blood,
Shall I presume to claim thy royal gift,
Auspicious prince, but on the skill to give
That splendor to nobility and wealth,
That elegance of taste, from which alone
Their value they derive; of this to judge,
This to direct, I boast, fit arbiter
Of all refin'd delights.—But chief to kings
My happy talents I devote; on them
My genius waits with duteous care, and wafts
The golden cup of pleasure to their lips,
Like Ganymede before the throne of Jove.
And who indeed would wish to be a god
Only to thunder, and to hear the pray'rs
Of clam'rous suitors? 'Tis the nectar'd feast,
The dance of graces, and the wanton charms
Of Venus, sporting with the smiles and loves,
That make the court of heav'n a blest abode.
Far happier were the meanest peasant's lot,
Who sleeps or sings in careless ease beneath
The sun-burnt hay-cock, or the flow'ry thorn,
Than to be plac'd on high in anxious pride,
The purple drudge and slave of tiresome state,
If to superior pow'r superior means
Of joy were not annex'd, and larger scope
For every wish the lavish heart can form:
If the soft hand of pleasure did not wreath
Around the royal diadem, whose weight
Oppressive loads the monarch's aching brow,
Her fairest growth of ever-blooming flow'rs.

On thee, victorious prince, propitious fortune
Hath pour'd her richest gifts, renown and wealth,
And greatness equal to thy mighty mind;
One only bliss is wanting to thy court,
Voluptuous elegance, the lovely child
Of ease and opulence; that never comes,
But like a bird of summer to attend
The brightest sun-shine of a glorious state.

To her, and her alone belongs the task,
By learned delicacy to remove
What yet remains in this thy ancient realm
Of Gothic barbarism, the rust of war,
And valiant ignorance.—Her artful hand
Thy rugged Britons shall refine, and teach
More courtly manners to their sovereign's will
Politely pliant; do but thou command
Thy willing servant, with thy favours grac'd,
From fair Joanna's ever-smiling court,
Under whose happy influence I was train'd,
From polish'd Naples, her delightful seat,
The blooming goddess to transport, with all
Her train of joys, and fix them here beneath
Thy great protection.—But perhaps thou fear'st
The voice of censure, and the grave reproof
Of moralizing dullness: idle fear!
The vulgar herd, indeed, religious craft
And policy of state have well confin'd
With wise severity to rigid laws:
Else would that headstrong beast, the multitude,
Forget obedience, and its rider's voice
Disdain. But shall the rider put a curb
In his own mouth? The laws that kings have made,
Shall they restrain the makers? Edward, no!
For thee indulgent justice shall relax
Her harsh decrees, and piety shall wait
To give her rev'rend sanction to thy will.
'Tis thine to rove at large through nature's field,
Crop every flow'r, and taste of every fruit;
By sweet variety provoking still
The languid appetite to new desires.
Nor useless to thy pleasures, happy prince,
Shall be my faithful service; nicer joys,
Joys of a quicker, more exalted taste,
Than ever ripen'd in this northern clime,
The growth of softer regions, shall my hand
By skilful culture in thy Britain raise.

To them, whose gross and dull capacities
Are fit to bear the burthens of the state,
The lab'ring mules, that through the mire of forms
Draw the slow car of government along,
Gladly the task of business I resign.
Be mine the brighter province, to direct
Thy pleasures, Edward, minister supreme
Of all thy softer hours: to serve the king
Be theirs the glory, let me serve the man.

But should thy sterner genius, only pleas'd
With arms and royalty's important cares,
The duties of a king, my gentle arts
Too lightly prize, and thence reject my suit:
Permit at least, that to Philippa's ear,
Divine Philippa, thine and beauty's queen,
And her attendant graces, I may plead
The cause of bliss, a cause so much their own:
They will approve my claim, to whom the cares,
The labours of my life, my head, my heart
Are all devoted—Let me from their hands
Receive the Garter, and be call'd their knight.

Philippa.

Permit me, gracious Edward, to reply
To this irreverent flatt'rer, who presumes
Before a matron and a queen to plead
The cause of vice, and impudently hopes
To find in her a faultriss of his suit.
But know, pernicious sophister, my heart [rank
Hath learn'd from Edward's love, and this high

Which I partake with him, a noble pride,
That ill can brook the too familiar eye
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attendants, comes a train of officers and soldiers maimed, and their faces all seem'd with scars.

Soldier.

Nor riches, nor nobility of birth,
Nor the soft arts of base effeminate ease,
Which justly thou rejectest, valiant prince,
But thy own darling attribute I boast,
Undaunted courage, try'd in many a field,
In every clime, and under every banner,
That for these forty summers have been wav'd
O'er Europe's plains, by Ister, Rhine and Po,
Hungarian and Bohemian, Flemish, French,
Venetian, Spanish, Guelph and Gibbeline:
Whence in just confidence secure I come
This military honour to demand,
Due to my toils and service, to my wounds,
My laurels, and that generous love of glory,
Which without any call, or public cause,
Or private animosity, alone [sword.
Rais'd my strong arm, and drew my dreadful
Wherever Mars his crimson flag display'd,
That was my country; thither swift I bore
My ready valour, and the dauntless band
Of various nations, under my command,
Prepar'd to sell their blood, their limbs, their lives.
Nor where the right, nor where the justest cause,
Deign'd we to ask—those intricate debates
We left to lazy penmen in the shade
Of coward ease; while our impetuous fire
Still bore us forward, ardent to pursue
Through danger's roughest paths the steps to fame.
On such a spirit should thy favour smile.

But let me wonder, Edward, that so long
Thy ear the vain pretensions could endure
Of men unknown to war, attendants meet
Of some luxurious Asiatic court,
Or female distaff-reign; but suiting ill
The presence of a monarch great in arms.
Hadst thou to those inglorious sons of peace
Thy martial order giv'n, the warrior-saint
Had blush'd to see his image so profan'd,
Which on my manly breast, indented o'er
With many a noble scar, will fitly shine.
But wherefore stand I thus harranguing here,
Unskilful as I am in smooth discourse,
The coward's argument? On force alone
I rest my title: let the glorious prize
Be hung on high amid the lifted field,
And let me there dispute it; there my lance
Shall plead my cause far better than my tongue,
If any dare deny my rightful claim.

Edward.

Not for the brave alone have I ordain'd
This institution, but for all desert,
All public virtue, wisdom, all that serves,
Improves, defends, or dignifies a state:
Though first indeed to valour, as the guard
Of all the rest, when in the public cause,
With justice and benevolence employ'd.

But thou, base mercenary, canst thou dare
The glorious name of valour to usurp,
Who know'st no public cause, no sense of right,
Nor pity, nor affection, nor remorse?
Who under any chief, in any quarrel,
Canst stain with gore thy prostituted arms?
Call it not love of glory; that is built
On acts for the deliv'rance of mankind;

On gen'rous principles, and noble scorn
Of sordid int'rest: call it cruel pride,
And savageness of nature, that delights
To conquer, and oppress, afflict, insult;
Or call it love of plunder, that can draw,
Unauthoris'd, uninjur'd, unprovok'd,
The sword of war; that bravo-like can lift
For hire the venal hand to perpetrate
Assassinations, murders, massacres.

But thou hast serv'd with courage; be it so—
Thou hast thy pay, and with it thy reward:
Pretend no farther, nor compare thy deeds,
Dishonour'd by the mean desire of gain,
With his, who for his country and his king
Resigns his ease, his fortune, or his life.
Those battles thou hast fought, those forty years
Of blood and horror, which thy vaunting tongue
So high hath founded, are indeed thy crimes,
Flagitious crimes; for which th' impartial bar
Of reason would condemn thee, as the foe
Of human nature, did not custom screen
By her unjust esteem thy guilty head.
But hope not honour or employment here.
Unsafe and wretched is that monarch's state
Who weakly trusts to mercenary bands,
The guard or of his person, or his realm;
Unfaithful, insolent, rapacious, base
He soon shall prove them, and become himself
Their slave, to hold his kingdom at their will.
For this within my Britain have I sought
To raise a martial spirit, and ordain'd
These new incitements, honours, and rewards,
To virtuous chivalry, that never king
Who wears hereafter my imperial crown,
May need to stoop to the precarious aid
Of venal foreign swords; but in the hearts
Of his brave subjects find a stronger guard,
Prepar'd with zeal unbought, and English valour
His rights to vindicate, and save their own.

Exit Soldier

*Trumpet sounds, to which another from without replies
Then enters an Italian politician, habited like a Venetian nobleman, who advancing with a solemn and important air towards the throne, makes a low reverence to king Edward, and proceeds.*

Politician.

Well has thy sovereign wisdom, royal judge,
The suit refus'd of these pretenders vain,
And, by rejecting them, embolden'd me.
For valour, and nobility, and wealth,
Though by their proud possessors, vaunted high
Are but subordinate, the slaves and tools,
Not the companions, and the counsellors
Of godlike monarchy; whose awful throne
By darksome clouds envelop'd, far beyond
The ken of vulgar eyes, supported stands
On that deep-rooted prop, the craft of state,
Mysterious policy.—Who best hath learn'd
Her wily lessons, best deserves to share
The honours, counsels, and the hearts of kings.
By him instructed, ev'n the meanest prince
Shall rise to envy'd greatness, shall advance
His dreaded pow'r above restraint and fear,
And all the rules that in fantastic chains
Inferior minds confine. Thus Milan's dukes,
Thus Padua's lords above their country's laws

Have rais'd their heads, and trampled to the dust
 The pride of freedom that essays in vain
 Their high superior genius to controul.
 These were my masters, mighty prince; beneath
 Their rule, and in their councils was I form'd
 To know the false corrupted heart of man,
 His every weakness, every vice, and thence
 To tempt or break his passions to the yoke:
 To scorn the public as an empty name,
 And on the helpless multitude impose
 The adamantine bonds of fraud and force.
 Thus was I train'd, thus fitted to conduct
 The fate of proudest empires; thus I come
 To claim thy Garter, Edward, the just meed
 Of worth pre-eminent, and in return
 My services to offer, which no doubt
 Thy wisdom gladly will accept: for who
 So fit to serve the majesty of kings,
 As he, who slighting every meaner tie,
 Friends, parents, country, to advance their pow'r
 Devotes his toil, experience, fortune, fame,
 Nor other favour courts, nor refuge hopes
 But in their high protection? Led by me,
 Thou, royal Edward, shalt attain that height,
 That glorious summit of imperial power,
 Which not thy mighty ancestors have reach'd;
 Where in a freer air, a more enlarg'd
 Horizon, bounded only by thy will,
 Thou shalt exalted sit, and view beneath,
 In humbler distances and safer bounds,
 Those subjects, who presumptuous now approach
 Too near, and with rude hands profane thy throne.

Nor let weak scruples check thy manly soul
 In the bright task of glory; know, great prince,
 A king's divinity is sov'reign pow'r,
 The only god, before whose shrine the wise
 Their incense offer; whence inspir'd they draw
 Divine ambition, and heroic scorn
 Of vulgar prejudices, vulgar fears.
 Virtue's the people's idol, and by them
 Rewarded well with popular applause,
 That idle breath, the gift and prize of fools.
 'Tis thine to govern, not to court mankind,
 Nor on their smiles precarious to depend,
 But nobly force them to depend on thine.
 O sacred sir, can virtue give thee this,
 This bright supremacy? Trust not her boasts,
 Her idle pageantry of barren praise:
 Reject her saucy claims, importunate,
 And self-supported; nor admit her train,
 Proud independency, and public zeal,
 Those factious demagogues, the foes of kings.

Edward.

Are virtue then, and love of public good,
 The foes of monarchy? and are deceit,
 Injustice and oppression, qualities
 Becoming and expedient in a king?
 Then know I not to govern; but have nurs'd
 For twice these fifteen years ev'n in my heart,
 A pois'nous viper; nay unking'd myself,
 By yielding to restrain my sov'reign pow'r
 With laws and charters of enfranchisement,
 Not due, it seems, from monarchs to their slaves.

But know, vile counsellor of infamy,
 That I disdain thy politics, those false
 And shallow politics, by which my fire,
 Weak judging Edward, was betray'd to shame
 And foul destruction, while to such as thee

His ear and heart incautious he resign'd,
 And was indeed their slave, not England's king.

By maxims different far have I sustain'd
 The strength and splendor of my regal state,
 On the broad basis of true wisdom fix'd
 With solid firmness. By encouraging
 The gen'rous love of virtue and of fame,
 That source of valour, pledge of victory.

By granting to my subjects, what indeed
 Is their inherent right, security,
 The cheerful father of content and peace,
 Of industry and opulence, which fills
 With smiling multitudes the land, and pays
 In willing subsidies that prince's care,
 Who lays up treasure in his people's hearts,
 By holding with a firm impartial hand
 The steady scale of justice; not alone
 Betwixt my subjects in their private rights,
 But in the gen'ral, more important cause
 Betwixt the crown and them, the different claims
 Of freedom and of just prerogative;
 Transgressing not myself my boundless pow'r,
 Nor suffering others to transgress those laws,
 That in their golden chain together bind,
 For common good, the whole united state.

But more than all, by guarding from contempt,
 Or impious violation, that supreme
 Protectress of all government and law,
 Religion; in whose train for ever wait
 Obedience, order, justice, mercy, love,
 A guard of angels plac'd around the throne.
 Her sacred counsels have I still rever'd,
 Her high commands enforc'd, her pow'r implor'd,
 O'er all my subject nations to call down
 From heav'nly wisdom, her eternal fire,
 A fix'd secure felicity, beyond
 The force of human prudence to attain.

These are my arts of government, those arts
 By which my British crown I have advanc'd
 Above th' imperial diadem, above
 The pride of Afric's, or of Asia's thrones.
 I would not tell thee this, but that thou seem'st
 A stranger to my fame, as to my realm,
 And to the real greatness of a king,
 Whose sacred dignity, by thee traduc'd,
 Much it behoves a king to vindicate;
 Not by rejecting only with disdain
 Thy arrogant pretensions, but in thee
 Dishonouring and branding with reproach
 Thy tenets also, the pernicious lore
 Of tyrants and usurpers, which thy tongue,
 Blaspheming justice, government, and law,
 Hath in a land of freedom dar'd to vent.
 Hence! from my kingdom with thy quickest speed,
 Lest the revenge of an insulted king
 With sudden ruin intercept thy flight.

Exit Politician.

King John.

Permit me, Edward, to thy royal voice
 To add my suffrage also, and with thee
 Protest against this coward policy,
 That meanly skulks behind opprobrious fraud,
 And low unprincely artifice; I feel
 A virtue in my heart, a gen'rous pride,
 That tells me kings were cloth'd with majesty,
 Encircled with authority, rever'd,
 And almost deify'd, to teach them thence
 That goodness and the saving attributes

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Of heav'n become their office, justice chief,
And truth, the virtue of heroic minds,
Which were it banish'd from all other breasts,
Should dwell for ever in the hearts of kings.

Aërial music, upon which re-enter the five Druids who personated the Grandee, &c. in their original characters and habits of Druids, the chief of whom advancing towards the throne, addresses himself to king Edward.

Chief Druid.
Behold in us, great king, the ancient priests
And judges of this land, the Druids old:
Who late in borrow'd characters have stood
Before thy sage tribunal, to prefer
The claims of valour, wealth, nobility,
And those soft specious flatt'ers, who beneath
The rosy wreath of pleasure and of love
Conceal the sickly and disgustful brow
Of riot and debauch, and often win
From weak unmanly princes the rich prize
To virtue due and wisdom, not to these
The cankers of a state; but least of all
Due to that traitor of his king and country,
Who lab'ring to build up the regal throne
Beyond its due proportion, and the strength
Of those foundations which the laws have laid,
O'erwhelms the people, and at once o'erturns
His royal master, places him at best
On an uneasy tott'ring pinnacle,
The mark of execration and reproach.

These claims hast thou rejected; like a king
Discerning in mankind, and knowing well
The value of his favours: like a king
Deserving the high office of the judge
And arbiter of Europe: like a king
Equal to his great fame, and worth the care
Of those immortal spirits, who this day
Have quitted their celestial residence,
To view and to approve thy glorious deeds.

But, Edward, be not thou amaz'd to find
That those who lately for thy favour su'd,
Were not the personages they assum'd.
O king! thou art beset with counterfeits
The very opposite to us, who seem
Far better than they are. For flattery,
Cameleon-like, accommodates with care
To the court-hue his changeful countenance.
And when a prince is brave, magnanimous,
And high in spirit, then ambition wears
A face of dignity, and nothing breathes
But lofty enterprises, conquest, pow'r,
And schemes of glory to the sov'reign ear,
Pretending love and care for his renown
With more than dutious zeal.—Of these beware!
For as the Theban queen, in fables old,
Was, by the specious guile of fraudulent Jove,
In her Amphitryon's form to guilt betray'd,
So by these counterfeits are kings seduc'd,
Ev'n in the most belov'd suspectless shapes,
To take a traitor to their royal arms.
But thou shalt know them, Edward, by their works.
And of this truth be most assur'd, that he,
Who in his private commerce with mankind
Is mean, dishonest, interested, false,
Can ne'er be true to thee; nor can he love
His prince, who feels not for his country's good.

Thus warn'd we leave thee, mighty prince: be
Be constant in the paths of fair renown. [firm,

Think it thy duty to revere thyself
The sacred laws of chivalry, the wise
Injunctions by thy order laid on all
The garter'd knights; so shall thy fame remain
The great example of all future kings.
Farewell! for lo! the genius of thy realm
With all his pomp attended, comes to share,
And grace the glories of this signal day.
These clouds of fragrance, that far-beaming blaze
Of heav'nly brightness, his approach declare.

Druids vanish.

Flashes of light, and symphony of aërial music. Genius of England descends in his chariot attended by spirits and bards; then alighting, he advances towards the throne, and addresses himself to Edward.

Genius.

From the gay realms of cloudless day I come,
Where in the glitter of unnumber'd worlds,
That like to isles of various magnitudes
Float in the ocean of unbounded space;
On my invisible aërial throne
I sit, attended with a radiant band
Of spirits immortal, whose pure essences,
While clad in human shapes on earth they dwelt,
Through the dull clay of gross mortality
Disclos'd their heav'nly vigour, and burst forth
In godlike virtues and heroic deeds,
Their Albion gracing with as fair a growth
Of fame, as e'er enrich'd imperial Rome.
Thence ripe for heav'n and immortality,
To me, the genius of this happy isle,
They fly, and claim the meed of their desert,
Celestial crowns, and ever-living praise
Recorded in the songs of heav'nly bards, [sing
That round my throne their hymns of triumph
Attuning to the sweet harmonious spheres,
Their undiscording lyres and voice divine.

Nor thus remov'd to heav'n, and thus employ'd
In careless raptures, wont they to forget
Their native country, and the public weal,
To which on earth their labours and their lives
They once devoted; but pursuing still
The bent and habit of their souls, with me
They watch the British empire, still intent
To check alternately th' encroaching waves
Of regal pow'r and popular liberty:
I, chief attentive near the royal throne,
Take up my watchful station, to infuse
My sage and mod'rate counsels in those ears,
Which wisdom hath prepar'd and purify'd
To relish honest, though unpleasing truth.

Thus am I always, though invisible,
Attendant, Edward, on thy glorious deeds.
But on this solemn day have I vouchsaf'd
To manifest my presence; to declare,
Not in those whispers which have often spoke
Peace to thy conscious heart, but audibly
And evident to all, th' assent of heav'n
To the great business which hath gather'd here
This troop of princes from all nations round.
Hence all may know that virtue hath a train
More bright than earthly empire can command:
Know, that those actions which are great and good,
Receive a nobler sanction from the free
And universal voice of all mankind,
Which is the voice of heav'n, than from the highest,
The most illustrious act of regal pow'r.

This nobler sanction, Edward, in the name

Not of this age alone, but latest time,
 Here do I solemnly annex to each
 Of thy great acts, but chief to this most wise,
 Most virtuous institution, which extends
 Wide as thy fame, beyond thy empire's bound,
 A prize of virtue publish'd to mankind.

Ye registers of heav'n, record the deed.

Bards.

Now tune, ye bards, the British lyre;

Now wake the vocal string; [spire,

While heav'n and earth in Edward's praise con-
 Join to the gen'ral voice your sacred choir,

And on your soaring wing,

From time and envy waft his glorious name,
 And place it in the shrine of incorruptive fame.

Begin: the list'ning echoes round

Shall catch with joy the long-forgotten sound,

And warbling through each grove the British
 strain [reign.

To Windsor's smiling nymphs, recal their Arthur's

Ye nymphs of Windsor's bow'ry woods,

Ye pow'rs who haunt yon glist'ning floods,

That with reluctant fond delay

Around yon flow'ry valley stray;

Say, from your minds hath time eras'd

The pleasing images of glory pass'd?

Review ye now those scenes no more?

When nobly stain'd with Saxon gore,

From Badon's long-contended plain

Great Arthur with his martial train

To Windsor's chosen shades repair'd,

And with his knights the festive banquet shar'd.

Then first exulting Thames beheld

The triumphs of the list'd field;

Beheld along his level meads

Careering knights, encount'ring steeds,

Heroic games, whose toils inspire

The thirst of praise, and kindle martial fire.

Fair peace in war's bright mail array'd,

With smiles the glorious lists survey'd;

So should the brave (she cry'd) prepare

Their hearts and sinewy arms for war:

Such combats break not my repose,

Such sons best guard my rights from daring foes.

Then too in feastful hall or bow'r,

Attendant on the genial hour,

The British harp sweet lyrist strung,

And Albion's generous victors sung:

While valiant Arthur's copious fame

Incessant fed the bright poetic flame.

But mortals erring in excess,

O'erwhelm the virtue they carefs.

Thus Arthur his great story mourn'd,

By too fond praise to fable turn'd:

Mourn'd the companions of his toils,

Mock'd with false glory and fantastic spoils.

'Till through the dark romantic tale,

Through superstition's magic veil,

Sage Edward piercing view'd, and own'd

The chief with genuine lustre crown'd:

View'd the great model, and restor'd

The long-lost honours of his martial board.

Hail British prince! these faithful lays,

Eternal records of heroic worth,

Shall reassert thy ancient praise,

And from the cloud of fiction call thee forth,

In glory's sphere thy orbit to reclaim, [fame.

And at great Edward's beam relume thy darken'd

But see in heav'nly panoply array'd, [gold,

Whose streaming radiants skirts the clouds with

I view Pendragon burst the veiling shade,

And all his blazing magnitude unfold!

O'er yon broad tow'r he takes his airy stand,

And pointing, Edward, towards the royal throne,

To his fam'd knights around, a laurell'd band,

Shows on thy knee the bright sky-tinctur'd zone.

Virtue, he cries, (th' ethereal sound

Thy gross material organ cannot hear)

Virtue on earth by British Edward crown'd.

Her rev'rend throne once more shall rear.

To her own self-applauding breast

Forc'd for reward no longer to retreat,

She sees her awful charms by kings carefs'd,

Sees honour woo her for his mate.

Honour, her heav'n-elected spouse,

From her embrace by lawless pow'r withheld,

Now at yon altar plights his holy vows,

Vows by assenting Edward seal'd.

And now the fair angelic bride

Gath'ring her noble train from every land,

To her late wedded lord with decent pride

Presents the venerable band.

The great procession Edward leads;

I see yon hallow'd dome with heroes throng'd:

Incessant still the white-plum'd pomp proceeds,

Through time's eternal course prolong'd.

And you, dear partners of my fame,

Your ancient honours now again shall boast;

This noble order shall retrieve our name.

In visionary fables lost.

This from our martial board deriv'd,

These for our brethren let us proudly own,

More pleas'd to view our deeds by thee reviv'd,

Than griev'd, great king, to be outdone.

Chorus.

Hail British prince! these faithful lays

Shall reassert thy ancient praise.

Nor thee, O Windsor, shall I pass unsung,

Mansions of princes, and fit haunt of gods,

Who frequent shall desert their bright abodes,

To view thy sacred walls with trophies hung:

Thy walls by British Arthur first renown'd,

The early feat of chivalry and fame;

By Edward now with deathless honours crown'd,

Illustrious by his birth, his Garter, and his name.

Genius.

Conferring just rewards, most worthy prince,

Is the first attribute of sov'reign pow'r,

And that which best distinguishes a king:

For punishment, and all the nice awards

Of civil justice, by the laws are fix'd,

And kings but execute what they decree.

While in rewarding merit, uncontroul'd,

Unguided, unassisted is the hand

Of majesty; the prince himself alone

There judges, and his wisdom is the law.

Well does thy court, great king, with every worth

And every virtue fill'd, this wisdom show

In thee transcendent: well hast thou approv'd
 Its force in this great trial, which my pow'r
 Commanded, in no common ways to prove
 Thy royal mind.—But that a father's name
 May not restrain thy justice in the choice
 Of the first knights-companions of St. George,
 Myself here take upon me to present
 A candidate, whom, were not he thy son,
 Thou wouldst thyself select from all mankind.
 His modesty compels me to declare
 That candidate is Edward, prince of Wales.

Prince Edward.

Inhabitant of heav'n! I not presume
 To deprecate or question that high will,
 To which it best becomes me to submit.
 But, gentle spirit, be propitious to me;
 And thou, my gracious liege, if I request
 That this illustrious monarch, whose desert
 Is equal to the grandeur of his crown,
 May stand before me in this list of fame.

King John.

O generous youth! in vain thy goodness strives
 To raise thy captive thus above his fortune,
 The king that is not free, is not a king;
 Nor can thy bounteous favour reconcile
 Honour and bondage.—To thy conqu'ring son
 Do thou, great Edward, give this noble mark
 Of prosperous virtue; ill becomes it me,
 To wear at once thy Garter and thy chains.
 Though, by my former dignity I swear,
 That were I reinstated in my throne,
 The throne of Capet and of Charlemagne,
 Thus to be join'd in fellowship with thee,
 Would be the first ambition of my soul;
 A ray of glory I would sue to gain,
 And prize it equal with my diadem.

Genius.

Wisely thou hast determin'd, worthy prince,
 For thine and Edward's honour, and hast fix'd
 Its proper value on his royal gift,
 Which as the meed of merit, may become
 The proudest monarchs, by this Garter mark'd
 For something more than monarchs, virtuous men.
 This be the glory of thy order, Edward.
 And * never shall it want the greatest names
 Of all succeeding times to grace its annals.
 France, Sweden, Poland, Germany, and Spain,
 Each realm of Europe's wide-extended bounds,
 Shall count among thy knights its mightiest lords,
 And see, in emulation of thy fame,
 New royal founders of like orders rise:
 Proceed then, mighty king, and set the world
 The precedent of glory; thou begin
 The radiant list of sov'reigns, while thy son,
 Like a young bride, that on her nuptial morn
 Leads on with modest pride the virgin-choir,
 Herself the brightest, heads the shining band
 Of knights-companions, nobly seconding
 His father's glorious deeds with equal fame.

Edward.

The testimony of heav'n to thee, my son,

* Besides the great persons of our own nation, that have been admitted of this order, the English reader may be glad to be informed, that in the annals of the Garter are found the names of Charles V. emperor of Germany; of Francis I. and Henry IV. kings of France; and of Gustavus Adolphus king of Sweden.

Thus gloriously accorded, renders vain
 All farther trial.—To my people's voice,
 By this their tutelary pow'r declar'd,
 With pleasure I consent, directing still
 By theirs my choice, my judgment, my desires.

Approach then, my belov'd, my noble son,
 Strength of my crown, and honour of my realm;
 In whom my heart more joys, and glories more,
 Than in the highest pride of sov'reign pow'r.

* Thus I admit thee, Edward prince of Wales,
 First founder of the order of St. George;
 In evidence whereof, about thy knee
 I bind this mystic Garter; to denote
 The bond of honour that together ties
 The brethren of St. George in friendly league,
 United to maintain the cause of truth
 And justice only.—† “May propitious heav'n
 Grant thou may'st henceforth wear it to his praise,
 “The exaltation of this noble order,
 “And thy own glory.”—With like reverence,
 My son, receive and wear this golden chain,
 “Grac'd with the image of Britannia's saint,
 “Heav'n's valiant soldier, Cappadocian George;
 “In imitation of whose glorious deeds,
 “May'st thou triumphant in each state of life,
 “Or prosperous or adverse, still subdue
 “Thy spiritual and carnal enemies;
 “That not on earth alone thou may'st obtain
 “The guerdon of thy valour, endless praise,
 “But with the virtuous and the brave above,
 “In solemn triumph, wear celestial palms,
 “To crown thy final noblest victory.”

Embraces Pr. Edw.

Prince Edward.

Accept, my sovereign liege, my grateful thanks,
 That thou hast thus vouchsaf'd to place thy son
 First next thyself upon the roll of fame,
 As he indeed is first in filial love,
 And emulation of thy royal virtues.
 And may thy benediction, gracious lord,
 May thy paternal vows be heard in heav'n!
 That he, whom thou hast list'd in the cause
 Of truth and virtue, never may forget
 His vow'd engagements, nor defraud thy hopes,
 By foiling with dishonourable deeds
 The lustre of that order, which thy name
 Should teach him to respect and to adorn.

O D E.

STROPHE I. BARDS.

Celestial maid!

Bright spark of that ethereal flame,
 Whose vivid spirit through all nature spread,
 Sustains and actuates this boundless frame!
 O by whatever style to mortals known,
 Virtue, benevolence, or public zeal,
 Divine assessor of the regal throne,
 Divine protectress of the commonweal,

* The Prince of Wales advances to his father, and kneels; while the king, taking the Garter from the herald, buckles it round his left leg.

† The sense, and almost the words in the verses of this speech, mark'd thus “are taken from the admonition read to the knights, at the time of their receiving the garter and the ribbon or collar of the order. Vide *Asmole's history of the order of the Garter*.

O in our hearts thy energy infuse!
 Be thou our muse,
 Celestial maid,
 And, as of old, impart thy heav'nly aid
 To those, who warm'd by thy benignant fire,
 To public merit and their country's good
 Devoted ever their recording lyre,
 Wont along Deva's sacred flood,
 Or, beneath Mona's oak retir'd,
 To warble forth their patriot lays,
 And nourish with immortal praise
 The bright heroic flames by thee inspir'd.

ANTISTROPHE I.

I feel, I feel

Thy soul-invigorating heat;
 My bounding veins distend with fervant zeal,
 And to Britannia's fame responsive beat.—
 Hail Albion, native country! but how chang'd
 Thy once grim aspect, how adorn'd and gay
 Thy howling forests! where together rang'd
 The naked hunter and his savage prey:
 Where amid black inhospitable woods
 The sedge-grown floods
 All cheerless stray'd.
 Nor in their lonely wand'ring course survey'd,
 Or tow'r, or castle, heav'n-ascending fane,
 Or lowly village, residence of peace
 And joyous industry, or furrow'd plain,
 Or lowing herd, or silver fleece
 That whitens now each verdant vale;
 While laden with their precious store
 For trading barks to every shore,
 Swift heralds of Britannia's glory, sail.

EPODE I.

These are thy shining works: this smiling face
 Of beauteous nature thus in regal state,
 Deck'd by each handmaid art, each polish'd grace,
 That on fair liberty and order wait.

This pomp, these riches, this repose,
 To thee imperial Britain owes.

To thee, great substitute of heav'n,
 To whom the charge of earthly realms was giv'n;
 Their social systems by wise nature's plan
 To form and rule by her eternal laws;
 To teach the selfish soul of wayward man
 To seek the public good, and aid the common cause.

So didst thou move the mighty heart
 Of Alfred, founder of the British state:

So to Matilda's scepter'd son,

To him whose virtue and renown

First made the name of Edward great,

Thy ample spirit so didst thou impart:

Protecting thus in every age,

From greedy power and factious rage,

The law of freedom, which to Britain's shore

From Saxon Elva's many-headed flood,

The valiant sons of Odin with them bore,

Their national, ador'd, inseparable good.

STROPHE II.

* On yonder plain,

Along whose willow-fringed side

The silver-footed Naiads, sportive train,

Down the smooth Thames amid the cygnets glide,

I saw, when at thy reconciling word,

Injustice, anarchy, intestine jar,

* *Runnymede near Stains, where the Grand Charter was signed by king John.*

Despotic insolence, the wasting sword,
 And all the brazen throats of civil war,
 Were hush'd in peace; from his imperious throne
 Hurl'd furious down,
 Abash'd, dismay'd,

Like a chas'd lion to the savage shade
 Of his own forests, fell oppression fled,
 With vengeance brooding in his sullen breast.

Then justice fearless rear'd her decent head,
 Heal'd every grief, each wrong redress'd;
 While round her valiant squadrons stood,
 And bade her awful tongue demand,
 From vanquish'd John's reluctant hand,
 The deed of freedom purchas'd with their blood.

ANTISTROPHE II.

O vain surmise!

To deem the grandeur of a crown
 Consists in lawless pow'r! to deem them wise
 Who change security and fair renown,
 For detestation, shame, distrust, and fear!
 Who, shut for ever from the blissful bow'rs
 With horror and remorse at distance hear
 The music that enchants th' immortal pow'rs,
 The heavenly music of well-purchas'd praise,
 Seraphic lays

The sweet reward

On heroes, patriots, righteous kings conferr'd.
 For such alone the heav'n-taught poets sing.
 Tune ye for Edward, then, the mortal strain,
 His name shall well become your golden string,
 Begirt with this ethereal train,
 Seems he not rank'd among the gods?
 Then let him reap the glorious meed
 Due to each great heroic deed,
 And taste the pleasures of the blest abodes.

EPODE II.

Hail, happy prince! on whom kind fate bestows
 Sublimar joys, and glory brighter far [grows
 Than Cressy's palm, and every wreath that
 In all the blood-stain'd field of prosp'rous war;
 Joys that might charm an heavenly breast,
 To make dependent millions blest,
 A dying nation to restore,
 And save fall'n liberty with kingly pow'r;
 To quench the torch of discord and debate,
 Relume the languid spark of public zeal,
 Repair the breaches of a shatter'd state,
 And gloriously complete the plan of England's
 Complete the noble Gothic pile, [weal:
 That on the rock of justice rear'd shall stand,
 In symmetry, and strength, and fame,
 A rival of that boasted frame
 Which virtue rais'd on Tiber's strand.
 This, Edward, guardian, father of our isle,
 This godlike task, to few assign'd,
 Exalts thee above human-kind,
 And from the realms of everlasting day
 Calls down celestial bards thy praise to sing;
 Calls this bright troop of spirits to survey
 Thee, the great miracle of earth, a Patriot-King.

Genius.

Now reascend your skies, immortal spirits!
 Th' important act, that drew you down to earth
 Is finish'd. Spare we now their mortal sense,
 That cannot long endure th' unshrouded beam
 Of higher natures. Well hath Edward laid,
 Under your happy auspices, the base
 Of his great order: let him undisturb'd,

But not unaided by the heav'nly powers,
Complete th' illustrious work, which future kings,
Struck with the beauty of the noble plan,
Shall emulously labour to maintain.

And may thy spirit, Edward, be their guide!
In every chapter, thou henceforth preside,

In every breast infuse thy virtuous flame,
And teach them to respect their country's
fame.

*Genius and Spirits reascend to a loud
symphony of music.*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM COLLINS.

Containing

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,
ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL,

|| EPISTLE TO SIR THOMAS HANMER,
DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

U. C. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sweet Bard! belov'd by every Muse in vain,
With powers whose fineness wrought their own decay:
Ah! wherefore, thoughtless, didst thou yield the rein
To fancy's will, and chase her meteor ray:
Ah! why forgot thy own Hyblæan strain!
"Peace rules the breast, where reason rules the day."

LANGHORNE'S VISIONS OF FANCY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
WILLIAM COLLINS

Containing

ORIGINAL POETRY,
AND TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEKS AND ROMANS;
WITH A CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE AUTHOR.

BY G. G. G.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Small Verse, written by Mr. Collins, in 1746.
This poem, which is now in the hands of
Mr. Collins, is a very fine specimen of his
style, and is well adapted for the purpose
of a motto. It is a very fine specimen of
his style, and is well adapted for the purpose
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his style, and is well adapted for the purpose
of a motto.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY WILKIE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1774

THE LIFE OF COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester in Suffex, on the 25th of December, 1721. His father was a hatter, of good reputation, and an Alderman of that city.

He received his early education in his native place. In 1733, he was admitted a scholar of Winchester College, where he continued seven years, under the care of Dr. Burton, and had for his schoolfellow, Dr. Warton, the present respectable master of that seminary. He was distinguished for his proficiency in classical learning, and his turn for elegant composition; but it was observed, that his English exercises were better than his Latin. His first poetical production, was the following epigram *To Miss Aurelia C——r, on her weeping at her Sister's Wedding*, published in the "Gentleman's Magazine," a repository in which several eminent men have begun their literary career.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn,
Lament not Hannah's happy state;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.

With love united, Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,
"Meet but your lover in my hands,
"You'll find your sister in his arms."

In 1740, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, Oxford; but unhappily there was no vacancy. This appears to have been the original misfortune of his life. In the hope that a vacancy might soon happen, he became a Commoner of Queen's College, probably with a scanty maintenance. During his residence at Queen's, he was at once distinguished for genius and indolence; his exercises, when he could be prevailed upon to write, bearing the visible characteristics of both. No vacancy happening in New College, he was recommended by his tutor to the society of Magdalen, where he was chosen a Demy, in July 1741. The uncommon abilities and learning which he displayed upon this occasion principally contributed to his election.

He continued at Magdalen College till he had taken his Bachelor's degree; and poetry being his principal pursuit, he wrote, about this time, his *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakspeare's Works*, and his *Oriental Eclogues*, which were published in 1742, under the title of *Persian Eclogues*. Notwithstanding their merit, they were not attended with any great success.

During his residence at Magdalen College, it happened one afternoon, at a tea visit, when several intelligent friends were assembled at his rooms, Hampton, the translator of "Polybius," as remarkable at that time for his haughtiness as for his learning, came in, and being determined to quarrel, kicked the tea-table and all its contents to the other side of the room. Collins, though of a warm temper, was so confounded at the unexpected downfall, and so astonished at the unmerited insult, that he took no notice of the aggressor; but, getting up from his chair calmly, he began picking up the slices of bread and butter, and the fragments of his china, repeating very mildly,

Invenias etiam disiecta membra poetæ.

As he brought with him to the university a high opinion of his school acquisitions, and a foreign contempt for all academic studies and discipline, he never looked with any complacency on his situation, but was always complaining of the dulness of a college life.

Weary of the confinement and uniformity of an academical life, and fondly imagining that his superior abilities would draw the attention of the great world, and make his fortune, in 1744, he suddenly left the university, and came to London, a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pocket. To acquaint himself with life, he commenced a man of

the town, became an assiduous frequenter of the theatres, and spent his time in all the dissipation of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and other places of public resort. In this pleasurable way of life, he was soon overtaken by poverty, from which he endeavoured to escape, by planning schemes for elaborate publications. He designed a variety of works; but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of necessity broke his schemes, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose.

"A man doubtful of his dinner," says Dr. Johnson, "or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries. He published proposals for a *History of the Revival of Learning*. I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo X., and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of the history was ever written. He planned several tragedies; but he only planned them."

He was not, however, wholly idle; for, in 1746, he published his *Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical*, the success of which was even inferior to that of the *Oriental Eclogues*.

Millar the bookseller purchased the copy at a very handsome price (for those times); but the sale was not sufficient to pay the expence of printing. Justly offended at the bad taste of the public, as soon as it was in his power to do justice to his own delicacy, he returned Millar the copy-money, indemnified him for the loss he had sustained, and consigned the remainder of the impression to the flames.

It is not surprising that his *Odes* were not popular at their first appearance. Allegorical and abstract poetry was above the taste of the times, and will ever be above the taste of the bulk of readers. It is in the lower walks, "the plain and practical paths of the muses only," says his biographer and commentator, Langhorne, "that the generality of men can be entertained. The higher efforts of imagination are above their capacity."

About this time Dr. Johnson fell into his company. "His appearance," says he, "was decent and manly, his knowledge considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant. By degrees I gained his confidence, and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff that was prowling in the street. On this occasion, recourse was had to the bookellers, who, on the credit of a translation of "Aristotle's Poetics," which he engaged to write, with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his hand."

In 1748, he wrote an *Ode on the Death of Thomson*, and, about the same time, the beautiful *Dirge* in Shakspeare's "Cymbeline."

In 1749, he wrote *An Ode on the Popular Superstition of the Highlands, considered as the subject of Poetry*, addressed to Mr. John Home, the author of "Douglas," which, Dr. Johnson says, he showed, in his last illness, to Dr. Warton and his brother, who thought it superior to his other works; but no search has yet found the manuscript.

It happened, however, that Dr. Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, had the first rude draught of the *Ode*, in the hand-writing of Collins, but in a mutilated form, which he communicated to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, who inserted it in the first volume of their "Transactions," 1788.

"The manuscript," says Dr. Carlyle, in his letter to Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. which accompanies the communication, "fell into my hands, among the papers of a friend of mine and Mr. John Home's, who died as long ago as the year 1754. Soon after, I found the poem; I showed it to Mr. Home, who told me that it had been addressed to him, by Mr. Collins, on his leaving London in the year 1749; that it was hastily composed, and incorrect; but that he would one day find leisure to look it over with care. Mr. Collins and Mr. Home had been made acquainted by Mr. John Barrow (the *cordial youth* mentioned in the first stanza), who had been for some time at the University of Edinburgh; had been a volunteer along with Mr. Home in the year 1746; had been taken prisoner with him at the battle of Falkirk; and had escaped together with him and five or six other gentlemen from the castle of Down. Mr. Barrow resided, in 1749, at Winchester, where Mr. Collins and Mr. Home were, for a week or two, together on a visit. Mr. Barrow was paymaster in America, in the war that commenced in 1756; and died in that country."

"I thought no more of the poem till a few years ago; when, on reading Dr. Johnson's life of Collins, I conjectured that it might be the very copy of verses which he mentions, which he says was much praised by some of his friends, and for the loss of which he expresses regret. I sought

for it among my papers; and perceiving that a stanza and a half were wanting, I made the most diligent search I could for them, but in vain. Whether or not this great chasm was in the poem when it came into my hands, is more than I can remember at this distance of time."

To give a continued context, Mr. Frazer Tytler prevailed on Mr. Henry Mackenzie, author of the "*Man of Feeling*," to supply the fifth stanza and half of the sixth. In a few places, some words, either omitted or grown illegible, were added by Dr. Carlyle, and marked with inverted commas.

It is to be regretted, that the copy shown to Dr. Warton and his brother, which had probably received the last touches of a master's hand, is not somewhere extant; yet, that so much has been saved, the public is much obliged to Dr. Carlyle.

Soon after the appearance of this curious and valuable fragment in the "*Edinburgh Transactions*," a perfect copy, said to have been found in "the drawers of a bureau," was printed at London, in 4to. by Bell the bookseller, with a dedication to the Wartons; but the *evidence* of its authenticity was withheld from the public. The lines that supply the chasm in the fifth and half of the sixth stanza, introduce the execution of Charles I. the rebellion in 1745, the battles of Preston-pans, Falkirk, and Culloden; but the style does not seem to be in the manner of Collins. This copy has been received into the edition of the "*English Poets*," 1790; and reprinted, with the supplementary verses from the Edinburgh edition, in the present collection.

His misfortunes had already made a deep impression on his mind, but he found some consolation in changing the scene, and visiting his uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Martin, who was then with the British army in Flanders. His uncle died, soon after his arrival, and left him about 2000 l.; a sum which he could scarcely think exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The money he obtained from the booksellers, on the credit of translating "*Aristotle's Poetics*," was then repaid, and the translation neglected. But this accession of fortune came too late to be of any essential service to him. He had been so long harassed by anxiety, dissipation, and distress, that he fell into a nervous disorder, accompanied with an unconquerable depression of spirits, which at length reduced the finest understanding to the most deplorable dulness. His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness, a deficiency rather of vital than intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon his couch; till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chester; where death came to his relief, in 1756, in the 35th year of his age.

Such was the end of Collins, a man of an elevated genius and extensive learning, who was lost to the world in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities, which, properly improved, might have raised him to eminence in any profession, and have rendered him a blessing to his friends, and an ornament to his country.

An account of his person, and some of his more remarkable particularities, was communicated to the public, by an intelligent writer, in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" for 1781.

"Collins I was intimately acquainted with, from the time that he came to reside at Oxford. In London I met him often, and remember he lodged in a little house with a Miss Bundy, at the corner of King's Square Court, Soho, now a warehouse, for a long time together. How he got down to Oxford I do not know; but I myself saw him under Merton wall in a very affecting situation, struggling, and conveyed by force, in the arms of two or three men, towards the parish of St. Clement, in which was a house that took in such unhappy objects.

"He was of a moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a candle in the room, and often raising within him apprehensions of blindness. He was passionately fond of music, good-natured, and affable, warm in his friendships, and visionary in his pursuits, and, as long as I knew him, temperate in his eating and drinking."

His character was written by Dr. Johnson, "while it was yet distinctly impressed upon his memory;" and printed in the twelfth volume of "The Poetical Calendar," 1764.

"Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted, not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens.

"This was, however, the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance were always desired by him, but were not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they sometimes produced, in his happier moments, sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence, led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery; and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge, either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress, by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions pious. In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed, and long association with festiuitous companions, will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted; that his principles were never shaken; that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded; and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects; he endeavoured to disperse, by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him. There was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school. When his friend took it into his hand to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, "I have but one book," said Collins, "but that is the best."

Of this portrait, the features are certainly very strong, but the character does not appear sufficiently explicit. Of the genius of Collins, in particular, the picture is very imperfect; but the veil which is drawn over the unhappy circumstances of his life, is drawn by the hand of humanity.

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might discover, and be hurt by their faults, among which may possibly be found some few instances of inconsistency or absurdity. But the idea of manners seems mistakenly substituted for the idea of language. He has seldom violated the great outline of eastern customs; and his subjects did not often lead him to a description of minute particulars. His diction, as Langhorne has justly remarked, is not the diction of the east; it is mostly simple, and often elegant, but not flowery or metaphorical. But he seems rather mistaken, when he observes, that Collins was one of the few Poets who have sailed to *Delpbi* without touching at *Cythera*. Collins possessed a mind that could not be insensible to the amorous impressions. Of this, the warmth of expression with which he treats the passion of love, in the *Eclogues*, may be thought a sufficient indication. His compositions discover much of the tender, though nothing of the licentious. The *Eclogues*, with some marks of puerility, have nothing to fear from a comparison with any of their predecessors. They have all the requisites of good poetry; description, incident, sentiment, and moral. They have simplicity of thought, and melody of language.

His *Odes*, descriptive and allegorical, rank among the first lyric performances in the English language. They display a luxuriance of imagination, a wild sublimity of fancy, and a felicity of expression so extraordinary, that it might be supposed to be suggested by some superior power, rather than to be the effect of human judgment or capacity. They entitle Collins to an indisputable pre-eminence above all his competitors in that province of poetry, except Dryden and Gray.

Of his first ode, the measure is happily chosen to express that tenderness and pathos which must be inseparable from an *Ode to Pity*.

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On a subject of tenderness, Collins could not possibly omit to mention his countryman, Otway, who was indeed "the Priest of Pity;" like him ingenious, and like him unhappy.

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It is not in the power of human invention to produce an image of greater force and propriety than that which is exhibited in the two last lines, when *Danger* is represented as sleeping on the loosely hanging rock of a precipice. The dreadful beings that attend him are described with equal strength of imagination. The effects of *Fear* on the Grecian theatre, and the superstition of St. Mark's Eve

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are introduced with great poetical propriety. Of the *Ode to Simplicity*, it would be superfluous to point out the beauties; they are so obvious that no eye can overlook them. The allusion to scenes of ancient enthusiasm and poetry are happily designed, and beautifully expressed.

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her bleoms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings flow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear.

Simplicity is essentially necessary to the perfection of every poetical work; and Collins has exemplified by all his performances, but particularly by his *Oriental Eclogues*, the truth of the following stanza.

Though taste, though genius blest
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

His *Ode on the Poetical Character* is so extremely wild and extravagant, that it seems to have been written wholly during the tyranny of imagination. It is entirely abstracted, and, in some parts it may be thought blameably obscure; but there are some, however, whose congenial spirits may keep pace with him in his most eccentric flights; and, from some of his casual strokes, may catch those sublime ideas which, like him, they have experienced, but have never been able to express. Some to whom Fancy

The cest of amplest power has given,
To whom the god-like gift assigns,
To gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

The *Ode written in the Year 1746*, will be more generally pleasing, as it is equally beautiful and simple. The strophe in the *Ode to Mercy*, affords the finest subject for a picture that imagination can form.

O thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!

There is something perfectly classical in Collins's manner, both with respect to his imagery and his composition; and Horace's rule of *ut Pictura Poesis* was never better observed than in this instance. The same style of painting, though somewhat bolder, characterises the *Ode to Liberty*.

Who shall awake the Spartan life! &c.

The ruin of the liberties and of the state of Rome is described in a most picturesque and pathetic manner.

No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

The ancient tradition, that there was formerly a temple of liberty in Britain, awakes at once the enthusiasm and the patriotism of Collins; and he dwells with rapture on the thought.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle;
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing goddess flood, &c.

In the *Passions, an Ode for Music*, the emotions of the soul are described, and the movements of the verse adapted to them with equal happiness. "Other pieces of the same nature," says Langhorne, "have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them; but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry: expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart, and imagery of power enough to transport the attention without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds. Upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting, that this is the finest ode in the English language."

His *Ode to Evening*, is an admirable effort of fancy, expression, and versification. It is written in unrhyming metre, a measure in which, according to Dr. Warton, he had a design of writing many more odes. It seems to be an agreed point, that lyric poetry cannot exist without rhyme, in our language. In this measure, however, Milton wrote his translation of "The Fifth Ode of Horace;" and there are extant, other odes in our language, of the truest taste, written in rhyming metre, particularly some trochaics of Glover, which are not inharmonious, and some lyric pieces of Dr. Sayers, an elegant living poet, whose genius, like that of Collins, is above the common taste. But it may be doubted, whether there is sufficient precision and elegance in the English language for metre without rhyme.

Of the *Ode on the popular Superstition of the Highlands of Scotland*, a superficial reading will not discover its real beauties. It is the sacred charm of simplicity that pervades the whole. The design is gracefully introduced. The first stanza shows at once the sentiments of his heart for his friends, and his taste for poetical subjects. The tales of the *Fairies*, and the legends of the *Runic Bards*, are recommended to the poet, as they enlarge his province, and give energy to the "heart-commanding strain. Gray was of the same opinion. The *Songs of the Bards*, in commemoration of some departed chieftain, are finely introduced. The *Second Sight* of the Highlanders is well described. Of Mr. Mackenzie's supplement, it is sufficient praise, that it cannot easily be distinguished from the context. The attributes of the fiend, who directs the *Ignis fatuus* to mislead the wandering traveller, are delineated with the classical pencil of Collins. The eighth stanza pathetically describes the distressed family of one who has been lost in the fens, or in the sea:

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way, &c.

The wife's dream, in which she sees her husband's ghost, is both natural and tender. The *Spirit of the Waters*, is a fiction that powerfully impresses the imagination. The description of *St. Kilda* is in a style of beautiful simplicity. Having exhibited the superstitions of Scotland, of which he shows a perfect knowledge, he recommends these themes, which, "in elder time, filled the historic page." He cites the example of *Shakspeare*, and of *Tasso*, and pays a tribute of applause to his translator, *Fairfax*:

How have I sat, where pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp, by British *Fairfax* strung.
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!

In the last stanza, he gives a picture of Scotland, with its friths and lakes, of which, as was natural, he grows enamoured, and longs to travel into that country, as *Jonson* had done before him, on a visit to a poet:

Then will I dress once more the faded bower
Where *Jonson* sat in *Drummond's* social shade, &c.

The reading of this beautiful ode leaves on the mind a tender sorrow for the drooping hand that left its work unfinished.

The *Ode to Peace*, the *Dirge in Cymbeline*, *Manners, an Ode*, the *Odes on the Death of Thomson and Sir Charles Roß*, are highly poetical, and have all their brighter passages, which are particularly marked out by Langhorne. The *Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer*, has some vigorous, and some happy lines; though it is the least interesting of his performances. The portraits from Shakspeare, are happily selected, and forcibly delineated; and the lines with which they are introduced, may reasonably be supposed to have attracted the notice of Mr. Boydell, and excited the emulation of the British artists of the present day.

O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!

To the estimate of the genius and writings of Collins, given by Dr. Johnson in the "Poetical Calendar," he made the following severe and injurious addition, in his "Lives of the Poets."

"The diction of Collins was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete, when it was not worth revival, and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure."

A very different opinion of his poetical excellence is maintained by critics of undoubted reputation.

Mr. Warton, the learned historian of English poetry, speaking of Collins, calls him his lamented friend, "whose odes will be remembered while any taste for true poetry remains."

"The genius of Collins," says Dr. Knox in his elegant "Essays," "seems, in some measure, to have resembled that of Tickell. Dignity, solemnity, and pathos, are the striking features of his compositions. None but a true poet could have written his song over *Fidele in Shakspeare's Cymbeline*."

Mr. Potter, the ingenious translator of "Æschylus" and "Euripides," treating of the ode, asserts, that Collins was the first of our poets who reached its excellence. "His mind was impressed with a tender melancholy, but without any mixture of that sullen gloom which deadens its powers; it led him to the softest sympathy, that most refined feeling of the human heart. His faculties were vigorous, and his genius truly sublime; his style is close and strong, and his numbers in general harmonious. He was well acquainted with Æschylus and Euripides, and drew deep from their fountains. His thoughts had a romantic cast, and his imagination a certain wild grandeur which sometimes perhaps approaches to the borders of extravagance; but this led him to descriptions and allegories wonderfully poetical. Such, for instance, is the antistrophe in his *Ode to Liberty*, and the first part of his *Ode to Fear*. Æschylus himself has not a bolder conception, and the grandeur of thought is as greatly expressed. Dr. Johnson speaks of this great poet with a tenderness that reflects honour on himself: He allows him sometimes to have sublimity and splendour; but, in the coldness of criticism, expresses some disapprobation of his allegorical imagery, and is unjust to his harmony."

With these ingenious critics, the present writer is happy to agree, in giving Collins a much higher rank as a poet than Dr. Johnson has allowed him; but, while he condemns, with Mr. Potter, the excess to which Dr. Johnson's strictures are carried, he acknowledges that they are not, in every respect, destitute of foundation. Collins is occasionally, though not frequently, harsh in his numbers; his personifications appear, in a few instances, to be multiplied beyond just cause; and he is sometimes blameably obscure. But when every possible deduction is made from his merit, he will still stand entitled to a very large proportion of praise; and his *Ode on the Passions* must ever be joined with the "St. Cecilia" of Dryden, and the "Bard" of Gray, as among the boldest and brightest efforts of the lyric muse.

THE WORKS OF COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. Time, the Morning.

YE Persian maids attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days,
Not all are blest whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'Tis virtue make the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away:
By 'Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young,

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:

For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.

Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost. [boast,

Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That love shall blind, when once he fires the
Or hope a lover by your faults to win, [swain;
As spots on ermin beautify the skin:

Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind! [reign,

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her
And shepherds fought her on the silent plain;
With truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters blest'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again. [clear,
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are
To lead the train sweet modesty appear:

Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen,
With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.

Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding meekness with her downcast eyes,
And friendly pity full of tender sighs;
And love the last: by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains the virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bliss'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR THE CAMEL DRIVER.

Scene, the Desert. Time, Mid-day.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began:

"Sad was th' hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!"
Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?

Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
"way!"

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store;
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
"way!"

O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
"way!"

At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
"When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
"way!"

O, hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone! [maid,
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful
When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said:
"Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
"Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise
"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
"No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like
"me."

O, let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He said, and call'd on heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.

Scene, a Forest. Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' towers are seen,
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
* Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove:
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale, and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
"And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the modern history of Mr. Salmon.

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or fought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"
 Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led:
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne,
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days! the maids around her say;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
 "Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd;
 "And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, THE FUGITIVES.

Scene, *a Mountain in Circassia.* Time, *Midnight.*

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
 At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
 And none, but wretches, haunt the twilight plains;
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And past in radiance through the cloudless sky;
 Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
 Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
 Fast as they prest their flight, behind them lay
 Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
 Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

Secander.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
 Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
 And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
 And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

Agib.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind:
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.

Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

Secander.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure sooth his mind,
 'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
 Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove,
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
 Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possess'd,
 With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd:
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

Secander.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Agib.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs pre-
 pare,

To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,
 The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of
 night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their
 flight.

ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
 With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
 And charm his frantic woe:

When first distress, with dagger keen,
 Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
 His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
 By all the griefs his thought could frame;

Receive my humble rite :
 Long, Pity, let the nations view
 Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
 And eyes of dewy light !
 But wherefore need I wander wide
 To old Ilissus' distant side,
 Deserted stream, and mute ?
 Wild * Arun too has heard thy strains,
 And echo, 'midst my native plains,
 Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed,
 On gentlest Otway's infant head,
 To him thy cell was shown ;
 And while he sung the female heart,
 With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
 Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
 Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
 Thy temple's pride design :
 Its southern site, its truth complete
 Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
 In all who view the shrine.

There picture's toil shall well relate,
 How chance, or hard involving fate,
 O'er mortal bliss prevail :
 The buskin'd muse shall near her stand,
 And sighing prompt her tender hand,
 With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
 In dreams of passion melt away,
 Allow'd with thee to dwell :
 There waste the mournful lamp of night,
 Till, virgin, thou again delight
 To hear a British shell !

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;
 Who seest appall'd, th' unreal scene,
 While fancy lifts the veil between :
 Ah, Fear ! ah, frantic Fear !
 I see, I see thee near.
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
 For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear !
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
 Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
 Howling amidst the midnight storm,
 Or throws him on the ridgy steep
 Of some loose hanging rock to sleep :
 And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
 Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind :
 And those, the fiends, who near allied,
 O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;
 While vengeance in the lurid air,
 Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
 On whom that ravening brood of fate,
 Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait ;
 Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
 And look not madly wild, like thee ?

* A river in Sussex.

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
 The grief-full muse address her infant tongue ;
 The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
 Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.
 Yet he, the bard * who first invok'd thy name,
 Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel :
 For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
 But reach'd from virtue's hand the patriot's
 steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace,
 Who left a while o'er Hybla's dew to rove,
 With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
 Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove ?
 Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen †
 Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
 When once alone it broke the silent scene,
 And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
 Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful
 line,

Though gentle pity claim her mingled part,
 Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
 Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last ?
 Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
 Where gloomy rape and murder dwell ?
 Or in some hollow seat,
 'Gainst which the big waves beat,
 Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought !
 Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted
 Be mine, to read the visions old, [thought,
 Which thy awakening bards have told.

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
 Hold each strange tale devoutly true ;
 Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
 In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
 When ghosts, as cottage maids believe,
 Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
 And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
 Or mine, or flood, the walks of men !
 O thou, whose spirit most possessest
 The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast !
 By all that from thy prophet broke,
 In thy divine emotions spoke !
 Hither again thy fury deal,
 Teach me but once like him to feel :
 His cypress wreath my meed decree,
 And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU, by nature taught,
 To breathe her genuine thought,
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :
 Who first on mountains wild,
 In fancy, loveliest child,
 Thy babe, and pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of
 song !

Thou, who with hermit heart
 Disdain'st the wealth of art,

* Æschylus.

† Jocasta.

And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall :
 But com'ft a decent maid,
 In Attic robe array'd,
 O chafte, unboaftful nymph, to thee I call !

By all the honey'd ftore
 On Hybla's thymy ftore,
 By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
 By her, whose love-lorn woe,
 In evening mufings flow,
 Sooth'd sweetly fad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephifus deep,
 Who fpread his wavy fweep
 In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
 On whose enamell'd fide,
 When holy freedom died,
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O fifter meek of truth,
 To my admiring youth,
 Thy sober aid and native charms infufe !
 The flowers that sweeteft breathe,
 Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none efteem,
 But virtue's patriot theme,
 You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band ;
 But ftaid to fmg alone
 To one diftinguifh'd throne,
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
 The paffions own thy power,
 Love, only love, her forcelefs numbers mean :
 For thou haft left her fhine,
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to blefs the fervile fcene.

Though tafte, though genius blefs
 To fome divine excefs,
 Faint 's the cold work till thou infpire the whole ;
 What each, what all fupply,
 May court, may charm our eye,
 Thou, only thou, canft raife the meeting foul !

Of thefe let others ask,
 To aid fome mighty task,
 I only feek to find thy temperate vale :
 Where oft my reed might found
 To maids and fhepherds round,
 And all thy fons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
 I read aright that gifted bard,
 (Him whose fchool above the reft
 His lovelieft Elfin queen has bleft)
 One, only one unrivall'd fair *,
 Might hope the magic girdle wear,
 At folemn tourney hung on high,
 The wifh of each love-darting eye ;
 Lo ! to each other nymph in turn applied,
 As if, in air unfeen, fome hovering hand,
 Some chafte and angel-friend to virgin-fame,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

With whisper'd fpell had burft the ftarting band
 It left unbleft her loath'd difhonour'd fide ;
 Happier hopelefs fair, if never
 Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
 Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied !
 Young Fancy thus, to me divineft name,
 To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
 The celt of ampleft power is given,
 To few the godlike gift affigns,
 To gird their bleft prophetic loins,
 And gaze her vifions wild, and feel unmix'd her
 flame.

The band, as fairy legends fay,
 Was wove on that creating day,
 When he, who call'd with thought to birth
 Yon tented fky, this laughing earth,
 And drest with fprings, and forests tall,
 And pour'd the main engirthing all,
 Long by the lov'd enthufiaft woo'd,
 Himfelf in fome diviner mood,
 Retiring, fate with her alone,
 And plac'd her on his fapphire throne,
 The whiles, the vaulted fhine around,
 Seraphic wires were heard to found,
 Now fublimeft triumph swelling ;
 Now on love and mercy dwelling ;
 And fhe, from out the veiling cloud,
 Breath'd her magic notes aloud :
 And thou, the rich-hair'd youth of morn,
 And all thy fubject life was born ?
 The dangerous paffions kept aloof,
 Far from the fainted growing woof :
 But near it fate ecftatic wonder,
 Lifting the deep applauding thunder :
 And Truth, in funny veft array'd,
 By whose the Tarfol's eyes were made ;
 All the shadowy tribes of mind,
 In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted powers,
 Who feed on heaven's ambrofial flowers,
 Where is the bard, whose foul can now
 Its high prefuming hopes avow ?
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
 This hallow'd work for him design'd ?
 High on fome cliff, to heav'n up-pil'd,
 Of rude access, of profpect wild,
 Where, tangled round the jealous fteep,
 Strange fshades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
 And holy Genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its fprings unlock,
 While on its rich ambitious head,
 An Eden, like his own, lies fspread.
 I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
 By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
 From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
 Nigh fpher'd in heaven its native ftrains could hear :
 On which that ancient trump he reach'd was
 Thither oft his glory greeting, [hung ;
 From Waller's myrtle fshades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's afpiring tongue,
 My trembling feet his guiding fteps purfue ;
 In vain---Such blifs to one alone,
 Of all the fons of foul was known,
 And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
 Have now o'erturn'd th' infpiring bowers,
 Or curtain'd clofe fuch fcene from every future
 view.

O D E.

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road.
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his fable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fire,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles dress'd,
At wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
wound!

O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments
broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem;
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchants sons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eery rouz'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy stork is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard time has wrought!

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those that are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand *,
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcashowls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gain rise,
 A wide wild storm ev'n Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth
 surprise.
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shouldering billows borne.
 And see, like gems, her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona†, once hid from those who search the main,
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
 And Wight who checks the westering tide,
 For thee consenting heav'n has each bestow'd,
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last
 abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
 'Midst the green naval of our isle,
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,
 O soul enforcing Goddess, stood!
 There oft the painted native's feet
 Were wont thy form celestial meet:
 Though now with hopeless toil we trace
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
 Or in what heav'n left age it fell,
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
 Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
 Which guide at once, and charm the muse,
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
 Paving the light embroider'd sky:
 Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
 The beauteous model still remains.

* This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

† There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment to her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

There happier than in islands blest,
 Or bowers by spring or Hebe drest,
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
 In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
 Hear their consoled Druids sing
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
 How may the poet now unfold,
 What never tongue or numbers told?
 How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
 What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
 Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
 In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
 Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
 Majestic, through the mix'd design;
 The secret builder knew to choose,
 Each sphere found gem of richest hues:
 Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
 When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
 There on the walls the patriots fight
 May ever hang with fresh delight,
 And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
 Read Albion's fame through every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
 That near her inmost altar stand!
 Now soothe her, to her blissful train
 Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
 Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
 Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
 Her let our fires and matrons hoar
 Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
 Play with the tangles of her hair,
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,
 The nations shout to her around,
 O, how supremely art thou blest,
 Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the west!

ODE TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN
 THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.

Written May 1745.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
 Britannia's genius bends to earth,
 And mourns the fatal day:
 While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
 Unseemly from his sea-green hair
 The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
 And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
 Your faithful hours attend:
 Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
 Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
 And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
 His country's vows shall bless the grave,
 Where'er the youth is laid:
 That sacred spot the village hind
 With every sweetest turf shall bind,
 And peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
 Aërial forms shall sit at eve,

And bend the pensive head;
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their faintest rest:
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall we leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the fated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The muse shall still with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts, [Sun
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but fullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening
May not unseemly with its stillness suit, [vale,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And fought'st thy native skies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His fullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer ken design'd;
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:

Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd !
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, opinion, roll :
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die !

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green :
Where science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By reason, pride, and fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
'To wed with doubt in Plato's shade !

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, observance, more invite !
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons ally'd,
Throw'st the prattling page aside :
To me in converse sweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where science sure is found,
From nature as she lives around :
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view !
Till meddling art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school ;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charming task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless manners round her rise ;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass :
With these the white-rob'd maid combine,
And those the laughing satyrs join !
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues ?
Thou by the passions nurs'd ; I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet !
O humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone :
Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side !

By old Miletus * who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song :
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades :
By him †, whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame ;
Whose tales ev'n now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat :

* Alluding to the Milesian tales, some of the earliest romances.

† Crevantes.

Or him †, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her fire betray'd :

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed ;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal !
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The sports and I this hour agree
You rove thy scene-full world with thee !

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whisper'd promis'd Pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

† Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Bias de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
Dejected Pity at his side [tween,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, jealousy, to nought were fix'd
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd, [Hate.
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound; [stole,
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue!
Her bow across her shoulder slung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen, [queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viney crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the
strain,

They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,

As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd in all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
I said, and I believe the tale,
The feeblest reed could more prevail,

Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound---
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS
EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

WHILE, born to bring the muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's
name.

Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unknown by science, and by years obscur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
Not, with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curse that mark'd the * Theban's
A bed incestuous, and a father slain. [reign,
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic sisters keep their native ease.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
But every muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain;
Ilyssus' laurels, though transfer'd with toil, [soil.
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly
As arts expir'd, resistless dulness rose; [toes.
Goths, priests, or Vandals,---all were learning's
Till † Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung.
Sweet flow'd the lays---but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakspeare to her fame be born!

* *The Oedipus of Sophocles.*

† *Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo. X*

Yet, ah ! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day !
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part ;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female

mind,
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His * every strain the smiles and graces own ;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone :
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.

† With gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw art's fair empire o'er her shores advance :
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with ‡ Lucan's spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome, and he inspir'd :
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprise,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die !
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king :
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall
In life's last hours, with horror of the deed : [bleed
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent :
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive
spear.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove ;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green :
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and vallies smile,
And spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast !
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal !

* *Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.*

† *About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.*

‡ *The favourite author of the elder Corneille.*
VOL. IX.

There every thought the poets warmth may raise,
Their native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive picture to adopt thine aid !

What wondrous draughts might rise from every
What other Raphaels charm a distant age ! [page !

Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
Where breathing nature lives in every line :
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.

---And see, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd :
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd
Still as they press, he calls on all around, [friend !
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.

But † who is he, whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air ?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain :
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection, in the Roman's pride :
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes

Thus, generous critic, as thy hard inspires,
The sister arts shall nurse their drooping fires :
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string :
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole
unknown,

Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore :
When rais'd by fate, some former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind ;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

*Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele,
supposed to be dead.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew ;

* *See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

† *Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on
the Odyssey.*

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

*The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to
lie on the Thames, near Richmond.*

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp * shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads ‡ assign'd to blest
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description
in the *Castle of Indolence*.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

‡ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of
Richmond some time before his death.

Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

VERSES WRITTEN ON A PAPER,

WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE.

YE curious hands, that hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hollow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft, for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mixt in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting
thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath sworn, while these
remain,

With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive
day,

Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And grief with raven note usurp the night.

O D E.

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGH-
LANDS OF SCOTLAND;*Considered as the subject of Poetry.**Inscribed to Mr. John Home.*

HOME, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads
long

Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future
day,

Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song *.

* How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic
powers!

Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth *
 Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's
 Together let us wish him lasting truth, [side;
 And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
 Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
 My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
 But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
 I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
 Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
 Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
 To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
 Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
 And paint what all believe, who own thy genial
 land.

There, must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
 'Tis fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
 Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
 Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
 There, each trim lass, that skims the milky store
 To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
 By night they sip it round the cottage door,
 While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
 There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
 How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
 When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
 Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie,
 Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain: [gleet;
 Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts ne-
 Let thy sweet muse the rural faith sustain;
 These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
 That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
 And fill, with double force, her heart-command-
 ing strain.

Ev'n yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
 Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
 Taught by the father, to his listening son;
 Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's
 ear.

At every pause, before thy mind possest,
 Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
 With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastical crown'd:
 Whether thou bid'st the well-taught hind repeat
 The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain
 brave,
 When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
 And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave;
 Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shield †,
 Thou hear'st some sounding tale of wars alarms;
 When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
 The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny
 swarms, [arms.
 And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
 In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizzard-seer,
 Lodg'd in the wintery cave with fate's fell spear,
 Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
 How they, whose fight such dreary dreams en-
 With their own vision oft astonish'd droop, [grofs,

* A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

† A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

When, o'er the wat'ry strath, or quaggy moss,
 They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
 Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
 Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
 For them the viewless forms of air obey;
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
 And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
 To see the phantom train their secret work pre-
 pare.

To monarchs dear *, some hundred miles astray,
 Oft have they seen fate give the fatal blow!
 The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
 When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
 As Boreas threw his young Aurora † forth,
 In the first year of the first George's reign,
 And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
 They mourn'd in air, fell, fell rebellion slain!
 And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
 Saw at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!

* The Vth stanza, and the half of the Vith, in Dr. Carlyle's copy, printed in the first volume of the "Transactions," of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, being deficient, have been supplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whose lines are here annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the *Man of Feeling*.

" Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
 " They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
 " Where in the west, the brooding tempests lie;
 " And bear the first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
 " Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
 " The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
 " In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
 " The lab'ring moon; or list the nightly yell
 " Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
 " The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
 " Thro' the dim air who guides the driving storm,
 " And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.
 " Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
 " O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
 " Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
 " The falling breeze within its reach hath
 " plac'd—
 " The distant seamen hears, and flies with trem-
 " bling haste.
 " Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
 " Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog or fen,
 " Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
 " When witch'd darkness shuts the eye of day,
 " And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the
 night;
 " Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
 " With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
 " And leads him floundering on and quite astray."

† By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever, has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

They rav'd! divining, thro' their second fight *.
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were
drown'd!

Illustrious William †! Britain's guardian name!
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame, [broke,
But thou, more glorious, slavery's chain hast
To reign a private man, and bow to freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er loose;
Let not dank Will ‡ mislead you to the heath:
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedge weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breath-
less corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate!
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night,
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumbers sleep!
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:

* Second fight is the term that is used for the
divination of the Highlanders.

† The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated
the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

‡ A fiery meteor, called by various names, such
as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lanthorn,
&c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny
places.

"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
"At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
"Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
"While I lie weltering on the o'er'd shore,
"Drown'd by the Kelpie's * wrath, nor e'er shall
"aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy muse may, like those feathery tribes which
spring

From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile † which still its ruins shows:
In whose small vaults a pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd
ground!

Or thither ‡, where beneath the show'ry west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes; and, wreath'd with sheeny gold
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race, [tides,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
Fair nature's daughter, virtue, yet abides.

Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintery main.

With sparing temperance at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-press'd
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's || nest.

Thus, blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd, and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes en-
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possessest; [gage
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time, th' historic page.

There, Shakspeare's self, with every garland
crown'd,

Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward fictions found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.

From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!

* The water fiend.

† One of the Hebrides is called the isle of Pig-
mies; where it is reported, that several minia-
ture bones of the human species have been dug up
in the ruins of a chapel there.

‡ Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near
sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian
kings are interred.

|| An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of
which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the
Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line,
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant past.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to fancy's view,
Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind,
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong and
clear, [monious ear!
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' har-

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan * fill'd, or past'ral Tay †,
Or Don's ‡ romantic springs, at distance hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens ||, o'erhung with spreading
broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson § sat in Drummond's classic shade;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's
laid!

* † ‡ Three rivers in Scotland.

|| Vallies.

§ Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to

Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains *, at-
tend! ---
Where'er Home dwells, on hill, or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my ab-
sent friend!

S O N G.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKS-
PEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.
His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth forever laid.
Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy like him to waste,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd so well:
Ah me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe---but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

the Scotch poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

* Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh university, which is in the county of Lothian.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the East, and from thence was transplanted by the muses of Greece; but whether from the continent of the Lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian pastoral, was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects, and the manner of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt through what channel the pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those

scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of harmony and nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the Georgic and the Pastoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter: this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horror, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of pastoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament; and why may not Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works? yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the Septuagint-translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expressions of the prophet Isaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μὲν φορεῖτε βατοί, φορεῖτε δ' ἀκανθὰν.
Ἄ δε καλὰ νερκισσὸς ἐπ' ἀρεκυθαῖσι κομάσαι.

Πάντα δ' ἐναλλα γένοιτο, καὶ ἅ πῖτος ὄχνησεν
ἐνείακαι

καὶ τὰς κυνάς ὠλαφός ἐλκοί.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narcissus drefs his hair,
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd, [hound.
And the bold deer shall drag the trembling

The cause, indeed, of these phænomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death, the latter on the birth, of an important person: but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the sacred writers, the celebrated epithalamium of Solomon, so much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have escaped his notice. His epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find him there. The very opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song:

Οὕτω δὲ πρῶϊζα κατιδραθεῖς, ὦ φιλε γαμβροῖ;

The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage:

Ἄως αὖν ἐλλοισα καλὸν διεφαίνει πρόσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἄτε, λευκὸν εὖ χειμένος ἀνέντος.
Ὡδὲ καὶ ἡ χρυσεὰ Ἑλένα διεφαίνεται ἐν ἡμῖν,
Πιερε, μεγάλη. αὖτ' ἀνεδράμεν οὔμος ἀρερεῖ,
Ἡ καπὼ κυπαρισσὸς, ἡ ἄρματι Θεσσαλὸς ἵππος

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral—"She is like the rising of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the same Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has survived the ruins of time; a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence: like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characterises its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the North, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colour-

ing are purely European; and, for this reason, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the original, from a merchant who traded to the East, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these eclogues, it may justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the pastoral kind in the English language.

ECLOGUE I.

THIS eclogue, which is entitled *Selim, or the Shepherd's Moral*, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains and the virgins, their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

In impersonating the private virtues, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of truth and wisdom.

The characteristics of modesty and chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque*:

"Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
are clear,
To lead the train, sweet modesty appear;
With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wife, suspicious maid;
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the
dew.

A silken veil conceals her from the view."

The two similes borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to chastity as to modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both those essential *criteria* of the pastoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still remains an interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—that must lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

ALL the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and scenery, this eclogue possesses. The rout of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant dis-

treasures he could have no idea.—These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive poet. What sublime simplicity of expression! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem!

"In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress:

"Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to say whether his apostrophe to the "mute companions of his toils," is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice, if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility:

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight error, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into.—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonism where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the *Manners*, an Ode; where the poet says

"—Seine's blue nymphs deplore
In watchet weeds—"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgusting; and it is mentioned here as the error of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. Collins speaks like a true poet, as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

"Why heed we not, while mad we haste along
The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Thy think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?"

But however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street, or Cheap-side, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines:

“What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when day’s declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and fullen tigers in his train:
Before them death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.”

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of Collins, shows that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, notwithstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

That deception, sometimes used in rhetoric and poetry, which presents us with an object or sentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greatest advantage:

“Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain!
Yet, as thou go’st, may every blast arise—
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!”

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness, than a real or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

THAT innocent and native simplicity of manners, which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence in which she passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

“Oft as she went, she backward turn’d her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.”

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage, where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she has been gathering.

“Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis;
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virginium movit jactura dolorem.”

ECLOGUE IV.

THE beautiful, but unfortunate country, where the scene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when Mr. Collins so affectedly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind; and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circassia’s ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this pastoral was designed to produce, the poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the distresses of Circassia, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love.

“In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin’d,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind.”

To give the circumstances of the dialogue a more affecting solemnity, he makes the time midnight, and describes the two shepherds in the very act of flight from the destruction that swept over their country:

“Sad o’er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow
led:”

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which strikes us more forcibly, the more we consider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed. This is certainly painting from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description, so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is a grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes:

“And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we
try’d!
And, last, this lofty mountain’s weary side!”

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain:

And last || this lofty mountain’s || weary side ||.

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical

bars, which, in an heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous sweetness of expression in the following descriptive lines is almost inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and shepherds lov'd in
vain!

No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheless in this delightful landscape there is an obvious fault: there is no distinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both flowery, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within so short a compass; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other species of composition, know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd's apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders.

"In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend."

There is certainly some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read or hear the following verse repeated, without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable:

"Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden
hair."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

THE genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but, above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm, which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was, at once, capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxuriancy of his description.

In consequence of these powers, but, more particularly, in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already new known, and described by a determinate number of characteristics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our author (and it is, at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights,

"Melior fieri tuendo,"

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it should appear to some readers that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment; it may be observed, that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the finest moral lessons to the mind.

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses, it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may possibly be thought less durable than the deposits of memory, but it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination, will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination, and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief, but harmonious conveyance of precept: thus, while

the heart is influenced through the operation of the passions, or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral scene.

This is a good reason, and this, perhaps, is the only reason that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets. In these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed; and that assistance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the *descriptive* turn of the following odes, something remains to be said on the origin and use of *allegory* in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined "aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere," and of which Quintilian says, "usus est, ut tristitia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis significemus, &c." It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of *allegorical expression*, that it arose from the *ashes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the same cause we should refer that figurative boldness of style and imagery which distinguish the oriental writings, we shall, perhaps, conclude more justly than if we should impute it to the superior grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this species of allegory we include the imperfection of passions, affections, virtues and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With respect to the utility of this figurative writing, the same arguments that have been advanced in favour of descriptive poetry, will be of weight likewise here. It is, indeed, from imperfection, or, as it is commonly termed, personification, that poetical description borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the scenery of material objects would be dull, without the introduction of fictitious life.

These observations will be most effectually illustrated by the sublime and beautiful odes that occasioned them; in those it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by passing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

"By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender passions, and, therefore, could not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's sensibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton professedly did, and probably for the same reason; but we do not find that he has copied him so closely as the last mentioned poet has sometimes done, and particularly in the opening of *Samson-Agonistes*, which is an evident imitation of the following passage in the *Phœnissæ*.

Ἡς προπαροιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῶ ποδὶ
Ὀφθαλμὸς ἐσσι, γαυδοταῖσιν ἀστρὸν ὡς
Δευρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πῆδιον ἰχθὺς τιθεῖσ' ἐμὸν,
Προδῶναι.— Act III. Sc. I.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the happiest strokes of imagination, and may be ranked among those expressions which

"—give us back the image of the mind."
"Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd with pity's lute."
"There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head."

Suffex, in which county the Arun is a small river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both these, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are distinguished. There was a similitude in their genius and their sufferings. There was a resemblance in the misfortunes and in the dissipation of their lives; and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of pity the history of human misfortunes, and of drawing

the scenes from the tragic muse, is very happy, and in every respect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

MR. COLLINS, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakespeare :

" Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel :
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O fear, will dwell with thee !"

In the construction of this nervous ode, the author has shown equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influence of the power he invokes :

" Ah, fear, ah, frantic fear !
I see, I see thee near."

The editor of these poems has met with nothing in the same species of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal, in all respects, to the following description of danger :

" Danger, whose limbs of giant mold,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

It is impossible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two last verses without these emotions of terror it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it ; for there is too much originality in all the circumstances, to suppose that the author had in his eye that description of the penal situation of Catiline in the ninth *Æneid* :

" — Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem scopulo"

The archetype of the English poet's idea was in nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewise, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, displayed in the following lines :

" And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside ;
While vengeance in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare :
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthusiasm, which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only soil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent

in the works of nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and Gothic diableries ; and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments,

" Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told :
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."
" On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditional superstition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all such persons as shall die within the ensuing year, make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, as St. Patrick swam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

THE measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the subject ; and it has, indeed, an air of simplicity not altogether unaffecting :

" By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings flow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the sweetness and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect : yet, possibly, it will bear a question, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to simplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at least, was infinitely metaphorical ; yet it must be owned that they justly copied nature and the passions, and so far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true simplicity : the following most beautiful speech of Polyxenes, will be a monument of this so long as poetry shall last.

πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομενη
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βαμεις θρων,
Γυμνασια δ' οισιν εντραφην, Διεκνης δ' υδωρ.
Ων ε δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενη πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οστων ομμ' εχων δακρυερρον.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγος αλγος) αυ σε διεκομα,
Κατα ξυρηκες, και πεπλες μελαγχιμης
Εχυσαν, EURIP. Phœniss. ver. 369.

" But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Augustus ; and indeed, it did not continue much longer, most of the compositions, after that date, giving into false and artificial ornament.

"No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only love, her forcelefs numbers mean."

In these lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally alluded to, in which, simplicity is generally sacrificed to the rhapsodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

THIS ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the beauty of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers.

The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who, by a familiarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

As the subject of this ode is uncommon, so are the style and expression highly metaphorical and abstracted; thus the sun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the shadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are struck with the propriety of this mode of expression here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that subsists between language and sentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the Cestus of fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and sublime: and the observation that, the dangerous passions kept aloof, during the operation, is founded on the strictest philosophical truth; for poetical fancy can exist only in minds that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

The scene of Milton's "inspiring hour" is perfectly in character, and described with all those wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was so enthusiastically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains could
hear."

ODE TO MERCY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

THE ode written in 1746, and the ode to mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of those heroes who fell in defence of their country, the latter to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded wretches who became a sacrifice to public justice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the scene and figures described and the strophe of the Ode to Mercy are exquisitely striking, and would afford a painter one of the finest subjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient states of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever existed, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who shall awake the Spartan life,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue."

There is something extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly superior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοτρυχων τε κυανοχρωτα χαιτας
Πλοκαμον.

"What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus still remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby restored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here most nervously described in one line:

"With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell.

The thought seems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the structure of the verse is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention.—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke; and the *small* Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

"Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state."

In these lines the poet alludes to those ravages in the state of Genoa, occasioned by the unhappy divisions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines

"— When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verses, see Voltaire's Epistle to the King of Prussia.

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth; but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to refuse it. Deformeaux, in his *Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Espagne*, thus describes the sufferings of the Flemings: "Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au désespoir. Après avoir inondé les échafauts du sang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faisoit construire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribut onéreux qui avoit été longtemps en usage parmi les Espagnols." *Agreg. Chron. Tom. IV.*

"———Mona,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both these isles still retain much of the genius of superstition, and are now the only places where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

ODE TO A LADY,

On the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action of Fontenoy. Written May, 1745.

THE Iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects, as for those where strength or rapidity is required.---This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needless to observe that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos; and there, surely, appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in Doddsley's collection of poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric than to the heroic measure, since, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different

shapes of the lyric muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease, or satisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce.—Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse had met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, hath left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

From the following passage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his subject and his versification suitable to each other on this occasion, and that, when he addressed himself to the sober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aside the foppery of rhyme;

"Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening
May not unseemly with its stillness suit, [vale,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the versification of this ode, the imagery and enthusiasm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteristic of his genius. In one place we discover his passion for visionary beings:

"For when thy folding-star arising shows
His pale circlet at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car."

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy:

"Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taste for what is wildly grand

and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by storms from enjoying his evening walk, he wishes for a situation,

"That from the mountain's fides,
Views wild and swelling floods;

And, through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expression of painting:

"—and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

It might be a sufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to observe, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom nature has given the most perfect principles of taste. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it: a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the cause of lyric blank verse; for surely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the masculine genius may dispense with them.

THE MANNERS, AN ODE.

From the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the University; when, weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to science exhibits a very just as well as striking picture: for however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platonism and Pyrrhonism are allied:

"Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science; prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Come like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!"

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the unpromising shore of doubt.—A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge, and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornament in the hair of wit are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic:

"Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side."

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels.

"O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Briton's favour'd isle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

"By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c."

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour; but as they were the models of that species of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably for that reason only mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

If the music which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds! what, then, must have been the effects of these united!

It is very observable that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of fear, anger, and despair, are described, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is strongly expressed: thus particularly of Despair:

"With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild."

He must be a very unskilful composer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines!

The picture of hope that follows this is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every
close, [golden hair."
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope prolong her strain, repeat her soothing closes, call upon her associate Echo for the same purposes, and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her!

" And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui semel percurrit, relegat.

The descriptions of joy, jealousy, and revenge, are excellent; though not equally so. Those of melancholy and cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting that this is the finest ode in the English language.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF
SHAKSPEARE'S WORKS.

THIS poem was written by our author at the university, about the time when Sir Thomas

Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakspeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions always poetical. The character of the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

MR. COLLINS had *skill to complain*. Of that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

To read such lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible:

" The tender thought on thee shall dwell,
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till Pity's self be dead."

The Ode on the death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind; and the appellations of "Druid," and "meek Nature's child," are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember, that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DYER.

Containing

THE FLEECE,
RUINS OF ROME,

GRONGAR HILL,
COUNTRY WALK,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing——

THE FLEECE, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DYER.

Containing

GRANDSAR HILL,
COUNTRY WALK,

THE FLEECE,
HOMAGE TO WINE,

AND
OTHER POEMS.

To which is added

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The care of these, the labours of the loom,
And art of trade, I sing—

THE FLEECE, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY MESSRS. AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

THE LIFE OF DYER.

JOHN DYER was born in 1700, the second son of Robert Dyer, Esq. of Aberglafney in Carmarthen-shire, a solicitor of great capacity and note.

He received his early education in the country, and finished his studies at Westminster School, under the care of Dr. Freind, from whence he was called away to be instructed in his father's profession.

His father died soon after; and taking no delight in the study of the law, but having always amused himself with drawing, he resolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardson of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, an artist then of high reputation, but better known by his writings than by his pictures.

He afterwards became an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales and the parts adjacent; but mingled poetry with painting, and printed *Grongar Hill*, which was originally written as an *Irregular Ode*, in a "Miscellany Volume of Poems," collected and published by Savage, in 1726, in which it appears in that form, very incorrect, and with the initial lines as follows;

Fancy, nymph that loves to lie
On the lonely eminence,
Darting notice through the eye,
Forming thought and feasting sense.
Thou that must lend imagination wings,
And stamp distinction on all worldly things;
Come, and with thy various hues,
Paint and adorn thy sister muse.

Like other painters, he afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement; and at Rome, formed the plan of his poem, called *The Ruins of Rome*, which he finished soon after his return, in 1740.

At his return, ill health, and love of study, solitude, and reflection, determined him to the church. He, therefore, entered into orders; and married, about the same time, Miss Enfor, sister of Mr. Strong Enfor, of Warwickshire.

Of his ecclesiastical provision, and some other particulars of his personal history, he has himself given an account, in a letter to William Duncombe, Esq. dated Coningsby, Nov. 24. 1756, published in the second volume of "Letters by several eminent Persons deceased," by the Rev. John Duncombe. "Lord Chancellor [Hardwick] has been favourable to me. This living [Coningsby, Lincolnshire] is 120 l. *per annum*. The other, called Kirkby, is 110 l.; but my preferments came in this course: Calthorp in Leicestershire (80 l. a-year), was given me by one Mr. Harper, in 1741. That I quitted in 1751, for a small living of 75 l. called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by Lord Chancellor, through Mr. Wray's [Daniel Wray, Esq. one of the depute tellers of the Exchequer, a friend to virtue and the muses] interest. Sir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby of Lord Chancellor, without my solicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearness to me; though I think myself a loser by the exchange, through the expences of the seal, dispensations, journeys, &c. and the charge of an old house, half of which I am going to pull down."

"More of myself, which your good natured curiosity draws from me, is this: After having been an itinerant painter in my native country (S. Wales), and in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, &c. &c. I married and settled in Leicestershire. My wife's name was Enfor, whose grandmother was a Shakspeare, descended from a brother of everybody's Shakspeare. We have four children living; three are girls; the youngest a boy, six years old. I had some brothers; have but one left; he is a clergyman, lives at Marybone, and has such a housefull of children as puts me in mind of a noted statue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling or climbing, ten or a dozen little boys and girls."

About this time, he finished the *Fleece*, his greatest poetical work, in the composition of which, as he himself informs us, he received some assistance from Akenfide.

"Your humble servant," he writes Mr. Duncombe, "is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature; who, however, in this poor change of constitution, being a little recompensed with the critic's phlegm, has made shift, by many blottings and corrections, and some helps from his kind friend Dr. Akenfide, to give a sort of finishing to the *Fleece*, which is just sent up to Mr. Doddsley; but as people are so taken up with politics, and have so little inclination to read any thing but satire and newspapers, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publishing it."

He published the *Fleece*, in 1757, and congratulated himself upon it as his noblest work; but it was coldly received upon its first appearance, and has not hitherto obtained so much notice as it deserves.

Doddsley the bookseller was one day mentioning it to a critical visitor with more expectation of success than the other could easily admit. In the conversation, the author's age was asked; and being represented as advanced in life, "He will," said the critic, "be buried in woollen."

He did not indeed long survive that publication, nor long enjoy the increase of his preferments. He died in 1758, in the 58th year of his age.

His *Grongar Hill*, and *Ruins of Rome*, have been frequently reprinted in the poetical miscellanies; and, together with the *Fleece*, *Country Walk*, and a few shorter pieces, were collected in the 53d volume of the "Works of the English Poets," 1779. Scott left behind him an essay on *Grongar Hill* and another on the *Ruins of Rome*, which were published among his "Critical Essays," by Mr. Hoole, in 1785.

The character of Dyer was very amiable and respectable. He was beloved by his friends, for the gentleness and sweetness of his disposition. He was respected by the world, as a man of superior endowments. With Hill and Savage he lived in habits of familiar intimacy; and joined in the poetical praises of a lady celebrated in their verses by the name of *Clio*, afterwards Mrs. Sanfom. Savage has an "Epistle to Dyer, occasioned by seeing his picture of the celebrated *Clio*," and another "in Answer to his from the Country." He was distinguished by the friendship of Akenfide, and carried on a correspondence with Mr. Duncombe, the friend of Hughes, and other men of letters and taste.

As a poet, Dyer ranks with Denham, Garth, Pope, and Thomson, his predecessors in descriptive poetry. He had peculiar and powerful talents for that species of composition, inferior only perhaps to the talents of Thomson. Some of his descriptions, however, sufficiently evince that he had studied manners and passions, as well as the external beauties of nature, and could have excelled in compositions of higher dignity and utility, that lay open the internal constitution of man, and that imitate characters and sentiments. It is no diminution of his genius, that he preferred that species of poetry which has given immortality to Lucretius, Virgil, and Thomson. Of English poets, none have excelled Dyer, in one of the greatest and most pleasing arts of descriptive poetry, the disposition of every object so as it may give occasion for some observation on human life. This oblique instruction is the distinguishing excellence of "Coopers Hill." This is the great charm of the incomparable "Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard."

Of Dyer's compositions, his *Grongar Hill* has obtained the greatest notice. It is a descriptive poem of very considerable merit, spirited and pleasing. Few poetical pieces have represented an extensive and beautiful prospect in so agreeable a manner. But it is not without its imperfections; there is a redundancy of thought in some instances, and a carelessness of language in others. The versification is an irregular mixture of iambic and trochaic lines; a circumstance rather displeasing to a nice ear. Considered as a landscape, painted with words instead of colours, it is pronounced by Mr. Gilpin, in his "Observations on the River Wye," defective in the execution, as wanting contrast of foreground and distance. It is justly observed, that the objects immediately beneath his eye, and those more remote, are marked with equal strength and distinctness; the trees close at hand are distinguished by their *shapes* and *buds*, and the castle afar off, by *ivy* creeping on its walls. Where the describer is supposed to stand, the former must be visible, the latter could not; and therefore should not have been mentioned. Dyer was a painter, and knew the effect of contrast and the rules of perspective; but his powers cannot be fairly estimated by his performance. His poem

seems designedly without plan; it is desultory and diffuse, sketching at random a number of unconnected objects. His hill's extensive view would probably have afforded several complete landscapes; but it is not clear that he aimed at producing any. *Grongar Hill*, had Dyer written nothing else, would have obtained for him the name of a poet, yet it is the smallest proof of his abilities. The *Ruins of Rome*, and the *Fleece*, however neglected by superficial readers, or degraded by injudicious critics, justly entitle him to the highest praise.

The *Ruins of Rome* has for its subject the remains of the first city in the universe, whose history could not fail to interest, and whose moral must instruct; a subject affording pictures of past and present magnificence, narration of the rise and fall of empire, applause of liberty and virtue, and censure of tyranny and vice. The poem consists principally in description of progress and prospect; and so abounds with pleasing imagery, that the task of selection is perplexing. The view of his prospect is supposed to employ the duration of a natural day. It begins when the rising sun

Flames on the ruins in the purer air,
Towering aloft——

And concludes with the grand natural appearance of the sun setting between two towers:

Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between two towers,
As through two shady cliffs——

The idea of progression, given by his specification of the places passed through, is very forcible, and the epithets bestowed on those places are strongly discriminative of their peculiarities; the *woody bounds* of Gallia, the *cloud-piercing Alps*, the *vinny vale* of Arno, and the *forlorn waste* of the Campagna. The introduction of the *pilgrim* hearing the noise of the falling rivers, is a beautiful circumstance and affects us much more forcibly than a simple assertion that they often fell.

Dr. Johnson, whose parsimony of praise to his contemporaries, especially to Dyer, is but too conspicuous, observes, that "some passages in this poem are conceived with the mind of a poet;" and contents himself with quoting this passage, the merit of which had been previously applauded by Hervey. The passage in which he exults in the recollection of the former respectable state of poets, demands, in every respect, unabated approbation. The modern neglect, of which many poets, and none more than himself, have had occasion to complain, is expressed with feeling and energy:

But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wings,
Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
The overflowing wave.—Enough—the plaint disdain—

The remaining part of the poem is of the same general character; and relates, in a spirited narrative, the rise, meridian, decline, and fall of the Roman empire. The conclusion describes, in the most animated manner, the irruptions of the Goths and Vandals, with their consequences; and reflects, with equal dignity and pathos, on the inestimable advantages of political liberty, and on the fatal effects of national luxury.

No subject can be more interesting to a British reader than

The care of sheep, the labours of the loom;
or of more universal concern, than the

——arts of trade,

which Dyer has made the argument of his *Fleece*. Accordingly, it is addressed to "the good, of all degrees, of all sects," but especially to the king, whom, in the emphatic language of Homer, he styles the *People's Shepherd*. The manner in which it is executed discovers no less judgment than fancy; for, though few material rules relating to sheep or the woollen manufactures are omitted, they are all poetically and gracefully delivered. The diction is artfully varied; the two first books have a

mixture of the pastoral; the third is rural, but elegant; the last is daring and sublime. He has no interesting narratives, such as the story of "Orpheus and Eurydice" in the fourth Georgic, and those of "Amelia" and "Lavinia" in the "Seasons;" but it abounds in affecting digressions and pathetic strokes, particularly in exhortations to benevolence:

In flowery spring-time, when the new dropt lamb,
'Tott'ring with weakness, by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him, and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet,
O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
'Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life.—
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport.

In the same benevolent strain are his recommendation of county work-houses (B. III.); his censure of those who refuse an asylum to persecuted foreigners; his wish for a general naturalization act (ib.); his reflections on the slave trade (B. IV.); his censure of the disputes between the English and French East India Companies (ib.); his method for preventing the exportation of combed wool, and his apology for treating that subject (B. II.); and his recommendation of benevolence to the brute creation (ib.). His topographical descriptions deserve particular commendation; and in river-painting, his merit is superlative. His *Sheep-shearing*, and the *Feast on the Banks of the Severn*, are pieces of exquisite painting. His truly poetical description of *long wool in the fleece*, and of the *various kinds of looms*, shows that genius can almost ennoble any subject, however mean or inconsiderable.

Of his shorter poems, *The Country Walk* is most conspicuous for picturesque imagery and interesting sentiment. *The Epistle to a Friend in Town* (probably Savage) is sprightly, familiar, and easy, in an uncommon degree. *The Epistle to Savage* is vigorously written; and the *Epistle to Hill*, though much inferior to it, is not deficient in spirit and elegance.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnson, cannot be generally allowed, without adopting his well-known prejudices against blank verse.

"Dyer is not a poet of bulk or dignity sufficient to require an elaborate criticism. *Grongar Hill* is the happiest of his productions; it is not indeed very accurately written; but the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.

"The idea of the *Ruins of Rome* strikes more, but pleases less; and the title raises greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some passages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as, when in the neighbourhood of delapidating edifices, he says:

The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers,
'Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

"Of the *Fleece*, which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The wool-comber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to couple the serpent with the fowl. When Dyer, whose mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmost in interesting his readers in our native commodity, by interspersing rural imagery and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's art of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased.

"Let me, however, honestly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of censure. I have been told, that Akenfide, who, upon a poetical question, has a right to be heard, said, "that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the rule of Dyer's *Fleece*; for if that were ill received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence."

DYER'S POEMS.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man ;
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings ;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale ;
 Come, with all thy various dues,
 Come, and aid thy sister muse ;
 Now, while Phœbus riding high,
 Gives lustre to the land and sky !
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landskip bright and strong ;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
 Sweetly musing, quiet dwells ;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sat upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head ;
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day :
 Wide and wider spreads the vale ;
 As circles on a smooth canal :
 The mountains round unhappy fate !
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise :
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landskip lies below !
 No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
 But the gay, the open scene,
 Does the face of nature show,
 In all the hues of heaven's bow ?
 And, swelling to embrace the light,
 Spreads around beneath the fight,
 Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly towering in the skies !

Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires !
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads !
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
 And glitters on the broken rocks !
 Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes :
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
 Gaudy as the opening dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wandering eye !
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps :
 So both a safety from the wind
 On mutual dependence find.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds ;
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state ;
 But transient is the smile of fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's-day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep !
 Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

M m iij

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

"Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
"Obrutaque horrenti vesta theatra situ:
"Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera
tantæ
"Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?"

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt
I sing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains

Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide Champain, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my muse,
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
Ev'n yet majestic: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as the immense Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dal'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile*,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with drooping locks,
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort.
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On numerous arches rear'd; and frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear, [lapse,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.
A solemn wilderness! with error sweet,
I wind the lingering step, where-e'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous gods,
Of fear and ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths *
In varied appellations: men to these
(From deep to depth in darkening error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' inapplicable name.

How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; unprais'd,
His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow

* Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

We gain enraptur'd; beautifully distinct
The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Egyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools,
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-widening to the verge
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
The fiery, madd'd, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tygers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men, more fell. Abhor'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steal th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that rever'd †
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal: noblest work
Of human skill: here, curious architect,
If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladians, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order, which Calimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)

* From the Palatine hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

† The Capitol.

Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisk from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
And there the temple, where the summon'd state *
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
The neck of virtue! Lo the wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O liberty,
Parent of happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless'd mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
Inestimable good! who giv'st us truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest truth,
Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-inchanting Greece,
Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine those piles † undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth where tender charity
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,

* The Temple of Concord, where the senate met on
Catiline's conspiracy.

† The public granaries.

Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome *
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or wrestling cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant
feet;

Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of
fame:

Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
So many pomps; so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies
In even state, to distant seas around, [rais'd,
They stretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of
peace,

Built by that prince, who to the trust of pow'r †
Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
The Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Sora's spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the the Cestian pyramid divides ‡
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solid antiquarian turns,
And thence in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls §,
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,

* Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

† Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

‡ The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

§ The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
Its hero to the skies: and his dark tow'r*,
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd
dome†;

And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
And as its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Caesars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blendid in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep the various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shadow cliffs; away, my muse,
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who so well inspir'd

* Nero's.

† The Palatine library.

Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose, to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the poets name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—

Yet will the muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks [dain—
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint dis-

See'st thou yon fane? ev'n now incessant time*
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.

'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender
limbs;

So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
Wrap'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enameling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous; yet, soon by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their
peers;

For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the generous breast,
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatine.

Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtless
wing

Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd till fame was silent to their foes.

And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corselet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding
But on the glittering trophy to the wind. [shield,

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart

Laughs at the winter storm, and summer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore

To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)

Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along

The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseat air with fond expence:

Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury

Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud

Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,

And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,

Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,

Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,

Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,

And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
To flake Patrician thirst; for these their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market
throngs.

But who has most by fraud or force amass'd
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?

He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
Didius, vile usurer, though the crowd he mounts

Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.

O Britons, O my countrymen, beware! [free,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were

Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny howe'er
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,

And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many; to the wanton sound

Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Caesar, great and terrible in war,

Immortal Caesar! Lo, a god, a god!
He cleaves the yielding skies! Caesar meanwhile

Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal

Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!

The flowery shades and shrine obscene return.
But see along the north the tempests swell

O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,

Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,

Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,

And ease, and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,

What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth the bowl intoxicate the mind!

To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!

Dreadful attraction! while beyond thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Acher lies

O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous

Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

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And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

THE FLEECE: A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

"Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbit velamina."

COLUMELLA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general, fit for sheep: for fine-wool'd sheep: for long-wool'd sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tuppings-time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-sheering. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted guardians of our isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge assigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly thou,
The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous swains of every vale,
With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! Thou protect the song.

On spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The fairest flocks rejoice! they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft
The close-woven carpet graze; where nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs

Are healths gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint,
Or shells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper arise;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods,

And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innumerable whiten all the land:
Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the steep
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton*,
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,
Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which spiry Rofs beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemster's brooky track, and airy Croft†;
And such Herleian Eyewood's‡ swelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea:
And Shobden§, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria§; fees around
Regions on regions blendid in the clouds.
Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendrils hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum¶; or that hill

* A seat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.

† A seat of Sir Archer Croft.

‡ Of the Earl of Oxford.

§ A seat of Lord Bateman.

§ Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c.

¶ Treacherous Falernum, because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Licestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs through the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the
draugh

Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl;
In stormy winters long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge,
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield

A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures: deep in spongy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest; in new herbage coughs are heard.

Nor love too frequent shelter: such as decks
The vale of Severn, nature's garden wide,
By the blue steep of distant Malvern * wall'd
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly bramble, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians †, who, along their mossy dales,
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour;
While round them stubborn thorns and furze in-
crease,

And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
Their dust saline upon the deepening grass:
And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meandering rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that four
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd;
Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little smiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found
Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,

Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price
In vain the filken fleece on windy brows,
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is sought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biscayan or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains: what taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Barely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals,
How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond desire! Those flow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing
vales

In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.

Hail, noble Albion; where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern Cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of mists and vapours! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their
For deeds of excellence and high renown. [nerves
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills,
Blakes,

Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.

See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships,
Innumerable. But whither strays my muse?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
Arriv'd of bright Augusta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immense of
masts; [Ind;

'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either
Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and
In sweet surprise; unable yet to fix [domes,
His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object singly; with discoveries new
His native country studious to enrich.

Ye shepherds, if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed,
To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Invisible, and each to all,
Through earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits.

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

† Dimetia, Caermarthenshire in South Wales.

Tempestuous regions, Darwent's * naked peaks,
 Snowdon † and blue Plynlymmon ‡, and the wide
 Aërial sides of Cader-yddris † huge;
 These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece
 Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
 Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
 Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
 O'er the bleak wild, the thinly scatter'd meal.
 But hills of milder air that thinly rise
 O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
 Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
 Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
 Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
 Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
 Of elmy Rofs †, or Devon's myrtle vales,
 That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea;
 Regard this sort, and hence thy fire of lambs
 Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
 Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenc'd
 With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
 Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
 That grac'd the columns of th' Ionic dome.

Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
 Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields §,
 Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
 Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street;
 That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
 Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain:
 The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact de-
 One level line along his spacious back; [scribes
 Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
 Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
 And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
 Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
 That copies nature: who, in every change,
 In each variety, with wisdom's works,
 And powers diversify'd of air and soil,
 Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
 Chaldaea's marl, Egyptus water'd loam,
 And dry Cyrene's land, in climes alike,
 With different stores supply the marts of trade.
 Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
 Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their fleece;
 Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
 From soft-sea-breezes, open winters mild,
 And summers bath'd in dew: on Syrian sheep
 The costly burden only loads their tails:
 No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
 Adorn; but fleck of flax, and brown like deer,
 Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
 The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
 Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,
 Shrubs aromatic, caffee wild, or thea,
 Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
 Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
 Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms
 In temperate air, in the delicious downs
 Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all
 (Save where foul waters linger on the turf)

* Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyshire.

† Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high
 hills in North Wales.

‡ A town in Herefordshire.

§ Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby, in
 Warwickshire, and Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
 Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,
 And swell too hastily the tender plains:
 Then snatch away thy sheep; beware the rot;
 And with deterfive bay-salt rub their mouths;
 Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
 In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay;
 Or to the marsh guide their easy steps,
 If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.
 Sagacious care foreacts: when strong disease
 Breaks in and stains the purple streams of health,
 Hard is the strife of art: the coughing pest
 From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks
 away.

That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
 Though late, discern; when on the lifted lid,
 Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
 The swelling liver then her putrid store
 Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy skill exert,
 Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
 Again deterfive salt apply, or shed
 The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
 Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the halt:
 Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
 Detain; and pour into their cloven feet
 Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
 Dry allum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen.
 But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
 'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
 And salt again: th' utility of salt
 Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
 Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes
 Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd
 Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
 Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
 By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence
 Explor'd its pow'rs, and easy medicine thence
 Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
 Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

Sheep also pleurifies and dropries know,
 Driv'n oft from nature's path by artful man,
 Who blindly turns aside with haughty hand,
 Whom sacred instinct would securely lead.
 But thou, more humble swain, thy rural gates
 Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
 From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
 Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.
 Rain-fated pastures let them shun and seek
 Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.
 By their all-perfect Master inly taught,
 They best their food and physic can discern;
 For he, Supreme Existence, ever near,
 Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
 With what a regular consent they crop,
 At every fourth collection to the mouth,
 Unsavory crow-flower; whether to awake
 Languor of appetite with lively change,
 Or timely to repel approaching ills,
 Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
 And with her salutary rules intrusts,
 Benevolent Mackenzie *, say the cause.
 This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;
 Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of Drum-
 seugh, near Edinburgh.

Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason (blush, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of nature's vast machine.

See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy sheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return:
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop; or, who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.

Beware the season of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field;
All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale resounds;
The flock amaz'd stands safe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.

Wife custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they 'ave past the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrates the lambkins; necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd,
In those rough months, that list the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flowers of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flocks to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners crowd:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
Lies on the reeking pasture; wait till all
The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

In teizing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes*; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats of filth and tagged wool.
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick ether's motion: oft the scene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; these the moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe:
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:

* The inhabitants of Yorkshire.

Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft
Or softer cotes detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dikes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm:
There let them sojourn, till gay Progne skims
The thickening verdure, and the rising flowers.
And while departing autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage; lest in erring flight,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste;
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continu'd feeble pulse of life; [gnaw'd.
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger

Ah gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care:
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the fly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky:
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers.
Nor yet forget him: life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the pastoral care;
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention: such as Nuceus* sings
To the full vale near Soare's† enamour'd brook,
While all is silence: sweet Hincklean swain!

* Mr. Joseph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at Hinckley.

† Soare a river in Leicestershire.

Whom rude obscurity severely clasps:
The muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes.

Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
As sure destroys, as famine or the wolf.

Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms

'Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
Of fetid oil inflam'd, sea-monster's spume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three slow gloomy months, with various
Sullen he struggles; such the love of life! [ills

His lank and scanty herds around him press,
As, hunger-slung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains,
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpose

Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The watery juices of the bossy root
Absorbing: or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.

Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides: their stubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains sink; their yawning caverns
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down, [flame;
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous flood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

See the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring
realms,

And spread their plains with desolation wide:
Yet your mild homesteads ever-blooming smile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.

VOL. IX.

Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep;
Expensive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But those expensive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherd's kingdom: dreary solitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
Of Athens, which in solemn silence sheds
Her venerable ruins to the dust.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.
There, at the public hour of sultry noon,
They share the beverage, when to watering come;
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachel's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength
remov'd,

And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.

Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my muse;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium*, where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil, and the glaring mass,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the steel; from their rough hands re-
ceive

The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
With his white flakes, that glisten through the tide;
The sturdy rustic in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield,
in Yorkshire, where the shepherds shears and all edge-
tools are made.

While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.

Press not too close; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the
gloom

Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls
And breaks the crystal urns of heaven: adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the
steeps

Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating, in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbuor all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering, they bound along with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when content
To nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recal those notes, which once the muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin*! Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain,
The soothest shepherd of the flowery vale.
"This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless
sports

"Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms,

* A high bill in Shropshire.

"Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,

"Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

"Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"

Colin reply'd; "and pleasing weariness

"Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.

"Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,

"The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,

"And the diseases of intemperate wealth.

"Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

"May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,

"May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-
white lambs,

"Which, with a pretty innocence of look,

"Skip on the green, and race in little troops;

"May that great lamp, which sinks behind the

"And streams around variety of lights, [hills,

"Recal them erring: this is Damon's wish.

"Huge Breaden's* stony summit once I climb'd

"After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!

"What various views unnumber'd spread be-
neath! [rent floods;

"Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and tor-

"And here and there, between the spiry rocks,

"The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,

"Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,

"Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun:

"Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds

"Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,

"Which comes too late; that courts the taste in
vain,

"Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,

"Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;

"And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,

"We silly shepherds, all intent to feed

"Our snowy flocks, and wind the fleecy fleece."

"Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"

Damon reply'd, "while the Supreme accounts

"Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike

"With king and priest: they also shepherds are;

"For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind

"Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

"But haste, begin the rites: see purple eve

"Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and
swains

"Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,

"Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood, [clear

"Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight

"Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping
folds;

"Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,

"Where precious minerals dart their purple
gleams,

"Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd

"Vaga†, profuse of graces, Ryddol† rough,

"Blithe Ystwith†, and Clevedoc† swift of foot;

"And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,

"In the divided torrent, ere they burst

"Through the dark clouds, and down the moun-
tain roll.

"Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeanning herds,

"Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous
leaf."

* A bill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

† Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers,
the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.

He said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank

† *Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.*

Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood
And trading bark with low contracted sail
Linger among the reeds and coppy banks
To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

B O O K II.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece: skill in the assorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-fields: inconveniences of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures: yet all pastures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now, of the sever'd lock, begin the song,
With various numbers, through the simple theme
To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd muse, above the grassy vale,
And hills, and wood, shall, singing, soar aloft;
And he, whom learning, wisdom, candor, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his fire,
Royston approve, and patronise the strain.

Through all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous streams:
For him their downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:
And gluttons ever murder when they kill,
Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,

Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
Ye are the sons of nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
Come, gentle swains, the bright unfully'd locks
Collect: alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
And warbling music break from every spray.
Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your stores with base desire to add
Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic those
Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield*,
Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,
Lest busy ether through the open wool
Debilitating pass, and every film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard too from moisture and the fretting moth
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent

* *The country about Ross in Herefordshire,*
N n ij

While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the
gloom

[loud,
Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls
And breaks the crystal urns of heaven: adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the
steeps

Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating, in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering, they bound along with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
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Of the first happy garden, when content
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Whistle to roundelays: their little-ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
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Ye are the sons of nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
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Collect: alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
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Debilitating pass, and every film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard too from moisture and the fretting moth
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent

* *The country about Ross in Herefordshire,*
N n ij

Allur'd; as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaughtering war or carnage: such apart
Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors
Selected such, for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.

When many-colour'd evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His scatter'd sheaves collecting; then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverse every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage smokes:
Reject them not; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures: let the bulky wain
Through dusty roads run nodding; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
To copy villages on either side,
And spiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

In the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their spacious domes
With boundless hospitality receive
Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, em-
ploy'd,

And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
And soft, and rigid, pile in several heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks; another shines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;
But often it deceives the artist's care,
Breaking useless in the steely comb:
For this long spungy wool no more increase
Receives, while winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of autumn stops: and what though
spring

Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
The texture? yet in vain she strives to link
The silver twine to that of autumn's hand.
Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
From winter's deadening frosts and whelming
Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof, [snows:
While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
Of cloth'd Apulian*, by soft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigour find,
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: enclose, enclose, ye swains;

* *The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.*

Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock;
To mark your property! The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint; besides, in fields
Promiscuous held, all culture languishes;
The globe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
And barren furrows: none the rising grove
Their plants for late posterity, nor hedge
To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire;
And, in the distant village, every hearth
Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green ear'd corn,
The year's slow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

There are, who over-rate our spungy stores,
Who deem that nature grants no clime, but ours,
To spread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
And feed the silky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap.
Illusion all; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
Upon our snowy flocks, of small esteem:
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

And though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase,
Therefore from herbage of old-pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not, through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears: not ev'n the streams
Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify [winds,
Their frequent fully'd fleece; nor what rough
Keen-biting on tempestuous hills, inbrown.

Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees
Warm shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labour and art will every aim achieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level*, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulf;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Russel, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen, [bloom,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams;

* *In Cambridgehire.*

Godlike beneficence; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove!
But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb,
The fairest length of wool. See deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil
With patient art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the swains delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's
brake,
Long lay unnotted. Toil new pasture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.
In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleeting sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renown'd;
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky fides!
Twice with the murex' crimson hue they ting'd
The shining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This, rising Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the muses' haunts,
He rous'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.
From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And soon, the laurel cord, and the huge stone
Up-lifting to the deck unmoor'd the bark;
Whose keel, of wond'rous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty mast
Up-rais'd, and sails full-swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad

Expands the purple deep: the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering creeks and opening
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port [bowers
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he springs upon the shore,
And, rising from the root, a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threat'ning
Of Hellepont they ply the rugged surge, [towers
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal; then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering
floods
Cleave their bold passage: nathless by the craggs
And torrents sorely shatter'd: as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net [behind.
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes
Thus, through the wide waves, their flow way
they force,
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant
His desert borders; each ingenious art, [shunn'd.

Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retir'd,
And left to want and servitude their seats:
Vile successors! and gloomy ignorance
Following like dreary night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.

Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Thessalian, bore esteem;
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coast,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through solitary vallies seeks the sea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps [aloft
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks
Shield her low plains from the rough northern
Those too of Boetica's delicious fields, [blast.
With golden fruitage blest'd of highest taste,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs? where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Low the revolving course of mighty time,
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cotes,
Or sunny meadows cloth'd with costly care?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's dust.

Long lay the mournful realms of elder fame
In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely arts,
And all the graces. Restituted trade
To every virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the cheerful lawn.

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills, [lakes,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Labor, by that arbor stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous trade,

Add too the filky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of filky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;

Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epfom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He*, whose rustic muse,
O'er heath and craggyholt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestra's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With bosy turnip, and luxuriant cole,
Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed.

Ingenious trade! to clothe the naked world,
Her soft materials, not from sheeep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious: in Eubœa's isle
A wondrous rock† is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm marsh yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia, silk; Balasor's shady hills
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shaggy goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind: the beaver's flix
Gives kindest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood flow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores,
For numerous uses known: none yield such
warmth,

Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure:
So pliant to the loom, so various, none. [bear,
Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they
In fervid climes: nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatter's use.

Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's‡ glades,
And Canfes'‡, echo to the pipes and flocks [sands,
Of foreign swains. While time shakes down his
And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening
nerves,

Ye Britons; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous nature; she is elsewhere kind.
See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep ||
Of fertile Arica §, like camels form'd;

* Drayton. † The Asbestos.

‡ Provinces in Louisiana, on the western side
of the Mississippi.

|| These sheep are called Guanapos.

§ A province of Peru.

Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Rataean*, mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
Of that material in prætorium† woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

If any wool peculiar to our isle
Is given by nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye, [flake.
This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune‡ or Coker§ wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain fides
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulfy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And blest remotest climes---to this lov'd end,
Awake, benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty power
(The power, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar; wisdom, wit, and strength;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation strong;
Builds tow'ry cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard

* The fleeces of Leicestershire. † Coventry.

‡ A river in Cumberland.

§ A river in Lancashire.

Their occupations with an honest heart,
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race: O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep:
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,
Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals; those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
But also mindful, thus devising good,
At vacant seasons, oft; when evening mild
Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts
His flocks, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacency: for religion, this,
To give our every comfort to distress,
And follow virtue with an humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
And slumbers, broken oft: till, fill'd at length
With inspiration, after various thought,
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,
Show'd how the fleece might stretch to greater
length.

And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went around;
Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils;
And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius, did not bless
Thy teaching hand? Thy bosom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth? What nation did not seek,
Of thy new model'd wool, the curious webs!

Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festivals: through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
Denoting labour's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout;
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office, in the common weal;
And to the board of smiling plenty's stores
Assemble; where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; with free hand,
Toil only tastes the feasts, by nerveless ease
Unreliev'd. Various mirth and song resound;
And oft they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that sometimes arise;
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn
Rouses to labour, man to labour born. [hand,
Then the sleek brightening lock, from hand to
Renews its circling course: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;

Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retir'd,
And left to want and servitude their seats:
Vile successors! and gloomy ignorance
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Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.

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Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
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The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous trade,

Add too the silky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
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Quicken your labours, brace your slackening
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Of that material in prætorium † woven,
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And China's long canals ; those noble works,
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Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge ;
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The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
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Procession slow and solemn : first the rout ;
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld ;
Each after each, according to his rank,
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Assemble ; where delicious cates and fruits
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Renews its circling course : this feels the card ;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length ;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave ;

And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
 For it suffices not, in flowery vales,
 Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool :
 Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast ;
 Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts ;
 Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
 The fleece prepar'd, with oil imbibing earth
 Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum waves
 Intenerate. With curious eye observe,
 In what variety the tribe of salts,
 Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
 Produce, absterfve or restraining ; how
 Steel casts the fable ; how pale pewter, fus'd
 In fluid spirit'ous, the scalet dye ;
 And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd
 By mediums colourless ; why is the fume
 Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
 Pernicious else : why no materials yield
 Singly their colours, those except that shine
 With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays :
 And why, though nature's face is cloth'd in green,
 No green is found to beautify the fleece,
 But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects, while causes lie conceal'd,
 Reason uncertain tries : howe'er, kind chance
 Oft with equivalent discovery pays
 Its wandering efforts ; thus the German sage,
 Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
 Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd
 Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.
 Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought
 Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
 And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
 Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
 Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
 The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
 The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,
 Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
 And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.

Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
 The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
 Or root of madder, here or purple woad,
 By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
 Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
 Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
 Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
 And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
 Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
 Trade to the good physician gives his balms ;

Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart ;
 Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high ;
 Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare ;
 And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
 Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
 His presence, power, and goodness, unconfin'd,
 'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
 His lips with argument. To censure trade,
 Or hold her busy people in contempt,
 Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
 And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
 To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
 Or real exigencies ; passions swift
 Forerunning reason ; strong contrarious bents,
 The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
 O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
 Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
 Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they
 The clearest sense of Deity receive,
 Who view the widest prospect of his works,
 Ranging the globe with trade through various
 climes :

Who see the signatures of boundless love,
 Nor less the judgments of Almighty power,
 To warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
 From human justice : who, astonish'd, view
 Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
 The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;
 Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
 With stately towers ; whose merchants, from
 their isles,

And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts :
 Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
 Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs ;
 Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
 Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
 And flowering shuttle. While th' admiring world
 Crowded her streets ; ah ! then the hand of pride
 Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
 Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
 As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
 Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
 Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain ;
 Not ey'n the dust they sunk in ; by the breath
 Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
 Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :
 Only the solitary rock remains,
 Her ancient scite ; a monument to those,
 Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

B O O K III.

ARGUMENT.

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PROCEED, Arcadian muse; resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diffus'd, though sweet the tone,
And to the songs of nature's choiristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder sound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the muses' haunts.

So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whose benevolence
Visits our vallies; where the pasture spreads,
And where the bramble; and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good;
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling
All live by action: nothing lies at rest, [worlds,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. This of old,
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chestians from the spade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground;
'Tis toils that make them wealth; that makes
the fleece

(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps);
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm.
Or trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Gray dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the soft material: with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work

Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently lessening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praise your skill.
A different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.

There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A several line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian* towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
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Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a spiral engine† form'd,
Which, on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

Nor hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your
brows:
The more is wrought, the more is still requir'd;
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade,
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, should the careful state, severely kind,
In every province, to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,
And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
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Their chestians from the spade, or furrowing plough,
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Gray dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
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Nor should the careful state, severely kind,
In every province, to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
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Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
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Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,

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† Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
 With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
 Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom:
 From some thick wood the carpenter selects
 A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
 Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
 The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
 The smith, with iron-screws, and plated hoops,
 Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
 That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
 And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.
 Various professions in the work unite:
 For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
 The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
 Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
 Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
 No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
 Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
 Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom;
 Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd
 field,

The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
 Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

Next, the industrious youth employs his care
 To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
 Along the garden-walk, or highway-side,
 Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
 And sits before the work: from hand to hand
 The thready shuttles glides along the lines,
 Which open to the woof, and shut altern:
 And ever and anon, to firm the work,
 Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
 That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
 Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
 Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
 Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
 The thready shuttle, while the web apace
 Encreases, as the light of eastern skies,
 Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn;
 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
 He chooses some companion to his toil.
 From side to side, with amicable aim,
 Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
 While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
 Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the several kinds of looms?
 Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
 Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers
 guide

The artist's hand: he, unseen, flowers, and trees,
 And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
 Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
 Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs:
 Modern invention: modern is the want.

Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof un-
 roll'd,
 Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
 Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd;
 Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
 And hammers, rising and descending, learn
 To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
 Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
 And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
 Wring out the latent water: then, uphung
 On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun

Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
 Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
 And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
 Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
 And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.
 The round of work goes on, from day to day,
 Season to season. So the husbandman
 Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
 The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
 The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
 The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
 Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
 The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
 Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.

In penetrating waves of boiling vats
 The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
 Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
 Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
 Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
 Like those that canopy the bowers of Stowe
 After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
 Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
 Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
 This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
 These shall the prince with purple robes adorn;
 And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
 Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
 Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
 Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
 And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
 With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
 To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
 And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
 In opening well the fibres of the woof,
 For the reception of the beauteous dye,
 And wedging every grain in every pore,
 Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.

But what the powers, which lock them in the
 web;

Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
 Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
 Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
 Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
 And who inquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
 In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?

Yet yield not Britons; grasp in every art
 The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
 On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's stand,
 The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
 The welcome traders, gathering every web;
 Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
 Successful oft their industry, when cease
 The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
 Their motion stopt by wild intemperance,
 Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
 To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
 Turns their rude steps; while misery, among
 The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.

O when, through every province, shall be rais'd
 Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
 For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
 More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,

Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd: who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains
wild,

Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigour shall detain [trade,
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion*: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your maker praise.

Behold, in Calder's† vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms with mo-
tion quick,

And ever-murmuring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding tough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown
A circular machine‡, of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needful hands.

* This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

† A river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

‡ A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

A wheel invisible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the low tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they
haste

With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn:
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads:
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of ax and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance: deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
 With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
 Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom:
 From some thick wood the carpenter selects
 A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
 Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
 The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
 The smith, with iron-screws, and plated hoops,
 Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
 That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
 And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.
 Various professions in the work unite:
 For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
 The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
 Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
 Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
 No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
 Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
 Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom;
 Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd
 field,

The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
 Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

Next, the industrious youth employs his care
 To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
 Along the garden-walk, or highway-side,
 Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
 And sits before the work: from hand to hand
 The thready shuttles glides along the lines,
 Which open to the woof, and shut altern:
 And ever and anon, to firm the work,
 Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
 That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
 Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
 Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
 Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
 The thready shuttle, while the web apace
 Encreases, as the light of eastern skies,
 Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn;
 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
 He chooses some companion to his toil.
 From side to side, with amicable aim,
 Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
 While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
 Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the several kinds of looms?
 Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
 Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers
 guide

The artist's hand: he, unseen, flowers, and trees,
 And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
 Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
 Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs:
 Modern invention: modern is the want.

Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof un-
 roll'd,

Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
 Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd;
 Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
 And hammers, rising and descending, learn
 To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
 Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
 And finewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
 Wring out the latent water: then, uphung
 On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun

Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
 Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
 And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
 Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
 And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.
 The round of work goes on, from day to day,
 Season to season. So the husbandman
 Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
 The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
 The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
 The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
 Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
 The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
 Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.

In penetrating waves of boiling vats
 The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
 Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
 Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
 Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
 Like those that canopy the bowers of Stowe
 After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
 Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
 Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
 This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
 These shall the prince with purple robes adorn;
 And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
 Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
 Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
 Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
 And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
 With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
 To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
 And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
 In opening well the fibres of the woof,
 For the reception of the beauteous dye,
 And wedging every grain in every pore,
 Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.

But what the powers, which lock them in the
 web;

Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
 Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
 Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.

Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
 And who inquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
 In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?

Yet yield not Britons; grasp in every art
 The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
 On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's stand,
 The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
 The welcome traders, gathering every web;
 Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
 Successless oft their industry, when cease
 The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
 Their motion stopt by wild intemperance,
 Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
 To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
 Turns their rude steps; while misery, among
 The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.

O when, through every province, shall be rais'd
 Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
 For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
 More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,

Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd: who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains
wild,

Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigour shall detain [trade,
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion*: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your maker praise.

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Of busy Leeds, up-wasting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
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Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the low tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
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Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

But cheerful are the labours of the loom,
By health and ease accompanied: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state,
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
Behold arising, in their fattening flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silk-worm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to necessity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong-flung shuttle, or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants? These are deeds
To which their hardy labours well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe,
The golden-footed sciences their path
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy;
And follow'd close by ignorance and pride,
Lead day and night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile valleys of the Scheld.
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Ægypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their
seats

Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's towers:
Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose

Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
Beneath the shade of Vecta's clifly isle.
Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
Nor those, by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd
With Salop's various scenes; and that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd Dimetian land,
By green hills sene'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from superstition's rage,
And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mouldering stone.

Thus, then, on Albion's coast, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet, at times, they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Retraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspired, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd those,
Whose virtues taught the varlety of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still, when bigotry's black clouds arise,
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms),
They, from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of superstition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Where-ever they inhabit: this, our isle
Has oft experienc'd; witness all ye realms
Of either hemisphere, where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impression; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's * nymphs;

* *There is woven at Manchester, for the East-*

Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They too the many-colour'd arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
Of sportive fancy: such as oft appear
In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'er-shaded erst by Woodstock's bower,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
Rise glowing tapestries, that lure the eye
With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh
exults,

Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
Crowding beneath his shield: there, Ramillies'
Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah, then, what power
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of Pagan hands,
While she essay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields: but old the skill:
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms re-
nown'd;

Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.

Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.

But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
There will be traffic's seat; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains,
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle,
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Woos us in every port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,

*Indies, a very thin fluff, of thread and cotton;
which is cooler than the manufactures of that
country where the material is only cotton.*

Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the visions of the theme
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd muse, forgetful of her task?

No common pleasure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labours of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the sea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne,
and Tees; [Hull,

Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing
And Swale, and Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murmuring
wave

Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The serge and kerfie to their blanching streams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Usk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain
snows.

The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far
From some transparent river's naval course
Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far distant from the mast'd wharf,
We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythrean gulf:
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams,
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.

Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone disparted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and those, who o'er the grotts
preside,

Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's
hopes,

And all the genii of commercial toil :
 These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
 And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
 And glossy web, to every port around
 May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
 Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks,
 With white sails glistening, through the gloomy
 woods
 Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
 Of stately Thamisis, ever chequer'd o'er

With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
 And constant as his stream : in growing pomp,
 By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
 To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
 Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
 Gives audience to the world : the strand around
 Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
 What bales, what wealth, what industry, what
 fleets !
 Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

B O O K IV.

ARGUMENT.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Africa. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates : hence the passage through Hudson's-Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
 Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
 A floating forest : every sail, unfurl'd,
 Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
 Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
 Steady ; with eye intent upon the steel,
 Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers :
 While gaily o'er the waves the mountain prow
 Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
 To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
 Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
 Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
 The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
 Which copious gives return ; while some explore
 Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart,
 The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
 Illustrious Peter, whose magnific toils
 Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
 To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
 And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
 Soon sinks away the green and level beach
 Of Rumney marsh and Rye's silent port,
 By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
 Like the pale moon in vapour, faintly bright.
 An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost ;
 Devon's hills retire, and Edgcomb mount,
 Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
 Yet steady o'er the waves they steer ; and now
 The fluctuating world of waters wide,
 In boundless magnitude, around them swells ;
 O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
 Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
 But Phœbus' orb, resplendent lamp of light,

Millions of leagues aloft : heaven's azure vault
 Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
 Uninterrupted clear circumference ;
 Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the cape
 Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
 Again, and oft, th' adventurous sails disperse ;
 These to Iberia ; others to the coast
 Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharhis deem'd
 Of Solomon ; fair regions, with the webs
 Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester ;
 Light airy clothing for their vacant swains,
 And visionary monks. We, in return,
 Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
 Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd ;
 And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
 Spur of activity, to good or ill
 Powerful incentive : or Hesperian fruits,
 Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
 The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.

Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage
 through
 The gates of Hercules *, find many seas,
 And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels ;
 But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
 And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
 Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
 Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
 Resign their ruins : Tiber's boasted flood,
 Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
 Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow dust,
 While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rill :

* The straits of Gibraltar.

Such are th' effects, when virtue flacks her hand;
Wild nature back returns: along these shores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in those glittering seas with splendor rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the muse.

To these resort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret,
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring; the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison: it is he, who gains
The sacred seat of parliament, by means
That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while those, who dare be just op-
The various powers of many-headed vice) [pose
Ye delegates of trade, by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use: the flax of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caffee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabeian frankincense
Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy coul, majestic no more.

See the dark spirit of tyrannic power.
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade

To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
Thralldom and desolation o'er his realms.

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams;
And borderers of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, pass'd th' Arabian gulf.

But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the scene immense,
Which daring ships frequent, associated,
Like doves, or swallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some, with more open course, to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of th' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep, [foam,
Porpoise, or grampus, or the ravenous shark,
That chase their keels; or threatening rock, o'er-

head,
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and bartering, take
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound,

The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara too displays
Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave infiles
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry sand, the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging
For life-long servitude; severe exchange! [death
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the tobacco-leaf,

And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded wharfs.

But let the man, whose rough tempestuous
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd, [hours
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Caffres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where social trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails,
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic
shapes

A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide; unless their speed be stop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.

Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze, [scene
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swell'ing to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the power of trade.

Persia few ports; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloth'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent saltpetre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their
worth;

And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts the shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivia's, as a swarm
Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable; these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's gray peaks, from whose volcanos rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Daring in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to see
Discord and avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,

Madrass erected; and Saint David's fort,
 And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
 Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
 And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
 The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
 And see the country's products, in exchange,
 Before them heap'd: cotton's transparent webs,
 Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,
 Alum, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,
 And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
 Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
 The kingdoms round, our draperies are dispers'd,
 O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
 And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
 Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;
 And late discover'd Tibet, where the fleece;
 By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
 To threadless drapery, which, in conic forms,
 Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.

The keels which voyage through Molucca's
 Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail, [straits,
 From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
 Yield fiery pepper that destroys the moth
 In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
 Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
 And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd;
 While gracious nature, with unsparing hand,
 The needs of life o'er every region pours.

Near those delicious isles the beauteous coast
 Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
 Ye sons of trade, that ever-flowery shore,
 Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
 Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
 Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
 Now the tall glossy towers of porcelane,
 And pillar'd pagods shine; rejoic'd they see
 The port of Canton opening to their prows,
 And in the winding of the river moor.

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
 And works of Birmingham in brass or steel,
 And flint; and ponderous lead from deep cells
 Fit ballast in the fury of the storm, [rais'd,
 That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn
 These, for the artists of the fleece, procure [mast:
 Various materials; and, for affluent life,
 The flavour'd thea and glossy painted vase;
 Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
 In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
 They too from hence receive the strongest thread
 Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
 Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
 In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th'
 Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars, [height
 Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
 And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
 Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering seas,
 Rise floating villages; no wonder; when,
 In every province, firm and level roads,
 And long canals, and navigable streams,
 Ever, with ease, conduct the works of toil
 To sure and speedy markets, through the length
 Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
 To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
 Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
 Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
 And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent,
 Thither by Ruffic caravans are brought, [wild,
 Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and

Journey immense! which, to th' attentive ear,
 The muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
 The watery seat of desolation wide,
 Issue these trading caravans, and urge, [road;
 Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless
 By compass steering oft, from week to week,
 From month to month; whole seasons view their
 Neva they pass, and Kefma's gloomy flood, [toils.
 Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
 Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
 In its fall stopt, and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
 White with continual frost; and on the right
 The Caspian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
 Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the
 Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide [haunt
 Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand
 Roads hung with carcases, or under foot [vales,
 Thick strown; while, in their rough bewilder'd
 The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
 And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
 Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
 The generous horse conveys the sons of trade;
 And ever and anon the docile dog;
 And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
 Skims over icy lakes; now slow they climb
 Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
 To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
 The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
 Shine, like the rising moon, through watery mists;
 Tobol, th' abode of those unfortunate
 Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
 Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
 Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
 On the dark level of adversity,
 Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
 And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
 Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks
 Of trade are kindled: trade arises oft,
 And virtue, from adversity and want:
 Be witness, Carthage; witness, ancient Tyre;
 And thou, Batavia, daughter of distress. [held,
 This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon
 The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
 The flexile willow; that the mattoe drives:
 All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
 Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
 Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
 Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
 And yellow tillages in opening woods: [road
 Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathless
 They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex;
 Land of the lazy Ostiaks, thin dispers'd,
 Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
 Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe,
 Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
 Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
 Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor
 Nor social aid: beneath their thorny bed [share,
 The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
 Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
 And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
 And azure mountains; and the heights admire
 Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding craggs
 Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
 Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams.

Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jenisca, swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, up-heave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast earth; for so
Fabled antiquity, ere peaceful trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my muse,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious nine
From high Parnassus, the unwearied toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
'Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies;
'Thither affliction, thither poverty,
And arts and sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind!
But joy superior far his bosom warms,
Who views those shores in every culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The silk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor flight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up-springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,

And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroquesse, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blash, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye, voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek easy habitations, void of care:
The sons of nature, with astonishment,
And detestation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer awed, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachusset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of trade and war,
Bearing the palm in either: they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly
warmth,

And frieze of Cambria, worn by those who seek,
Through gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While winter's frosty rigor checks approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travel'd sons of commerce, know),
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clustering
vines.

Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty labour drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too, [calm,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos-Aires, low-couch'd Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel; neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas
Perils and conflicts inexpressible
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
Endured, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rous'd

Huge ocean, and involved him all around.
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyfs;
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts;
While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, re-
veal'd

Ruins of decks and shrouds, and sights of death.

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten-landso'erhanging shore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd,
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

At length, through every tempest, as some
Which from a poplar falls into a loud [branch,
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream.
Smooth through the vallies; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To show humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence: although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell disease,
Un'bating labor, tedious time, conspir'd,
And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the
Deny'd all hospitable land or port; [world,
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyfs, whereon
To drop the fastening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme;
Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreaded sound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!

Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er
Her solemn compacts, in the lust of rule: [breaks
Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains;
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.

A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come,
When through new channels sailing, we shall
The Californian coast, and all the realms [clothe
That stretch from Anian's streights to proud
Japan;

And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailor's chart:
Then every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.

That portion too of land, a tract immense,
Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall everywhere be cloth'd.
Th' exulting muse shall then in vigour fresh,
Her flight renew. Meanwhile, with weary wing,
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight, [arise
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to stray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about.
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food;
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does nature show?
Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow:
A landkip wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honey-suckles smelling sweet:
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet gliding smoothly by;
Which flows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply:

Happy swain, sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!

Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.

The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.

A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow;
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm ev'n silence with her lays.

O powerful Silence, how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the calls
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, when'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy;
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of flattery.
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees:
And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree:
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below.
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.

Up * Gronger hill I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.

* A hill in South Wales.

Where am I, nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sun-beams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terras walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade of fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds to interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires!
While with light hearts all homeward tend,
To † Abergasney I descend.

But, oh! how blest'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray.

THE INQUIRY.

Ye poor little sheep, ah! well may ye stray,
While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with
my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-a-day, No—Ye are stray'd, and half dead;
Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.

* The name of a seat belonging to the Author's brother.

Oh, fun, did you see her?—ah! surely you did?
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is
she hid?

Ye tall, whistling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you see her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?

Ye mountains that look on the vigorous east,
And the north, and the south, and the wearisome
west,

Pray tell where she hides her, you surely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her so.

Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide
display'd,

And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade:
I'd search every tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myself quiet, and happy again.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Master of the loveliest art!
How sweet our senses you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with sedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or basely run
From Philip's all-subduing son!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The bravest man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntless visage, as he lies
In death's most painful agonies.

To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy mysteries impart.
As yet I but in verse can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you show,
Seeming nature's living glow!
The beauteous shapes of objects near!
Or distant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleasing views of checquer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the shades!
And sunny hills!—and pleasant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and swains!

Or some old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face;
Whose columns, frizes, statues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or swift adown a mountain tall:
A foaming cataract's sounding fall;
Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level shining sea!
Or surges rough, that froth, and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore!

And vessels tost! and billows high!
And lightning flashing from the sky!
Or that which gives me most delight,
The fair idea (seeming fight!)
Of warrior fierce, with shining blade!
Or orator, with arms display'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming against Catiline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
Or Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel, thrown aside,
Lifting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Sisyphus, with toil and sweat,
And muscles strain'd, striving to get
Up a steep hill a ponderous stone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous
Or beauteous Helen's easy air, [down,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
These you can do!—I but advance
In a florid ignorance;
And say to you who better know,
You should design them so and so.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON.

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty song!
Where did the heavenly spirit bear you,
When your fair soul reflected strong
Gideon's actions, as they shin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind?
Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beside Euphrates' stream,
Or lonely sung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your sacred
Or have you many ages given [theme?
To close retirement and to books!
And held a long discourse with Heaven,
And notic'd nature in her various looks!
Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers sweet
On some fair and lofty plain
Where the sun does brightly shine,
And glorious prospects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully shine,
Surprising pictures rising to my sight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding shade and light,
And all the grace of something more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I see a youth divinely fair,
"Pensive he leans his head on his left hand;
"His smiling eye sheds sweetness mix'd with
awe,
"His right hand, with a milk-white wand, some
figure seems to draw!
"A nameless grace is scatter'd through his air,
"And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber-
"colour'd hair!"
Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
O iii

The waking world all fair before him lies;
 "Slow from the plain the melting dews,
 "To kiss the sun-beams, climbing, rise," &c.
 Methinks the grove of Baal I see,
 In terras'd stages mount up high,
 And wave its sable beauties in the sky, [stone,
 "From stage to stage, broad steps of half-hid
 "With curling moss and blady grass o'ergrown,
 "Lead awful—

Down in a dungeon deep, [light
 "Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken
 "From narrow loop-holes quivers to the light,
 "With swift and furious stride,
 "Close-folded arms, and short and sudden starts,
 "The fretful prince, in dumb and fullen pride,
 "Revolves escape—

Here in red colours glowing hold
 A warlike figure strikes my eye!
 The dreadful sudden fight his foes behold
 Confounded so, they lose the power to fly;
 "Backening they gaze at distance on his face,
 "Admire his posture, and confess his grace;
 "His right hand grasps his planted spear, &c."
 Alas! my muse, thro' much good-will, you err:
 And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
 To gather beauties here and there,
 As but a scatter'd few there were,
 While every word's a beauty in his song!

[Those lines in this Poem marked thus "are taken
 out of the Poem called Gideon.]

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
 Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great.
 Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,
 Because the body wants a glittering dress.
 It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
 The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire!
 That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes,
 Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.
 Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they
 gaze,

The coxcomb's ne'er discover'd in the blaze!
 As few the vices of the wealthy see,
 So virtues are conceal'd by poverty. [shine?

Earl Rivers!—In that name how would'st thou
 Thy verse, how sweet! thy fancy, how divine!
 Critics, and bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
 And all would think it merit to applaud.
 But thou has nought to please the vulgar eye,
 No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
 Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature find,
 Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;
 And if, though few, they any faults can see,
 How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
 But, since we all, the wisest of us, err,
 Sure, 'tis the greatest fault to be severe.

A few, however, yet expect to find,
 Among the misty millions of mankind,
 Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
 And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause,
 Who, with felt pleasure, see fair virtue rise,
 And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
 Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
 And honour her the more, the more deprest.

Thee, Savage, these (the justly great) admire,
 Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's
 Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend, [fire!
 An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN*.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy
 town

Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Contented?—why every thing charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cas-
 cades,

Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to heaven.

TO MR. DYER. BY CLIO†.

I've done thy merit and my friendship wrong,
 In holding back my gratitude so long;
 The soul is sure to equal transport rais'd,
 That justly praises, or is justly prais'd:
 The generous only can this pleasure know
 Who taste the godlike virtue—to bestow!
 I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
 And feel the very praises which I send.
 Nor jealousy nor female envy find,
 Though all the muses are to Dyer kind.

Sing on, nor let your modest fears retard,
 Whose verse and pencil join, to force reward:
 Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
 Your poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.

I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong:
 No theme looks green, in Clio's artless song:
 But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
 For Dyer's fruitful soul will flourish there.
 My humbler lot was in low distance laid;
 I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
 For household cares, and empty trifles meant,
 The name does immortality prevent.
 Yet let me stretch, beyond my sex, my mind,
 And, rising, leave the fluttering train behind;
 Nor art, nor learning, wish'd assistance lends,
 But nature, love, and music, are my friends.

* Among the Poems of Savage, there is one
 to Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

† Among the Poems of Savage, is an Epistle,
 occasioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Containing

ELEGIES,
ODES,
SONGS,



BALLADS,
LEVITIES,
MORAL PIECES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Nor, SHENSTONE, thou
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades,
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.

MASON'S ENGLISH GARDEN, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE
POLITICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHEENSTONE, ESQ.

Containing

MORAL THEOLOGY
LEGISLATION
POLITICAL ECONOMY

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON: Printed by W. B. BELL, and S. B. BELL, in the Strand, 1794.

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1794

THE LIFE OF SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was the eldest son of Thomas Shenstone, Esq. of the Leafowes, in the parish of Hales-Owen, Shropshire, where he was born, Nov. 18. 1714. His grandfather lived at Ylley in that parish, and occupied his own farm. He afterwards purchased the Leafowes. His eldest son Joseph had Ylley; and he settled, with his son Thomas, at the Leafowes, which they jointly managed as a grazing farm. Thomas, though uneducated, seems to have been a very sensible man, and of liberal sentiments. He married Ann Penn, eldest of the three daughter of William Penn, Esq. of Harborough, in the neighbouring parish of Hagley, in Worcestershire. By the death of her brother, she became co-heiress of that estate, the moiety of which made Shenstone's fortune about 300 l. a-year.

He learned to read of an old dame, whom he has celebrated in *The Schoolmistress*; and soon received such delight from books, that he expected, when any person went to market, a new book should be brought him, which, when it came, was carried to bed, and laid by him. It is said, that when his request had been neglected, his mother wrapped up a piece of wood of the same form, and pacified him for the night.

As he grew older, he went for a while to the grammar-school in Hales-Owen; and was placed afterwards with the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an eminent schoolmaster at Solihull, near Birmingham, where he formed an acquaintance with Jago, "the poet of the birds," with whom he corresponded, on the most friendly terms, during life.

He received a good classical education under Mr. Crumpton, who instructed most of the gentlemen's, and some noblemen's sons in that neighbourhood, in the rudiments of classical learning; and seems to have given his pupils a more early taste for the English classics than was commonly done in grammar-schools at that time.

At ten years old, he was deprived of his father; and, in August 1726, of his grandfather; and was, with his brother Joseph, left to the care of his mother, who managed the estate.

His brother was bred an attorney at Bridgnorth, but never practised; and died, unmarried, at the Leafowes, in 1751.

In 1732, he was entered a Commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he employed himself in the study of the mathematics, logic, natural and moral philosophy, and the other sciences usually taught in the University; and amused himself occasionally with English poetry.

About the time when he went to Oxford, the death of his mother devolved his affairs to the care of the Rev. Thomas Dolman of Brome, in Staffordshire, who married Mary Penn, his mother's sister, whose attention he always mentioned with gratitude.

He made but few acquaintance in the University. A degree of bashfulness, from his confined education, joined with a consciousness of his own real abilities, made him not inclined to make advances to strangers; and the singularity of his appearance rather prejudiced some people against him.

According to the taste which then prevailed, every student, as soon as he was entered at the University, cut off his hair, without any regard to his complexion, and put on a wig of any colour that his fancy suggested. This fashion, no consideration could at that time have induced Shenstone to comply with. He thought, justly enough, that every one should, in some degree, consult his particular shape and complexion in adjusting his dress; and that no fashion ought to sanctify what was ungraceful, absurd, or really deformed. He wore his hair almost in the graceful manner, which has since generally prevailed; but as his person was rather large for so young a man, and his hair coarse, it often exposed him to the ill-natured remarks of people of inferior understanding.

The College of which he was a member has long been eminent for English poetry and elegant literature, and was at that time distinguished by the names of Dr. Adams, Dr. Johnson, Blackstone, Mr. Hawkins, afterwards poetry-professor, Anthony Whistler, Esq. of Whitchurch, Oxfordshire, author of the "Shuttlecock," and several ingenious poems in "Doddsley's Collection," Mr. Robert Binnel, author of some learned notes in "Grainger's Tibullus," and Mr. Richard Graves, the present rector of Claverton in Somersetshire, author of "The Spiritual Quixote," "Euphrosyne," "Columella," "Peter of Pontefract," and other ingenious performances.

Mr. Whistler, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Binnel, were his most intimate friends, together with his schoolfellow Jago, of University College; whom he could only visit in private, as he wore a servitor's gown.

They used to meet almost every evening at each other's chambers, where, according to Mr. Graves, "they read plays and poetry, Spectators or Tatlers, and other works of easy digestion, and sipped Florence wine."

His first poetical production worth mentioning, was a little mock heroic poem, called *The Diamond*, written when he was about nineteen, in imitation of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," which was followed by another poem, called *The Snuffbox*, equally liable to the objection of being a servile imitation; and therefore they have not been collected in his works.

As his fortune was a very sufficient foundation for a genteel profession, he intended to have taken his degrees, and to have proceeded on the study of physic; but being now of age, and coming into the possession of his estate at the Leasowes, and also to a moiety of the estate at Harborough, which fell to him by the unexpected death of his uncle; as his house at the Leasowes was inhabited by a tenant, instead of boarding there, or in the neighbourhood, he rather prematurely began to keep house at Harborough, which he found furnished to his hands, and, in its primitive state, having been inhabited by the family of the Penns for many generations.

It was situated, according to his own description, (Elegy XV.) by the side of a large pond, shaded by venerable oaks and elms, and rendered more solemn by a colony of rooks, who seemed to have been co-eval with the worthy family that gave them protection.

In this retirement, which suited the natural melancholy of his temper, being his own master, and feeling himself much at his ease, he prolonged his stay beyond what the business of the College regularly admitted. And having once neglected to return to the University at the proper season, he deferred it from time to time, till at length he felt a reluctance to returning at all; so that although he kept his name in the College books ten years, and changed his Commoner's gown for that of a Civilian, after the fourth year, he had now no thoughts of proceeding to any degree, and seldom resided in College any more.

In 1735, he was introduced to Mr. Graves of Mickleton in Gloucestershire, who had lately come with his sister to reside in the country. In this visit he seems to have felt the first symptoms of the tender passion. The beauty and merit of Miss Graves insensibly captivated his affections, and produced that melancholy langour which took entire possession of his heart for some years, and vented itself in plaintive love-songs and "elegies of woe."

At Mickleton also he seems to have conceived, from the improvements of Mr. Graves, the first idea of laying out in the modern taste, and embellishing his farm of the Leasowes, which made him generally known and admired in the world, though it contributed nothing to the advancement of his fortune.

In 1737, he printed, without his name, a small volume of juvenile verses, with the following title: *Poems upon various Occasions, written for the Entertainment of the Author, and printed for the Amusement of a few Friends prejudiced in his favour. Contentus paucis lectoribus.* Hor. Oxford, Leonard Litchfield, 1737. 12mo. As he got no money, he got but little fame by this publication, it being only circulated among his friends and acquaintance.

In 1740, he made his first visit to London, where he became acquainted with Doddsley, who printed, the same year, his *Judgment of Hercules*, which he addressed to his neighbour Mr. Lyttleton, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, with whom he became acquainted in 1736, and whose interest he warmly supported in a contested election for Worcestershire, in 1740. This was next year followed by the *Schoolmistress*, in the style of Spenser, which was written before the *Judgment of Hercules*, and is justly esteemed the most pleasing of his performances.

About this time he was engaged in a poetical contest with some writers in the "Gentleman's Magazine," against enigmas, in which he called in the assistance of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Graves, and one or two more of his friends.

From about the year 1740 to 1746, he wandered about to acquaint himself with life, and was sometimes at London, and sometimes at Bath, Cheltenham, or other places of public resort; but, from that period, made few excursions at any distance from home.

His uncle, Dolman, to whose care he was indebted for his ease and leisure, died in 1745; and the care of his own fortune now fell upon him.

He lived for some time at the Leafowes, with his tenant Mr. John Shenstone, who was distantly related; but finding that imperfect possession inconvenient, he took the whole estate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty than the increase of its produce.

He had already, on his first coming to board with his tenant, cut a straight walk through his wood, terminated by a small building of rough stone; and, in the corner of a field, he had scooped out a sort of cave, and called it a hermitage; and, a few years after, had built an elegant little summer-house in the water, under a group of beeches; but hitherto he had no conception of disposing his environs in any consistent plan, and giving it its present beautiful and picturesque appearance.

From this time he began to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to enlarge his walks, and to wind his waters, which he did with such judgment and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers.

Dr. Johnson observes, that "to plant a walk in *undulating curves*, and to place a beech at every turn where there is any object to catch the eye," and the like, "demands no great powers of mind;" and that such performances are rather the *sport* than the *business* of human reason." The last observation is just; but the planning of pleasure grounds, in the perfection to which it has lately been brought into England, is entitled to a place of considerable rank among the *liberal arts*, and seems to require as *great powers of mind* as those which we admire in the descriptive poems of Thomson, or in the noble landscapes of Salvator Rosa, or the Poussins. Mr. Wheatley's ingenious treatise on "Gardening," and Mason's excellent poem on the subject, have given us higher ideas of this science.

The embellishing his farm, however, was by no means the *business*, but only the *amusement* of his leisure hours, in retirement. He may, perhaps, be justly blamed, considering his slender patrimony, for not pursuing, as he at first intended, some lucrative and useful profession; but as he chose to resign their emoluments for the charms of ease and independence, he had a right to employ those in so innocent and so elegant a relaxation.

How little indeed he consulted his real happiness in adopting this inactivity, in preference to a more busy plan of life, is but too evident from some of his letters to his most intimate friends; in one of which he expressly declares his conviction, "that the most *busy* man in the world is much happier than the most *idle* one."

His visits to the Lyttleton family, the Earls of Stamford and Plymouth, Lord Foley, and Lord Ward, Lady Luxborough, and his other neighbours and relations, and the little alterations and improvements which he was continually making about his farm, amused him agreeably enough in the summer; but in the winter he was generally left a prey to solitude, indolence, and low spirits. "His whole philosophy," says Gray in his "Letters," "consisted in living against *his will*, in a retirement which his taste had adorned, but which he *only enjoyed* when people of note came to see and commend it."

He has partly obviated this severe censure in a letter to Mr. B——. "Though I first embellished my farm with an eye to the satisfaction I should receive from its beauty, I am now greatly dependent on the friends it brings me for the principal enjoyment it affords. I am *pleased* to find *them* pleased, and enjoy its beauties by reflection. And thus the durable part of my pleasure appears to be of the *social* kind."

"After a certain time of life," says his friend Mr. Graves, in the "Recollection of some Particulars in his Life," published 1788, "I do not think any consideration would have bribed him to live away from the Leafowes."

"Lyttleton," says Dr. Johnson, "was his neighbour and his rival, whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the *petty* state that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants

of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired; but when, by degrees, the Leasowes forced themselves into notice, they took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain."

This charge against the Lyttleton family, has been denied, with some degree of warmth, by Mr. Potter, and since by Mr. Graves. The latter says, "The truth of the case, I believe, was, that the Lyttleton family went so frequently with their company to the Leasowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Mr. Shenstone's retirement on every occasion, and therefore often went to the principal points of view without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this, Mr. Shenstone would sometimes peevishly complain; though I am persuaded he never really suspected any ill-natured intention in his worthy and much-valued neighbours."

"The pleasure of Shenstone," says Dr. Johnson, "was all in his eye; he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there was any fishes in his water." It is not surprising that the question should raise his indignation, as it certainly betrayed an inattention to the beauties of his place.

"His house was mean," he adds, "and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation. In time, his expences brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat, and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from fawns and fairies. He spent his estate in adorning it; and his death was probably heightened by his anxieties."

Mr. Graves, however, asserts, that his house was not so mean, or so much neglected as Dr. Johnson's intelligence seems to imply; and expresses his belief, that the facetious intimation of his groves being haunted by duns, is a groundless surmise.

"The same genius was discovered in improving, that, in some measure, appeared in whatever he undertook. He often made his operators remove partitions, the consequence of which, according to their maxims, would prove the downfall of the whole edifice. He gave his hall some air of magnificence, by sinking the floor, and giving it an altitude of ten feet instead of seven. By his own good taste, and his mechanical skill, he acquired two tolerably elegant rooms, from a mere farm-house of diminutive dimensions.

"Mr. Shenstone," he adds, "was too much respected in the neighbourhood to be treated with rudeness; and though his works (frugally as they were managed) added to his manner of living, must necessarily have made him exceed his income, and of course, he might sometimes be distressed for money, yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to insults for trifling sums, and guarded against any great distress by anticipating a few hundreds, which his estate could very well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors after the payment of his debts, and his legacies to his friends, and annuities of 30 l. a-year to one servant, and of 6 l. to another; for his will was dictated with equal justice and generosity."

Before he was entirely settled, and had taken the Leasowes into his own hands, he wrote the *School-mistress* and the *Judgment of Hercules*, and some pieces of a more trivial kind. "He had always," says Mr. Graves, "admired Rowe's song of the *Despairing Shepherd*, said to have been written on Mr. Addison and the Countess of Warwick. And I believe, on parting from Miss Graves, on some occasion, he first sketched out his *Pastoral Ballad*, in that style which I saw two or three years before he went to Cheltenham in the summer of 1743. But meeting there, and becoming very intimate with Miss C——, who is still living, [1788] he became so far enamoured as to feel himself unhappy on leaving Cheltenham and the object of his passion. On this, he enlarged and divided it into the four distinct parts, *Absence*, *Hope*, *Solicitude*, and *Disappointment*.

"Whether Mr. Shenstone was really so deeply in love as he here describes himself, may perhaps be questioned; for, as Lord Shaftesbury observes, "A small foundation of any passion will serve us, not only to act it well, but even to work ourselves into it beyond our own reach." At least, if it were true, as Dr. Johnson asserts, that "he might have obtained the lady to whom his *Pastoral Ballad* was addressed," it must have been a mere poetical flight to talk as he does of her cruelty and infidelity;

She finil'd,—and I could not but love;
She was faithless,—and I am undone.

“ I hardly can believe, as her sister was married to a baronet of considerable fortune, that Miss C——, in her bloom, would have condescended to marry a man, however deserving, of so small a fortune as Mr. Shenstone. And though, from his acquired habits and taste of life, he could not have been happy with a woman of *inferior education*, yet, as he was sensible his income was not sufficient to support a lady of Miss C——’s description, he never aspired to that happiness; as he says, in a letter on this occasion, “ marriage was not once the subject of our conversation, nor even love; as I can add from the best authority :

————— nec conjugis unquam
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.” VIRG.

After his settlement at the Leasowes, though the embellishment of his farm engaged his thoughts, he occasionally wrote most of his elegies, “ partly,” says he, “ to divert my present *impatience*, and partly, as it will be a *picture* of most that passes in my own mind, a portrait which *friends* may value.”

His first *Elegy* (the fourth in the collection), called *Opheia's Urn*, inscribed to Mr. Graves, alludes to a real urn which he had erected in the church at Mickleton, with this inscription :

Utreciæ Smith;
Puellæ simplici, innocuæ, eleganti;
R. G.
Unâ actæ memor pueritiæ
Mærens posuit.
M.DCC.XLIV.

Utrecia Smith was the daughter of a clergyman, who, from the books with which her father supplied her, had formed to herself a good taste of polite literature, and wrote well in prose, and sometimes in verse. A connection of four or five years with a very ingenious clergyman, which, for prudential reasons, he thought proper to break off, proved in its consequence fatal to this extraordinary young woman; and she died soon after, greatly lamented by Shenstone, and many more ingenious young people who had been acquainted with her at her native place.

The *Seventh Elegy* was written about the end of 1743, after his return from Cheltenham. In his way thither he had missed his road, and wandered till ten o'clock at night on the Cotswould hills. He lays the scene on Orwell's banks, as Wolfey was born at Ipswich in Suffolk.

The last *Elegy* on *Jessy*, which has been supposed to relate to an unfortunate and criminal amour of his own, was known by his friends to have been suggested by the story of Miss Godfrey in Richardson's “ *Pamelia*.”

One of his latest performances was his *Ode on rural Elegance*, inscribed to the Duchess of Somerset (Countess of Hertford), a lady distinguished for her exalted piety, as well as every other accomplishment. It was sent to the Duchess at Percy Lodge, by Lady Luxborough; with which, and with her Ladyship's account of the Leasowes, and of Shenstone's character, she professed herself highly pleased.

Lady Luxborough was sister to Bolingbroke, an accomplished lady; wrote elegantly, in French and English, in verse and prose. Living unhappily with her lord, she retired to Barrels, an old seat in Warwickshire, which she had fitted up in an elegant style, and made her environs a perfect Arcadia. Shenstone, Somerville, and the neighbouring clergy, wrote pastoral ballads and sonnets in praise of Lady Luxborough and her Arcadia. She died in 1756. Her “ *Letters*” to Shenstone, which commenced in 1739, and continued to the year of her death, were published in 1775, by Mr. John Hodgetts of Hagley, his executor.

About the year 1750, he had resolution enough to take a journey of near 70 miles across the country, to visit his friend Mr. Whistler, at Whitchurch in Oxfordshire; which, unfortunately, occasioned a temporary coolness and interruption of intercourse between them.

Mr. Whistler lived in an elegant style, and was visited by all the genteel families in the neighbourhood. With manly sense, and a fine genius, he had a delicacy of taste and softness of manners, bordering on effeminacy. He laid a stress on trivial circumstances in his domestic economy, which

Shenstone affected to despise. This disposed him one evening to ridicule Mr. Whistler's great solitude in preparing for an entertainment in his house. Instead of dressing for the company, he continued lolling at his ease, and disputing rather perversely on the folly and absurdity of laying a stress upon such trifles. The dispute ran high; and, although he suppressed his choler that evening, yet he curtailed his visit two or three days, and took a cool leave next morning.

Mr. Whistler died in 1754; and it appears, from a letter on his death, that Shenstone still retained the same warmth of affection for his old friend.

"Poor Mr. Whistler! how do all our little disputes appear to us now! yet we may with comfort reflect that they were not of a kind that affected the *vitals* of our friendship; we fondly loved and esteemed each other—of necessity, *tales animas oportuit esse concordēs, &c.* Not a single embellishment have I given to my place since he was last here; but I have had his approbation and amusement in my eye."

He paid so great a deference to the taste of Mr. Whistler, that he seldom wrote a letter to him without the utmost care and attention, which made him so much lament the destroying that correspondence after his death.

From this time, he went but seldom from home, and grew daily more indolent and sedentary; but he was always alert and attentive to the claims of friendship and benevolence.

As far as his influence extended, he patronized Miss Wheatley, Mr. Woodhouse, and Mr. Giles, and corrected and improved their poetical compositions. He promoted the publication of Livie's elegant edition of Horace; assisted Mr. Hull in writing his tragedy of "Henry II. or the Fall of Rosamond;" and suggested to Dr. Percy, the present respectable bishop of Dromore, the scheme of publishing his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry;" and, as he gratefully acknowledges, greatly assisted him in that work.

As the disproportion of his fortune to the exigencies of his station was generally known among his friends, some of them, in the latter part of his life, and he himself believed, among others, the present Lord Loughborough applied to Lord Bute to procure him a pension. Such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed; but that it was ever asked of the king is not certain. He was made to believe that the patent was actually made out, when his death rendered unnecessary any farther concern of his friends for his future ease and tranquillity in this world.

He had been on a visit to his friend Lord Stamford at Enville, from whence he did not return till Sunday while the people were at church. It was a very cold day; and he was soon after seized with a fever of the putrid kind, which terminated fatally. He died about five on Friday morning, February 11. 1763; and was buried near his brother, under a plain flat stone in the church-yard of Hales-Owen. Afterwards, his friend Mr. Graves erected a neat urn to his memory, in Hales-Owen church, with an inscription, the last line of which has an immediate reference to the place of his interment. An urn was also erected to his memory at Hagley, by his friend Lyttleton; and seats were inscribed to him by Mr. Knight at Wooverly in Worcestershire, and by the Marquis de Girardin at Ermenonville, "the Leafowes of France."

His *Works, in Verse and Prose, most of which were never before printed*, were collected and published, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1764, with an "Account of his Life," and a "Description of the Leafowes," by his friend Doddsley. A third volume, containing his *Letters*, was published in 1769. A poetical description of the Leafowes is printed in "Woodhouse's Poems," and in "Giles's Miscellanies." It has been improved by a plain elegant house, built in 1776, by Edward Horne, Esq. the present possessor, who has inscribed a seat near one of the cascades,

To William Shenstone, Esq.
Whose genius first discovered,
Whose amiable manners recommended,
Whose writings adorned
The beauties of this villa,
(Before neglected and unknown)
This seat, with its concomitant stream,
Is dedicated by
E. H.
1776.

The character of Shenstone has been drawn with sufficient accuracy by Dodsley and Mr. Graves. He seems to have had all the virtues and all the imperfections that attend a generous, easy, indolent disposition. To the essential duties and principles of revealed religion he was sincerely attached. Nothing could be more amiable than his social, or more unexceptionable than his moral character. He was the warmest and most affectionate friend, and never an inveterate enemy. In company with strangers, he felt an awkward restraint; where he was free, his conversation was sensible and sprightly. He sometimes indulged himself in strokes of humour; but the tender and pathetic were more congenial to the natural melancholy of his temper. He was fond of pictures, statues, medals, and every article of vertu, without being a virtuoso, or enthusiastically attached to them. In music and painting he had considerable taste and skill. He was fond of trinkets, such as rings, snuff-boxes, &c; and studied and drew sketches for them, from which the Birmingham people improved their toys. In his person, he was larger than the middle size, but rather of a robust than an elegant form. He had a dull heavy look, unless when his features were animated by any sprightly sentiment, which rendered them extremely pleasing. He was remarkable for wearing his gray hair in a particular manner. His favourite dress was a plain blue coat, and a scarlet waistcoat, with a broad gold lace, which he seldom changed either winter or summer.

As a poet, his merit is sufficiently ascertained; simplicity, delicacy, and tenderness, characterize his compositions more than strength and fire. Many of the feeble pieces, that abate our reverence for his genius, were the ebullitions of an active imagination abounding in leisure, and, for want of some useful employment, amusing itself with trifles. The selection was made by Dodsley, who has printed more than he should have done. Yet, under these disadvantages, his writings in the elegiac and pastoral style, justly entitle him to a high place among our English classics.

His prose essays, though many of them unfinished, discover much justness of thought and expression, and a considerable knowledge of the characters of men. His essays on *Publications*, and on *allowing Merit in others*, show his critical knowledge of books, and their authors. *The Impromptu*, and one or two more humorous essays, are in the style of Addison. His unconnected thoughts on *Gardening*, and on *Men and Manners*, discover, in general, his profound penetration and exquisite taste on almost every subject. Many of them have been adopted by men of more learning, but less genius, in finished treatises. Dr. Enfield has made some use of them in his "Speaker," and Mr. Pratt has formed his "Shenstone-Green" upon one of his speculations.

Shenstone is chiefly admired as an elegiac and pastoral writer. In his elegiac capacity, he seems to have formed himself principally on the tender, the easy, and sweetly plaintive Hammond; whom, if he has not equalled in some departments of beauty, he has excelled in others. Hammond is generally more easy in his expression, more natural and passionate; but he is frequently less elegant; and, from too close a classical imitation, infinitely less original than Shenstone; who may, in some measure, claim the merit of originality in extending this species of poetry to so great a variety of subjects. Most of his elegies convey some moral instruction; and the expression and the imagery are generally tender and poetical. The fourth, the seventh, the tenth, eleventh, sixteenth, and twenty-sixth, deserve particular commendation.

In the seventh elegy, the introduction, the awful appearance of the vision, the contrast between the dangerous heights of ambition and the security of an humble station, and above all, the sudden disappearance of Wolsey's shadow (disconcerted by the force of truth) is admirably expressed:

The troubled vision cast a mournful glance;
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

In the sixteenth elegy, he exhibits the strongest conflict between love and pride that can possibly be imagined, in the person of a lady whose affections had been fixed on an inferior object, in consequence of which, her reason became the victim of her haughtiness.

The twenty-sixth elegy, which describes the melancholy event of a licentious amour, is, both with regard to the subject and the manner of execution, one of the most affecting poems in our language.

His *Pastoral Ballad* has been universally admired, as excellent in its kind; a species of poetry, in which, from his real situation in life, a genius like Shenstone's could not but excel. Akenfide pre-

ferred it to every thing of the kind, either ancient or modern. And the rank which it still preserves among young people of the best taste, is a sufficient proof of its merit. Dr. Johnson, who had an aversion to pastorals in general, only "regrets that it is pastoral," and "sickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *sheep*, and the *kids*." But the ideas of rural innocence and simplicity are so congenial to the human mind, in its uncorrupted state, that, in spite of ridicule, they will always please the generality of mankind.

Of his lyric pieces, the *Ode on Rural Elegance*, *Ode to Memory*, *Verses written towards the close of the Year 1748*, the *Princess Elizabeth*, the *Sky-Lark*, *Nancy of the Vale*, and *Jemmy Dawson*, deserve the highest praise. The first is an *irregular ode*; but the subject, which was then new, is treated in an agreeable manner, and illustrated with many pleasing instances, particularly with that of the amiable lady to whom it is inscribed, who had embellished Percy-Lodge with great taste, and had there reconciled *Art* and *Nature*, who are represented as having been long at variance. It concludes with an elegant apostrophe to the inhabitants of the groves to amuse, but not disturb the noble recluse in her solitude.

The *Schoolmistress*, Dr. Johnson pronounces "the most pleasing of his performances." Warburton (who read every thing), was of the same opinion; and with them the critics and the general readers of poetry agree. Though partly a burlesque poem, it abounds with picturesque strokes, and serious instruction. Of his *Judgment of Hercules*, the general opinion is justly favourable.

From the contempt which Dr. Johnson has thrown on his *Moral Pieces* in blank verse, he might have excepted the poem on *Economy*, addressed to young poets. "I would have ventured," says Mr. Graves, "to pronounce it not inferior to Philips's *Splendid Shilling*," if Mr. Shenstone had lived to correct his own manuscripts, and to prune off some few excrescences and luxuriations of youth when this poem was partly written, though not brought to its present state till he began to experience the futility of that youthful rant, "that economy was beneath the care of a rational creature."

Shenstone enjoyed an intimacy with some of the most eminent of his poetical contemporaries, and carried on an occasional correspondence with persons distinguished for their learning, taste, and good sense. Thomson, Lyttleton, Somerville, Jago, Dodsley, Spence, &c. bear ample testimony to his genius and abilities.

Mr. Wheatley, in his ingenious and elaborate treatise "on Gardening," has paid a just tribute to Shenstone, both as a man of taste and as a poet.

"An allusion to the ideas of pastoral poetry evidently enters into the design of the *Leaflowes*, where they appear so lovely as to endear the memory of their author, and justify the reputation of Mr. Shenstone, who inhabited, made, and celebrated the place. It is a perfect picture of his mind, simple, elegant, and amiable, and will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verse, or whether, in the scenes which he formed, he only realised the pastoral images which abound in his songs."

Gray's opinion of Shenstone, is very unfavourable to his character, both as a writer and a man of sense. "There is Mr. Shenstone, who trusts to nature and simple sentiment, why does he do no better? he goes hopping along his own gravel walks, and never deviates from the beaten path for fear of being lost." This remark, which was made on his pieces in the two last volumes of Dodsley's "Collection," implies some opinion of Shenstone's poetical merit, or why should Gray expect him to do better? It is also a compliment to his discretion, in not launching forth beyond his depth, but confining himself to subjects which he found proportioned to his strength. His *Ode to Memory*, and his *Pastoral Ballad*, are not, however, such performances in their kind as make Shenstone an object of compassion.

What Gray thought of him from the perusal of his *Letters* is more severe, as he makes him guilty of a restless ambition and a ridiculous vanity. "I have read an octavo volume of Shenstone's letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it; his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too." Some of his letters are, no doubt, very trivial; but

his personal character appears in them in the same amiable light as in his poetical compositions; they contain the "history of his mind for the last 24 years of his life."

His letters on the death of his brother are the genuine effusions of a feeling heart, pierced with the most poignant grief and affliction. His account of the people of rank who came to see his place, he wrote only to two of his most intimate friends, Jago and Mr. Graves, among the ordinary occurrences of his life.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnson, cannot be generally allowed, without making considerable exceptions in favour of the *comprehensiveness* of his mind, the *activity* of his curiosity, and the *variety* of his knowledge. The concluding criticism is unreasonably severe. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, he certainly would have been great; with his present store, he is universally allowed to be agreeable.

"His poems consist of *elegies, odes, and ballads, humorous sallies, and moral pieces.*"

"His conception of an elegy he has in his *Preface* very judiciously and discriminately explained. It is, according to his account, the effusion of a contemplative mind, sometimes plaintive, and always serious, and therefore superior to the glitter of flight ornaments. His compositions suit not ill to this description. His topics of praise are the domestic virtues, and his thoughts are pure and simple; but, wanting combination, they want variety. The peace of solitude, the innocence of inactivity, and the unenvied security of an humble station can fill but a few pages. That of which the essence is uniformity, will be soon described. His elegies have therefore too much resemblance of each other.

"The lines are sometimes such as elegy requires, smooth and easy; but to this praise his claim is not constant; his diction is often harsh, improper, and affected, his words ill coined or ill chosen, and his phrase unskilfully inverted.

"The *Lyric Poems* are almost all of the light and airy kind, such as trip lightly and nimbly along, without the load of any weighty meaning. From these, however, *Rural Elegance* has some right to be excepted. I once heard it praised by a very learned lady; and, though the lines are irregular, and the thoughts diffused with too much verbosity, yet it cannot be denied to contain both philosophical argument and poetical spirit.

"Of the rest, I cannot think any excellent; the *Sky-Lark* pleases me best, which has, however, more of the epigram than of the ode.

"But the four parts of the *Pastoral Ballad* demands particular notice. I cannot but regret that it is pastoral; an intelligent critic, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *sheep*, and the *kids*, which it is not necessary to bring forward to notice; for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to show the beauties without the grossness of a country life.

"In the first part are two passages, to which, if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature:

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before, &c.

"In the second, this passage has its prettiness, though it is not equal to the former:

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed, &c.

"In the third, he mentions the common places of amorous poetry with some address:

'Tis his with mock passion to glow, &c.

"In the fourth, I find nothing better than this natural strain of *Hope*:

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes? &c.

"His *Levities* are, by their title, exempted from the severities of criticism; yet it may be remarked, in a few words, that his humour is sometimes gross, and seldom sprightly.

"Of his *Moral Poems*, the first is the *Choice of Hercules*, from Xenophon. The numbers are smooth, the diction elegant, and the thoughts just; but something of vigour is still to be wished, which it might have had by brevity and compression. His *Fate of Delicacy* has an air of gaiety, but not a very pointed or general moral. His blank verses, those that can read them, may probably find to be like the blank verses of his neighbours. *Love and Honour* is derived from the old ballad, "Did you not hear of a Spanish Lady?" I wish it well enough to wish it were in rhyme.

"The *Schoolmistress*, of which I know not what claim it has to stand among the moral works, is surely the most pleasing of Shenstone's performances. The adoption of a particular style, in light and short compositions, contribute much to the increase of pleasure; we are entertained at once with two imitations, of nature in the sentiments, of the original author in the style; and between them the mind is kept in perpetual employment.

"The general recommendation of Shenstone, is easiness and simplicity; his general defect, is want of comprehension and variety. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he could have been great I know not; he could certainly have been agreeable."

THE WORKS OF SHENSTONE.

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

"Tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos,
"Affiduè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita, solus,
"Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani!" VIRG.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

It is observable, that discourses *prefixed* to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the *first place*, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of *elegiac* poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own *opinions* with that *denomination*. He would only intimate the great variety of *subjects*, and the different *styles* in which the writers of elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of *their* example.

If we consider the etymology * of the word, the epithet which † Horace gives it, or the confession which ‡ Ovid makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much, however, that *elegy*, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon *this* as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as *this* is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders them its own. It throws its melancholy *stole* over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that elegies were written at *first* upon the death of *intimate friends* and *near rela-*

tions; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors and illustrious men: one may add perhaps, of all those, who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elysium. (See Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle.)

"Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo."

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of *absent* or *neglected* lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with *this* they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to over-run the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings*, as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of *elegy* to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; till at last, through their abundant fondness for the *myrtle*, they forgot that the *cypress* was *their* peculiar garland.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve *the name*, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper

* ε-λεγος, ε particulam dolendi.

† "Miserabiles elegos." HOR.

‡ "Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit."

OVID. de Morte Tibulli.

* Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan."

OVID.

to examine into the *use* and *end* of elegy. The most important end of *all* poetry is to encourage virtue. *Epic* and *tragedy* chiefly recommend the *public* virtues; *elegy* is of a species which illustrates and endears the *private*. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in *melancholy* which we could not find in *mirth*; and has led us with success to the dusty *urn*, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl; as pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to show the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way distinct from *pastoral*, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in *dignity* and *understanding*. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of *humility*, *disinterestedness*, *simplicity*, and *innocence*: but then there is a *degree* of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these rural virtues; and that raises *elegy* above that *merum rus*, that *unpolished* rusticity, which has given our *pastoral* writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendour will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that *endears* the honest *delights* of love and friendship, that *celebrates* the *glory* of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it *inculcates*, *such* a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the *style* of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable, it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in *shorter* elegies: and its advantages seem to *acquire* an *additional* importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies *not long since published*; the product of a gentleman * of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his *Lycidas*, together with one or two recent and

beautiful imitations of his versification in that *monody*. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove *too much*; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall choose; though it must be owned also, that the choice *they* make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to *compromise* the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the *sense* should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much *ease* into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of *constraint* too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of *elegy*.

The *previous* rhyme in Milton's *Lycidas* is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to *that* kind of versification. But then the peculiar *ease* and *variety* it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of *length*.

The chief objection to which *stanza* of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too *regularly*, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flatter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may, at least in *shorter* elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different *kinds* of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an *excess*. Love-elegy therefore is more negligent of order and design, and being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies, that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects *occasionally*, as particular incidents in life *suggested*, or dispositions of mind *recommended* them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene; who having (whether through choice or necessity, is not material) retired betimes to country-solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural-employments,

* Mr. Hammond.

has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are *his own*, and the embellishment of his *farm* his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance: diffusing at least some *part* of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenor of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarce impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an *entire* ignorance, or to the *least* dislike, of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient *plan* and *method* in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to ex-

hibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.--- If any of those should be so candid, as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the *metre* also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider *this* as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.

If it should happen to be considered, as an object with *others*, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole; it is replied, that he *endeavoured* to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to *risk excluding* the fashionable reader: at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, that poetry without morality is but the *blossom* of a *fruit-tree*. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the *former*, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now 'mid the trees I see my smoke arise;
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.
O may that genius, which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!
Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the
heart, [fame!
But mourns, in labour'd strains, the price of
O lov'd simplicity, be thine the prize!
Assiduous art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm, who, guiltless of disguise,
Conterms the power, the dull resource to feign!
Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears
For lucre's venal meed, invite my scorn!
Still may the bard dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!
Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows;
'Twas his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;

Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artless pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear!
Forego your Pindus, and on ——— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his awful throne,
Write from thy bosom—let not art controul
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil, or our pen design'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!"
"Such the soft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft whilst we sleep beneath the rural bowers,
The loves and graces steal unseen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
When hope exalts thee, or when doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day,
Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
The faithful muse shall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

On posthumous reputation.

TO A FRIEND.

O GRIEF of griefs ! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise ;
O foolish muses ! that with zeal inspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays !

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of fame ?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound ?

Perhaps ev'n genius pours a slighted lay ;
Perhaps ev'n friendship sheds a fruitless tear ;
Ev'n Lyttleton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs ;
Though near his tomb, Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies ?

No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain :
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can every sense of present joys excel :
For this, great Hadrian chose laborious days ;
Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care ?

O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work, through latest ages fair !

Is it with small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy ?
Shall waft like odours through the pleasing page ?

To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines ?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines ?

Ah let not Britons doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosom catch this ancient fire !
Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours but with life expire !

ELEGY III.

On the untimely death of a certain learned acquaintance.

If proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies ;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo ! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier ;
The faithful muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art ;
That odious art which fortune's favourites know ;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound ;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare ;
Virtue he knew ; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair !

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep ;
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold ;
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep ;
And, for his friend, his very crook was fold.

Ye sons of wealth ! protect the muse's train !
From winds protect them, and with food supply ;
Ah ! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain !
The meagre famine, and the wintry sky !

He lov'd a nymph : amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love ; and Cynthia was his theme ;
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream !

His nymph was fair ! the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent shower ;
So Philomel enamour'd eyes the rose ;
Sweet bird ! enamour'd of the sweetest flower !

He lov'd the muse ; she taught him to complain ;
He saw his timorous loves on her depend ;
He lov'd the muse ; although she taught in vain ;
He lov'd the muse, for she was virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors ;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain ;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of vice's brothel, forth to virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give ;
He griev'd that virtue might not wealth obtain ;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The penfive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint ! I saw him sink to rest !
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng ;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain ;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply ;
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry !

Such Alcon fell ; in meagre want forlorn !
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons,
where ?

Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

Ophelia's Urn.

TO MR. GRAVES.

THROUGH the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic fears survey'd !
What shrouded spectres superstition seen !

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but fear's officious hand can paint,
What none, but superstition's eye, survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dew's impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the relics of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

There fame, her clarion pendant at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
"Why has such worth, without distinction, dy'd
"Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh:
And candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb:
And beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
For mournful fable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the muse in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief;
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest favourite is no more.

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship.

TO MELISSA HIS FRIEND.

FROM love, from angry love's inclement reign
I pass a while to friendship's equal skies;
Thou, generous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'Tis thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care:
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath despair!
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of love!
Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!

So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
When strait Vesuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blissful regions! oh unrival'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurs'd domains!
When Pliny, 'mid sulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
Ev'n hope subside amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

TO A LADY ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

COME then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore:
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides---'tis no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade;
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel:
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well----

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I fate,
The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I construed the mellifluous strain.

"Sing on, my bird---the liquid notes prolong,
At every note a lover sheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird---'tis Damon hears thy song;
Nor doubt to gain applause, when lovers hear.

He the sad source of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
Ah could our music his complaints remove!

Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
And see pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
A train of lovers court the chequer'd shade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply:

Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
No lover blest the glow-worm's pallid ray:
But ill-star'd birds, that listening not admir'd,
Or listening envy'd our superior lay.

Cheer'd by the sun, the vassals of his power,
Let such by day unite their jarring strains!
But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

"Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c.

VIRG.

ON distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
P p iij

Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd, like a faithless friend.
 No kind companion led my steps aright;
 No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
 Ev'n the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
 Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.
 Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
 The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
 While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.
 As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
 Where towering Wolfey breath'd his native air;
 A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
 The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.
 Instant a grateful form appear'd confest;
 White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.
 "Stranger, he said, amid this pealing rain,
 Benighted, lonesome, whither would'st thou stray?
 Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
 Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.
 For know I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
 Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
 And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
 To stand beneath the canopies of kings.
 I bade low hinds the towering ardour share;
 Nor meanly rose, to bless myself alone:
 I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
 And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.
 Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
 I saw proud empires my decision wait;
 My will was duty, and my word was law,
 My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."
 Ah me! said I, nor power I seek, nor gain;
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
 And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.
 He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
 Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.
 Beneath that home I scorn the wintery wind;
 The spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
 And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
 O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!
 Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
 I wish to bless, I languish to bestow;
 And though no friend to fame's obstreperous blast,
 Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.
 Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
 Too mean to think that honours are my due:
 Yet, should some patron yield my stores to bless,
 I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
 Shot'st blazing forth; disdaining dull degrees;
 Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
 Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?
 Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
 Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
 Does not felonious envy bar the road?
 Or falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?
 Say, should I pass through favour's crowded gate,
 Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind?
 Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
 My best companion no admittance find?
 Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
 Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own?
 Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
 To spurn an altar, and adore a throne?
 And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
 And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
 Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?
 Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
 Check not my speed where social joys invite!—
 The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
 And sighing vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences.

TO MR. GRAVES, 1745.

Written after the death of Mr. Pope.

Ah me! what envious magic thins my fold?
 What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
 Such lessening fleeces must the swain behold,
 That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please?
 I saw my friends in evening circles meet;
 I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
 I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
 Ah fool! to credit what I heard them say!
 Ill fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
 Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
 Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
 To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.
 Nor could my Graves mistake the critic's laws,
 Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way;
 Welcome such error! ever blest the cause!
 Ev'n though it led me boundless leagues astray!
 Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
 On listening Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?
 While, foe to fortune, uneduc'd by fame,
 I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.
 Youth's gentle kindred, health and love were met?
 What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
 How shall the muse those vacant hours forget?
 Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?
 Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,
 Where love and fancy fix their opening reign;
 How nature shines in livelier colours dress'd,
 To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd
Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslips golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage control;
Hush'd be my grief ere every smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the prostrate ruin lies.

ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

NE'ER must tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India must I ne'er display;
Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor, with Italian sounds, deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And, from my grove, I hear the thrush sing.

My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes:
In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove.
The fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompence in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your sinews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains,
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd!

Would'st thou, my Strephon, love's delighted slave!
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

All fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When love deplores the tyrant power of gain!
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Off from the stream, slow wandering down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;

"Some miser weds, I cry, the captive maid,
"And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the muse's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shun'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, ev'n his self resigns;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a duceat's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing;
Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more?
I'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king.

ELEGY X.

To Fortune; suggesting his motive for repining at her dispensations.

Ask not the cause, why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway!
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name, which all obey?

'Tis not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'Tis not, that on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe, but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear."

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy
"gold,

"Nor let yon rising column more aspire;

"Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold

"Thy fortunes mouldering and thy domesentire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;

"He planted, scornful of my sage commands;

"The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;

"The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth
display,

Displays it aught but penury and pride?

Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

"How would some flood, with ampler treasures
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil! [blest,
How must * Velino shake his reedy crest!

How every cygnet mock the boastive rill!

* A river in Italy.

Fortune, I yield ! and see, I give the sign ;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home ;
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And, with retorted eye, forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains ;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall :
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
" And my warm hopes, in full pursuit, recall.

Descend, ye storms ! destroy my rising pile ;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway ;
Contented I, although the gazer smile
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the sun regales his wanton herd ;
Guileless of envy, why should I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd ?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share ;
But ah ! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods ! must my Delia, must my Delia bear ?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress ? to Marian's gold ?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please ?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold ?

" Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair ;
" Ye glittering daughters of disguise, adieu !"
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
But will the rural thane decide so true ?

Ah ! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns !
'Tis thy false glare, O fortune ! thine they see :
'Tis for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

*He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of
life is over.*

TO MR. JAGO.

Ah me, my friend ! it will not, will not last !
This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes !
The charm dissolves ; th' aerial music's past ;
The banquet ceases, and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome ?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home !

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain !
What has the world to bribe our steps astray ?
Ere reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shown the whole that fortune can supply ;
Since, not the miser so careles'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part ;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace !
'Twas life, 'twas taste, and—oh my foolish heart,
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art ! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone :

" Though gold, though splendor, heaven and fate
" deny.

" Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own !"

Smit with the charms of fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trim'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of health and fame divide !

Oft too I pray'd, 'twas nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home ;
To see my trees express my planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 'tis o'er, the dear delusion's o'er !
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul :
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth ! enchanting state, profusely blest !
Bliss ev'n obtrusive courts the frolic mind ;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest ;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair ;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing ;
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures, transports void of care !
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu !
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue !

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day !
Again to trace the wintery tracks of snow !
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey,
The self-same hawthornsbud, and cowslips blow !

O life ! how soon of every bliss forlorn !
What start false joys, and urge the devious race :
A tender prey ; that cheers your youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

ELEGY XII.

His recantation.

No more the muse obtrudes her thin disguise !
No more with awkward fallacy complains,
How every fervour from my bosom flies,
And reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more she paints the breast from passion free ;
I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—
Ah, need I, Florio, name that wish to thee !

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine !
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest free,
Has gentle Delia trip'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee ?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

To a friend, on some slight occasion estranged from him.

HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial with resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Would'st thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Would'st thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mold,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend!

Yes, we have met—thro' rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern fate his ebon wand display;
And paint the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
"To let suspicion intermix a fear."

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

WHILE others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!

Th' exotic folly knows its native clime;
An awkward stranger, if we waft it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'Tis long since freedom fled th' Hesperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine,
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant * perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless war dismay'd;
Ah! hapless realms that war's oppression feel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd host the vice of truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy flowery stores;
Thy thousand hues by chemic suns refin'd;
'Tis not the dress or mien thy soul adores,
'Tis the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's breast † could virtue's stores af-
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight? [ford,

* The cinnamon.

† Written a few years after the time of Capt Grenville's death, which happened in 1747. The earldom of Temple was not created till 1749.

The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
 The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.
 Thee, Grenville, thee with calmest courage fraught,
 Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
 Thee by the virtues arm'd, the graces taught,
 When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?
 Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
 What shall it now in recompence decree?
 While friends that merit every earthly joy,
 Feel every anguish; feel the loss of thee!
 Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
 No more the muse of partial praise arraign;
 Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
 And, if she glory, glories not in vain.

ELEGY XV.

In the memory of a private family in Worcester-
 shire.*

FROM a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
 The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
 Still, as the village caught the waving sound,
 A swelling tear distream'd from every eye.
 So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
 When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
 For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
 Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!
 'Twas good Palemon---near a shaded pool,
 A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
 The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
 This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.
 A few small spires to Gothic fancy fair,
 Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;
 'Twas here his youth respir'd its earliest air:
 'Twas here his age breath'd out its last adieu.
 One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
 One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
 In his young breast the virtues sprung so fair,
 Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.
 But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
 A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
 Blasts the fair crop---the fire is drown'd in tears,
 And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!
 O'er the pale corse we saw him geetly bend;
 Heart-chill'd with grief---"My thread, he cry'd,
 is spun!
 If heaven had meant I should my life extend,
 Heaven had preserv'd my life's support, my son.
 Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the stroke were mild,
 Had my frail form obey'd the fate's decree!
 Blest were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
 Heaven so pleas'd, and I had dy'd for thee."
 Five sleepless nights he stem'd this tide of woes;
 Five irksome suns he saw, through tears forlorn!
 On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
 From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

*The Penns of Harborough.

'Twas on those downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd,
 Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!
 Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
 They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their
 mind.
 'Twas there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
 O milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
 War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
 And freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.
 No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
 To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
 If fostering skies, the sun, the shower were blest,
 Their bounty spread; their fields extent the same.
 Those fields, profuse of raiment, food and fire,
 They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
 Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
 And avarice to city-breasts descend.
 None, to a virgin's mind, prefer'd her dower;
 To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
 The fire, in place of titles, wealth or power,
 Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.
 They spoke of fortune, as some doubtful dame,
 That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
 From lucre's vagrant sons had learnt her fame,
 But never wish'd to place her banners here.
 Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
 Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give,
 Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way;
 Those cooling fruits that we may taste and live.
 Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
 From their own streams their choicer fare they
 drew,
 To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
 The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!
 Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find
 The common bosom, like their own, sincere!
 'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
 'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.
 Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane, [er:
 Their suppliant busts implore the reader's pray-
 Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
 And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.
 For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,
 That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
 The friends of science! music, all their own;
 Music the voice of virtue and of love!
 The journeying peasant through the secret shade,
 Heard their soft lyres engage his listening ear;
 And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
 No angel play'd---but might with transport
 hear.
 For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!
 Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!
 Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life:
 To pity pomp, to be content with peace.
 Farewell, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
 The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
 Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live,
 Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modest merit of his line display'd;
Then pious Hugh, Vigornia's mitre wore---
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade!

ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

WHEN genius grac'd with lineal splendor glows,
When title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shows;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendor's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;
'Tis the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades;
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely through the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from love's unequal chain,
Has fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illumine the desert plain,
Ev'n I may wonder, and ev'n I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe! the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore;
Loose flow'd the soft redundancy of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flowery wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of every plain; she pillag'd every grove!
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire; [stray'd;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear an hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

The world is frantic---fly the race profane---
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

My love is young---but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

What, shall I stain the glories of my race?
More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's
beam?

The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

See through these veins the Sapphire current
shine!

'Twas Jove's own nectar gave th' ethereal hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine?
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
He frown'd---I smiling view'd the faint essay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
Our sacred race; through demigods, convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My godlike boy, must wed their duteous maid.

Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My fire's dread fury murmurs through the sky;
And should I yield---his instant rage appears;
He darts th' uplifted vengeance, and I die.

Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!
'Twas then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul:
'Twas then---I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

'Twas then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;---
Yet such his beauty---would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume,
And I shall die---before I find my love.

When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye,
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the
sky, [shade.
The gems that bound his brow, dispell'd the

O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase!
Till, on a sudden, these with-held their light---
All, all things envy the sublime embrace,

But now no more---behind the distant grove,
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see, he grasps the steel---forbear, my love---
Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of spleen.

AN ELEGY TO THE WINDS.

"Æole, namque tibi divum pater atque hominum
 "Et mulcere dedit mentes, & tollere vento." [rex]

STERN monarch of the winds, admit my prayer!
 A while thy fury check, thy storm confine!
 No trivial blast impells the passive air;
 But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
 The peaceful regions of content invade!
 With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
 With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, spleen; and dread the sway
 Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire;
 Through one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
 Through one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
 Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
 I stand aghast; and, chill'd with fear, survey
 How far I've tempted life's deceitful stream!

Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
 Shall wretched fancy a retreat explore?
 She flies the sad presage of coming years,
 And forrowing dwells on pleasures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends she roves;
 But friends and patrons never to return!
 She sees the nymphs, the graces, and the loves,
 But sees them, weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,
 Oh ill forsaken for Boeotian air!
 She deems no flood reflect so bright a beam,
 No reed so verdant, and no flowers so fair.

She dreams beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
 Thy bays might ev'n the civil storm repel;
 Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
 And with no cheerful accent cries, farewell!

Farewell, with whom to these retreats I stray'd!
 By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd!
 Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
 And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow;
 Sees every muse a partial ear incline;
 Bids with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
 Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to please,
 Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
 Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease;
 Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
 Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
 Alas! there echo will repeat the tale---
 Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone;
 Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;

Away my friends! my sorrows are my own!
 Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
 Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell!
 There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
 And from the mouldering refuse, build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!
 Trace every dismal proof of fortune's power;
 Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
 Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tower.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
 Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
 Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn;
 Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
 Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strewn;
 Let banish'd Marius, lowering by thy side,
 Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear!
 My trembling nerves abhor thy rude controul;
 And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
 Ere one vast death like darkness shocks my soul!

Forbear thy rage---on no perennial base
 Is built frail fear, or hope's deceitful pile;
 My pains are fled---my joy resumes its place,
 Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of Colin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.

"Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
 "Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
 "Avertes: victumque feres." VIRG.

NEAR Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
 A * tuneful shepherd charm'd the listening
 And sunny Cotswold fondly lov'd the strain; [wave;
 Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
 To feel his music with my flames agree!
 To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
 To taste and fancy it was dear to thee.

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
 I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
 I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
 I'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shivering beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
 When death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing
 tongue;
 The more I found his faltering notes decay,
 The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu my flocks, he said! my wonted care,
 By sunny mountain, or by verdant shore!
 May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
 And may you need your Colin's crook no more!

And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
 To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead;

* Mr. Somerville.

But if the sky with showers incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

Where the wild thyme perfumed the purpled
heath,

Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrors of an early grave;
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bath'd them in the lucid wave?

Ah heedless Albion! too benignly prone
Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd prudence never yet be thine?

From the fair natives of this peerless hill
Thou gav'st the sheep that browse Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams their native guardians far!
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chaunts his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

But Albion's youth her native fleece despise;
Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan:
In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
Allur'd by every treasure, but their own.

Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
Anxious, to see the wintery tempest drive;
Preserve, said I, preserve your fleece, my sheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.

Ere long she came: ah! woe is me, she came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of British hills to fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
That virtue's dress, and beauty's are the same.

Will no fam'd chief support this generous maid?
Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the British loom?

What power unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
Sure 'tis the genius of the land inspires,
To breathe my latest breath in ***'s praise.

O might my breath for ***'s praise suffice,
How gently should my dying limbs repose!
O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

*** was born to spread the general joy;
By virtue wrapt, by party uncontroul'd;
Britons for Britain shall the crook employ;
Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

Written in Spring 1743.

AGAIN the labouring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave:
Another spring renews the soldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid Alpheus hurry'd through my groves;
Yet stop'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower;
My breast, unfully'd by the lust of gold;
My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of fate;
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I dress'd an altar to Thalia's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowers,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

Damon, she cry'd, if pleas'd with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the false dictates of the venal race;
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with fortune's votaries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
"Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial powers!
Aid me to quell the sordid breast, I said;" [towers*.
And threw my javelin tow'rs their hostile

Think not regretful I survey the deed;
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant, to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
Such generous hate the Punie champion † bore;
Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
And Cannæ's walls, and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair shine his arms in history enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punie pride its final eve survey'd;
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire:
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidal plenty pil'd,
He saw th' unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

Think not, he cry'd, ye view the smiles of ease,
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;

* A Roman ceremony in declaring war.

† Hannibal.

I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
 Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!
 But were it cordial, this detested smile,
 Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
 O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
 The sordid source of your indecent woe!
 Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye
 When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
 Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
 When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?
 'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd! honour'd
 shade!
 Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
 Has freedom shar'd the vow to fortune paid,
 She ne'er, like fortune, had forsook thy shore!
 He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;
 Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;
 Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
 And falling moistens their abandon'd gold.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others; and his subjection to Delia with the miserable servitude of an African slave.

Why droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn,
 Why sinks my soul beneath this wintery sky?
 What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
 What myriads, wish to be as blest as I!
 What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
 Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
 Nor costly art my flowery dales disguise,
 Where only simple friendship deigns to stray?
 See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
 That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
 How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
 Where the sharp east for ever, ever blows!
 Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
 My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
 The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
 The pang she causes, 'tis ev'n bliss to bear.
 See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
 Ah! not in love's delightful fetters bound!
 No radiant smile his dying peace restores; [wound.
 Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals his
 Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
 Shall I the mockery of grief display?
 No let the muse his piercing pangs disclose,
 Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away.
 On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
 Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
 He dropt a tear unseen into the flood;
 He stole one secret moment, to repine.
 Yet the muse listen'd to the plaints he made;
 Such moving plaints as nature could inspire:
 To me the muse his tender plea convey'd,
 But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.
 "Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
 What savage race protects this impious gain?
 Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land,
 And more than sea-born monsters plough the main?"

Here the dire locusts horrid swarms prevail;
 Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
 Here the dry dipsa with his sinuous mail;
 Can we not here secure from envy dwell?
 When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chase,
 When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
 What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race?
 A race more polish'd, more severe than they!
 Ye prouling wolves, pursue my latest cries!
 Thou hungry tiger, leave thy reeking den!
 Ye sandy wastes, in rapid eddies rise!
 O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!
 Yet in their face superior beauty glows;
 Are smiles the mien of rapine and of wrong?
 Yet from their lip the voice of mercy flows,
 And ev'n religion dwells upon their tongue.
 Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
 Where gentle minds convey'd by death repair,
 But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with
 crimes,
 Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?
 No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
 Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
 They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
 And feign these distant regions to repay.
 For them our tusked elephant expires;
 For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
 Where rove the brutal nations wild desires?
 Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!
 Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
 And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
 Where tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,
 Where every breeze shall med'cine every wound.
 There the stern tyrant that embitters life
 Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
 There shall we view the billows raging strife,
 Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

Thus Damon sung—What though unknown to
 praise
 Umbrageous coverts hide my muse and me;
 Or 'mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,
 Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.
 To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
 Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave!
 To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
 Forego the flowery fields my fortune gave?
 Lord of my time my devious path I bend,
 Through fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven
 Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend, [lawn;
 And hail the scene by nature's pencil drawn.
 Thanks be to fate—though nor the racy vine,
 Nor fattening olive clothe the fields I rove,
 Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
 And every silvan grott the muses love.

Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,
 Where hood and cowl devotion's aspect wore,
 I trace the tottering reliques with a smile,
 To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn;
 Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
 Pleas'd if mine eye, o'er thousand vallies borne,
 Discern the Cambria hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! ev'n the youthful fight
 Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
 Such Caer-caradoc! thy stupendous height,
 Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science tir'd,
 Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
 There, by the love of novel plaints inspir'd,
 Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
 The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
 Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
 For here he saw fair liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
 Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
 Above all Persian luxe, or Attic art,
 The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame;
 Sires, to his praise, attun'd their children's
 The hoary druid fed the generous flame, [tongue;
 While in such strains the reverend vizard sung.

"Go forth, my sons!—for what is vital breath,
 Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
 Go forth, my sons! for what is instant death
 To souls secure perennial joys to find?"

For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
 Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's
 wound;
 Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
 With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
 Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
 To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
 If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
 What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms;
 This is the favour'd moment heaven approves,
 Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to
 arms."

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
 To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
 Ev'n the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
 To give new horrors to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
 For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
 The lifted youth, nor war's loud signal know,
 Nor virtue's call, nor fame's imperial prize.

Then if soft concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
 Inert and silent slept the manly car;
 But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful sleep,
 If freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
 Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine;

To taint his virtue with a foreign stain,
 Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.

Leave them, O luxury! this happy soil!
 Chase her, Britannia, to some hostile shore!
 Or * fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil,
 And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

*Written in the year —, when the rights of sepulture
 were so frequently violated.*

SAY, gentle sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
 Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
 Whence my late vision thus endures the light;
 Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day?

The silent moon had scal'd the vaulted skies,
 And anxious care resign'd my limbs to rest;
 A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
 And Silvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
 That led the dance beneath the festive sha
 But she that, in the morning of her day,
 Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
 No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,
 No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpass;
 Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;
 Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening
 crowd;

Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace:
 Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lip's ethereal charm the same;
 That dear distinction every doubt remov'd;
 Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
 Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon, she said, mine hour allotted flies;
 Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
 Though griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise,
 Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

So may thy muse with virtuous fame be blest!
 So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
 So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,
 Fast by the relics of some happier maid!

Thou know'st, how lingering on a distant shore
 Disease invidious nipt my flowery prime;
 And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
 To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

No friend was near to raise my drooping head;
 No dear companion wept to see me die;
 Lodge me within my native soil, I said;
 There my fond parents honour'd reliques lie.

Though now debarr'd of each domestic tear;
 Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
 There many a friend shall grace my woful bier,
 And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

I spoke, nor fate forbore his trembling spoil;
 Some vernal mourner lent his careless aid;
 And soon they bore me to my native soil,
 Where my fond parents dear remains were laid.

* Alludes to a tax upon luxury.

'Twas then the youths, from every plain and grove,
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Silvia's bier;
'Twas then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

But why, alas! the tender scene display?
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 'twas Damon first attun'd his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
When savage robbers every sanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands;
Or, in my kindred's dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey;
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
If health's fair science be by these refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire;
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

Yet hard it seems, when guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire courage of inhuman foes.

Where is the faith of ancient pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
Nature, instinctive, cries, Protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame:

Arise, dear youth! ev'n now the danger calls;
Ev'n now the villain snuffs his wonted prey;
See! see! I lead thee to yon' sacred walls—
Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

Reflections suggested by his situation.

BORN near the scene for Kenelm's fate renown'd
I take my plaintive reed, and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of empire, and of love.

Fast by the centre of yon' various wild,
Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
Kendria's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could every care employ;
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy?

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were fortune, ah! how just were fate,
Would fate or fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudulent maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way;

The youth all prone the sister guide obey'd;
Ill-fated youth! himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game;
Since Lyttleton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough Bowman urg'd his headlong speed,
Immortal bards, a polish'd race, retire;
And where hoarse scream'd the strepit horn succeed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson loitering near some limpid well,
For Britian's friend the verdant wreath prepare,
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell,
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!

See ***** from civic garlands fly,
And in those groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon' summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope, ah never must that towering mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return?
What art! what friendships! oh! what fame re-
sign'd!

—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!
Through these dear valleys bend my casual way,
Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate:
Or shrink to find, how much ambition dares,
To shine in anguish and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O sun! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?
Where, show me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parent smile is half sincere;
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And ev'n the beardless lip assays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous
round;

The glance, that more than rural blame instills;
Whispers, thatting'd with friendship doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

There anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Careless brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and prudence warns the wife,
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all her rivals! sister, son, and fire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign;
But lay me, fate! on flowery banks secure,
Though my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lay;
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
I scorn the quarry, where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
His love at once, and his ambition's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

*He takes occasion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne,
to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.*

WHEN beauty mourns, by fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising sigh.

Fair Eleonora! would no gallant mind,
The cause of love, the cause of justice own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen anguish every rose devour; [fell.
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they

Through one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive funs a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear; then fated fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its listening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, ****, the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days,
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

Ev'n me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
Ev'n me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

What though thy riper mind admire no more—
The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold,
Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn;
The futile presents of capricious power!
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
And who but envies then the social hour?

VOL. XI.

Can virtue, careless of her pupil's need,
Forget how **** sustains the shepherd's cause?
Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding paean of applause?

For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the muse's favourite ease;
And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

Life, says the sage, affords no bliss sincere;
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:
But ah! where Grenville charms the listening ear,
'Tis hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay.
Ev'n thickets yield delight, if taste preside;
But can they please, when Lyttelton's away?

Pure as the swain's the breast of *** glows,
Ah! were the shepherd's phrase, like his, re-
fin'd!

But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmost wish in ***'s periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move, [sphere!
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the

While rural faith, and every polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the sun.

Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk; no more by passion tost:
Then seek thy rustic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where every art, that colours life, is lost."

In vain! the listening muse attends in vain!
Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve; and sadden all my strain,
When injur'd beauty mourns the muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

*To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much
his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.*

WHATE'ER could sculpture's curious art employ
Whate'er the lavish hand of wealth can shower,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but fate denies the power.

Blest were my lot to feed the social fires!
To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Blest too is he, whose evening ramble strays,
Where droop the sons of indigence and care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expence, their fondest prayer!

And oh the joy! to shun the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

Qq

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve!
 Whose virtue in our cultur'd vales appear!
 For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
 And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost worth from its oppressive shade;
 To fix its equal sphere and see it shine;
 To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
 This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
 To range where daisies open, rivers roll;
 While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
 And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
 And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
 A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
 Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share;
 Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow:
 The rest will breath as sweet, will glow as fair,
 As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire;
 The kid again shall wanton ere 'tis noon;
 Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
 O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
 And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
 Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay;
 And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
 I bless the silent path the fates decree;
 Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
 To raise the moment-crown'd with bliss and thee.

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

Why mourns my friend! why weeps his down-
 cast eye!
 That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to
 shine?

Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
 Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
 Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
 Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
 That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
 Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
 Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
 And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
 Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell;
 Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
 Nor had I bid these vernal sweets, farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
 My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
 In fortune's train the syren flattery smil'd,
 And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
 Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
 I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
 Nor dropt the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
 Expence, and art, and toil, united strove;
 To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
 Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
 I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
 I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
 And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
 I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
 Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
 Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
 When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
 Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdued,
 See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
 I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
 I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
 When will the morn's once pleasing scenes re-
 turn?

Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
 But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
 That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
 For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
 And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with
 shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
 The sportive lamps, increase my pensive moan;
 All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
 And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
 Where bloom the jasmynes that could once allure,
 Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
 For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

Ye flowers that well reproach a nymph so frail;
 Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
 The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
 Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
 And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee;
 Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
 That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
 I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
 To die I languish, but I dread to die,
 Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
 And let me silent seek some friendly shore;

There only, banish'd from the form I love,
 My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.
 Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
 Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
 Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
 That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.
 Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
 Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
 Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
 Not such the precepts from his lips I drew!
 Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
 Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
 Envy may flight a face no longer fair;
 And pity, welcome, to my native soil."
 She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
 Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;

Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
 And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
 I saw her breast with every passion heave;
 I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
 Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
 The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
 O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
 My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
 Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
 But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
 From Jessy floating on her watery bier!

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
 And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
 Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
 Will aught the muse inspire!
 Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
 That drowns the sacred lyre!
 Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
 Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
 Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
 Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
 For you does echo bid the rocks reply, [cry?
 And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial
 See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
 The wretched swain your sport survey;
 He finds his faithful fences torn,
 He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
 He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
 Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
 And with no random curses loads the deed.
 Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
 That nature smiles for you alone;
 Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
 The proud, the selfish boast disown:
 Yours be the produce of the soil:
 O may it still reward your toil!
 Nor ever the defenceless train
 Of clinging infants ask support in vain?
 But though the various harvest gild your plains,
 Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
 Or the warm hope of distant gains
 Far other cause of glee supply?
 Is not the red-streak's future juice
 The source of your delight profound,
 Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
 Purpling a whole horizon round?

Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
 But though, the pebbled shores among,
 It mimic no unpleasing song,
 The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
 Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;
 Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
 The dappled mead without a smile.
 O let a rural conscious muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day.
 Exclude the taste of every swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight;
 She, where she pleases kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd;
 Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble hair-bell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells the dale subside;
 Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering
 sight, [delight.
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with

With what suspicious fearful care
 The sordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his
 name!

What scruples lest some future birth
 Should litigate a span of earth!

Bonds, contracts, scoffments, names unmeet for
 prose,
 The towering muse endures not to disclose ;
 Alas ! her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial fort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea :
 Each laughing muse derides the vow ;
 Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted from his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dower.
 His breast to admiration prone
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great ;
 When, cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat ;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
 When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 You throttle chaunt the rising year ?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains ?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of power, unknown to half man-
 kind ?

Ah, can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place ?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires :
 While studious of the moral theme,
 She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swain's inglorious day ;
 Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides
 away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly pensive mind !
 On whose fair birth the graces mild,
 And every muse prophetic smil'd,
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell ;
 Or, on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell ;
 The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart ; [prove
 Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and
 All nature's charms immense, and heavens un-
 bounded love.

And oh ! the transport, most ally'd to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,

To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around :
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead ;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meandering mazes lead ;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom ;
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flowers, woods and spires, and brighten
 all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !
 O beauties never known to cloy ! [bower,
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd
 And every gentle breast partakes the joy !
 While charity at eve surveys the swain,
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain ;
 See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it
 with her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft, unsocial toils, of indolence and shame ?
 Search but the garden, or the wood,
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,
 Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone ; [dwell,
 There while the seeds of future blossoms
 'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please
 the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing ?
 Why flows the pine's nectareous juice ?
 Why shines with paint the linnet's wing ?
 For sustenance alone ? For use ?
 For preservation ? Every sphere
 Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.
 And sure there seem, of human kind,
 Some born to shun the solemn strife ;
 Some for amusive tasks design'd,
 To sooth the certain ills of life ;
 Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
 New fountains of bliss disclose,
 Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands ; from the view
 Of rural nature's blooming face,
 Smit by the glare of rank and place,
 To courts the sons of fancy flew ;
 There long had art ordain'd a rival seat ;
 There had she lavish'd all her care
 To form a scene more dazzling fair,
 And call'd them from their green retreat
 To share her proud controul ;
 Had given the robe with grace to flow,
 Had taught exotic gems to glow ;
 And, emulous of nature's power,
 Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flower ;
 Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
 Moulded each rustic limb anew,
 And warp'd the very soul.
 A while her magic strikes the novel eye,
 A while the fairy forms delight ;
 And now aloof we seem to fly
 On purple pinions through a purer sky,

Where all is wondrous, all is bright:
 Now landed on some spangled shore
 A while each dazzled maniac roves
 By sapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
 Paternal acres please no more;
 Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
 Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
 The rural herds, the vernal gale,
 The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
 The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
 Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
 And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!
 'Tis nature only bears perpetual sway.
 We pierce the counterfeit delight,
 Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams.
 Fancy again demands the sight
 Of native groves and wonted streams,
 Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful
 eyes, [guise.

Where truth maintains her court, and banishes dis-

Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,
 With nature here high converse hold;
 For who like Stamford her delights admire,
 Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
 Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
 Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
 Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,
 Friendship in artless guise array'd,
 Honour and moral beauty shine [divine.
 With more attractive charms, with radiance more

Yes, here alone did highest heaven ordain
 The lasting magazine of charms,
 Whatever wins, whatever warms,
 Whatever fancy seeks to share
 The great, the various, and the fair,
 For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
 Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
 'Midst all the city's artful trim,
 To rear some breathless vapid flowers
 Or shrubs fuliginously grim:
 From rooms of silken foliage vain,
 To trace the dun far distant grove,
 Where, smit with undissembled pain,
 The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
 Borne to the dusty town from native air,
 To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,
 Should all who taste our joy sincere,
 To virtue, truth, or science dear,
 Forego a court's alluring pale,
 For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
 For that rich luxury of thought they love!
 Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
 Examples for its giddy bands:
 From these impartial heaven demands
 To spread the flame itself inspires;
 To sift opinion's mingled mass,
 Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,
 Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
 Round the gay precincts of a throne,

With mild effective beams!
 Who bands of fair ideas bring,
 By solemn grot, or shady spring,
 To join their pleasing dreams!
 Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
 They only that deserve, enjoy.
 What tho' not fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
 Nor Naiad near their fountain rove,
 Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
 A train of smiling virtues bright
 Shall there the wise retreat allow,
 Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wan-
 derer's brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
 Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war;
 By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
 In whom their gifts united shine,
 No longer shall their counsels jar.
 'Tis her to mediate the peace;
 Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
 The rebel seeks her awful queen,
 And havoc and contention cease.
 I see the rival powers combine,
 And aid each other's fair design;
 Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
 Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the
 field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
 O warble forth your noblest lay;
 Where Somerset vouchsafe to rove,
 Ye leverets, freely sport and play,
 —Peace to the strept horn!
 Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
 No sounds inelegant and rude
 Her sacred solitudes profane!
 Unless her candour not exclude
 The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
 Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
 Fearful, yet not averie, that Somerset should hear.

ODE TO MEMORY. 1748.

O MEMORY! celestial maid!
 Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by time;
 And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
 Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
 Bring, bring those moments to my mind
 When life was new, and Lesbia kind.
 And bring that garland to my sight,
 With which my favour'd crook the bound;
 And bring that wreath of roses bright
 Which then my festive temples crown'd;
 And to my raptur'd ear convey
 The gentle things she deign'd to say.
 And sketch with care the muse's bower,
 Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
 Nor yet omit one reed or flower
 That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
 If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
 When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
 But sure, to sooth our youthful dreams,
 Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
 Than other banks, than other streams!

Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume thy beauties not their own?
And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chafe those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleas'd in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:

*A ballad alluding to a story recorded of her, when
she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554.*

Will you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway.

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cry'd.

"Bred on plains, or born in vallies,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the art of malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?"

Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear:
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above?
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love?

Love like air is widely given;
Power nor chance can these restrain:
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven!
Only purest on the plain:

Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As, on Sundays, does the lover
With his nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe's near;
Fops may use the same allusion;
But the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove:
Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY.

*Somewhat too solicitous about her manner of ex-
pression.*

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream,
Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And oh may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every study'd grace excel;
Let art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY OF THE VALE. A BALLAD.

"Nerine Gallatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
 "Candidior cygnis! hederâ formosior albâ!"

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray:
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove;

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale!
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That floats on Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom;
 Her eye, all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found;
 And shadowing rock and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet;
 Or fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline:
 "Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
 Has won my right good will;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego;

The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

ODE TO INDOLENCE. 1750.

Ah! why for ever on the wing
 Persists my wearied soul to roam?
 Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
 Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
 From paradise's honour'd groves,
 Careless fatigues his little frame;
 Nor finds the resting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
 My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
 Ah, gentle sloth! indulgent spread
 The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
 Yet every worldly prospect cloy?
 Lend me, soft sloth, thy friendly aid,
 And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
 That never ebbs, that never flows;
 Protected by the circling wood
 From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
 Where oft thy votary shall be found;
 What time pale autumn lulls the skies,
 And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
 That haunt ambition's guilty shrine;
 No more perplex the world in vain,
 But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
 If e'er I shar'd thy balmy power;
 If e'er I sway'd my active mind
 To weave for thee the rural bower;

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
 Each unavailing sigh remove;
 And only let me wake to share,
 The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE TO HEALTH. 1730.

O HEALTH, capricious maid!
 Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
 Where I had hope to share thy power,
 And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
 It 'vails not whether muse or grace,
 With tempting smile, frequent the place:
 I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
 Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
 Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
 Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;
 I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
 Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
 O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave;
And though with purest hand I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes,
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, midst his unremitting snows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My towering mind shall soon disdain,
Should scorn---Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And blest with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell;

Temperance should guard the doors;
From room to room should memory stray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores---

These let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene:
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine fair queen's alone.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY *.

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY. 1738.

Ah! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart?

* Lady Luxborough.

Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To sooth the miseries they show?
What, like the bliss for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simplest hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain:
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flowers.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they scale,
Behold contentment range---the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning, then, deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excels?

UPON A VISIT TO THE SAME, IN WINTER. 1743.

On fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd spleen away!

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays:
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams:
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre:
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye;
No cheerful azure decks the sky;
Yet still we bless the low'ring day;
Asteria smiles---and all is gay.

Hence let the muse no more presume,
To blame the winter's dreary gloom;
Accuse his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,

I go---to meet the coming year,
On savage plains, and deserts drear !

I go---to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the spring my loss atone !
But 'mid the flowery sweets of May
With pride recall this winter's day.

AN IRREGULAR ODE AFTER SICKNESS.

1749.

"---Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus."

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone ;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'Twas from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The sun's forgotten beams :
O sun ! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams !

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song :
And thus, in feeble strains and flow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

"Come, gentle air ! my languid limbs restore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore :
For sure, I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love :

To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies ;
Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes ;
And banish'd in their prime.

Come, gentle air ! and, while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jas'mine's breath divine ;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaft eglantine.
And may't thou shun the rugged storm
Till health her wonted charms explain,
With rural pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form.

While from this lofty mount I view
The sons of earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step contentment's obvious
way.

Come, gentle air ! and thou, celestial muse,
Thy genial flame infuse ;
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild retirement's gloomy shade ;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may flight, but partial friends will praise."

The gentle air allow'd my claim ;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers ;
Such as the bee, with chemic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sabea's blooming vales.

But ah ! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By precepts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan
Oh, how should they relieve ?---the muses all were
flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland shades,
I fondly sought the charming maids ;
By woodland shades, or flowery plain,
I sought them, faithless maids ! in vain !
When lo ! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendship lead,
To visit Luxborough's honour'd bower.

Ah foolish man ! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades ;
Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd
ground,

When sounds ethereal strike my ear ;
At once celestial forms appear ;
My fugitives are found !

The muses here attune their lyres,
Ah partial ! with unwonted fires ;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd e'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace,
How every muse, and every grace,
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blossoms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glow's not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
But, torn methought from native lands or seas,
From their arrangement, gain fresh power to
please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows ;
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose :
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow ;
Others arrang'd the curious tome ;
Or, 'mid the decorated space,
Assign'd the laurell'd bust a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of show,
And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

Ah ! woe is me, said I ;
And * * * 's hilly circuit heard my cry,
Have I for this, with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop every winding shore ;
And fringe with every purple rose,
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows ?

Ah ! lovely treacherous maids !
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale disease, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song, or plan the shade ;

By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd.
Thus I may rage and grief display;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a grace or muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME COLOURED PATTERNS OF FLOWERS.
October 7, 1736.

MADAM,

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artless seem
the lines,

From one unkill'd in verse, or in designs;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gilded want of sense.

Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my
lay,

To praise one fair, another shall decay.
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languish, when Selinda's near:
A fate revers'd no smiling rose shall know,
Nor with reflected lustre doubly glow.
Praises which languish when apply'd to you,
Where flattering schemes seem obviously true.

Yet sure your sex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in softness, and alike in pride:
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to shine,
Both rush to danger, and the shades decline;
Expos'd, the short-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey:
Chang'd with each wind, nor one short day the
same,

Each clouded sky affects their tender frame.
In glaring Chloe's man-like taste and mien,
Are the gross splendours of the tulip seen:
Distant they strike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleasing charms display.
To form the nymph, a vulgar wit must join,
As coarser foils will moist the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the jas'mine paint,
Too faintly soft, too nicely elegant.
Around with seeming sanctity endued,
The passion-flower may best express the prude.
Like the gay rose, too rigid Silvia shines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.

Faint these productions, till you bid disclose,
The pink new splendours, and fresh tints the rose:
And yet condemn not trivial draughts like these,
Form'd to improve, and make ev'n trifles please.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blast the most aspiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects shine,
The taper sickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple violet lives,
And the pale lily sprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me shall glow inferior far,
And with less pleasing lustre shine the star.

Let serious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like these bestow too soft a name;

Each gentler art with wise indifference view,
And scorn one trifle, millions to pursue:
More artful I, their specious schemes deride:
Fond to please you, by you in these employ'd;
A nobler task, or more sublime desire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inspire:
The sweets of tranquil life and rural ease
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
Where gentle pleasure shows her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flower;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
Dawns, with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, smiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noon-day glade:
Some visionary fair she cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when she seems like you.
Yet nature some for sprightlier joys design'd,
For brighter scenes, with nicer care, refin'd.
When the gay jewel radiant streams supplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
When dress and pomp around the fancy play,
By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away;
When theatres for you the scenes forego,
And the box bows, obsequiously low:
How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
The mossy grotto, or the flowery lawn!
Though roseate scents in every wind exhale,
And sylvan warblers charm in every pale.

Of these be hers the choice whom all approve;
And whom but those who envy, all must love:
By nature modell'd, by experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault:
Pleas'd ev'n to hear her sex's virtues shown,
And blind to none's perfections but her own:
Whilst, humble fair! of these too few she knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repose:
From wit's wild petulance serenely free,
Yet blest in all that nature can decree.
Not like a fire, which, whilst it burns, alarms;
A modest flame, that gently shines and warms:
Whose mind, in every light, can charms display,
With wisdom serious, and with humour gay;
Just as her eyes in each bright posture warm,
And fiercely strike, or languishingly charm:
Such are your honours—mention'd to your coast,
Those least can hear them, who deserve them most:
Yet ah! forgive—the less inventive muse,
If e'er she sing, a copious theme must choose.

*Written in a Flower Book of my own colouring,
designed for Lady Plymouth. 1755-4.*

“Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ.” HOR.

BRING, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerless dame!
But ah! since envious winter lowers,
And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
Let art and friendship joint essay
Diffuse their flowerets in her way.

Not nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'Twas in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade;
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep?

But hush—from this auspicious hour,
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
And, robb'd of darts, and stript of power,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Castalion fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of love invade;
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From love we learn to swell the lyre;
And echo asks no sweeter song.

O D E. WRITTEN 1739.

"Urit spes animi credula mutui." HOR.

'Twas not by beauty's aid alone,
That love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted power display'd;
'Tis kindness that secures his aim,
'Tis hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
To prove the charmer kind---

Though wit might gild the tempting snare,
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By envy's self admir'd;

If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every grace adorn
What every muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre---
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
Which love-sick swains endure:
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart;
And smiles---must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love,
Experience hourly shows!
Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes;
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his fate:
Till, led by fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wise---too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With towering hopes supply'd:
See heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs;
Then took the field---and dy'd.

THE DYING KID.

"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit---" VIRG.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell:
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells, with what delight he stood,
To trace his features in the flood:
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew, to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die---

But knows my Delia, timely wife,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more ;
Ah soon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee ;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care ;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date ;
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies !

S O N G S,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1737
AND 1742.

S O N G I.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold :
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

S O N G II.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day !
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round !
The river gliding down the dale !
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see :
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

S O N G III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every British mind ;
Be sure ye sooth their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away :
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere, a free-born swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan ;
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

S O N G IV.

THE SKY-LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way ;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn ;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G V.

" Ah ! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
" Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem."

ON every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial spring in vain !
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me ;
Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What blest to me can seasons bring ?
Or what the needless pride of spring ?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield;
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon insincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG VI.

THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and shape and air;
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants---the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore;
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smile's distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves!
And from her zone, the nymph may find,
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

THE lovely Delia smiles again;
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we see the tempest lower;
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every raptur'd note express
The joy I feel---when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien;
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;

Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The scene improves, where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same:
And let their very changes prove
The never-vary'd force of love.

SONG IX. 1743.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'Tis said that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny;
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove,
Where blooms the sovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns, upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
To tempt a votary's prayer!
How would his humble homage tower
Should he behold my fair!

Yes---might the pagan's waking eyes,
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG X. 1743.

THE fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;
A little space is given; in vain:
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes---but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

PERHAPS it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love---averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel---it is not love---

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is---it is love's subtle fire,
And under friendship lurks desire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before
To fix alone---on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye:
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should eastern kings advance;
Could I the pageant see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Nor steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd
the rill;

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I
fung, [tongue;
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my

But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might
hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew:
The graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the muses are all in alliance with love!

SONG XIV.

THE ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Daphne, see, Florelia cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempted it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

The nymph reply'd---You first, my swain,
Confin'd your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms,
You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

SONG XV.

WINTER. 1746.

No more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preserves her voice,
And she---repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmurs seem to say,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine;
And each in sullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost controul;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

SONG XVI.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise :
Display at once your brightest dyes ;
That she your opening charms may see :
Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower :
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair!
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom !
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG XVII.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN
SONGS.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove ;
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

SONG XVIII.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien :
Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day ;
Methinks to my enchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft, engaging air :
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay :
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

O lovely maid ! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere.

Pity my wild delusive flame :
For though the flowers are still the same,
To me they languish, or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

SONG XIX.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid !
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run ;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun !
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the
 plains; [pains;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my
 love! [o'er;
Be still though, my heart! thine emotion give
Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bowers,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flowers !
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursued,
And to think with what kindness my garland she
view'd ! fo'er

But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no
more.

A PARODY.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs---how brisk! the swains---how gay!
To see Asteria, queen of May!
The parsons round, her praises sung!
The steeples, with her praises rung!---
I thought---no sight, that e'er was seen,
Could match the sight of Barel's-green!---

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd---
The chief of poets, and the pride---
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre !
Their lovely season, now, is o'er !
Thy notes, Florelia, please no more !
No more Asteria's smiles are seen !---
Adieu !---the sweets of Barel's-green !

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of Ooze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her favourite calm that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flowery spray :
And frugal of her time she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

Descend, she cries, thou hated shower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,

For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play.
You too, my Silvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll:
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.
Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
And thou art Damon's only theme;
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

O D E.

So, dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every muse,
When every grace benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could choose
To bless her lov'd, her only child:
'Tis thine, so richly grac'd to prove
More noble cares, than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of time.
Together mus'd in search of truth,
O'er learned sage, or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime;
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the dryads of the woods
Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And fame sits listening for thy lays
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shows her tortur'd breast:
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

TO THE HON. SIR RICHARD LYTTLETON.

THE morn dispens'd a dubious light
A fullen mist had stol'n from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.
Though school'd from fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each lowering sky,
Would oft his fate bemoan;

That he in sylvan shades, forlorn!
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn.
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleasures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forego.

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks shun the day:
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remarks the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see the radiant sun once more
The brightening face of heaven restore
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And, more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think * Bridgewater's honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed that blows
Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive:
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
The prime of all the spring;
If haply thus yon lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring,

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien;
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copses green;

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
While busy fancy calls to mind
The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As through enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could every nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?

* The Duchess, married to Sir R. Lyttleton.

Else, by the blooming features fair
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'Twere Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight
'Mid lonely deserts drear;
All as at eve, the sovereign flower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cry'd,
Must I ambition's charms deride,
Her subtle force disown;
No more of fawns or fairies dream,
While fancy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
I deem'd that splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If beauty aid, or merit blend
Its more illustrious ray?

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
Since Guernsey saw without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The * partner of his early days,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n through life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To smile familiar here:
O form'd by nature to disclose
How fair that courtesey which flows
From social warmth sincere.

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The noblest breast that virtue fires,
The graces love, the muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say, Thomson, here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I drest,
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays,
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envy'd his impartial muse
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight,
Antiquity with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruins moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recal!
The pomp of ancient days.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;

Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

Ev'n Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless! through the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings!
Though form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove
Inglorious, through the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bathful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the babbling floods
Through self-worn mazes flow.

Say, Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd?

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear,
Ye sailors, though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other spheres to charm,
The shepherds' breasts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttleton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How fortune too conspires with fame;
The song should please mankind.

VERSES

Written towards the close of the year 1748.

TO WILLIAM LYTTLETON, ESQ.

How blithly pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O pensive autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, winter, haste; usurp the sky;
Complete my bower's decay.

R 5

* They were schoolfellows.

Ill can I bear the motely cast
 Yon sickening leaves retain;
 That speak at once of pleasure past,
 And bode approaching pain.
 At home unblest, I gaze around,
 My distant scenes require;
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.
 Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
 Inspiring autumn sung;
 Yet how should we the months regard,
 That stopt his flowing tongue?
 Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
 To whose hard share it fell!
 For sure he was the gentlest breast
 That ever sung so well.
 And see, the swallows now disown
 The roofs they lov'd before;
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
 To glad some happier shore.
 The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
 The sportman's frantic deed;
 While hounds and horns and yells unite
 To drown the muse's reed.
 Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,
 Ye skies no longer blue!
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
 To bear these frowns from you.
 Where is the mead's unfullied green?
 The zephyr's balmy gale?
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
 That brighten'd every vale?
 What though the vine disclose her dyes,
 And boast her purple store;
 Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
 Can sooth our sorrows more.
 He! he is gone, whose moral strain
 Could wit and mirth refine;
 He! he is gone, whose social vein
 Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.
 Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise
 In yon sequester'd grove,
 To him a votive urn I raise;
 To him, and friendly love.
 Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and sad,
 I grave your Thomson's name;
 And there, his lyre; which fate forbade
 To sound your growing fame.
 There shall my plaintive song recount
 Dark themes of hopeless woe;
 And faster than the dropping fount,
 I'll teach mine eyes to flow.
 There leaves, in spite of autumn green,
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
 And spring will there again be seen,
 To call forth flowers around.
 But no kind fons will bid me share,
 Once more, his social hour;
 Ah spring! thou never canst repair
 This loss, to Damon's bower.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, WHEN YOUNG.

SHALL love alone for ever claim
 An universal right to fame,
 An undisputed sway?
 Or has not music equal charms,
 To fill the breast with strange alarms,
 And make the world obey?
 The Thracian bard, as poets tell,
 Could mitigate the powers of hell;
 Ev'n Pluto's nicer ear:
 His arts, no more than love's, we find
 To deities or men confin'd,
 Drew brutes in crowds to hear.
 Whatever favourite passion reign'd,
 The poet still his right maintain'd
 O'er all that rang'd the plain:
 The fiercer tyrants could assuage,
 Or fire the timorous into rage,
 Whene'er he chang'd the strain.
 In milder lays the bard began;
 Soft notes through every finger ran,
 And echoing charm'd the place:
 See! fawning lions gaze around,
 And, taught to quit their savage sound,
 Assume a gentler grace.
 When Cymon view'd the fair one's charms,
 Her ruby lips, and snowy arms,
 And told her beauties o'er:
 When love reform'd his awkward tone,
 And made each clownish gesture known,
 It show'd but equal power.
 The bard now tries a sprightlier sound,
 When all the feather'd race around
 Perceiv'd the varied strains;
 The soaring lark the note pursues;
 The timorous dove around him coos,
 And Philomel complains.
 An equal power of love I've seen,
 Incite the deer to scour the green,
 And chase his barking foe.
 Sometimes has love, with greater might,
 To challenge—nay—sometimes—to fight
 Provok'd th' enamour'd beau.
 When Silvia treads the smiling plain,
 How glows the heart of every swain,
 By pleasing tumults tost!
 When Handel's solemn accents roll,
 Each breast is fir'd, each raptur'd soul
 In sweet confusion lost.
 If she her melting glances dart,
 Or he his dying airs impart,
 Our spirits sink away.
 Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
 And thou, great artist! urge no more
 Thy unresisted sway.
 Thus love or sound affects the mind:
 But when their various powers are join'd,
 Fly, daring mortal, fly!
 For when Selinda's charms appear,
 And I her tuneful accents hear—
 I burn, I faint, I die!

COMPARISON.

'Tis by comparison we know
On every object to bestow
Its proper share of praise:
Did each alike perfection bear,
What beauty, though divinely fair,
Could admiration raise?

Amidst the lucid bands of night,
See! Hesperus, serenely bright,
Adorns the distant skies:
But languishes amidst the blaze
Of sprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
Or Silvia's brighter eyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
I like the melancholy strains,
And praise the tuneful bird:
But vainly might she strain her throat,
Vainly exalt each swelling note,
Should Silvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
Supine I rest my weary head,
The fragrant pillow charms:
Yet soon such languid bliss I'd fly,
Would Silvia but the loss supply,
And take me to her arms.

The alabaster's wondrous white,
The marble's polish strikes my sight,
When Silvia is not seen:
But ah! how faint that white is grown,
How rough appears the polish'd stone,
Compar'd with Silvia's mien!

The rose, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
With flowers enamell'd, blooming reigns,
With undisputed power,
Plac'd near her cheek's celestial red,
(Its purple lost, its lustre fled,)—
Delights the sense no more.

ODE TO CYNTHIA,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now in the cowslip's dewy cell
The fairies make their bed,
They hover round the crystal well,
The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her song
Tunes sweetest in the wood;
The twittering swallow skims along
The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiss
In fragrance to the sense;
The happy shepherd feels the bliss,
And she takes no offence.

But not the linnet's sweetest song
That ever fill'd the wood;
Or twittering swallow that along
The azure liquid flood

Skims swiftly, harbinger of spring,
Or morning's sweetest breath,
Or Flora's kiss, to me can bring
A remedy for death.

For death—what do I say? Yes, death
Must surely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia flights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.

No more with festive garlands bound,
I at the wake shall be;
No more my feet shall press the ground
In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I'll keep,
To some dark cave I'll fly;
I've nothing now to do but weep,
To mourn my fate, and sigh.

Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
Are heard at dead of night;
But they, alas! are doom'd to rise
Like smoke upon the sight.

They rise in vain, ah me! in vain
Are scatter'd in the wind;
Cynthia does not know the pain
That rankles in my mind

If sleep perhaps my eye-lids close,
'Tis but to dream of you;
A while I cease to feel my woes,
Nay, think I'm happy too.

I think I press with kisses pure,
Your lovely rosy lips;
And you're my bride, I think I'm sure,
Till gold the mountain tips.

When wak'd, aghast I look around,
And find my charmer flown;
Then bleeds afresh my galling wound,
While I am left alone.

Take pity then, O gentlest maid!
On thy poor Damon's heart:
Remember what I've often said,
'Tis you can cure my smart.

JEMMY DAWSON. A BALLAD.

Written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

R r ij

Their colours and their fash he wore,
And in the fatal drefs was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said,
Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a pray'r for thee,
My orizons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to list the giver's name.

But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
Yet, yet, she cry'd, I follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
The pure and lasting love I bore;
Accept, O heav'n! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due:
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS. 1743.

"Arbusta humilesque myricæ." VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown.
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart:
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace, wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:

Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
“How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.”

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
“O Phyllis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?”

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despight,
And the woodbines give up their perfume:
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be fought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

R r iij

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
 Yet that witness the woes I endure ;
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair, and how fickle, they be.
 Alas ! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes ?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain :
 The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
 High transports are shown to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own ;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phyllis had known.
 O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

LEVITIES; OR PIECES OF HUMOUR.

* ON MISS M——S'S DANCING, 1743.

Of all that gives politeness birth,
 Of all that claims to please,
 In motion, manners, or in mirth,
 The surest source is ease.

With silent step, and graceful air,
 See gentle Sylvia move ;
 Whilst heedless gazers, unaware,
 Relinquish their soul to love.

Accomplish'd maid ! my trivial rhyme
 Must do thy graces wrong ;
 Who dost not only dance *in time*,
 But steal, like *time*, along.

* IMPROMPTU TO MISS UTRECIA SMITH, ON HER NOT DANCING, 1743.

Whilst round in wild rotations hurl'd,
 These glittering forms I view,
 Methinks the busy restless world
 Is pictur'd in a few.

So may the busy world advance,
 Since thus the fates decree :
 It still may have its busy dance,
 Whilst I retire with thee.

FLIRT AND PHILL ;

A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

A WIT, by learning well refin'd,
 A beau, but of the rural kind,
 To Sylvia made pretences ;
 They both profess'd an equal love ;
 Yet hop'd by different means to move
 Her judgment or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
 Watch'd the best minutes to be seen ;
 Went—when his glass advis'd him :
 While meagre Phill of books inquir'd ;
 A wight, for wit and parts admir'd ;
 And witty ladies priz'd him.

* Not printed in any former edition of his works.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too ;
 To hear the one, the other view,
 Suspended held the scales :
 Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share,
 Let none the preference declare,
 But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE LADY,

BURIED IN MARRIAGE TO A PERSON UNDESERVING HER.

'Twas always held, and ever will,
 By sage mankind, discreeter,
 T' anticipate a lesser ill,
 Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
 And languishing conditions ;
 Who don't the lesser ills sustain
 Of physic and—physicians ?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
 He that but little wife is,
 Full gladly pays four parts in eight
 To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
 For lost ships not requitting :
 This bears our noble king, to shun
 The loss of blood—in fighting !

With numerous ills, in single life,
 The bachelor's attended :
 Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
 And much the case is mended !

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
 Foreseeing future woe,
 Chose to attend a monkey here,
 Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA ; A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

" Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ."

NIGHT's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
 And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed :
 When love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
 Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And pur around, and gently lick his face:

To all his complaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

Could I (he cry'd) express, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face;
Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
When'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil in pearly rills,
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see them thrum the frying-pan!

With her! I should not envy George his queen,
Though she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen:
Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair one's gown,
In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

Ah! now it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell;
Would that but sing, "I like thee passing well!"

When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft! how easy did her accents flow!
"Get out, she cry'd, when strangers come to sup,
"One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up."

Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envy'd even that salute;
'Twas sure misplac'd—Shock said, or seem'd to say,
He had as lief, I had the kick, as they.

If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O may'st thou ne'er by Eolus be seen,
For he would sure demand thee for his queen.

But should the flame this rougher aid refuse,
And only gentler med'cines be of use; [strife,
With full-blown cheeks she ends the doubtful
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

Such arts as these exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er;
And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more!

With all her haughty looks the time I've seen,
When this proud damsel has more humble been,
When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round,
And dropp'd it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

Look, with what charming grace! what win-
ning tricks!
The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
Oft I have said—there were no need of candles.

But thou my fair! who never wouldst approve,
Or hear the tender story of my love;
Or mind, how burns my raging breast—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton.

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the fable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with those they should deny;
To those, they love, more exquisitely coy!

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling
voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporate and dies.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD, 1737.

'Twas in a land of learning,
The muses favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As—tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour,
Than I cou'd write—in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin less refin'd, Sir;
But this, a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd;
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, Sir

His breakfast, half the morning,
He constantly attended;
And when the bell rung
For evening song,
His dinner scarce was ended!

He spar'd not ev'n heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And would make no more
Of king Arthur's *, by the score
Than all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy,
He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea:
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him—

A trap in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't;
And, such was the gin,
Where a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited,
The fact I'll not belye it—
Since none—I'll tell you that—
Whether scholar or rat
Mind books, when he has other diet:

* By Blackmore.

But more of trap and bait, Sir,
 Why should I sing, or either?
 Since the rat, who knew the flight,
 Came in the dead of night,
 And dragg'd them away together:
 Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
 Through a fracture in the flooring;
 Which, though so trim
 It now may seem,
 Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages!
 Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
 Had the rat which thus did seize on
 The trap, less claim to reason,
 Than many a skull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
 Were vermin of condition;
 But this rat who merely learn'd
 What rats alone concern'd,
 Was the greater politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, Sir;
 Since traps we may determine,
 Will no longer take our vermin,
 But vermin * take our traps, Sir.

Let fops, by rats infested,
 Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
 Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
 In our studies; where, d' ye see,
 No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains;
 Good luck betide our cats, Sir;
 And grant that the one
 May quell the Spanish Don,
 And the other destroy our rats, Sir.

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow,
 'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
 But 'tis his herds that low.

ON MR. C——. OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

Thy verses, friend, are Kidderminster † stuff,
 And I must own you've measur'd out enough.

TO THE VIRTUOSOS.

HAIL, curious wights! to whom so fair
 The form of mortal flies is!
 Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
 Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
 You make your sportsman fallies;
 Or that your prey in gardens found
 Is urg'd through walks and alleys.

Yet, in the fury of the chase,
 No slope could e'er retard you;

* Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

† Famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

Blest if one fly repay the race,
 Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
 Pursued the glittering stranger;
 Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
 And knew not fear nor danger.

'Tis you dispense the favourite meat
 To nature's filmy people;
 Know what conserves they choose to eat,
 And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
 You sage assistance lend her;
 Can sloop to pimp for amorous flies,
 And help them to engender.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour;
 And when the birth's at hand,
 Exerting your obstetric power,
 Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh! howe'er your towering view
 Above gross objects rises,
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,
 Hear, what a friend advises:

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, must prize
 Domitian's idle passion;
 That wrought the death of teasing flies,
 But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor thus your hearts determine,
 To slight dame nature's fairest form
 And sigh for nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux,
 Nor more as triflers treat 'em:
 'Tis better learn to save one's clothes,
 Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

“ Aliusque et idem.”

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
 A plain brown bob he wore;
 Read much, and look'd as though he meant
 To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
 His resolution flag;
 He cherishes a length of hair,
 And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
 But gets into the house,
 And soon a judge's rank rewards
 His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bobs! ye bags, give place!
 Full bottoms come instead!
 Good Lord! to see the various ways
 Of dressing—a calf's head?

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE.

A COMMON CASE.

“ Suade, nam certum est.”

SAYS Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid)
 “ I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;

Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

Nay don't make a jest on't; 'tis no jest to me;
For 'faith I'm in earnest, so pr'ythee be free,
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew
her,

But I'd have thy advice, ere I tie myself to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "To speak my opinion,
There is not such a bitch in King George's do-
minion,

And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
Thou would choose out a whipping-post, first to be
ty'd to.

She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."

Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had
said.

A BALLAD.

"Trahit sua quemque voluptas."

FROM Lincoln to London rode forth our young
squire, [admire;
To bring down a wife whom the swains might
But, in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddesses objected the length of the way!

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country-
hall;

To have neither China nor India to see!
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick,
and Clive,

Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forego the full box for his lonesome abode,
O heavens! she should faint she would die on the
road;

To forego the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'twas in vain to require it;
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to de-
fire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet fingers of
Ruckholt,

Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recal,
And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-
hall.

To be sure she could breathe no where else but in
town, [clown;

Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed

SLENDER'S GHOST. *Vide Shakspeare.*

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve me thought I spy'd
Poor Slender's ghost that whimpering cried,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards! give ear!

Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal muse engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you! whose love-sick minds
No med'cine can assuage!
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And ye whose souls are held,
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend and imitate my strains?
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And you who boast or grieve,
What horrid wars we wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
Expresses all you have to say,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

THE INVIDIOUS.

MART.

O FORTUNE! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou may'st allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now.
Yet think not, goddesses! I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.
In a well-made effectual string,
Fain would I see Lividio swing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But such a cur's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddesses! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

"Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
"Et regem potes, Ole, non habere." MART.

I ASK'D a friend amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—dost ye mind?
That with the footmen stuck behind?"
O Sir! says he, what! han't you seen it?
'Tis Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'Tis odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon!—"True;
But faith his equipage is new."

"Bless me, said I, where can it end;
What madness has possess'd my friend?
Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
Their stomachs doubtless not the smallest!

Can Damon's revenue maintain
In lace and food, so large a train?
I know his land—each inch of ground—
'Tis not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole estate can bear
To keep his lad and one-horse chair,
I own 'tis past my comprehension."
Yes, Sir, but Damon has a pension—
Thus does false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude and folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run,
And when the radiant task is done,
Confess, through all the globe, 'twould pose him,
To match the charms that Celia shows him.

And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him,
To match—what Celia never shows him.

INSCRIPTION,

TO THE MEMORY OF A. L. ESQUIRE,

To the memory
Of A. L. Esquire,
Justice of the peace for this county;
Who in the whole course of his pilgrimage
Through a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithstanding the scoffs of ill-disposed persons,
And wits of the age,
That ridiculed his behaviour;
Or censured his breeding;
Following the dictates of nature,
Desiring to ease the afflicted,
Eager to set the prisoners at liberty,
Without having for his end
The noise, or report such things generally cause
in the world,
(As he was seen to perform them of none)
But the sole relief and happiness
Of the party in distress;
Himself resting easy,
When he could render that so;
Not griping or pinching himself,
To hoard up superfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his possession
What gives more disquietude, than pleasure;
But charitably diffusing it
To all round about him:
Making the most sorrowful countenance
To smile
In his presence;
Always bestowing more than he was asked,
Always imparting before he was desired;
Not proceeding in this manner
Upon every trivial suggestion,
But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence and undauntedness
of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and economy
of face;
Bidding loud defiance
To politeness and the fashion,
Dared let a f—t.

TO A FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade,
Why don't ye play?—the girls afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
'Tis but to pass the time away—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As though she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, hagling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—blood never doubt it,
It's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought, and thought, and miss'd her aim,
And Ned ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wondrous true,
That verse is but a game at loo.
While many a bard, that shows so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil;
And play for nothing all the while:
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:
Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant scenes the trifter roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves:
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the God bestows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorers,
In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the cards come next my fingers—
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well now, who wins? why still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.

"I've done; (she mutter'd) I was saying,
It did not arguify my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot choose,
But think or not think—some must lose.
I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a babby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and see,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.
'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—
He'll suffer for it, when he's marry'd."

Thus Sal with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned sat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,
Sate down, and scribbled in a trice,
Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along;

And trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;
Accept this verse howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!
Which many wish, and few must wear?
Which some men's indolence can gain,
And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what must Sal or poet sue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse, for luck at loo?

Ah no! 'tis genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through skill, secures the game.

THE POET AND THE DUN. 1741.

"These are messengers

"That feelingly persuade me what I am." *Shakesf.*

Come, a dun in the morning and raps at my door— [more—

"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and I'm sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, Sir,—But Job would be paid, Sir, had Job been a mercer."

[ways." My friend have but patience—"Ay these are your I have got but one shilling to serve me two days—But Sir—pr'ythee take it, and tell your attorney, If I han't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey.

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,

And calmly consider,—consider, vexation!

What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,

And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!

What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now beaten,

Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten! What porter, what turnspite, can deem his case hard! [bard!

Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,

Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer; Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf, And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.

One's credit, however, of course will grow better; Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear Sir! I received your obliging epistle, Your fame is secur'd—bid the critics go whistle. I read over with wonder the poem you sent me; And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me.

The audience, believe me, cry'd out every line Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine; All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,

And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty. I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted: Sir Richard, for much a less genius, was knighted. Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye; [ye."

I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper, And waste that, and health, and my time, and my tap er:

I scribble till morn, when, with wrath no small store,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.

"Ah! friend, 'tis but idle to make such a pother, Fate, fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cott, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life'd dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

A SIMILE.

WHAT village has but sometime seen,
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclept a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see;
Who, with her plastic tongue alone,
Produc'd a visage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
The powerful force of education*—
Perhaps yon crowd of swains is viewing
E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:
His tenants of superior sense
Carouze, and laugh, at his expence;
And deem the pastime I'm relating,
To be as pleasant, as bear-baiting.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"Sir, will you please to walk before?"
—No, pray Sir—you are next the door.

* Of a fond matron's education.

—“ Upon mine honour, I'll not stir—”
 Sir, I'm at home, consider, Sir,—
 “ Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first.”
 Well, if I must be rude, I must—
 But yet I wish I could evade it—
 'Tis strangely clownish, be persuaded—
 Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;
 It flies, while you display your breeding;
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.
 O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
 To come behind you unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs!
 But death's at hand—let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends! or he'll surprise ye.

Besides, how insincere you are!
 Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
 And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
 And all for this—to lead the way?

Such is my theme, which means to prove,
 That though we drink, or game, or love,
 As that or this is most in fashion,
 Precedence is our ruling passion.

When college-students take degrees,
 And pay the beadle's endless fees,
 What moves that scientific body,
 But the first cutting at a gawdy?
 And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
 That starve and languish as physicians,
 Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
 The fat apothecary's chariot?
 But that, in Charlot's chamber (see
 Moliere's “ *Medecin malgre lui* ”)
 The leach, howe'er his fortunes vary,
 Still walks before th' apothecary.

Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
 And all that shines, and all that warms;
 In vain all human race adore her,
 For—Lady Mary ranks before her.

O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
 You who are neither vain nor jealous!
 The softest breast, the mildest mien!
 Would you not feel some little spleen,
 Nor bite your lip nor furl your brow,
 If Florimel, your equal now,
 Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
 First serv'd—though in a dish of coffee?
 Plac'd first, although, when you are found,
 You gain the eyes of all around?
 Nam'd first, though not with half the fame,
 That waits my charming Celia's name?

Hard fortune! barely to inspire
 Our fix'd esteem, and fond desire!
 Barely, where'er you go, to prove
 The source of universal love!
 Yet be content, observing this,
 Honour's the offspring of caprice:
 And worth, howe'er you have pursued it,
 Has now no power—but to exclude it.
 You'll find your general reputation
 A kind of supplemental station.

Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
 He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
 So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
 And well the wit secur'd his aim.

A common patriot has a drift,
 Not quite so innocent as Swift:
 In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
 “ He's honest, faith”—have patience, neigh-

bours,
 For patriots may sometimes deceive,
 May beg their friends' reluctant leave,
 To serve them in a higher sphere;
 And drop their virtue, to get there.—

As Lucian tells us, in his fashion
 How souls put off each earthly passion,
 Ere on Elysiu's flowery strand
 Old Charon suffer'd them to land;
 So ere we meet a court's caresses,
 No doubt our souls must change their dresses:
 And souls there be, who, bound that way,
 Attire themselves ten times a day.

If then 'tis rank which all men covet,
 And saints alike and sinners love it;
 If place, for which our courtiers throng
 So thick, that few can get along;
 For which such servile toils are seen,
 Who's happier than a king!—a queen.

Howe'er men aim at elevation,
 'Tis properly a female passion:
 Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
 Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.

Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
 You'd hint a beau was not a man:
 Say, women then are fond of places;
 I wave all disputable cases.
 A man perhaps would something linger,
 Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
 Or were an ear or toe the price on't,
 He might deliberate once or twice on't;
 Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on't,
 And many, as their frame grows old,
 Would hardly purchase it with gold.

But women wish precedence ever;
 'Tis their whole life's supreme endeavour;
 It fires their youth with jealous rage,
 And strongly animates their age.
 Perhaps they would not sell out-right,
 Or main a limb—that was in fight;
 Yet on worse terms they sometimes choose it;
 Nor ev'n in punishments refuse it.

Pre-eminence in pain, you cry!
 All fierce and pregnant with reply.
 But lend your patience, and your ear,
 An argument shall make it clear.
 But hold, an argument may fail,
 Beside my title says, a tale.
 Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
 Avon, the muses' favourite theme!
 Avon, that fills the farmers' purses,
 And decks with flowers both farms and verses,
 She visits many a fertile vale—
 Such was the scene of this my tale.
 For 'tis in Evesham's vale, or near it,
 That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
 The soil with annual plenty blest
 Was by young Corydon possess'd.
 His youth alone I lay before ye,
 As most material to my story:
 For strength and vigour too, he had them,
 And 'twere not much amiss, to add them.

Thrice happy lot! whose wide domain
 Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,

In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd, and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me;
—But happier bards have been before me!
Amongst the various year's increase,
The stripping own'd a field of pease;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.
Each morn discover'd to his sight,
The shameful havock of the night:
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no instructions where to find them.
The devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have seen the devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has said it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us;
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then old Noll was one in ten,
And fought him more than other men.
Our shepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay:
When lo, a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidst the pease, the sinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themselves had sown them.

'Tis worth a sage's observation
How love can make a jest of passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to love unpaid!
And love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd anger out of door;
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile:
And knowing well 'twas all grimace.
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.

The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompence:
That recompence from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful muse to name.
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'Twas what Bet ** grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.
Each stood a while, as 'twere suspended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.

At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies
'Tis vain to strive—justice, I know,
And our ill stars, will have it so—
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And show some deference for age!
I from a distant village came,
Am old, God knows, and something lame;
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body first.

Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain

With goddesses he stood suspended,
And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to beauty.

O D E

*To be performed by Dr. Brettie, and a Chorus of Hales-
Owen Citizens.*

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I say, awake good people!
And be for once alive and gay;
Come let's be merry; stir the tippie;
How can you sleep,
Whilst I do play? how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take!
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of skill, and judgment deep!
Zoonsters they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go *Soft music.*
Whilst I do play?
Sal.—How could they go! *Warlike music.*
How should they stay?

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

WHEN Celia, love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez first was marry'd;
And angry Cupid came to know,
His shafts had err'd, his bow miscarry'd;
He sigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full sad, he laid him;
When Plutus, there by fortune led,
In this desponding plight survey'd him.

And sure, he cry'd, you'll own at last
Your boasted power by mine exceeded:
Say, wretched boy, now all is past,
How little she your efforts heeded.

If with success you would assail,
Gild, youngster, doubly gild your arrows:
Little the feather'd shafts avail, [sparrows,
Though wing'd from Mamma's doves and

What though each reed, each arrow grew,
Where Venus bath'd herself; depend on't,
'Twere more for use, for beauty too,
A diamond sparkled at the end on't.

Peace, Plutus, peace!—the boy reply'd;
Were not my arts by your's infested,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle, unmolested.

See yonder pair! no worldly views
 In Chloe's generous breast resided:
 Love bade her the spruce valet choose,
 And she by potent love was guided.
 For this! she quits her golden dreams,
 In her gilt coach no more she ranges:
 And her rich crimson, bright with gems,
 For cheeks impearl'd with tears, she changes.
 Though fordid Celia own'd your power,
 Think not so monstrous my disgrace is:
 You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
 I gain'd a score in different places.

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

WELL, Ladies—so much for the tragic style—
 And now the custom is to make you smile.
 To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
 Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?
 The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
 The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
 My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
 When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
 Out of my house!—this night, forsooth depart?
 A modern wife had said—"With all my heart—
 But think not, haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
 Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—

Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
 And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
 Such is the language of each modish fair;
 Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
 The time has been when modesty and truth
 Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth:
 When women hid their necks, and veil'd their
 faces, [places,
 Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public
 Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
 Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
 And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad;
 They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
 But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
 Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
 For marriage triumph'd in those golden days:
 By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;
 By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.
 'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days again,
 And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
 Make beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
 And give the soul, as well as sense, delight;
 Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
 That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
 Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
 The marriage chain with transport shall be worn;
 Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride
 Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
 Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
 And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

M O R A L P I E C E S.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

WHILE blooming spring descends from genial
 skies,
 By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
 From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow;
 The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
 Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range,
 Leave noisy fame, and not regret the change?
 Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
 And learn a moral from the rising greens?
 There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
 The weed, aspiring, emulates the flower:
 The drooping flower, its fairer charms display'd,
 Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
 Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
 The lively lustre of these scenes declines!
 'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
 Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.
 Then passion riots, reason then contends;
 And, on the conquest, every bliss depends:
 Life from the nice decision takes its hue:
 And blest those judges who decide like you!
 On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend:
 The world their favourite, and the world their
 friend. [ray,
 There are, who, blind to thought's fatiguing
 As fortune gives examples, urge their way:

Nor virtues foes, though they her paths decline,
 And scarce her friends, though with her friends
 In her's or vice's casual road advance [they join,
 Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of chance!
 Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice;
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
 While passions lawless tides, at their command,
 Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the
 land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
 By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
 In virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers;
 Chose virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with
 flowers.

The first alarm'd, if freedom waves her wings:
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings:
 Lov'd, by that prince whom every virtue fires:
 Prais'd by that bard whom every muse inspires:
 Blest in the tuneful art, the social flame;
 In all that wins, in all that merits fame:

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts in-
 spir'd,

When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
 Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
 Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys: [stray'd;
 Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise.

Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possest,
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
 The various arts which human cares divide,
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
 Anxious, if fame an equal bliss secur'd;
 Or silent ease with softer charms allur'd.
 The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
 The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that
 blow'd;

The silver flood that in meanders led
 His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead;
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind,
 In vain! while distant on a summit rais'd,
 Th' imperial towers of fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd through fancy's puzzling
 maze

The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise;
 Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
 And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.
 At once, before his wondering eyes were seen
 Two female forms, of more than mortal mien.
 Various their charms; and in their dress and face,
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
 Show'd native merit, mix'd with modesty.
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
 Severely sweet and innocently gay.
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd!
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn.
 Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less;
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd,
 divine.

One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
 And, in her hand, th' imperial sword she bore.
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.
 The shrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant
 ground,
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
 She pleas'd, while distant; but, when near, she
 charm'd.

So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam
 That glittering quivers o'er a distant stream:
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
 And, in its crystal bosom, trace the skies.

With other charms the rival vision glow'd;
 And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
 A flattering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.
 Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace;
 Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.
 Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
 Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd;
 The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
 And every gem that strikes less curious eyes;
 Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd;
 And, round her brow, a roseate garland bloom'd.

Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;
 Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
 Oft-gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
 Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care:
 Her thoughts, to other charms malignly blind,
 Center'd in that, and were to that confin'd:
 And if on others eyes a glance were thrown,
 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own.
 Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
 When for her warrior she refines her mien;
 Or when, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,
 The radiant fair invigorates her charms.
 Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
 When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
 And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold,
 Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love.

Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
 And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
 Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain,
 She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
 Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
 the swain.

So glaring draughts, with taudry lustre bright,
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:
 More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
 Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's
 care.

Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth sur-
 vey'd

The various charms of each attractive maid:
 Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
 And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
 Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
 When she, who first approach'd him, first began.

"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes:
 'Tis here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.

Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
 Each sweet which nature can diffuse is mine;
 For me the nymph diversifies her power,
 Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flower;
 To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;
 To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;
 To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;
 To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;
 Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
 And swells the vegetable world, for me.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
 Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
 Where chance from courage claims the boasted
 prize:

Where, though she give, your country oft denies.
 Industrious thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
 And ever gently fight his soft campaign.

His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
 Yet only suffer, to enjoy the cure.

Yield but to me---a choir of nymphs shall rise,
 And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.
 Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
 A brighter lily on their necks appear;
 Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
 Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest!
 While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
 And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains:
 Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow;
 And spicy gums round every bosom glow.

Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
 Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
 At sloth let war's victorious sons exclaim;
 In vain! for pleasure is my real name;
 Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
 No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own:
 For well each opening scene, that claims my care,
 Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
 Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.
 Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
 So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
 Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
 And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to me.
 For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
 Darts through the passive glebe, and frames the
 gem.

See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
 Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!
 For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
 For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
 Some costly tribute every clime shall pay;
 Some charming treasure every wind convey;
 Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;
 Art built thy dome, while nature decks thy field;
 Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise;
 The spiring turrets glitter through the skies;
 Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;
 Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
 Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
 Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.

When melting flutes, and sweetly-sounding lyres
 Wake the gay loves, and cite the young desires;
 Or, in th' Ionian dance, some favourite maid
 Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
 Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
 To feed on virtue's visionary charms;
 Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
 For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
 To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
 And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

O! think that beauty waits on thy decree,
 And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.
 She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
 You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
 In whose endearments years, like moments, flew:
 For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
 She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
 And tread with her the flowery tract of time;
 Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
 On some cold lover, or insulting foe.
 Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
 Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;
 What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
 What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!

See nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
 Where breathing jasminese screens the sleeping maid:
 And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,
 Ambition seeks more humble joys than love!
 There busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
 Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain:
 Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;
 Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
 Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
 To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
 To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
 To show where best the clustering gems are seen;

To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
 And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
 Nor fear to find a coy disdainful muse;
 Nor think the sisters will their aid refuse.
 Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
 Soft scenes of leisure! suit th' harmonious maids;
 And all the wise, and all the grave decree
 Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
 And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
 Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
 And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:
 To thee all nature's curious stores I'll bring,
 Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
 The plant, which nature, less diffusely kind,
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,
 And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair;
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
 The watery nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 And gentle zephyrs harmonise their gales,
 For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
 Till lost in bliss thou breath'st thy soul away:
 Till she t' Elysian bowers of joy repair,
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd,
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains;
 One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul:
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
 Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
 Yet, sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,
 And, oft as virtue caught his wandering eye,
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
 'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd,
 When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd:
 When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance
 prove,

For the soft reign of Dido, and of love.
 Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
 Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hovering doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
 And virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
 Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
 Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
 And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
 Though no gay rose or flowery product shine,
 The barren surface still conceals the mine.
 Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that
 grows

In virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—
 Yet should those boasted specious toys allure,
 Whence could fond sloth the flattering gifts pro-
 cure?

The various wealth that tempts thy fond desire,
'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
I from old ocean rob the treasur'd store;
I through each region, latent gems explore;
'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd,
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree
Without the firm supports of industry.

But grant we sloth the scene herself has drawn,
The mossy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bless the fertile vale should virtue cease,
Nor mossy grotts, nor flowery lawns could please;
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.

Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture
drains,

And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
The form thou view'st, to every scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd;
And the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd;
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care:
Fair-blooming health surveys her altars there.
Brown exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm content and peace, reside.
One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.

But health averse from sloth's smooth region
flies;

And, in her absence, pleasure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, mirth, delight, repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.
A galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

Nor will soft sleep to sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless reigns without controul,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul:
Unmov'd, though beauty, deck'd in all its
charms,

Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:
'Till joyless indolence suggests desires;
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.

As artful heats apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.

But let fair health her cheering smiles impart,
How sweet is nature, how superfluous art!

'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which fortune lends.

VOL. IX.

And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And, while no check th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame;
His sweetest music is the voice of fame;
Pleasures to sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See fame's gay structure from yon summit
charms,

And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
Nor dread the steep ascent, by which you rise
From grovelling vales to towers which reach the
skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire;
The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shown;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your
name,

Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not fancy's maxims, not opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth ex-
tends

T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.

On active worth the laurel war bestows:
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:
Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:
Nor heaven, its showers without a sacrifice.

See far below such grovelling scenes of shame,
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of fame secure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure.

Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A sickly sapless mass, if reason flies;
And, if she linger, impotently wise!

A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;

From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear.
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply?

When, with lost health, what should the loss allay,
Peace, peace is lost: a comfortless decay! [flies,
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,

Through death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,
Elysian plants, and groves for ever green.

If o'er their lives a reluctant glance they cast,
Theirs is the present who can praise the past.
Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of age!
Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than dis-
eas'd.

3 f

For health on age, 'tis temperance must bestow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—

Sloth views the towers of fame with envious eyes;
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.

Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful towers,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Gomes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect's faltering pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its favourite sweets a lasting slave:
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:

Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.

But shun her snares: nor let the world ex-
claim,

'Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd;

Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.

Let generous toils with health reward thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternise thy praise.

The bold exploits that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall generous hearts engage;

And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:

Till time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.

Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians
join;

Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;

Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.

Dulness perhaps, through want of sight, may blame,
And spleen, with odious industry, defame;

And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in secret sadness, own them due:

Contempt and envy were by fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;

Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;
While envy's wounds the smiles of fame repair.

For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine every friend it suits thee to require,

Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,
Lov'd by the good their images below."

Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!
My guide! my queen! th' ecstatic youth replies.

In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride

obey.

And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.

Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!

Welcome all toils th' unequal fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.

Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:

To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!

Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none, but envy, riot unsubdu'd,

In cloister'd state let selfish fages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!

And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of virtue, than the fools:

Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.

Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy;

When, strongly lur'd by fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;

If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of fame!

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair.

But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:

Convinc'd, her spurious-charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.

Fantastic power! whose transient charms allur'd,
While error's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd:

Not such the victress, virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen.

Her brightening form and features seem'd to own,
'Twas all her wish, her interest, to be known:

And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour
crown'd,

While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround.

But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,

And all the sickening splendour fades away.

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE:

OR,

THE FATE OF DELICACY.

*A poem on the temper and studies of the Author;
and how great a misfortune it is, for a man of
small estate to have much taste.*

PART I.

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay:
"The ship is launch'd---we catch the gale---
On life's extended ocean sail:

For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!

Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,

Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;
And weakest his, who best describes!

Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter;

All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wishes granted;

Extensive field; where poets pride them
In singing all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye powers! I pray;
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day!

And pleasure, and brocade, bestow;
To flaunt it---once a month, or so.

The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye powers! for ever grant;

But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.

Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd:
And, if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however.

Alas! that wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons;
Whose nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and sway mankind.

The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;

The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight; caress, and own him;

But ill-starr'd sense, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tip-toe, through the crowd:

Conveys his meagre form between;
And slides, like pensive air, unseen:

Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere ev'n a crime to be:

Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,

You scarce are conscious he is there:

Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile.

Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.

Yet, while reluctant, he displays
His real gems before the blaze,

The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry stock of painted paste.

Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill;
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill;

His pensive manner, dulness deem'd
His modesty, reserve esteem'd;

His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wins not one of all the train.

And those who, mutually known,
In friendship's fairest list had shone,

Less prone, than pebbles, to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight;

Grow savage, quit their social nature;
And starve, to study mutual satire.

But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas between them:

Meet once a year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide,
Some human form to grace my side;

At hand, where'er I shape my course;
An useful, pliant, stalking horse!

No gesture free from some grimace;
No seam, without its share of lace;

But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.

His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.

What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?

Be nothing wanting, but his mind:
Before, a solitaire; behind,

A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which nature gives an ass's back.

Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share!

And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

This form attracting every eye,
I stroll all unregarded by:

This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;

Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies,
And pestilential fumes of malice;

Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the templar's random wit;

Or what some gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.

Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking horse!

O let me wander all unseen,
Beneath the sanction of his mien!

As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!

With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the park*;

Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed:

And, as my satire bursts amain,
See, feather'd foppery strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,

Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.

Oft may some polish'd virtuous friend,
To the soft-winding vales descend;

And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings.

And check me, when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.

For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine---

But all dispers'd! the wish, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART II.

How happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not!

Ere yet he lent his weakly eyes,
To plan frail castles in the skies;

Forfeiting pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore!

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples jingled at his side;

And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportsman's girdle for a garter!

Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their power;

Pure social nature all his guide,
"Damon had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which knavery plans, and craft prepares;

But rather wealth to crown their wiles;
And win their universal smiles:

For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design,
The new-fallen calf might countermine :
'Thus every fool allow'd his merit ;
" Yes ! Damon had a generous spirit !"

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile :
That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense ;
For why ? it prov'd his own pretence :
All own'd, were modestly away,
Damon could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason ;
Obnoxious to the mad uproar :
A spy upon a hostile shore !
'Twas this his company endear'd :
Mirth never came till he appear'd :
His lodgings---every drawer could show them ;
The slave was kick'd, who did not know them.

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all, whom mirth could please ;
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To show a softer word than folly.
Since wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone ;
He chose to trust in folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.

At length grave learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain ;
The sons of taste contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze ;
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit :
And every kind well-natur'd sot
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot ;
Where every yawning guest agrees,
The willing creature strives to please :
But temper never could amuse ;
It barely led us to excuse ;
'Twas true, conversing they averr'd,
All they had seen, or felt or heard :
'Talents of weight ! for wights like these,
The law might choose for witnesses :
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.

* What were their freedoms ? mere excuses
To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruises.
Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,
At form, at form, incessant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
So sure as fond prolific freedom.
Their courage ! but a loaded gun ;
Machine the wise would wish to shun ;
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,
Through much contempt, and slender pleasure,
His sense of dignity returns ;
His native pride his bosom burns ;
He seeks respect---but how to gain it ?
Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it :

* *Boisterous mirth.*

And laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Discards and dissipates respect.

The man who bravely bows, enjoys it ;
But shaking hands, at once, destroys it.
Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away !

Come then, reserve ! yet from thy train
Banish contempt, and curst disdain.
Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,
To act the decent distant part :
To husband well my complaisance,
Nor let ev'n wit too far advance ;
But choose calm reason for my theme,
In these her royal realms supreme ;
And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown ;
And each abrupt period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,
Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I rise with head elate, to share
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Respect is won by grave pretence
And silence, surer ev'n than sense---

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
Of Eastern---and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While virtue's distant as Peru ?
The sheathless sword the guard displays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays :
The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body, than controuls,
And wards contempt from royal souls.

The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too high ;
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of---the void.
O ! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
To scatter his amusements round !
To tempt us from the conscious-breast,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply, as each vice conceal'd.

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance :
Nay---had addressees from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

PART III.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more ;
Productive of that general stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear !
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And mossy banks, the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple swain, was born.

The Dryads rear'd a shady grove ;
Where such as think, and such as love,
May safely sigh their summer's day :
Or muse their silent hours away.

The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
And taught the level plain to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.

The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind, as serpents do:
And having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.

These Fancy, all-sagacious maid,
Had at their several tasks survey'd:
She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And when she all its charms had shown,
Prescribe improvements of her own.

" See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd:
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.

'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook;
From such a rocky fragment springing;
That fam'd Apollo chose, to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where music's * charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For wisdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear:
And who would shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call'd in question:
And Damon dreamt he saw the fawns,
And nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing---
And Cupid---panting---and pursuing---
Fancy, enchanting fair, he cry'd,
Be thou my goddess! thou my guide!
For thy bright visions I despise
What foes may think, or friends advise.
The feign'd concern, when folks survey
Expence, time, study, cast away;
The real spleen, with which they see:
I please myself, and follow thee.

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd:
And thus the fairy landscape charm'd.

* *The Muses.*

But most he hop'd his constant care;
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the soft design betray'd.

" Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays salute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flowers! which early spring supplies,
Display at once your brightest dyes!
That she your opening charms may see;
Or what were else your charms to me?
Kind zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee, refreshment find.
Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair;
Or, oh, 'twill deepen my despair!
Be sure, ye willows! you be seen
Array'd in liveliest robes of green;
Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds!
May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
Loud laugh'd the 'squares, the rabble star'd.
" See, neighbours, what our Damon's doing!
I think some folks are fond of ruin!
I saw his sheep at random stray---
But he has thrown his crook away---
And builds such huts, as in foul weather,
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain mislead?
Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a grain on't.
And if, from Phœbus, and his muse,
Mere earthly laziness ensues;
'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
The devil inspires, as well as they.
So they---while fools of grosser kind,
Lest weeting what our bard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil;
That in these haunts he met the devil.

He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain:
For dulness---though he might abhor it---
In them he made allowance for it.
Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottoes,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the muses,
Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structures shone complete;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;

S f ij

Ah, me ! ('twas Damon's own confession)
Came poverty and took possession.

PART IV.

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves !
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which every critic eye admires ?
'Tis poverty, detested maid,
Sole tenant of their ample shade !
'Tis she, that robs him of his ease ;
And bids their very charms displease.
But now, by fancy long controll'd,
And with the fons of taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful to commence
First minister to common sense :
Far more elated, to pursue
The lowest task of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty soul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elaborate flower ;
And, like a bee, the sweets devour !
Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild solitudes of love !
Now, in a lilly's cup enshrin'd,
Forego the commerce of mankind !

As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day ;
Conducting sun, and shade, and shower,
As most might glad the new-born flower,
So fate ordain'd before his eye---
Starts up the long-sought butterfly !
While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celestial crimson, dropt with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flowrets fair !
The living beauty claims his care,
For this he strips---nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.
See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,
Where'er the speckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal pursue ;
And totter towards the prey in view.

Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard,
Intent upon the blest reward !
One vassal fly repays the chase !
A wing, a film, reward the race !
Rewards him, though disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit end.

So fierce Camilla skim'd the plain,
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,
She ey'd intent the glittering stranger,
And knew, alas ! nor fear, nor danger ;
Till deep within her panting heart,
Malicious fate impell'd the dart !

How studious he what favourite food
Regales dame nature's tiny brood ?
What junkets sat the filmy people !
And what liqueurs they choose to tipple !

Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,
And raise with drugs the sickening tribe !
Or haply, when their spirits fau'ter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.

When nature's brood of insects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies !
See him the timely succour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender !

Or see him guard their pregnant hour ;
Exert his soft obstetric power :
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land !

* O Wilks ! what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praise ?
Immortal sage ! by fate decreed
To guard the moth's illustrious breed ;
Till fluttering swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies !

And must we praise this taste for toys ?
Admire it then in girls and boys.

Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Resign your moths---the season's o'er.

'Tis time more social joys to prove ;
- 'Twere now your nobler task---to love.

Let * * * * 's eyes more deeply warm ;
Nor, flighting nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine
Towards the mean love of nature's vermin.

But, ah ! how wondrous few have known,
To give each stage of life its own !

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To please the child ; whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes :
And few, but with regret, assume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.

Ah ! let not me my fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear ;
Not ev'n in learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days :
Like him, who should in armour spend
The sums that armour should defend.

A while, in pleasure's myrtle bower,
We share her smiles, and bless her power :
But find at last, we vainly strive
To fix the worst conquette alive.

O you ! that with assiduous flame
Have long pursued the faithless dame ;
Forake her soft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile.
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way.
No more the scrupulous charmer tease,
But seek the roofs of honest ease ;
The rival fair, no more pursued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude ;
Shall there her every art essay,
To win you to her slighted sway ;
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your fondest prayer.

But would you happiness pursue ?
Partake both ease, and pleasure too ?
Would you, through all your days, dispense
The joys of reason, and of sense ?
Or give to life the most you can,
Let social virtue shape the plan.
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed ?
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire ?

* Alluding to moths and butterflies delineated
by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expensive pro-
posals.

Yet 'midst the group be some preferr'd,
 Be some abhorr'd---for Damon err'd:
 And such there are---of fair address---
 As 'twere unfocial to carefs.
 O learn by reason's equal rule
 To shun the praise of knave, or fool!
 Then, though you deem it better still
 To gain some rustic 'square's good will;
 And souls, however mean or vile,
 Like features, brighten by a smile;
 Yet reason holds it for a crime,
 The trivial breast should share thy time:
 And virtue, with reluctant eyes,
 Beholds this human sacrifice!

Through deep reserve, and air erect,
 Mistaken Damon won respect;
 But could the special homage pass,
 With any creature, but an ass?
 If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,
 Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
 What awe-struck slaves the towers enclose,
 Where Persian monarchs eat and doze!
 What prostrate reverence all agree,
 To pay a prince they never see!
 Mere vassals of a royal throne!
 The sophi's virtues must be shown,
 To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia---wouldst thou make her
 Thy bride without a portion?---take her,
 She will with duteous care attend,
 And all thy duteous hours befriend;
 Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain;
 With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
 Will smooth thy pillow, pleat thy bowers;
 And bind thy aching head with flowers.
 But be this previous maxim known,
 If thou canst feed on love alone:
 If, blest with her thou canst sustain
 Contempt, and poverty, and pain:
 If so---then rifle all her graces---
 And fruitful be your fond embraces.

Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,
 Sage Damon to his groves retir'd:
 The path disclaim'd by sober reason;
 Retirement claims a later season;
 Ere active youth and warm desires
 Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
 With the warm bosom, ill agree,
 Or limpid stream, or shady tree.
 Love lurks within the rosy bower,
 And claims the speculative hour;
 Ambition finds his calm retreat,
 And bids his pulse too fiercely beat!
 Ev'n social friendship duns his ear,
 And cites him to the public sphere,
 Does he resist their genuine force?
 His temper takes some froward course;
 Till passion, misdirected sighs
 For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!

Far happiest he, whose early days
 Spent in the social paths of praise,
 Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
 A train of virtuous deeds behind:
 From this rich fund, the memory draws
 The lasting meed of self-applause.

Such fair ideas lend their aid
 To people their sequester'd shade.

Such are the naiads, nymphs, and fauns,
 That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
 If, where his devious ramble strays,
 He virtue's radiant form surveys;
 She seems no longer now to wear
 The rigid mien, the frown severe*;
 To show him her remote abode;
 To point the rocky arduous road:
 But from each flower, his fields allow,
 She twines a garland for his brow.

ECONOMY,

A RHAPSODY, ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

"Infans; omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis
 "Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgilioſque vides." MART.

PART I.

To you, ye bards! whose lavish breasts requires
 This monitory lay, the strains belong;
 Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,
 Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
 That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly zeal,
 To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
 Inspires the meanest of the muses' train!
 Like you I loath the grovelling progeny,
 Whose wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
 Advance them high on power's tyrannic throne:
 To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
 And spurn successful worth that pines below!

See the rich churl, amid the social sons
 Of wine and wit, regaling! hark he joins
 In the free jest delighted! seems to show
 A meliorat ed heart! he laughs! he sings!
 Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
 And drunken anthems set a gape the board,
 Like Demæa, in the play, benign and mild,
 And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
 Till Micio wonders: or, in Shakspeare's line,
 Obstreperous silence; drowning Shallow's voice,
 And startling Falstaff, and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
 To smooth his careful brow! to let his purse
 Ope to a sixpence diameter!
 He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
 Are ways of pleasure, and deserve regard.
 True, we are dainty good society,
 But what art thou? alas! consider well,
 Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.
 Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
 Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian
 caves,

Destroy the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
 Its flamens boast to guard: we know not how,
 But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
 A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires. [sky'd
 True, thou seem'st chang'd; all fainter, all en-
 The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
 Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind,
 But all is false! an intermitting sigh
 Condemns each hour, each moment given to smiles,
 And deems those only lost, thou dost not lose.
 Ev'n for a demi groat, this open'd soul,

* Alluding to---the allegory in Cebes's tablet.

This boon companion, this elastic breast
 Revibrates quick; and sends the tuneful tongue
 To lavish music on the rugged walls
 Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou caitiff, fly!
 Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
 Monster, ingrate! beneath one common sky
 Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common
 roof

Thou ne'er shalt harbour; nor my little boat
 Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
 Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
 And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
 Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
 With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn
 Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
 May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,
 And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks,
 And fill their lamps with gold; till want and care
 With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah never never may th' harmonious mind
 Endure the worldly! poets, ever void
 Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasure'd gold,
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
 Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
 The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,
 Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
 The sordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
 The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
 Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
 We loath with justice; but alas the pain
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold;
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
 Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
 Is senseless as his gold, the slighted muse
 Intensely loaths. 'Tis sure no equal task
 To pardon him, who lavishes his wealth
 On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
 But human merit; who with gold essays
 All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove
 The want of genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
 Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame;
 Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
 Permit him not, in distant solitudes,
 To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
 Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise
 That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
 Quits your worn threshold, and like honest Gay
 Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
 Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
 Th' infranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
 Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile
 Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous
 hopes

And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—

Two lawless powers, engag'd by mutual hate
 In endless war, beneath their flags enroll
 The vassal world. This avarice is nam'd,
 That luxury; 'tis true their partial friends
 Assign them softer names; usurpers both;
 That share by dint of arms the legal throne
 Of just economy; yet both betray'd
 By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief,

Listening to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
 To join each moment in his rival's train,
 His conduct models by the needless fears
 The slave inspires; while luxury, a chief
 Of amplest faith, to plenty's rule resigns [sounds,
 His whole campaign. 'Tis plenty's flattering
 Engrosses his ear; 'tis plenty's smiling form
 Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,
 But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
 The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,
 With latent malice to the hostile camp [veys
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth con-

Ye towering minds! ye sublimated souls!
 Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
 Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
 Than fops take snuff! whose economic care
 Your green-silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
 To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds;
 Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
 Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
 Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
 Who scatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
 Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
 Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avais'd
 Were by a splendid successor supply'd
 Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.

For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
 The treasure'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
 Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
 Clenches their coin, and what electal fire
 Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expence
 Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul:
 These, with officious care, and fatal art,
 Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
 Of Cloe soften; these the glare of dress
 Illume; the glittering chariot gild anew,
 And add strange wisdom to the furs of power.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
 That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
 Should with unsated appetite demand,
 And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
 When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
 To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
 Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
 Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
 Of balmy medicine's various field, aspires
 The blest refrigerant? Vain, ah vain the hope
 Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd!
 Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
 Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
 A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
 Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load
 Deny'd its continuity of joy.

But whence obtain? philosophy requires
 No lavish cost; to crown its utmost prayer
 Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
 The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
 Ev'n mild stupidity rewards her train
 With cheap contentment, Taste alone requires
 Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours,
 Thy voice, hydropic fancy! calls aloud
 For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
 Rivers of rich regalement! seas of bliss!
 Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!

And yet, unless sage reason join her hand

In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure :
 And yet, unless economy's consent
 Legitimate expence, some graceless mark,
 Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
 Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
 Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,
 Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream
 Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie
 With Vaga's depth ; but should the sedge power
 Vain-glorious empty his penurious urn
 O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
 Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill !

I not aspire to mark the dubious path
 That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain !
 But, ere self-flattery sooth the vivid breast
 With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,
 Reflect how few, who charm'd the listening ear
 Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd !
 Consider well, what meagre alms repay'd
 The great Mæonian, fire of tuneful song,
 And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,
 And left dull cares below ; what griefs impell'd
 The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
 To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream,
 And mourn aloud the pang " to ride, to run,
 " To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive muse
 Belov'd in vain ? too copious is my theme !
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward
 Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
 The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,
 Triumphant o'er his foes ? Believe not hope,
 The poet's parasite ; but learn alone
 To spare the scanty boon the fates decree.
 Poet and rich ! tis solecism extreme !
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction ! in his frame,
 In every nerve and fibre of his soul,
 The latent seeds and principles of want
 Has nature wove ; and fate confirm'd the clue.

Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
 Of penury ; with nice precision learn
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expence of each revolving year,
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
 To slight frugality, assure thine heart
 That danger's near. This perishable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
 It fetters misers, but it must alone
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world,
 Bids thee beware ; thy little craft essay ;
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
 See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.

Economy ! thou good old aunt ! whose mien
 Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore,
 The wits contemn ! reserving still thy stores
 To cheer thy friends at last ! why with the cit,
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside ?
 And, shunning all who by thy favours crown'd
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill ?

Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,
 And childless, love to dwell ; yet leave the breast
 Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd ?
 Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
 Where doubly kind ? for sure to youthful eyes

(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
 Appears protracted ; fair on either side
 The loves, the graces play, on fortune's child
 Profusely smiling ; well might you essay
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
 Source of their favour all the live-long day,
 But fate assents not. Age alone contracts
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
 Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care !

O that the muse's voice might pierce the ear
 Of generous youth ! for youth deserves her song,
 Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
 Requires the pruner's hand ; the sequent stage,
 It barely vegetates : nor long the space
 Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display
 Fell winter's total reign. O lovely source
 Of generous foibles, youth ! when opening minds
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
 As fostering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring !
 Yet, hapless state of man ! his earliest youth
 Cozens itself ; his age defrauds mankind.

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
 The social bias. Life's extensive page
 What does it but unfold repeated proofs
 Of gold's omnipotence ? With patriots friends,
 Sickening beneath its ray, enervate some,
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems.
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moistening the
 shroud,

Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
 Of short duration ; soon in fortune's beams
 Alert, and wondering at the tears they shed.

But who shall save by tame prosaic strain
 That glowing breast, where wit with youth con-
 To sweeten luxury ? The fearful muse [spires
 Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

PART II.

In some dark season, when the misty shower
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky ;
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping muse ;
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign
 To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day ; [cede,
 She smiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth re-
 And not a grace, and not a muse will hear.
 Then, from majestic Maro's awful strain,
 Or towering Homer, let thine eye descend
 To trace, with patient industry, the page
 Of income and expence. And oh ! beware
 Thy breast, self-flattering, place no courtly smile,
 No golden promise of your faithless muse,
 Nor latent mine which fortune's hand may show,
 Amid thy solid store. The syren's song
 Wrecks not the listening sailor, half so sure.
 See by what avenues, what devious paths,
 The foot of want detested, steals along,
 And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours
 Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year
 On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the muse
 To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.

But if too soon before the tepid gales

Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours prefer'd, or die forgot,
Or seem'd the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.

Know too by nature's undiminish'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propensity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, should the world's disjointed frame once
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck [more
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
Let soft profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with poverty; nor here desist,
Till, o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward show in lasting leagues combine
With shame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of rash intemperance, be discreetly pair'd
With fallow hunger: the licentious joy,
With mean dependance; ev'n the dear delight
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books and coins,
Thy breast, sagacious prudence! shall connect
With filth and beggary; nor disdain to link
With black insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd
Shall shun the syren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.

Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grovelling minds!
I frame the song for you! for you, the muse
Could other rules impart; the friendly strain,
For gentler blossoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy!

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
Increase apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails, to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
Thy hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce assay.
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
His narrow stream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;
His timely hand through better tracts conveys
The quick decreasing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild morais, or cultur'd fields,
Or bladed grafs mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctifies expence
By present pay! who subjects not his fame
To tradesmens varlets, nor bequeaths his name,

His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!
There haply, while thy muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor Phœbus self,
Nor sage Minerva's art can aught avail
To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
He loads the gentle muse; then hurls thee down
To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore,
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why alas to breathe
A moment's space, where every breeze is death,
Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
Of show diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
Economy presents her glass, accept
The faithful mirror: powerful to disclose
A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense; extortion follows close
Her wanton step, and ruin brings the rear.
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
When to her labouring son, the vengeful powers
That urg'd the fall of Ilium, she display'd,
He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
The unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend,
"The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-

boxes

"The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
"With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
"Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
"Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust
Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
Nor seen nor seeing, thou mayst vent thy scorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop, and essenc'd beau,
Ferocious with a stoic's frown disclose
Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp;
And fluent thine harangue. But can thy soul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly
Demand embellishment! ev'n Delia's eye, [fair
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curst domain;
These are the realms of luxury and show;
No classic soil: away! the bloomy spring
Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
Fly to thy native shades, and dread ev'n there,
Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelia's mien.
Why treads my friend with melancholy step
That beauteous lawn? why pensive strays his eye
O'er statues, grottoes, urns, by critic art

Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his
Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it love, [eye
Disastrous love, that robs the finish'd scenes
Of all their beauty? centering all in her
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious guilt
The latent source of more than love's despair?
It cannot be within that polish'd breast
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour
No! 'tis the sad survey of present want, [there;
And past profusion! lost to him the sweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expence! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How glad some once he rang'd your native turf,
Your simple scenes, how raptur'd! ere expence
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.

Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
To fortune's wide exhaustleis treasury,
Nobly superior! but let caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And prudence be our saviour! Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,
Sworn foe of avarice! nor disdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means
To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is mercenary; nor waste
His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful muse,
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plann'd the sky-light; which to lavish bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
For garrets him, and squalid walls await,
Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain,
He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

PART III.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The play-thing of comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their aerial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal;
'Mid these, one subtler artist he descri'd,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarchs on such fatal purpose smile
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons
The Melksham weavers! Here in every nook
Their webs they spun; here revel'd uncontroul'd,

And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
Curtains subfusc, and save th' expence of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,
Where wandering snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations, strange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Meantime, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
Perchance of tabby, or of harateen,
Not ill expressive! such the power of snails.

Behold the chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliage'd velvet; pleasing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudulent couch! for, though in velvet cas'd,
Thy fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shap'd his way; on beds profuse of flowers,
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circular eye
Of daisie fair, decrees to bask supine
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
Much suffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morals
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf enclos'd!
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldest of things! and nameless, as an heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not different have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd, a coffin; on each sable side
The texture unmolested seems entire.

Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away!
And leaves the wondering swain to gape, or stare,
And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.

This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,
And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains
Full many a pin wide-sparkling; for, if e'er
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise, [sky,
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
The cure of rents and separations dire,
And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
To breeches, coat and hose! had any wight
Of vulgar skill, the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint

Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Cloc's fan,
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
 Alas! by frequent use decays the force
 Of mortal art! the refractory robe
 Eludes the taylor's art, eludes his own;
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
 See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd
 The place of rest, while it a bard sustains;
 Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
 Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
 Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand
 Of Mulciber, the mayor of Brimingham,
 The engine issued; now alas disguis'd
 By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
 Its sides congeal; what he perhaps, essays
 With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
 When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
 In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.
 Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn,
 When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of
 Pervasive, radiant icicles depend? [frost]

How shall I sing the various ill that waits
 The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
 The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms
 To patch his paneless window; to cement
 His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase?
 To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
 Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
 Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
 Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
 Will claim his whole invention to repair,
 Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
 Allow one part to decorate his song.
 While ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
 Conscious of every shift, of every shift
 Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
 Points to the nook, which he his study calls
 Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
 His chest, a wardrobe; purse, a treasury;
 And shows, to crown her full display, himself.
 One whom the powers above, in place of health,
 And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
 Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
 Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
 A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
 And with the cobbler's loftiest site his own;
 Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the fates,
 Who to the humbler mechanism, join'd
 Goods so superior, such exalted bliss!

See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
 He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
 His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
 That care-defying sonnet, which implies
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown
 In full possession, uncontested right
 And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
 Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
 The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief
 As lurks the serpent deep in flowers unwreath'd.
 Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
 Thy pen demolish; choose the trustier flail,
 And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
 Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
 Prescient of future dignities, salute

Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
 Enwrapt, secure: nor yet the laureat's crown
 In thought exclude him! He perchance shall rise
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When, fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues dis-
 In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove [play'd
 Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race;
 Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus, "Bards, he said,
 Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
 But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
 Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
 Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

THE RUIN'D ABBEY;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

At length fair peace with olive crown'd regains
 Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
 Of wood or fount the frighted muse returns.

Happy the bard, who, from his native hills,
 Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
 His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd!
 Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,
 Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
 Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts,
 Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
 That ape confusion from the realms they rule!
 Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
 Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
 Attune from native boughs their various lay,
 And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
 With busy pinion skim the glittering wave,
 And tempt the sun; ambitious to display
 Their several merit, while the vocal flute,
 Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
 Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.

If solitude his wandering steps invite
 To some more deep recess (for hours there are,
 When gay, when social minds to friendship's voice,
 Or beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
 How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
 Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
 The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
 Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!
 If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
 The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
 Of bigot minds, religion dwells not here,
 Yet virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:

Yet here may wisdom, as she walks the maze,
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life;
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!

I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
 A few fix'd principles; in early life,
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.
 Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling school attack
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
 And this mine answer: "Thus, 'twas thus I
 "thought;

"My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;
 "Thus will I think, averse to I then more
 "To intricate discussion, prone to stray.
 "Perhaps my reason may but ill defend

" My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
 " Too sure its own infirmities declare.
 " But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
 " And early foresight; now the winds may rise,
 " The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;
 " My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
 " Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
 " Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
 " Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
 And see betwixt the grove's extended arms
 An abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
 Gilt by the mid-day sun: with lingering step
 Produce thine axe (for, aiming to destroy
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
 Too long deliberate), with timorous hand
 Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse
 Though sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,
 Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
 Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman fire,
 The rigid Manlius, when his conquering son
 Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
 Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd;
 Nor cease till, through the gloomy road, the pile
 Gleam unobstructed; thither oft thine eye
 Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, sooth
 With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
 O superstition! hence the dire disease,
 (Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
 Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
 Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
 Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
 Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
 Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their power,
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
 The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks,
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
 With hellish emulation. If a friend,
 High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
 Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plight-
 ed faith?

The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
 To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,
 By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
 Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.
 With thee, * Plantagenet, from civil broils
 The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.
 Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
 From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
 The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;
 Bid murderous priests the sovereign frown con-
 temn,

And with unhallow'd crozier bruise'd the crown.

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
 Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise;
 Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
 Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,
 And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.

* Henry II.

In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
 The pensive gloom which superstition loves,
 And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
 Rein the proud palfrey whilst the priest ascends!
 Was * Cœur-de-lion blest with whiter days?
 Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
 Urg'd the crusade; and see, of half his stores
 Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose
 To bless his friends, his race, his native land.

Of ten fair sons that roll'd their annual race,
 Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
 While haughty † Longchamp, 'mid his livery'd
 files

Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
 Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
 A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts
 His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the fully'd crown,
 What ample tyranny! the groaning land
 Deem'd earth, deem'd heaven its foe! six tedious
 years

Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
 The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
 The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
 When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
 Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
 And durst invade; be such inglorious days
 Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!

Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
 Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
 To every purpose, men nor wish'd to live,
 Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
 Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
 Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
 Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees
 A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
 He reads damnation; sees its sable train
 Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair!

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
 By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
 His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
 Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
 Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight
 Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch whose hope by stern oppression chas'd
 From every earthly bliss, still as it saw
 Triumphant wrong, took wing, and flew to heaven,
 And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost.
 And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
 And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
 To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;
 While the green weed luxuriant round uprose.
 Some from the death-bed, whose delirious faith
 Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees
 Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
 Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
 In tenfold terrors; now expiring heard
 The last loud clarion sound, and heaven's decree
 With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
 Nor light the grief, by superstition weigh'd,
 That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
 Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
 Must sleep with brutes their vassals; on the field;

* Richard I.

† Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

Unneath some path, in marl unexercis'd!
 No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure!
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!
 'The priest! alas, so boundless was the ill!
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
 'The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
 Of half his flock: emaciate, groan'd beneath
 Superior pride, and mightier lust of power!
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
 hand

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound.
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.
 Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for
 power,

Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
 Sunk helpless in the dreary gulf involv'd;
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in towering stations born,
 In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
 Of some proud cliff, surveys his lessening flock
 In snowy groups diffusive, scud the vale.

A while the furious menace John return'd,
 And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
 Allegiance sickening saw its sovereign yield,
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.
 'The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
 And seiz'd the faulchion, resolute to guard
 His sovereign's right, impalsy'd at the news,
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
 For foul desertion; drops the lifted steel,
 And quits fame's noble harvest, to expire
 The death of monks, of surfeit, and of sloth!

At length fatigued with wrongs, the servile
 king

Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores
 To buy remission. But could these obtain!
 No! resolute in wrongs the priests obdur'd;
 Till crawling base, to Rome's deputed slave,
 His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
 Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd, before!

And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
 To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
 Of fainted villany! the pompous tomb
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land
 'That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,
 And sheds its odours; while the flocks around
 Hungry and faint the barren sands explore
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
 And furnish luxury.—Yet in vain
 Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
 Cares'd or curs'd her, superstition rag'd
 And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.

At length some murderous monk, with poison-
 ous art
 Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

Nor yet furceas'd with John's disastrous fate
 Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,
 The sequent reign* beheld the beggar'd shore
 Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd
 To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
 To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd.

For now with more extensive havoc rag'd
 Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,
 And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
 Nor shall the muse repeat how oft he blew
 The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
 Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
 Swell the gross hoards of Henry, or his own.
 Nor shall she tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal
 The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
 Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
 From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
 Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
 Oh irksome day! when wicked thrones combine
 With papal craft, to gull their native land!

Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
 Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
 For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
 For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
 O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
 From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
 Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
 To wield the peaceful sword, by John ere while
 Forc'd from his scabbard; and with burnish'd lance
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
 Of general darkness. Grosted† now adorn'd
 The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword
 Staggering delusion's frauds; at length beneath
 Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
 No vulgar soul that dar'd to heaven appeal!
 But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
 Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
 The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.
 Yet was he clear of superstition's taint?
 He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
 To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the third Edward's breast, to papal sway
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
 Could superstition quell! before the towers
 Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the night by Romish art diffus'd
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes,
 When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
 Bold Wickliff rose: and while the bigot power
 Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
 So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
 Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd;
 Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterprising sage!
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
 For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours

* Henry III. who cancell'd the Magna Charta.

† Bishop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,
And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious sway!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Error prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
And seek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
The most extended breast, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards cry
Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, pay'd the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.

So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All nature's beauties in one form display'd,
And centering there, in wild amaze he stood;
Then only envying heaven's creative hand:
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede: till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause; Tudor, whose tyrant reign
With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolfey rose, by nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its towering height with horrid
found

Rush'd the proud abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose
Obvious the fraudulent enginery of Rome.
As though this opening earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd:
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic; whose revengeful stroke
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign. [priest
When from the tenderest breast each wayward
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!
When cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound religion there, and fir'd the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face [limb
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope.
O blest Eliza! from thy piercing beam

Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long-continued task
Of righteous havoc, covering distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of use to grace a rural scene;
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

"Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra
"Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
"Laudibus Angligenum certent: non Bactra, nec
Indi,
"Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis."

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange-groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain,
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms, these, the dazzled world
May view with envy; these, Iberian dames
Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain; nor ill adorn
The British lyre; then chiefly, if the muse,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay;
And in less grovelling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid
In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors, victory's noblest pride!
She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids assign'd to Henry's care;
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!

He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
That beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of day!

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
Than storm or foe: if haply she might find
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe
The tender lute he gave: she not averse
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
Of gratitude, she said; whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd

By guardian cares, repays them with a song:
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown; a fever came;
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.
Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her; torn by swifter fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as fancy spoke the pleasing task,
She taught her artful needle to display
The various pride of spring: then swift up-sprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy loves: some pluck the flower,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
'Twas paint, 'twas life, and sure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
The royal scroll, which to their native home
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he sprung;
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flower!
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native shore, she said, resound
"Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
"Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to feel
"The fostering breeze, and nature change her
laws."

And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor; impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion strong in every clime,
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets
To dissipate their loves, or match their own.

Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid,
Was doubly captive! power nor chance could loose
The subtle bands; she lov'd her generous foe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
Could term her native shore; her native shore
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.

The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glittering transports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auspicious skim'd the placid main.

On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as merciless, as tore
Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she strove
To banish passion; now the vassal days,
The captive moments that so smoothly past,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
With mimic chains of filken fillets wove

To paint her captive state; if any fraud
Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.

But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch
On ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but with a spreading blush
And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.

"Yes, generous youth! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, restore
A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expence
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far,
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior power
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.
Ev'n that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where desert is love.

True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form by dress endear'd
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
With custom's load, beneath its weight expire.

Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
That e'er caprice invented, custom wore,
Or folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.
Perhaps by birth decreed, by fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires;
My tenderest glances, but the specious flowers
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
For love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heav'n search my soul, and if through all its
cells

Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile;
Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
May fate exhaust; and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!

Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and reason soon dispell'd
Dim error's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'Twas there my fancy saw the virtues dwell,
The loves, the graces play; and bless'd the soil
That nurtur'd thee! for sure the virtues form'd
Thy generous breast; the loves, the graces plann'd
Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth essay'd
Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!

And thou by nature form'd, by fate assign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native shore.

'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling
Of burnish'd plants to lure a female eye, [scene
Iberia glows: but ah! the genial sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flower,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth? the worth which

forms

The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
First, best supports of liberty and love!
No, let subjected India, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
Wish'd them success, and, happiest she, I cry'd,
Of woman happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord!
And now what shall I say? blest be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shore;
Blest did I say the time? if I may bless
That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love;
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.

Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
On honest fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies,
When elements discordant vex the sky,
Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.

Yet if the specious wish, the vulgar voice
Has titled prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms [deep,
Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When memory to the pensive maid suggests,
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by love, in love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns,
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:
'There pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, generous maid, the youth re-
turn'd,
If, by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!

VOL. IX.

Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow.
But e'er from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait,
My warring sword: if conquest fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath;
Enjoying conquest then, and fame, and spoil,
If fortune frown'd adverse, and death forbade
The blissful union, with my latest breath
To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate,
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her
love?

Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?
And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
No! may the deep my villain-corse devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
Demand, what honour, faith, and love denies."

Oh! happy she, rejoin'd the pensive maid,
Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckless hopes, my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
Of censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames!
They love with caution, and with happier stars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd;
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardor crown'd.

These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey. And well may such adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The source of every transport; but disgrace
My pensive breast, which doom'd to lasting woe,
In thee the source of every bliss resigns.

And now farewell, thou darling youth! the gem
Of English merit! peace, content, and joy,
And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell!
Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame:
There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
My constant orisons. The wanton loves,
And gay desires, shall spy the glimmering towers,
And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude

T t

Her shortest prayer, ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless
Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem [mind
By native customs; dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, weary'd heaven with
prayers

To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

" Audiat voces, vagitus & ingens,
" Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most
proper for the author's imitation on *this occasion*,
are his *language*, his *simplicity*, his *manner of*
description, and a *peculiar tenderness of sentiment*
remarkable throughout his works.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit, ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent, [shent.
For unkempt hair, on task unconn'd, are sorely

And all in sight doth rise a birchin tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
low;

And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive),
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel they look
aghast;

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
No superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambles do display;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel
around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear en-
twin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pour-
The childish faces of old Eol's train; [tray'd,
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order
dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown:
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
dear:

Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim;
And, if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could
speak
That in her garden sip'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gawdy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,

Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue:
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume,

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here; [pear.
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts ap-
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell, [dwell.
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they
to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And, in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when truth by popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true devotion's meed;
And simple faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny faints in smouldering flames did burn:

Ah! dearest lord, forefend, think days should e'er

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,
The matron fate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)

Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide,

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are;
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the * bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermin.

O ruthless scene! when from a mock obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she fate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his locks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling
stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey, [ware;
And, from their fellows' hateful wounds, be-
Knowing, I twist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them
greet, [sweet.
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in befeemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he, [chair;
Abhorreth bench and stool, and fourm, and

(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his
hair;) [breast,
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
Convulsions intermitting, does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its dropping head declines,
All smear'd and fully'd by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower,
shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyance careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems its shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a fullen look asfance is sent,
Which for his dames annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past re-
sent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false de-
ceit;

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits ap-
pear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here;
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so, [die!
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may
fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fate incline, [build,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'Ydainsul fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What
" fluff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I im-
plore!

For well may freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the fun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing! [ers;
But most in courts where proud ambition tow-
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can
spring

Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay; [leer
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-brie clad in rivery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless
care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet around,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances
round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names * th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.

E P I T A P H †.

HERE, here she lies a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her death are griev'd,
This consolation's given;
She's from the storms of life reliev'd
To them more bright in heaven.

* *Shrewsbury cakes.*

† *In Halls-Owensburck-yard, on Miss Anne Powell.*

INSCRIPTIONS.

I. ON A TABLET AGAINST A ROOT-HOUSE.

HERE, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene;
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life:
And much it 'vails you in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound;
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward swain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

II. ON AN URN.

INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
GUILIELMI SOMERVILE.

And on the opposite side,

G. S. POSUIT,
Debita spargens lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

III. TO MR. DODSLEY.

COME then, my friend, thy Sylvan shade display,
Come hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;
Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

IV. ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC SEAT.

SHEPHERD, would'st thou hear obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle shepherd lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows;

Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet, ere thou the reigns resign,
Hear what reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey.

"Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
"But beneath them lurks a thorn;
"Fair and flowery is the brake
"Yet it hides the vengeful snake

"Think not she, whose empty pride
"Dares the fleecy garb deride,
"Think not she, who, light and vain,
"Scorns the sheep can love the swain.

"Artless deed and simple dress
"Mark the chosen shepherdess;
"Thoughts by decency control'd,
"Well conceiv'd and freely told.

"Sense that shuns each conscious air,
"Wit, that falls ere well aware;
"Generous pity, prone to sigh
"If her kid or lambkin die.

"Let not lucre, let not pride,
"Draw thee from such charms aside;
"Have not those their proper sphere?
"Gentler passions triumph here.

"See to sweeten thy repose;
"The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
"Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
"All that milk and fruits afford.

"Seek no more—the rest is vain;
"Pleasure ending soon in pain:
"Anguish lightly gilded o'er:
"Close thy wish, and seek no more."

V. ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE.

O you that bathe in courtly blyſſe
Or toyle in fortune's giddy ſpheare;
Do not too raſhly deem amyſſe
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet diſdeigne the ruſſet ſtoale,
Which o'er each careleſſe lymb he flyngs;
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid ſprings.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of wordlye eark he ſtray:

Or all beside some flowery lawne,
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see :
For faults there beene in busye life,
From whyche these peaceful glens are free.

VI. ON A SEAT, UNDER A SPREADING BEECH.

Hoc erat in votis: *modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret: Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.*—

VII. ON A SEAT.

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLE
MVSEARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA.
MDCCLVIII.

VIII. ON THE ASSIGNATION SEAT.

NERINE Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba!
Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
Si quæ tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

IX. ON AN ORNAMENTED URN,

Inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

PERAMABILI SVÆ CONSOBRINÆ
M. D.

On the other side:

AH MARIA
PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,
AH FLORE VENUSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!

HEV QVANTO MINVS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

X. ON A SEAT.

CELEBERRIMO POETÆ
JACOBO THOMSON
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

QUÆ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

XI. ON A SEAT,

At the bottom of a large Root, on the Side of a Slope.

O LET me haunt this peaceful shade;
Nor let ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower
That shun her paths, and slight her power!

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies;
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forfakes the river's proud domains;
Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,
Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain
Thy small unsully'd stores disdain:
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine.

XII. ON A SMALL OBELISK IN VIRGIL'S GROVE.

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

XIII. ON A STONE, BY A CHALYBEAT SPRING.

FONS FERRUGINEVS.
DIVE QUÆ SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

XIV. ON A STONE SEAT, MAKING PART OF A CAVE.

INTVS AQVÆ DULCIS, VIVOQVE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

XV. ON TWO SEATS, TO TWO OF HIS MOST PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

The first thus:

AMICITIÆ ET MERITIS
RICHARDI GRAVES:
IPSÆ TE, TITYRE, PINVS,
IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HÆC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

The other,

AMICITIÆ ET MERITIS
RICHARDI IAGO.

XVI. ON A STATUE OF VENUS DE MEDICIS.

—"Semi educta Venus."

"To Venus, Venus here retir'd,
"My sober vows I pay:

- " Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
 " The bold, the pert, the gay.
 " Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd
 " To bribe the Phrygian boy;
 " Not her who, clad in armour, fail'd
 " To save disastrous Troy.
 " Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
 " She every bosom warms;
 " While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
 " And half reveals, her charms.
 " Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,
 " Who plan the rural shade;
 " Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
 " Of pomp, at large display'd.
 " Let sweet concealment's magic art
 " Your mazy bounds invest;
 " And while the light unveils a part,
 " Let fancy paint the rest.
 " Let coy reserve with cost unite
 " To grace your wood or field;
 " No ray obtrusive pall the light,
 " In aught you paint, or build.
 " And far be driven the sumptuous glare
 " Of gold, from British groves;
 " And far the meretricious air
 " Of China's vain alcoves.
 " 'Tis bashful beauty ever twines
 " The most coercive chain;
 " 'Tis she, that sovereign rule declines,
 " Who best deserves to reign."

XVII. *Intended to be written at the Beginning
 of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. Shen-
 stone coloured for Mrs. Jago.*

ELEGANTISSIMÆ PVELLÆ
 DOROTHEÆ FANCOVRT
 QUÆ PERDILECTI SUI CONDISCIPVLI
 RICHARDI IAGO

VERSES TO MR. SHENSTONE.

WRITTEN ON A FERME ORNÉE,

Near Birmingham.

BY THE LATE LADY LUXBOROUGH.

- " 'Tis Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
 And wisely give them Cynthia to revise:
 To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;
 Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
 How well the bard obeys, each valley tells;
 These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
 Where modest art in silence lurks conceal'd,
 While nature shines so gracefully reveal'd,

AMORES MERVIT,

D. D.

GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE;
 DEBITÆ NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONÆ.

XVIII. *Proposed to Mr. Graves by Mr. Shen-
 stone, as a proper Inscription for himself.*

AMICITIÆ G. S.

QVI,

NAIADAS PARITER AC MVSAS

EXCOLLENDO,

SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM

NOMENQVE SVVM

ILLVSTRAVIT.

" (FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT

" AGRESTES)

" PANAQVE, SYLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYM-

" PHASQVE SORORES." VIRG.

XIX. ON AN URN IN HALES-OWEN
 CHURCH,

In Memory of Shenstone.

BY MR. GRAVES.

WHOE'ER thou art, with reverence tread

These sacred mansions of the dead!

Not that the monumental bust

Or sumptuous tomb, here guards the dust

Of rich or great:—let wealth, rank, birth

Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth.

This simple urn records a name

Which shines with more exalted fame.

Reader! if genius, taste refin'd

A native elegance of mind.

If virtue, science, manly sense,

If wit that never gave offence,

The clearest head, the tenderest heart

In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part,

Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,

For know thy Shenstone's dust lies here.

R. G.

That she triumphant claims the total plan,
 And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

At the Leafowes.

BY MR. GRAVES.

" Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus!" HOR.

SEE! the tall youth, by partial fate's decree,
 To affluence born, and from restraint set free.

Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,

The mall, the rout, the play-house, and the court;

T t iij

Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peerefs, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms:
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprise;
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not satisfied, to town
Yet if some kinder genius point his way
To where the muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,
Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
Where art assumes the sweets of nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move.
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott,
The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

VERSES RECEIVED BY THE POST,

FROM A LADY UNKNOWN, 1761.

HEALTH to the bard in Leasowes' happy groves;
Health, and sweet converse with the muse he
loves!

The humblest votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artless line,
In numbers such as untaught nature brings;
As slow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.

But ah! what airy forms around me rise?
The russet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice salutes my ear:
'Mortal, thy aim we know, thy task approve;
'His merit honour, and his genius love;
'For us what verdant carpets has he spread,
'Where nightly we our mystic mazes tread!
'For us, each shady grove and rural seat,
'His falling streams and flowing numbers sweet!
'Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
'What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?
'There every fairy of our sprightly train
'Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain.
'There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
'The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
'And there with thoughts sublime we bless the
swain,

'Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.
'Go, simple rhymers! bear this message true;
'The truths that fairies dictate none shall rue.
'Say to the Bard in Leasowes' happy grove,
'Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love---
'Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
'By others foster'd, lend to others praise;
'No longer to the favouring world refuse
'The welcome treasures of thy polish'd muse;
'The scatter'd blooms, that boast thy valued
name,
'Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:

'Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage
'More solid praise than in this happiest age,
'When sense and merit's cherish'd by the throne,
'And each illustrious privilege their own.
'Though modest be thy gentle muse, I ween,
'Oh, lead her blushing from the daisy'd green,
'A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye sportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intrusted mandates of your fairy state,
Visit these wilds again with nightly care;
So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the roost,
My linen more than common whiteness boast:
Let order, peace, and housewifery be mine;
Shenston, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOLDIA.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AN ECHO AT EDGBASTON.

BY ———.

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown
Pours on these plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,
Who dost with plaintive note bewail
That he forsakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconstant rills and shades?
Mourn not, sweet nymphs—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—

Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The listening herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of smiles and loves went hand in hand;
And purple pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flowers: and every ray
Of each fond muse, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breast inspir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All nature smil'd, while Shenstone sung.

So charm'd his lay; but now no more---
Ah! why dost thou repeat---"no more?"
Ev'n now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the scene the muses love;
And soon again will own their sway,
And thou resound the peerless lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

TO MR. R. D.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

"Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert
"caves, [grown,
"With wild thyme and the gladdening vine o'er-
"And all their echoes mourn." MILT.

'Tis past! my friend; the transient scene is clos'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision rais'd
By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!
What though the lawns and pendant woods re-
main,

Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
With lapse incessant echoes through the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
The charm's dissolv'd; the genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown---for Damon is no more.

As when from fair Lyceum crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus with leaves autumnal strew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dreamt of lasting joys:
Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendship's cordial
stream;

In sweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verse,
And social converse, many a summer's day.

Romantic wish! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss---whilst yet
Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure
Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves: [views,
Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilach blend,
Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain:
Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to
raise

To moral truths my groveling song; for, ah!
Too long, by lawless fancy led astray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dan-
cing fawns,

Or Naiad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung--
Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre---to paint
The sudden gloom that damps my soul---But see!
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe,
With which sad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, My Shenstone is no more!

R. GRAVES.

VERSES

*Written at the gardens of William Shenstone,
Esq. near Birmingham, 1756.*

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
"Angulus ridet." HOR.

WOULD you these lov'd recesses trace,
And view fair nature's modest face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket shed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By mossy grotts, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,
Behold her win without disguise.

What though no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts appear;
Though rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power, or fame;
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliss more pure and unconfin'd
Your step attends---Draw freely nigh,
And meet the bard's benignant eye:
On him no pendant forms await,
No proud reserve shuts up his gate;

No spleen, no party views controul
That warm benevolence of soul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardless of each venal art;
Regardless of the word's acclaim;
And courteous with no selfish aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the costly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every muse and virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Naiads guide his floods;
Where all the sister-graces gay,
That shap'd his walk's meandering way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.

Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,
Behold them rise! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champain rove,
Join hand in hand---attentive gaze---
And mark the dance's mystic maze.

"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to fancy's eye!"
"Yon stream that wanders down the dale,
"The spiral wood, the winding vale,
"The path which, wrought with hidden skill
"Slow twining scales yon distant hill
"With fir invested---all combine
"To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
"The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
"The wand by Maia's offspring borne,
"The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,
"The structure of the Cyprian dame,
"And each fair female's beauteous frame,
"Show, to the pupils of design,
"The triumphs of the waving line."

Then gaze, and mark that union sweet
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick shifting as you stray,
The vivid scenes on fancy play;
The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild;
The forest-ground grotesque and wild;
The shrub that scents the mounting gale;
The stream rough dashing down the dale,
From rock to rock, in eddies tost;
The distant lake in which 'tis lost;
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade;
Lone urns that solemnize the shade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms!
If aught the fair confusion please,
With lasting health, and lasting ease,
To him who form'd the blissful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
With peace and freedom---these possess,
His temperate mind secures the rest.

But if thy soul such bliss despise,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly scenes to trace
A fairer form of nature's face:
Go scorn simplicity---but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,

That all which virtue loves to name,
Which art consigns to lasting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its source from her alone.

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

IN HIS SICKNESS.

By Mr. Woodhouse.

YE flowery plains, ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,
Ye grottos, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Though I your charms survey;
While he consumes in pain the night,
In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
A thousand scents diffuse;
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flowers, your thoughtless pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And sadly drooping, side by side,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade,
Your lofty summits rear!
Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For lo, the flowers as gaily smile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And though I sadly 'plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, should the fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plummy throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge, or mournful song,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chaunt a sprightly strain
To sooth an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not, if beside your stream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cause display,
In whispers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poison'd shafts of woe?

Did he not plant the shady bower,
Where you so blithely meet?
The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes sweet?

And must he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verse nor virtue shield
The guardian of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,
Whom all the muses love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,
Or stopp'st them at thy nod.

Blest power, who calm'st the raging deep,
His valued health restore,
Nor let the sons of genius weep,
Nor let the good deplore.

But if thy boundless wisdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my soul a wish disclose
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For such a godlike mind,
To go where kindred spirits range,
Nor leave a wish behind.

And though, to share his pleasures here,
Kings might their state forego:
Yet must he feel such raptures there,
As none can taste below.

VERSES LEFT ON A SEAT,

THE HAND UNKNOWN.

O EARTH! to his remains indulgent be,
Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!

Ah! Gulielme,
Hominum dignissime,
Amicorum integerrime,
Indole optimâ,
Moribus gratissimis,
Eruditione diffusâ,
Ac corde quam maxime benigno
Prædite,
Morte, cheu! præmaturâ obrepte,
Ah! Gulielme,
Vale!

"Quanto minus est,
Cum aliis versari,
Quam tui meminisse!"

T. H.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DAVID MALLET, ESQ.

Containing

WILLIAM AND MARGARET,
THE EXCURSION,
AMYNTOR AND THEODORA,
VERBAL CRITICISM,
EDWIN AND EMMA,
THE STRATAGEM,
TRUTH IN RHYME,
TYBURN, TO THE MARINE SOCIETY,

ODES,
SONGS,
ELEGIES,
EPITAPHS,
EPIGRAMS,
EPISTLES,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,

Uc. Uc. Uc.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Rapt, I foresee thy MALLET's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame.

SAVAGE'S WANDERER, CANTO 1.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

DAVID MALLATT, ESQ.

Containing

WILLIAM AND MARY
THE EXCURSION
AMSTERDAM AND THEODORA
VENICE
EDWIN AND KENNETH
THE STRAITS
TRUTH IN ART
TYRANNY TO THE MANKIND SOCIETY

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDRELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1844

THE LIFE OF MALLET.

THE life of MALLET has been written by Dr. Johnson, with little activity of research or accuracy of intelligence. Having no written memorial, he contented himself with giving such an account "as is supplied by the unauthorised loquacity of common fame, and a very slight personal knowledge."

The additional information which has been obtained concerning the early part of his life, is authenticated by his MS. correspondence with Mr. John Ker, Professor of Greek in King's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, communicated to the present writer by the favour of James Drummond, Esq. Advocate, and inserted, by his recommendation, in the "Edinburgh Magazine" for 1793.

The series of Mallet's correspondence with Mr. Ker, in the possession of Mr. Drummond, commenced in October 1720, and ended in July 1727. The remaining part of the correspondence was in the possession of Mr. Ker's brother, who went to the West Indies, and is supposed to be lost.

According to Dr. Johnson, he was, by his original, one of the Macgregors, a clan that became, about 70 years ago, under the conduct of Robert Roy, so formidable and so infamous for violence and robbery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and, when they were all to denominate themselves anew, his father, he supposes, called himself Malloch.

It is certain that his original name was Malloch, which was that of his family, and is not uncommon in North Britain; but there is not sufficient evidence of his father having assumed that name in consequence of his being one of the Macgregors, whose enemies procured the enactment of an invidious statute for abolishing their name; which has been lately repealed by the liberality of a British Parliament.

David Mallet was born about the beginning of the present century. Of his birth-place, or the condition of his parents, nothing is certainly known. It is probable he was a native of Perthshire, and that his family was of the lowest rank; but, if families are to be estimated by the distinguished men they have produced, that family is eminent which produced Mallet.

At what school he was instructed in the rudiments of grammatical learning, cannot now be ascertained; but he seems to have received some part of his early education under Mr. Ker at Aberdeen, as he himself gratefully acknowledges.

"You are one to whom I stand indebted for all the advances I shall make in the world, as having laid the foundation by your instructions, and raised the superstructure by your love and favour."

It is probable he was indebted to the recommendation of Mr. Ker for his introduction to the family of Mr. Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh, where he resided in 1720, as tutor to his children, and prosecuted his studies at the University of Edinburgh.

The terms on which he informs Mr. Ker he lived with Mr. Home, sufficiently indicate the penury of his parents. "He allows me my learning, clothes, and diet, but no fixed salary. I am concerned in no business but revising my pupil's lessons, so that I have enough of time for reading and writing."

According to Dr. Johnson, "he was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the High School at Edinburgh, a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear." This account is not sufficiently probable. Tradition is silent concerning it, and immemorial usage is against the supposition of his eligibility for such an office. The porter of the High School is always a

person advanced in years, commonly a married man, has a house at the gate, and is required to ring the bell at the meeting of the classes, to sweep the rooms, and to perform other necessary services. It is probable, if his pupils attended the High School, that he might be permitted, by the liberality of the master, to be present at the examination of the class; but his performing the office of porter is incompatible with his youth and his profession of literature.

He appears to have discovered an early propensity to poetry, which was probably cherished and encouraged by the commendation and example of his friend and patron Mr. Ker, whose "*Canticum Solomonis*," and other performances in the "*Poetarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ*," 2 vols. 1759, are well known to the readers of Latin poetry.

What he then thought of poetry was this: "I own 'tis my opinion that poesy gives one a sprightly turn of thinking, and stocks the imagination with beautiful images that capacitate one for writing and talking agreeably; yet I am in too bad a condition already to entail poverty on myself by a blinded passion for rhyme."

One of his first compositions was a *Pastoral* published in the "*Edinburgh Miscellany*," of which publication he gives this account: "The *Edinburgh Miscellany*" was undertaken by an "*Athenian Society*" here, who received the poems, and published all they thought worthy of seeing the light. The gentleman to whom I inscribed my *Pastoral* is one of their number. His name is Mr. Joseph Mitchell, author of the "*Lugubres Cantus*," a poem to the memory of Mr. Ford. Mr. Callender, who is written C——r, is an ingenious young gentleman, and is author of the second part of the "*Lugubres Cantus*;" who the ladies are, scarce any one knows. The gentleman in the University whose productions are marked with an S. is one Mr. Symmers, a boy of fifteen, and very sprightly."

In 1721, he appears to have had a sufficient knowledge of the Latin language to give a poetical version of a "Congratulatory poem," written by Mr. Ker; and the year before he writes him, "he was wholly engaged in acquiring the French and Greek languages."

The next year, he wrote a poem on *The Transfiguration*, in imitation of Milton's style, which has been preserved with his MS. correspondence, and is now printed from the original, in the possession of Mr. Drummond.

He was now rising into reputation, and easily obtained the acquaintance of Thomson his fellow-collegian, with whom he was destined to be more intimately connected, and of Mr. Paterson, the translator of "*Paterculus*," "Mr. Malcolm, author of the "*Treatise on Music*," Mr. (afterwards Dr.), Patrick Murdoch, and seems to have been particularly noticed by Ramsay and Captain Hamilton.

His opinion of the two Scottish poets, though rather unfavourable, is sufficiently curious to deserve transcription:

"Allan Ramsay has published his poems in 4to, by subscription, having got to the number of 400 guineas from his subscribers. He has indeed wrote himself into some kind of fame, and a great deal of money, but his personal character makes me entertain but a small value for his writings. I saw Captain Hamilton some time ago in Edinburgh. He has made public his "*Life of Wallace*," and, at the same time, so sunk his character with people of taste, that he is thought to have treated his hero as unmercifully as did Edward of old. 'Tis the fate of Wallace to be always murdered. Mr. Ramsay, again, aspires no higher than humble sonnets at present: he has published several collections of Scottish songs, and considerably obliged the young creatures of both sexes. His miscellany songs are wrote by various hands. These are the present entertainments in town."

The vacation of this year he prudently dedicated to logic and mathematics. "I have shaken hands," he writes Mr. Ker, "with versifying for a season. I would fain wed some one of the sciences that ordinarily brings a better portion with it than poetry does. When my inclinations take the bent towards rhyming, this melancholy reflection comes across and damps all my fire; the grasshopper that sung all summer saw herself obliged to starve all winter. Although I have no reason to complain of fortune hitherto, yet that thought of dependency quite palls all my enjoyment, particularly when 'tis edged with this reflection, that my circumstances are but precarious at best. If I were to leave Mr. Home just now, what account could a little knowledge of language, a moderate share of common sense, and a knack of versifying turn to? I see every day people of learning and merit exposed to poverty and contempt."

His reflections on Mr. Ker's writing to Mr. Scott in his favour, soon after, show that spirit of independence and respect for character, without which man is poor indeed.

"Your letter had so good an effect, that Mr. Scott has made me a proposal of changing my condition. I cannot but inform you that I heartily wish I were fairly rid of my present charge. You know there are a great many evils in life that vanish into nothing at the recital, and yet are more galling, and cut deeper than afflictions of a more considerable name. Nothing is so insupportable to an ingenuous spirit, as those insults and repulses one meets with from those on whom one is obliged to depend. I was asking one day for something I wanted, and because I did it not with the air and looks of one that asks charity in the streets, I was, upon leaving the room, called insolent dog and scoundrel.

——— Tell me why, good heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
Base minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?

"I frequently wish it had pleased heaven to have turned my inclinations for some honest mechanic business, rather than have exposed me to the injuries of fortune in hunting after knowledge. And yet how unaccountable is this treatment from one man to another! How fleeting, how unsubstantial are those enjoyments by which they distinguish themselves from the honest man of small fortune. Strip this of a title, that of his robes, and a third of his power, and we find only the naked man tortured with restless ungoverned passions, and in subjection to those appetites that level him with the beasts of the field."

He was now, by the kindness of Mr. Scott and Dr. Drummond, to exchange his humble dependence on Mr. Home, for a situation that enabled him to surmount the disadvantages of his birth and fortune.

"Graham of Gorthy," he writes Mr. Ker, July 28. 1723, "had a commission from the Duke of Montrose, whose factor he is, to look out a tutor for his two younger sons, and was desired particularly to apply to Mr. Scott. He accordingly mentioned the affair to Dr. Drummond, who, after a little thought, proposed me; and having met a little after with Mr. Scott, told him the story. He seconded the Doctor, and I was sent for into town, and was happy enough to see the affair concluded before I left it. My encouragement is 30 l.; and, as the Duke's family is in England, I am, about the middle of August to depart for London, and from thence to Winchester. If it is impossible for me to see you, I shall write to you at large before I leave the country, and take your advice about some things in my management. There is one favour I must yet beg of you, and that is, that you would formally thank both these gentlemen, both in your own name and mine, particularly Mr. Scott. I am under the greatest obligations to his kindness. He transacted the whole affair; wrote for me to town; met Gorthy several times at the coffee-house, and in the midst of a most violent rain too. He came to our house and procured Mr. Home's consent—but such favours are not to be disguised in such a homely recital."

On his arrival at Shawford, near Winchester, where the Duke of Montrose then resided, he writes his benefactor and friend: "Both my Lord and Lady received me very kindly; and as for my Lord William and my Lord George, I never saw more sprightly or more hopeful boys."

On his coming to town in the winter, he writes Mr. Ker: "I am beginning a regular course of classic authors in both languages. I intend not to forget any thing I have learned in mathematics and philosophy. My Lord continues to use me very kindly. He has no design to send his sons any more abroad to school; and at the same time, he confines their reading with me entirely to two hours in the morning and two in the forenoon; and thus the afternoon is entirely mine own. He sends us abroad once a-week to all the public diversions, the play-house, &c.—I know not how to go through with what I have got to say. I have lost my father; he died last month, and you know my fortune hitherto well enough; his death has embarrassed me in all respects. It was necessary that I should make some sort of appearance in this family. I found credit for what I wanted to furnish

me out with when I came to London; the merchant is not impatient, but I know not how to be in debt, especially at my first appearance; and I cannot with a good grace ask any money from my Lord. I am ashamed to apply to my ordinary acquaintances (for there are several Edinburgh gentlemen here). It is the first time ever I asked any thing, and I am ashamed to trouble even you. The sum I want is 10 l. for some months, till I receive money of my Lord. I shall use no intreaties; my want is real; I am neither to squander it away, nor out of a condition to repay it in some time."

It appears from a note in the hand-writing of Mr. Ker, on the back of Mallet's letter, that the money was lent; and the payment is noticed in a subsequent part of the correspondence.

On his return to the country, in summer, he translated "Bossuet's Discours sur L'Histoire Universelle," for the use of Lord William; and, resuming his poetical studies, which he had discontinued for some time, he planned the tragedy of *Eurydice*, which he finished in 1731, and wrote his inimitable ballad of *William and Margaret*, which was printed in Hill's "Plain Dealer," No. 36, July 24. 1724. "The letter to the 'Plain Dealer,'" he writes Mr. Ker, "is in the paper enclosed, but it was printed without my privacy, and is altered in some places for the worse." In its original state, it was very different from what it is in the last edition of his works. The hint was taken from the first stanza of a ballad written before 1662, quoted in Fletcher's play of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," under the title of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William;" which might also be taken from one published in Ramsay's "Collection," called "Sweet William's Ghost." Of this ballad, Mallet has been envied the reputation; and attempts have been made to rob him of his justly acquired fame. Its authenticity is doubted in "The Friends," 2 vols. 12mo, 1773; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but not proved, by Captain Thompson, in his preface to "Marvell's Works," 3 vols. 4to. 1776. The *internal* testimony is totally against him, and amply sufficient to overthrow all his *presumptive* evidence of its being the production of that powerful, masculine, and witty writer.

The same year he wrote a copy of *Verses occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen*, probably at the instigation of Mr. Ker, who suggested many hints for its improvement. The *verses* in the last edition of his works, are very different from the *original copy*, which is now printed from the MS. in the possession of Mr. Drummond. "I find by experience," he writes his friend, "that it is very difficult to write an historical or narrative poem of this kind. The severity of the subject hinders one from making many embellishments that are admitted into other writings. And yet I have some imagery purely poetical, such as that of Time shaking your arches, and mouldering your piles; as also Ruin, with his imaginary companion, Silence. I have made Charity address a consolatory speech to Learning, in which, by way of prophecy, I have made her relate Mr. Frazer's bounty to your University. The meaning and beauty of these short allegories will be obvious to every reader of tolerable taste. I have taken notice of the books that Mr. Frazer has gifted to your library; and, if I have guessed right, the lines are perhaps the best in the whole poem."

It is probable he received some academical distinction for this panegyric poem; for, in a subsequent letter, he writes Mr. Ker: "I never took any degree at Edinburgh, nor ever asked for any; when your society bestows that honour upon me, I will return them my thanks in a letter addressed to the whole body."

"Since I came to town," he writes Mr. Ker, "I was made acquainted with Dr. Young, and Barnham Goode, to whom Dr. Sewell dedicated his translations of "Ovid's Metamorphoses." The tragedy which I am writing is built on a story in the ninth book of Herodotus, concerning Xerxes and his brother Masistes. I had a message from Mr. Hill to meet him; the occasion of writing to him was the ancient tragedy, which, from a passage in "Aristotle's Politics," I guess to have been set to music, and repeated like the recitative part of an opera. *Mira*, you think, takes up my thoughts: were it not vain and light, I would send you some of her letters, and leave you to judge whether she does not deserve them all. The *poem* on her that you liked, was got out of her hands, and published here in a new "Miscellany," without my knowledge, at which I am heartily vexed; as also, another of a different kind, which makes a perfect contrast to it."

Mira, to whom he addressed an amorous poem *from the Country*, was probably the fictitious name of a lady "once," says Dr. Johnson, "too well known;" who afterwards joined with Hill and Mallet in poetical praises of Thomson's "Winter."

The same year, at the request of Mr. Ker, he translated his Latin verses, on the death of Sir William Scott, and his "Donnaides." These versions, with which he appears to have been highly pleased, are probably lost.

"I am glad to hear," he writes Mr. Ker, "that your brother is provided for; it is difficult to find a right settlement here; for the number of expectants is incredible. Our country pours forth her annual swarms, unceasing, inexhaustible. Good Lord! what strange unseemly creatures they are too! I have seen three and twenty of my own acquaintances, who, I believe, will not be provided for these three and twenty years. But all the poor service that I can do shall never be wanting. I cannot show myself thankful to Heaven a better way."

In 1727, he writes Mr. Ker: "I agreed with a lady in London to send my brother an apprentice to her's, who is a rich merchant in Jamaica; and wrote to my brother to come up hither, in order to be sent some months to an academy, where he might learn writing and accounts. But just as he was preparing to set out, we had a letter from Madeira that this merchant would not need an apprentice for a year or so, which broke all my measures. But as I incline to do my brother all the service in my power, I wrote to his friends to send him to Perth, and ordered what money I could spare to be paid him at Edinburgh; for I hope, by Mr. Paton's assistance, to settle him advantageously, notwithstanding this disappointment."

Of his brother, whom he exerted himself so kindly, though ineffectually, to serve, no farther account is given; but it is known that he afterwards procured him an advantageous office at Greenock, where he was called *Malloch*. Of Mr. Paton, on whose assistance he depended, he writes Mr. Ker: "You have undoubtedly heard of Mr. Paton my cousin, that went to sea when I was born; he has made a considerable fortune, lives in Bristol, and has wrote to me several times."

Mr. Ker having sent him a copy of his "*Canticum Solomonis*," published this year, he writes him: "I have read over your poem with a great deal of pleasure, and think your style is accurate and elegant. Your prose I prefer even before Burman's, because it is more perspicuous, and not encumbered with those parentheses and laboured inversions of construction which obscure and stiffen his. Your poetical paraphrase is true to the meaning of the original, if I may be judge of it by our literal translation in prose, and preserves every where those beauties that distinguish this divine song. I have neither Beza's nor Johnston's version of this poem, but I prefer your's before that of Bormley's, which is loose and rambling, in which he has very often explained away Solomon's meaning, and given us his own fancies instead of it."

"I have now finished," he adds, "and am preparing for the press against winter, a poem, in two books, which I began last year in the country. The first book has been perused by Mr. Molineux, the Prince's Secretary, by Mr. Hill, Dr. Young, and Sir John Clerk, whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to obtain while he was in London. It is in the hands of Mr. Dennis; and, as soon as that dread critic has condemned or approved it, it shall wait on you by the way of Edinburgh."

On his leaving town, soon after, he writes Mr. Ker: "I sold the copy of my poem to a bookseller for 25 guineas. Mr. Dennis, the severest of all our English critics, has read and approved of it, as you will find by his letter which I send you, and desire you will return it in your first answer to this."

It was published in 1728, under the title of the *Excursion*, a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him to describe. It has the beauties and faults of the "*Seasons*" of his friend Thomson, which were then in their full blossom of reputation.

Alluding probably to his poem called *A Winter's Day*, which Mr. Ker had supposed to be Thomson's, he writes him: "Mr. Thomson's "*Winter*" is a very different poem, of considerable length, and agreeing with mine in nothing but the name. It has met with a great deal of deserved applause, and was written by that dull fellow whom Malcolm calls the jest of our club. The injustice I did him then, in joining with my companions to ridicule the first imperfect essays of an excellent genius, was a strong motive to make me active in endeavouring to encourage him; and I believe I shall never repent it. He is now settled in a very good place, and will be able to requite all the services his friends have done him, in time. The second edition of his poem is now in the press, and shall be sent you as soon as it is published. I am sure you will like it; for it is filled with

me out with when I came to London; the merchant is not impatient, but I know not how to be in debt, especially at my first appearance; and I cannot with a good grace ask any money from my Lord. I am ashamed to apply to my ordinary acquaintances (for there are several Edinburgh gentlemen here). It is the first time ever I asked any thing, and I am ashamed to trouble even you. The sum I want is 10 l. for some months, till I receive money of my Lord. I shall use no intreaties; my want is real; I am neither to squander it away, nor out of a condition to repay it in some time."

It appears from a note in the hand-writing of Mr. Ker, on the back of Mallet's letter, that the money was lent; and the payment is noticed in a subsequent part of the correspondence.

On his return to the country, in summer, he translated "Bossuet's Discours sur L'Histoire Universelle," for the use of Lord William; and, resuming his poetical studies, which he had discontinued for some time, he planned the tragedy of *Eurydice*, which he finished in 1731, and wrote his inimitable ballad of *William and Margaret*, which was printed in Hill's "Plain Dealer," No. 36, July 24. 1724. "The letter to the 'Plain Dealer,'" he writes Mr. Ker, "is in the paper enclosed, but it was printed without my privacy, and is altered in some places for the worse." In its original state, it was very different from what it is in the last edition of his works. The hint was taken from the first stanza of a ballad written before 1662, quoted in Fletcher's play of the "Knight of the burning Pestle," under the title of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William;" which might also be taken from one published in Ramsay's "Collection," called "Sweet William's Ghost." Of this ballad, Mallet has been envied the reputation; and attempts have been made to rob him of his justly acquired fame. Its authenticity is doubted in "The Friends," 2 vols. 12mo, 1773; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but not proved, by Captain Thompson, in his preface to "Marvell's Works," 3 vols. 4to. 1776. The *internal* testimony is totally against him, and amply sufficient to overthrow all his *presumptive* evidence of its being the production of that powerful, masculine, and witty writer.

The same year he wrote a copy of *Verses occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen*, probably at the instigation of Mr. Ker, who suggested many hints for its improvement. The *verses* in the last edition of his works, are very different from the *original copy*, which is now printed from the MS. in the possession of Mr. Drummond. "I find by experience," he writes his friend, "that it is very difficult to write an historical or narrative poem of this kind. The severity of the subject hinders one from making many embellishments that are admitted into other writings. And yet I have some imagery purely poetical, such as that of Time shaking your arches, and mouldering your piles; as also Ruin, with his imaginary companion, Silence. I have made Charity address a consolatory speech to Learning, in which, by way of prophecy, I have made her relate Mr. Frazer's bounty to your University. The meaning and beauty of these short allegories will be obvious to every reader of tolerable taste. I have taken notice of the books that Mr. Frazer has gifted to your library; and, if I have guessed right, the lines are perhaps the best in the whole poem."

It is probable he received some academical distinction for this panegyric poem; for, in a subsequent letter, he writes Mr. Ker: "I never took any degree at Edinburgh, nor ever asked for any; when your society bestows that honour upon me, I will return them my thanks in a letter addressed to the whole body."

"Since I came to town," he writes Mr. Ker, "I was made acquainted with Dr. Young, and Barnham Goode, to whom Dr. Sewell dedicated his translations of "Ovid's Metamorphoses." The tragedy which I am writing is built on a story in the ninth book of Herodotus, concerning Xerxes and his brother Masistes. I had a message from Mr. Hill to meet him; the occasion of writing to him was the ancient tragedy, which, from a passage in "Aristotle's Politics," I guess to have been set to music, and repeated like the recitative part of an opera. *Mira*, you think, takes up my thoughts: were it not vain and light, I would send you some of her letters, and leave you to judge whether she does not deserve them all. The poem on her that you liked, was got out of her hands, and published here in a new "Miscellany," without my knowledge, at which I am heartily vexed; as also, another of a different kind, which makes a perfect contrast to it."

Mira, to whom he addressed an amorous poem *from the Country*, was probably the fictitious name of a lady "once," says Dr. Johnson, "too well known;" who afterwards joined with Hill and Mallet in poetical praises of Thomson's "Winter."

The same year, at the request of Mr. Ker, he translated his Latin verses, on the death of Sir William Scott, and his "Donaiides." These versions, with which he appears to have been highly pleased, are probably lost.

"I am glad to hear," he writes Mr. Ker, "that your brother is provided for; it is difficult to find a right settlement here; for the number of expectants is incredible. Our country pours forth her annual swarms, unceasing, inexhaustible. Good Lord! what strange unseemly creatures they are too! I have seen three and twenty of my own acquaintances, who, I believe, will not be provided for these three and twenty years. But all the poor service that I can do shall never be wanting. I cannot show myself thankful to Heaven a better way."

In 1727, he writes Mr. Ker: "I agreed with a lady in London to send my brother an apprentice to her's, who is a rich merchant in Jamaica; and wrote to my brother to come up hither, in order to be sent some months to an academy, where he might learn writing and accounts. But just as he was preparing to set out, we had a letter from Madeira that this merchant would not need an apprentice for a year or so, which broke all my measures. But as I incline to do my brother all the service in my power, I wrote to his friends to send him to Perth, and ordered what money I could spare to be paid him at Edinburgh; for I hope, by Mr. Paton's assistance, to settle him advantageously, notwithstanding this disappointment."

Of his brother, whom he exerted himself so kindly, though ineffectually, to serve, no farther account is given; but it is known that he afterwards procured him an advantageous office at Greenock, where he was called *Malloch*. Of Mr. Paton, on whose assistance he depended, he writes Mr. Ker: "You have undoubtedly heard of Mr. Paton my cousin, that went to sea when I was born; he has made a considerable fortune, lives in Bristol, and has wrote to me several times."

Mr. Ker having sent him a copy of his "Canticum Solomonis," published this year, he writes him: "I have read over your poem with a great deal of pleasure, and think your style is accurate and elegant. Your prose I prefer even before Burman's, because it is more perspicuous, and not encumbered with those parentheses and laboured inversions of construction which obscure and stiffen his. Your poetical paraphrase is true to the meaning of the original, if I may be judge of it by our literal translation in prose, and preserves every where those beauties that distinguish this divine song. I have neither Beza's nor Johnston's version of this poem, but I prefer your's before that of Bormley's, which is loose and rambling, in which he has very often explained away Solomon's meaning, and given us his own fancies instead of it."

"I have now finished," he adds, "and am preparing for the press against winter, a poem, in two books, which I began last year in the country. The first book has been perused by Mr. Molineux, the Prince's Secretary, by Mr. Hill, Dr. Young, and Sir John Clerk, whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to obtain while he was in London. It is in the hands of Mr. Dennis; and, as soon as that dread critic has condemned or approved it, it shall wait on you by the way of Edinburgh."

On his leaving town, soon after, he writes Mr. Ker: "I sold the copy of my poem to a bookseller for 25 guineas. Mr. Dennis, the severest of all our English critics, has read and approved of it, as you will find by his letter which I send you, and desire you will return it in your first answer to this."

It was published in 1728, under the title of the *Excursion*, a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him to describe. It has the beauties and faults of the "Seasons" of his friend Thomson, which were then in their full blossom of reputation.

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a great many moral reflections, as well as with a fine spirit of poetry. You will find before it three copies of commendatory verses, one written by Mr. Hill, the second by a very fine woman, at my request, and the third by myself."

In 1731, he brought on the stage, at Drury-Lane, his *Eurydice*, a tragedy, which was favourably received. The prologue and epilogue were furnished by his friend Hill. It was revived at Drury-Lane, with alterations, 1760, and republished the same year. Its success was not great, though the principal parts were performed by Garrick and Mrs. Cibber. Dr. Johnson observes, that he had "heard it mentioned as a mean performance."

About this time, or before, he conducted his pupils round the common circle of modish travels; and, on his return, the influence of the family in which he resided, and his poetical reputation, naturally procured him admission to many persons of the highest rank, and the highest character, to wits, nobles, and statesmen, the Prince of Wales, Lyttleton, Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Pope, Young, &c.

In 1733, he published his poem on *Verbal Criticism*, designed to pay court to Pope, by ridiculing Theobald, Bentley, Dennis, Cooke, and other editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics. It is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miscellany long before he ingrafted it into a regular poem. The cast of diction, and construction of the verse, seem to be copied from Pope. The execution is better than the design, which cannot be commended.

Dr. Johnson sarcastically observes, that having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seemed inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or the ear can discover. "What other proofs he gave of disrespect to his native country," he says, "I know not; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend."

In justice to Mallet, it ought to be mentioned, that this alteration did not originate in any disrespect to his native country, but was suggested to him by his cousin Paton, in 1724, as appears from the following postscript to his letter to Mr. Ker of that date: "My cousin Mr. Paton would have me write my name *Mallet*; for there is not one Englishman that can pronounce it." He continued, however, to write his name *Malloch* down to the year 1728, and probably some time longer. An Englishman accustomed to pronounce *Malloch*, as if it were written *Mallock*, cannot easily discover any imaginable reason of preference in changing it to *Mallet*, unless he had an opportunity of hearing the last syllable pronounced by a Scotchman. The last observation is sufficiently disproved by the tenor of his correspondence with Mr. Ker, his readiness to do good offices to his countrymen, and his friendship with Thomson, which was never once disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side.

The following anecdote is related by Dr. Johnson, whose intelligence on some few occasions may be questioned, and whose opinion of Mallet is rather unfavourable.

"About this time, Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his "Essay on Man," but concealed the author; and when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new? Mallet told him the newest piece was something called an "Essay on Man," which he had inspected idly; and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of his subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret."

When the Prince of Wales set himself at the head of the opposition, and kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under Secretary, with a salary of 200 l. a-year. Thomson likewise had a pension.

In 1734, he attended the Prince of Orange on his visit to Oxford, and wrote the congratulatory verses presented to him by the University, which breathe the noblest sentiments of liberty. On this occasion, he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts at St. Mary-Hall.

In 1739, he brought on the stage, at Drury-Lane, his *Muſſapba*, a tragedy, which was honoured by the recommendation of the Prince of Wales, and performed with success, but was never revived. It was dedicated to the Prince. The prologue was written by Thomson.

In 1740, he was employed by Millar, the bookseller, to prefix a *Life of Bacon* to a new edition of his works, in 4 vols. folio.; which he has written with great elegance and judgment; though per-

haps with more knowledge of history than of science. It ranks with the best pieces of biography in our language.

The same year, he was associated with Thomson in the composition of the *Masque of Alfred*, which was performed on the 1st of August in the gardens of Cliefden, in commemoration of the accession of George I.; and in honour of the birth-day of the Princess of Brunswick. It was afterwards almost wholly changed by Mallet, and brought on the stage, at Drury-Lane, in 1751, but with no great success.

In 1741, he married Miss Elstob, a lady of great merit and beauty; upon which occasion Hill writes him: "You have fired my curiosity to see and hear this lady, who has had so strong and swift an influence upon an heart so firm and so impressed as yours was by the memory of a former sweetness. The lustre must be amiably severe and sparkling, that had the power to attract unto itself a flame so generous as your first, and which your pen delighted to describe with such a manly and unmodified tenderness."

Hill afterwards sent him the following verses on his marriage. The thought is borrowed from Bouhours, "a little poetical stream drawn from a French fountain."

Taste, said I, and deep discerning,
Grace and virtue too thrown in,
Air-like ease, and sun-like learning,
All are claims not worth a pin.
No, said Truth, and frown'd her nod to't,
Fortune lives with none of these;
Fools—and there she swore by G—d to't,
Fools are those she works to please.
How, cry'd Wit! behold a Mallet
In our Elstob's bosom blest'd:
Once, said Truth, I'm out—recal it,
Miracles must stand confess'd.

From this time he resided at Strand-Green, and afterwards at Putney; and lived in the style of a gentleman.

In 1747, after a long interval, he published his *Amyntor and Theodora*; his greatest work, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, and prefaced with a beautiful copy of *Verses to Mrs. Mallet*. He sold this poem to Vaillant the bookseller for 120 l.

After the death of Pope, when it was found that he had clandestinely printed an unauthorized number of Bolingbroke's "Idea of a Patriot, King," &c. his "guide, philosopher, and friend," in a fit of useless fury, resolved to blast his memory, and employed Mallet as the executioner of his vengeance.

Mallet, from his dependence on the Prince, was content to court Bolingbroke, then high in his confidence, by prefixing an *Advertisement* to the "Idea of a Patriot, King," and other tracts published in 1749; in which he charged Pope with "having been guilty of a breach of trust, and of having taken upon him further to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages according to the suggestions of his own fancy."

The charge was enforced with so unfriendly, and so vindictive a severity, that Warburton thought it proper for him to interpose, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apologetical "Letter to the Editor," &c. in which he supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of Pope's conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which he thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written by Mallet, in a *Letter to the most impudent Man living*.

For this act, which, it is hoped, Mallet unwillingly performed, he was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of Bolingbroke's works.

In 1754, by the help of Millar the bookseller, and, in opposition to the remonstrance of Lord Hyde, he published the "Works" of Bolingbroke, in 5 vols. 4to.; in which, it seems, he consulted his own profit, which was very much below his expectation, more than his benefactor's fame, as appears from a presentment of the Grand Jury of Westminster, Oct. 16. 1754, of these five volumes, "as tending, in the general scope of several pieces therein contained, as well as many parti-

cular expressions which had been laid before them, to the subversion of religion, government, and morality; and being also against his Majesty's peace."

Many of the political pieces had been written during the opposition to Walpole, and given to Franklin the printer, as he supposed in perpetuity. These, among the rest, were claimed by the will. The question was referred to the arbitration of Mr. Draper and Mr. Wotton; but, soon after the arbitrators had declared their award, Mallet sent them notice that he retracted and revoked his submission, and that he discharged them from proceeding to make any award. Franklin submitted "A State of the Case," &c. to the public, in 1754.

The life of the Duke of Marlborough having been left unwritten by Lord Moleworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders, and Steele, to whom the papers supposed to contain the necessary information, had been successively delivered, the old Duchess, in her will, assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of 1000 l. and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet, who had a pension from the late Duke, to promote his industry, and who talked much of the discoveries which he made in Holland, and of the diligence he was exerting upon this work; but left not, when he died, the smallest vestige of any historical labour behind him.

In 1755, his Masque of *Britannia* was acted at Drury-Lane, with success. The prologue, in the character of a drunken sailor reading a play-bill, was written in conjunction with Garrick, and spoken by the latter, with so much applause, that it was called for, and insisted on by the audience many nights in the season, when the piece itself was not performed.

In 1756, when the nation was exasperated by the ill success of the war against France, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation, under the character of a *Plain Man*. The paper was circulated and dispersed with great industry; and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

In 1759, he published a collection of his *Works, in Prose and Verse*, in 3 vols. 12mo. with a dedication to Lord Mansfield.

The same year, he published a poem, called *Tyburn, to the Marine Society*, a supposed remonstrance of the gallows at Tyburn, to that patriotic institution, on account of the service which it had rendered the nation since the commencement of the French war.

In 1760, he published his beautiful ballad of *Edwin and Emma*, which was elegantly printed at Birmingham, by Baskerville, in 4to. The profits arising from the sale were intended for a charitable use.

In 1762, he published a small collection of *Poems on Several Occasions*, with a dedication to the Duke of Marlborough, in which he "hopes soon to present his Grace with something more solid, more deserving his attention, in the "Life of the first Duke of Marlborough;" which has not yet appeared.

In the political disputes which commenced at the beginning of the present reign, he took part with his countryman Lord Bute, to serve whom, he published *Truth in Rhyme*, in 1762; and wrote his tragedy of *Elvira*, in imitation of De la Motte's tragedy, founded on a Portuguese story, taken from the "Lusiad" of Camoens, which was acted at Drury-Lane, in 1763, with little success, as it was brought on at a critical time, and looked upon by many as a ministerial play. He was rewarded with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for Ships in the Port of London, to which he was appointed in 1763.

Towards the latter end of his life, he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April 1765.

He was twice married; and, by his first wife, had several children. One daughter, who married a Genoese gentleman named Celestia, who formerly resided in London in a public character; wrote a tragedy called "Almida," acted at Drury-Lane, 1771; and "Indolence," a poem, 4to. 1772. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had a considerable fortune, which she took care to retain in her own hands.

His *Plays* and *Poems* have been frequently reprinted; and his poems were collected in the fifty third volume of the "Works of the English Poets," 1779.

The character of Mallet has been variously represented by his friends, and by his enemies. According to Hill, who knew him well, his manners were as amiable as his abilities were respectable. With Young, Pope, Thomson, and Lyttleton, he lived in habits of familiar intimacy; and, it is but justice to add, that no man maintained his share in conversation more happily than Mallet. His behaviour to Pope after his death has drawn upon him the universal accusation of ingratitude; but if he had not virtue, or had not spirit to refuse the office assigned him by Bolingbroke, it ought to be remembered that Pope was not innocent, and that he had some dependence on the favour of Bolingbroke, a man whose pride and petulance made his kindness difficult to gain, or keep. He is said to have adopted the peculiar sentiments of his patron with regard to religion; but of this there is no better evidence than the publication of his posthumous works, in which he seems to have acted from considerations of gain rather than zeal for the propagation of his opinions. His integrity in business and in life is unimpeached. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, seems to have been his predominant passion. Pathos was a quality which he conceived to be so much the characteristic of his own poetry, that he once quarrelled with Jones, author of the "Earl of Essex," for pretending to it. The dispute ended by his turning the poor bricklayer out of the room where they were spending the evening together. As a political writer, he seems to have been of that numerous class of men of letters, who think it no dishonour to be ministerial hirelings.

"His stature," says Dr. Johnson, "was diminutive; but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was elegant and easy. The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence." This last observation cannot be generally allowed; his gratitude to Mr. Ker, his kindness to his brother, his services to Hill and Thomson, his beneficence to Derrick (Letters, 2 vols. 1767), and his exemplary tenderness in the discharge of the relative duties of husband and parent, command our esteem for his character, and confer a lasting honour on his memory.

As a poet, though he may not be altogether secure from the objections of the critic, he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious censure; his works are not only the productions of a genius truly poetical; but they are friendly to the best interests of morality and liberty; they inspire virtue, truth, and patriotism; and inculcate the necessity of goodness to the present and future happiness of mankind. His compositions are characterized by elegance of diction, and correctness of judgment, rather than vigour of expression or sublimity of sentiment, neither of which are wanting. His powers have had every aid that laborious cultivation, that useful and polite learning could give; he possesses a judgment critically exact, but has not an highly creative imagination. He is an elegant and pleasing writer, a smooth and correct versifier, but not a first-rate poet.

His *Excursion* is not devoid of poetical spirit and picturesque description. Many of the images are striking, and many of the passages are elegant. He observes clearly, and describes forcibly; but he errs by endeavouring to impress his subject on the mind with a pomp and reduplication of expression. In his *Verbal Criticism*, there is more pertness than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. Horace and Shakspeare are skilfully delineated. The three concluding couplets are excellent. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise. *Amyntor and Theodora*, his most elaborate performance, though somewhat tedious and diffuse, abounds in striking images, pathetic incidents, and moral reflections. "The nauseous affectation of expressing every thing pompously," says Dr. Warton, "is no where more visible than in a poem lately published, intitled *Amyntor and Theodora*. The following instance may be alleged, among many others. *Amyntor* having a pathetic tale to discover, being choked with sorrow, and at a loss for utterance, uses these ornamental unnatural images:

O could I steal
From harmony her softest warbled strain
Of melting air! or Zephyr's vernal voice,
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening lay,
All nature smiling round——"

There is in this passage, it must be acknowledged, an attempt at dignity above the occasion. Pathos seems to have been intended, but affectation only is produced. It cannot, however, be denied,

that there is in this poem copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy. His poem *on the Death of Lady Anson*, addressed to her father, Lord Harwicke, deserves great praise. It is serious, pathetic, and poetical in the highest degree. The distress of *Cicero* for the death of *Tullia*, is happily introduced, and rendered very applicable by a similitude of some circumstances. None of his poems do him greater honour, or give us a higher idea of his poetical powers.

His *Truth in Rhyme* is a pretty court compliment, in which his patron, Lord Bute, makes almost as good a figure as his Majesty. It is chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary instance of vanity in the *imprimatur* prefixed to it.

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy;
It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Imprimatur, meo periculo, CHESTERFIELD.

If Chesterfield, so justly celebrated for the elegance of his taste and wit, still retained so much of the courtier as to give such a testimony to this poem, as no poem ever deserved, Mallet ought not to have been so far transported by it as publicly to triumph in so extravagant a compliment, even admitting that it was sincere, which may be reasonably doubted. *Zephyr*, or *the Stratagem*, is a tale in the manner of Prior, told with ease and humour. There is some wit and spirit in it; but it is unfit for a modest ear. *Cupid and Hymen*, the *Discovery*, the *Reward*, are written with ease and sprightliness, and may be read with pleasure. His *Prologue* to Thomson's "*Agamemnon*" is superior to that which he received from Thomson for *Musapha*. His *Funeral Hymn* opens with a becoming solemnity and grandeur of expression; but is totally spoiled by a number of short rhymes, which are so far from conveying any idea suitable to the solemn dignity of a funeral hymn, that they turn the whole into a burlesque. The *Fragment*, beginning, *Fair morn ascends*, &c. is remarkably fine. It is of a strain more exalted than any of his other pieces. He has nowhere discovered more poetical enthusiasm. His *Epitaphs* deserve particular commendation. His ballads of *William and Margaret*, *Edwin and Emma*, and *The Birks of Endermay*, rank with the best compositions of that kind in our language. *William and Margaret* is fully entitled to the favourable reception it met with. It is the most pleasing of all his poetical compositions. It is plaintive, pathetic, and simple; both the sentiment and the expression are equally captivating. Dr. Johnson is almost singular in thinking that "it contains nothing very striking or difficult." *Edwin and Emma* is an imitation of *William and Margaret*; though certainly not altogether equal to it. An unfortunate amour is the subject of both. The story of the hapless pair is added in prose, and averred to be matter of fact. The father of *Edwin* is described in the following passage, by a simile immediately arising from the subject itself, which conveys a direct and unequivocal illustration, with a conciseness and expression truly admirable:

The father too, a fordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

His character, as given by Dr. Johnson, cannot be generally allowed, without doing great injustice to his literary and poetical merit.

"As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His dramas had their day, a short day, and are forgotten; his blank verse seems to my ear the echo of Thomson. His *Life of Bacon* is known, as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but it is no longer mentioned. His works are such as a writer bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which conveying little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation, and other modes of amusement."

THE WORKS OF MALLET.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surpris'd, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongst her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embellish'd their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written,

“Nec Phœbo gratior ulla

“Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.”

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now; the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you. But, of that, the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in: without which, you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it. And this any man may affirm of himself,

without vanity; because it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occasion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present. An humble one, I confess it is; and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments, which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates,

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit! And may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish, under the eye and encouragement of those few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain, I am, with the sincerest attachment,

My Lord,

Your most faithful

humble servant,

U u iij

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

As the design of the following poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the editor of Milton, and the restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the later, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that scholiast has already obliged the public: and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes, it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances, with which the town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote:
Grave son of idle industry and pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel;
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who choose the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write:
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave, where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrte,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white:
Hence, much hard study, without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakspeare says, the noon-day sun is bright,
His scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufu treats, and Lady Would-be pays

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, nature was his own:
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the poet: next the Scholiast view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true.

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleanings on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.

By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakspeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found.
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;
With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind;
With those choice eates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald* of a whale.

Blest genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.

* This remarkable bird is called the *Strundt-jager*. Here you see how he purchases his food: and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of sea-mew, called *Kulge-Gebes*, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See a collection of *Voyages to the North*.

Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
 There, most exact the reading to restore ;
 By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face,
 A bull to change, a blunder to replace :
 Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
 And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
 For this, dread Dennis* (and who can forbear,
 Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to stare ?)
 His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
 Ev'n Dennis † praises, who ne'er prais'd before !
 For this, the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
 And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's
 name :

How justly, Pope, in this short story view ;
 Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
 Who sense with sound, and truth with rhetoric
 mixt,

Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
 Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.
 The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
 And freely, man or woman, spoke their mind :
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
 And each, remembering something, prais'd the
 whole.

At last an honest sexton join'd the throng
 (For as the theme was large, their talk was long) ;
 Neighbours, he cry'd, my conscience bids me tell,
 Though 'twasthe Doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell.

In this the critic's folly most is shown :
 Is there a genius all-unlike his own,
 With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
 And, as in books, in men and manners read ;
 Himself with poring erudition blind,
 Unknowing, as unknown of human kind ;
 That writer he selects, with awkward aim
 His sense, at once, to mimic and to maim.
 So Florio is a fop, with half a nose :
 So fat West Indian planters dress at beaux.
 Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
 And Horace, strange to say, tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease ;
 His genius social, as his judgment clear :
 When frolic, prudent ; smiling when severe ;
 Secure, each temper, and each taste to hit,
 His was the curious happiness of wit.
 Skill'd in that noblest science, how to live ;
 Which learning may direct, but heaven must give ;
 Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenat gay ;
 Among the fair, but just as wise as they :
 First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools con-
 fin'd,

And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
 Dares, in the fullness of the pedant's pride,
 Rhyme, tho' no genius ; though no judge, decide.]
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part :
 Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's
 Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead. [head ;

* ———— " *Quis talia fando*

Myrmidonum, Dolopumve," &c. ———— VIRG.

† See the Dedication of his Remarks on the
Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
 He makes them write what never poet writ :
 The Roman muse arraigns his mangling pen ;
 And Paradise*, by him, is lost again.
 Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
 Great eldest born of dullness, blind and bold !
 Tyrant ! more cruel than Procrustes old ;
 Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
 Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.

Such is this man, who heaps his head with bays,
 And calls on human kind to sound his praise,
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,
 For flattened sounds, and sense amended ill.
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
 Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,
 And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.

Yet be his merits, with his faults, confess'd :
 Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
 Long lay the critic's work, with trifles stor'd,
 Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
 Men so well read, who confidently wrote,
 Their readers could have sworn, were men of note :
 To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
 Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
 For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
 Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd :
 In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
 Ev'n thou, Brown Willis, thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
 Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind ?
 Let Crooke, a brother-scholiast Shakspeare call,
 Tibbald, to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
 So runs the circle still : in this, we see
 The lackies of the great and learn'd agree.
 If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
 Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate ;
 In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
 Reduce an army, or equip a fleet :
 And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
 Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.

Yet those, whom pride and dullness join to blind,
 To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
 Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
 Are but to wits, as scavenger's to streets :
 The humble blackguards of a Pope or Gay,
 To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.

Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art ;
 Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.
 Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
 The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.

* This sagacious Scholiast is pleased to create
 an imaginary editor of Milton ; who, he says, by
 his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations,
 lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatam
 which surely none of his readers can have the
 heart to deny him ; because otherwise he would
 have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Mil-
 ton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool,
 ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations,
 which he plentifully bestows on him. But, though
 he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man
 of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,
 He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
 What Caprea's isle, or V—'s alcove contains:
 Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
 Was lavish, to his father's wife alone:
 Why those fond female visits duly paid
 To tuneful Incuba; and what her trade:
 How modern love has made so many martyrs,
 And which keeps ofteneft, Lady C—, or Chartres.

But who their various follies can explain?
 The tale is infinite, the talk were vain.
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought;
 To sum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote;
 To guess, ere one epistle * saw the light,
 How many dunces met, and clubb'd their mite;
 To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
 Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
 That be the part of persevering Wasse †,
 With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thine of brags;
 A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
 Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.

How little knowledge reaps from toils like these!
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.
 Yet, critics, would your tribe deserve a name,
 And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame;
 First, from the head, a load of lumber move.
 And, from the volume, all yourselves approve:
 For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense,
 Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
 Where moral meaning, or where taste presides,
 And wit enlivens but what reason guides:
 Great without swelling, without meanness praise,
 Serious, not silly; sportive, but not vain;
 On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
 In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

V E R S E S

*Presented to the Prince of Orange, on his visiting
 Oxford,*

IN THE YEAR M,DCC,XXXIV.

RECEIVE, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praise,
 This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.
 At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
 Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
 And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
 Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
 These need not here; for to a soul like thine,
 Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine.
 The truly good but wish the verse sincere:
 They court no flattery, who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
 In blooming youth the Titus of mankind,
 Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
 Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
 Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
 Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:

* See a poem published some time ago under
 that title, said to be the production of several inge-
 nious and prolific heads; one contributing a si-
 mile, another a character, and a certain gentle-
 man four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

† See the preface to his edition of Sallust; and
 read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen anno-
 tators by him collected, besides his own.

Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
 And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.
 Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
 That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
 Here candour dwells; here honest truths are taught,
 To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
 See these enlighten'd sages, who preside
 O'er learning's empire; see the youth they guide:
 Behold, all faces are in transport dress!
 But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
 At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
 A joy, the sight of princes rarely gives;
 From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
 By fate, the future Neroes of their kind:
 But tho' thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
 From laurell'd heroes, and from warrior kings,
 Through that high series, we, delighted, trace
 The friends of liberty, and human race!

Oh, born to glad and animate our isle!
 For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons
 For thee, late object of our tender fears, [smile:
 When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
 All-cheering health, the goddess rosy-fair,
 Attended by soft suns, and vernal air, [hour,
 Sought those * fam'd springs, where, each afflictive
 Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
 She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose.
 Hence, to thy cheek, that instant bloom deriv'd:
 Hence, with thy health, the weeping world re-
 Proceed to emulate thy race divine: [viv'd!
 A life of action, and of praise be thine.
 Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
 By nature, daring; but by reason, good.
 So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
 No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
 Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight;
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.
 If to thy fair beginnings nobly true, [do:
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must
 The honours, that already grace thy name,
 Have fixt thy choice, and force thee into fame.
 Ev'n she, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
 O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
 Of son's in war renown'd, and great in peace;
 Of daughters, fair and faithful, to supply
 The patriot-race, till nature's self shall die!

ORIGINAL COPY

*Of the verses occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part
 of the University of Aberdeen.*

IN ancient times, ere wealth was learning's foe,
 And dar'd despise the worth, he would not know;
 Ere ignorance look'd lofty in a peer,
 And smil'd at wit, cast back in fortune's rear,
 The pious prelate †, truly good, and great,
 Courted the muses to this happy seat,
 Friend to instructive arts, he knew to prize,
 His bounty bade the mighty pile arise.
 Splendour adorn'd what knowing skill design'd,
 And the fair structure spoke his noble mind.

* Bath.

† Bishop Elphinstone.

The fabric finish'd, to secure the fame,
He styl'd it Royal, from the sov'reign's name *.

Here by successive worthies, well was taught
All that enlightens, and exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
Long, every cherish'd science flourish'd fair.
Thus, without cloud, serene the seasons roll'd:
Thus, learning saw renew'd the age of gold.

But now the years revolving backward ran,
And a dark series of worse time began.
Vile avarice, in Gordon's † form, arose;
Arts, unesteem'd, were govern'd by their foes;
Zeal, pious to a crime, reform'd the age,
And Gothic purity, and priestly rage.
Then fell, to low contempt, th' instructing trade,
And every muse's portion was unpaid!

Now, a lone waste the muse's seat appears,
By social foes defac'd, and length of years.
O'er her declining roofs, with moss o'erspread,
See! Time slow-creeping, walks with hostile
Silent, and sure, with unremitting toil, [tread:
He shakes each wall, and moulders every pile.
Ruin hangs hov'ring o'er the destin'd place;
And solitary silence comes apace!

Learning beheld with all a father's fear,
And mourn'd the total desolation near;
He saw the muses stretch the wing to fly,
And spoke his silent sorrow in a sigh!
From heav'n, in that sad hour, commission'd came
Fair Charity, in heaven the foremost name.
Compassion flew before her, sweetly bright;
And her meek eyes effulg'd unclouded light.

"Hear, and rejoice, the smiling power begun,
"Full of my deity, thy best lov'd son ‡;
"Thy injur'd rights, regardful, shall assert,
"and nobly take his suffering parent's part.
"He, thy first favourite, and thy dearest friend,
"Shall bid thy walls arise, thy roofs ascend.
"I see, all charm'd, I see the future frame,
"Arising, emulate its ancient name!
"I see thy long lost pomp shine out again,
"And every muse, returning, claim her reign!
"Nor ends the bounty here; by him bestow'd,
"Learning's rich stores shall thy museum load
"Whate'er, deep-hid philosophy has found;
"Or the muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
"Or history descry'd, far-looking sage!
"In the dark doubtfulness of distant age: [bin'd,
"These, thy well chosen treasures, there com-
"Unwasting, shall enrich the youthful mind:
"But teach thy sons the gentle arts of peace;
"Let faction lose his rule, and discord cease.
"Rivals, alone, in love, and doing well,
"Be their fair emulation to excell.
"Then shall encourag'd arts successful thrive,
"And all the glory of thy name revive!"

PROLOGUE

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS,

Spoken by Lord Sandwich.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle;
A golden reign, uncurst with party rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;

* James IV. † Bishop William Gordon.
‡ James Frazer, Doctor of Laws.

Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics or play!
The statesman oft would sooth his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and nature's Shakspeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the muse, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair examples, like ascending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorns;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with swift increase:
Rough nature soften'd in grace and ease;
Sense grew polite, and science sought to please.

Recliev'd from yon rude scene of party din,
Where open baseness vies with secret sin,
And safe embower'd in * Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning muse;
Through every bosom tender thought infuse;
Melt angry faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

And now, while spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale;
The various softness, stealing through the heart,
Impressions sweetly social, will impart.
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conscious, nature is in all the same,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is, from these fellows, point-blank contradiction.
Our bard, without—I wish he would appear---
Ud! I would give it him---but you shall hear---

Good Sir! quoth I---and curtle'd as I spoke---
Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke---
'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,
True Britons never like the same thing long.
To-day is fair---they strut, huff, swear, harangue:---
To-morrow's foul---they sneak aside, and hang,
Is there a war---peace! peace! is all their cry:
The peace is made---then, blood! they'll fight
and die.

Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treason:
I would have brought, you see, the man to reason.
But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive:
A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive,
He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream
Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.
A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation?
Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation! †

* The siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn, by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.

† The profits arising from this play were intended to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

Lord! talk so, here---the man must be a widgeon:---
Drury may propagate---but not religion.

Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,
Our author's scheme, though strange, is wholly
new:

Well, shall the novelty then recommend it;
If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
For drums and routs, make him a while your pas-
A little while let virtue be the fashion: [sion:
And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night, at length, appears,
The night of every author's hopes and fears,
What shifts to bribe applause, poor poets try!
In all the forms of wit they court and lie:
These meanly beg it, as an alms; and those,
By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful, nor securely vain,
Ours would, by honest ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then---let candour, fairly too, decide.
He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praise;
He dreads no foe---but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to please, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inspiring nature, and directing art;
By scenes, so wrought, as may applause command
More from the judging head, than thundering
hand.

Important is the moral we would teach---
Oh may this island practise what we preach---
Vice in its first approach with care to shun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
What first was accident, at last is fate:

Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave;
And virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

"As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
"Our judges,---here at least---from influence free:
"One place,---unbias'd yet by party-rage,---
"Where only honour votes---the British stage.
"We ask for justice, for indulgence sue:
"Our last best licence must proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

*On a Lady, who had passed some time in playing
with a very young Child.*

WHY, on this least of little misses,
Did Celia waste so many kisses?
Quoth Love, who stood behind and smil'd,
She kiss'd the father in the child.

EPIGRAM,

*On seeing two persons pass by in very different
equipages.*

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the mules have to brag on:
The player in his own post-chaise;
The poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

On a certain Lord's passion for a singer.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON

DEAR Thomas didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see---
'Tis but by way of simile---
A squirrel spend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little peer,
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who said this, and who did that:
With similes, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;
Advice oft ask'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every rising whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends---just where he first begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear:
An oath had made the ladies stare,
At them he duly dress'd, but without passion:
His only mistress was the fashion.
Her verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His prose, with sense, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAGMENT.

FAIR morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy swell, of healing power,

Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth;
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
Of sun of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight-shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where temperance, where the muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While heat sits fervent on the plain,
With thirst and languor in his train:
All nature sickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf shivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages, or poets. See they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That softens savages to men:

Lo! Socrates, the sent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came?

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill.
Not those loose beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;
Nor such red heats as burn the plain,
In ardent Summer's feverish reign:
But rays, all equal, soft and sober,
To suit the second of October;
To suit the pair, whose wedding-day
This sun now gilds with annual ray.

Just then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four short miles above St James's,
And deigns, with silver-streaming wave,
Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were soaring;
While Putney-cits beneath lay snoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
On sums to their dear country lent:
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with reverence name;
Though wiser moderns much disparage—
I mean the gods of love and marriage.

But Cupid first, his wit to show,
Assuming a mere modern beau,
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn—
To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
They must, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er sleep sound again.
So say the wits: but wiser folks
Still marry, and condemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliss is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever sours;

Well, be it so: yet there are fools,
 Who dare demur to former rules;
 Who laugh profanely at their betters,
 And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
 But, well or ill, jog on through life
 Without that sov'reign bliss, a wife.
 Leave these at least, these sad dogs free,
 To stroll with Bacchus and with me;
 And sup, in Middlesex, or Surrey,
 On coarse cold beef, and Fanny Murray.

Thus Cupid---and with such a leer,
 You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier,
 While Hymen soberly reply'd,
 Yet with an air of conscious pride:

Just come from yonder wretched scene,
 Where all is venal, false, and mean,
 (Looking on London as he spoke).
 I marvel not at thy dull joke;
 Nor, in such cant, to hear thee vapour,
 Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper;
 Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
 With India-bonds, for hearts on sale;
 Their other ends too, as is meet,
 Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-street,
 But could'st thou for a moment quit
 These airs of fashionable wit,
 And re-assume thy nobler name---
 Look that way, where I turn my flame---
 He said, and held his torch inclin'd,
 Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd---
 Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
 Whom I, eight years, have known to charm;
 And, while they wear my willing chains,
 A god dares swear that neither feigns.
 This morn that bound their mutual vow,
 That blest them first, and blesses now,
 They grateful hail! and, from the soul,
 With thousands o'er both heads may roll;
 Till, from life's banquet, either guest,
 Embracing, may retire to rest.
 Come then, all raillery laid aside,
 Let this their day serenely glide:
 With mine thy serious aim unite,
 And both some proper guests invite;
 That not one minute's running sand
 May find their pleasures at a stand.

At this severe and sad rebuke,
 Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
 Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd,
 Not yet consenting, though convinc'd:
 For 'tis your witling's greatest terror,
 Ev'n when he feels to own his error.
 Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
 He took his penitential face:
 Said, 'twas perhaps, the surer play,
 To give your grave good souls their way:
 That, as true humour was grown scarce,
 He chose to see a sober farce;
 For, of all cattle and all fowl,
 Your solemn-looking ass and owl
 Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
 Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.

He said, and eastward spread his wing,
 From London some few friends to bring.
 His brother too, with sober cheer,
 For the same end did westward steer:

But first, a pensive love forlorn,
 Who three long weeping years has borne
 His torch revers'd, and all around,
 Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
 Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
 On whom the mournful train attend:
 And bid him, this one day, at least,
 For such a pair, at such a feast,
 Strip off the sable veil, and wear
 His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
 Observ'd * a man on Richmond-hill,
 Who now first tries a country life;
 Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
 But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
 The passing god look'd in and beckon'd:
 He knows him rich in social merit,
 With independent taste and spirit;
 Though he will laugh with men of whim,
 For fear such men should laugh at him.

But lo, already on his way,
 In due observance of the day,
 A friend and favourite of the nine,
 Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
 And one sole virtue would arrive at---
 To keep his many virtues private.
 Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
 His lov'd companions ease and health:
 Or in his garden, barring out
 The noise of every neighbouring rout,
 At pensive hour of eve and prime,
 Marks how the various hand of time
 Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
 His vegetable sons and daughters.

While these are on their way, behold!
 Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
 First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden †
 Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden:
 Brave as the sword he wears in fight;
 Sincere, and briefly in the right;
 Whom never minister or king
 Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see! of special note,
 Plump Comus ‡ in a colonel's coat;
 Whom we, this day, expect from far,
 A jolly first-rate man of war;
 On whom we boldly dare repose,
 To meet our friends, or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead?
 Strong-body'd too, and strong of head:
 Who, in whatever path he goes,
 Still looks right on before his nose;
 And holds it little less than treason,
 To baulk his stomach or his reason.

* *A. Mitchell, Esq. Minister at the Court of Prussia.*

† *The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a House in Henrietta-street.*

‡ *The late Col. Caroline Scott; who though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.*

True to his mistress and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her !
Cupid himself attends, to squire her :
A welcome guests'd ! we much had mist her ;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to shear her wool ;
No teague of that unblushing band,
Just landed, or about to land ;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse,
To steal an heiress or a purse.
No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit ;
No half-form'd insect of a peer,
With neither land nor conscience clear ;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Just spell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of these defend her ;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
And much good sense, and some estate.

But now, suppose th' assembly met,
And round the table cordial set ;
While in fair order, to their wish,
Plain neatness sends up every dish,
And Pleasure at the side-board stands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due measure,
As reason wills when join'd with pleasure—
Let these white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay :
In every face let joy be seen,
As truth sincere, as hope serene :
Let friendship, love, and wit combine,
To flavour both the meat and wine,
With that rich relish to each sense,
Which they, and they alone, dispense ;
Let music too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and festive song :
Then, when at eve, the star of love
Glow with soft radiance from above,

And each companionable guest
Withdraws, replenish'd, not oppress'd,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say—
My life be such a wedding-day !

EPIGRAM :

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M,DCC,LX.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone.
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house, for ever fled ?
Not so: by softer surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms ;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN ODE IN THE MASQUE OF ALFRED :

*Sung by a Shepherdess who has lost her lover in
the wars.*

A YOUTH, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possessest.
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy nature taught to please,
Whom honour made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell !
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed :
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For ah ! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead !

THE EXCURSION; A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed; a short excursive survey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

CONTAINS, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system, and of the fixed stars.

This poem is among the author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the muse, creative power,
Imagination! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood,
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where contemplation haunts; oh come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er earth's extended space: and thence, on high,
Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man—

To yon expanse of plains, where truth delights,
Simple of heart; and hand in hand with her,
Where blameless virtue walks. Now parting
Parent of beauty and of song, has left [spring,
His mantle, flower-embroider'd on the ground.
While summer laughing comes, and bids the
months

Crown his prime season with their choicest stores;
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows cheerly out, far sounding through the
gloom.

Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-
She rules the fable hour: and calls her train
Of visionary fears; the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and th' encumbent hag,
That rise to fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While reason slumbering lies. At once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of
heaven,

From east to north in double twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam;
While shade and silence yet involve the ball.
Now sacred morn, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.
Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing! lo, she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The western gray of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky: th' unconfined stream,
Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines.
Glad nature feels her through her boundless realms
Of life and sense: and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song. From each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life, that zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn.
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,

Scud o'er the lawns, and plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise!

Now industry is up. The village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller too, pursues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds as-
sume

Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold:
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, be-
hold!

Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The king of glory! round his head divine,
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair
He looks abroad on nature, and invests,
Where-e'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hoare hill, that climbs above the
plain, [woods
Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with
Of broadest shade, and terraced round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
From hence, th' æreal concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure drest;
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess, whose solitary walks,
Fair truth and wisdom love; the bordering lawn
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale
The river's crystal, and the meadows green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every virtue, every muse
Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest heaven her thought; to nature's God,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sovereign bounty, and through heaven and
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss [earth
Him all things own: he speaks, and it is day,

Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend;
And in still whispers, soft as zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her
powers

Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss, [soul,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of time, unmark'd, unknown!

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering
maze

Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
Sick nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a rustling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from th' Atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters, distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
Then rolling dusk along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beast, impress'd by nature's hand
In homeward warnings through each feeling
nerve,

Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.
The thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where dread
And death attend, the servants of his nod,
First, in deaf murmurs, sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

When yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick-glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive; sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing; swallowed now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore resound.
Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view;
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale

VOL. IX.

With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears:
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
Hark! through th' aerial vault, the storm in-
flam'd

Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst:
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffusion flash'd.
Destruction marks its path, yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires: surpris'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power di-
vine!

Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand, though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment, or mercy, dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd:
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the
world,

Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So pass the songful hours: and now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore,
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams: part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure: part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd, [clouds,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful fancy lifts: till late, the sun
From human eye, behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aerial landscape fades.

Distinction fails: and in the darkening west,
The last light quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illusive flame, oft seen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn betokening night's approach
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and flow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And meditation, with his eye on heaven.

X x

Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shun'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody steep
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile [gloom.
Sole on his blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er sightless skulls, and crumbling
bones,

Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare.
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column gray with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
Whole monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.

All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd.
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western ray through yonder isle,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight-shades! hail, venerable dome!
By age more venerable; sacred shore,
Beyond time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion, or of guilt,
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm sound night of those who rest below.
The weary are at peace: the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.

Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name and place, are here—for ever lost!

But, at near distance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inscription: where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.

Thyrsis—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
Lamented shade! whom every gift of heaven
Profusely blest: all learning was his own.
Pleasing his speech, by nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor pity softer, nor was truth more bright.
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected: sympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning: and the sun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
Casts through the air, renewing nature's face

With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light fancy speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial power,
For ever silent, shivering, and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the straits surmis'd
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo, hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp ascend,
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice, and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves, in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east; a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the desert lies,
Where desolation keeps his empty court.
No bloom of spring, o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grafs is found; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising gray.

A land of fears! where visionary forms,
Of griesly spectres, from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them speechless horror stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and forcerer unblest
Their Sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heavens with haggard gaze;
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray; where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest
shades [woods,

Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles;
Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Africa, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend: and where
To farthest point of west, Columbus late,
Through untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown,
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld

A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
 But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
 Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
 The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye
 Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
 Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
 And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
 Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
 Lavish of flowers and fragrance; where soft
 Lord of the year, indulges to each field [spring,
 The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering
 grove.

In these blest plains, a spacious city spreads
 Its round extent magnificent, and seems
 'The seat of empire. Dazzling in the sky,
 With far-seen blaze her towery structures shine,
 Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
 Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty
 Environ her. In each frequented school [round
 Learning exalts his head: and commerce pours
 Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
 How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
 Of lasting bliss secure! Yet all must fail, [found.
 O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be

A fullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
 Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
 The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
 Winters the shadowed air; the birds on high,
 Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
 And now, within the bosom of the globe,
 Where sulphur stor'd, and nitre peaceful slept,
 For ages, in their subterranean bed, [streams,
 Ferments th' approaching tempest. Vapoury
 Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,
 Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mafs,
 Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
 With horror unconceiv'd, dislodged bursts
 Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore,
 Reels the broad continent with all its load,
 Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes:
 Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
 And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
 Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound,
 Rueful are heard, as when despair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital,
 Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
 Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
 Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
 Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around;
 A moment's dreadful silence! Then loud screams
 And eager supplications rend the skies.
 Lo, crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,
 From street to street, from gate to gate roll'd on,
 'This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd
 To distant hill or cave: while half the globe,
 Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
 'Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
 In surges, her vext surface rolls a sea.
 Ruin ensues: towers, temples, palaces,
 Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
 Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
 Fall total—In that universal groan,
 Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
 O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
 The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
 Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs
 profound,

Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
 With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
 Prone to th' abyss descend; and o'er their heads
 Earth shuts her ponderous jaws. Part lost in night
 Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
 Borne through the darkness of th' infernal world,
 Far distant rise, emerging with the flood;
 Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
 A shuddering band! Distraction in each eye
 Stares wildly motionless: they pant, they catch
 A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
 The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
 Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
 For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
 With final dissolution, the huge mass
 Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extensive seat
 Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
 Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
 In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
 Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
 Image of nature's general frame destroy'd!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
 The purposes of Heaven! At once o'erthrown,
 White age and youth, the guilty and the just,
 O, seemingly severe! promiscuous fall.
 Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
 The fearful providence, confus'd, subdu'd
 To silence and amazement, with due praise
 Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
 His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look.
 Fields, where but late the many-colour'd spring
 Sat gaily drest, amid the vernal breath
 Of roses, and the song of nightingales,
 Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
 Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
 A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
 In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
 With rough encumbrance; or through depths of
 earth

Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
 Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret over-head,
 Wounding the healthful air; whence foul disease,
 Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
 In man fore sickness, and the lamp of life
 Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
 Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd.
 Here into madness work'd, and boiling o'er
 Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
 Foaming out mud and filth: here downward sunk
 To folly, and in idly musing wrapt;
 Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud:
 Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery spirit in its cell
 Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
 Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
 Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collusion down
 Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
 That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
 Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides
 flash'd,

The flames bear downward on the central deep,
 Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills [globe,
 His numerous seas, and pours them round the
 The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse,
 In dire commotion boils; and bursting way
 Up through th' unfounded bottoms of the main.

Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
With raving violence. And now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'er swelling mound and cliff: now swift and
strange,

With reflux wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!

Yon neighbouring mountain rising bleak and
Its double top in sterile ashes hid, [bare,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near:
Storehouse of fate! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious freight, ascends eternal smoke:
Now wavering loose in air; now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the sun!
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First, discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,
The dash of floods and hollow howl of winds
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest; again the mountain groans.
Amazing, from its inmost cavern shook:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see, in second pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen! ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations; and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by the explosive breath below,
At once the shadow summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
A vapory deluge hiding earth and heaven.
Thus all day long: and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pause ensues;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad-night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled city stands; each sadden'd face
Turn'd toward the hill of fears: and hark! once
more

The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar

Of winds and seas; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the wondrous hand of war
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once dislodged, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Meanwhile, the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burping in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into Nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the
globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sovereign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole: at whose command,
Obedient fire a flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove,
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd.

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through heaven dis-
play'd.

There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of majesty divine: refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his
train

Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the muse
Ascending soars on, through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere; whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of nature, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole th' aerial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene.
Glorious expansion! by th' Almighty spread,
Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visited the host of heaven around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, whence how small
The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains external: here the lord of day,
The neighbouring sun, shines out in all its strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innume-
rous streams

Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure, on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days, and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the majesty of heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a space they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all sides round. Dilated some and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd: measuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Fairest of beings! first-created light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone,
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race, [charms,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw!
In thy pure shine, with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd; the sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!

That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique she winds
Her annual orb: and by her side the moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer day-light; whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance,
These, in th' horizon, slow-ascending climb
The steep of heaven, and mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the sage, who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd the rapid progress finds
Of light itself: how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the sun's height through unbounded
space,

At once enlightening air, and earth, and heaven.
Last, outmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkness night has
thrown,

Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:
An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the light,
Amid these doleful scenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from th' horizon's verge
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off; till through the lucid round,
In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great, universal ruler! earth and heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at first thy hand
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge
globes

Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Observant all of one unchanging law.

Simplicity divine ! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating : now with quicken'd pace
Descending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding flow, excursive from his bounds.
This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton ! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race ; whose towering
thought,

In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence, he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul !
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.---

But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent !
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell ? stupendous host !
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought !
Awful their order ; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, their ways,
By reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare ! What search shall find
Their times and seasons ! their appointed laws,
Peculiar ! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree ;
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse !---Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders !---Thou, supreme,
First, Independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human kind ! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth ? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs ? empires fam'd of old,
Assyrian, Roman ? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd ?
Where is their place ?---Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds---With earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small ;

Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night !
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine ;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
Amid the northern host : nor with less state,
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Sirius, burning through the south of heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The milky way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme :
Distinguish'd tract ! But as with upward flight,
Soaring, I gain th' immensurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward through the universal sphere
Already past ; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound !
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession ; here pure scenes of light,
Dazzling the view ; here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd : there a dying sun,
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell ! thick, vapoury mists,
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,
And deepening shade on shade ; till the faint
globe,

Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night !

Such this dread revolution : heaven itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, shall fade ; and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods : where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through th' immense
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails !
Various their paths ; without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne : of various face ;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers :
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal ; in whose train
Famine, and war, and desolating plague,

Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds!

But lo! where one, from some far world re-
turn'd,

Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies.
By some hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhausted orb: and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and
spreads

In orient streams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return:

In still amazement lost, th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from heaven;
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! cloth'd with brightness
round,

Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone: for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,

Of God's perfections; how these heavens first
sprung

From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight and measure; what hid laws
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence, and war;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
To thousands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign nor th' illustrious great,
Alone their care. To every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these blest minds embrace
With universal love, the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Deprest by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow.

Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,

At morn or eve, when nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul

With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities, and low pursuits,

That busy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekness and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,

Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns

With all their worlds: and still from height to
height,

By things created rising, last ascend
To that first cause, who made, who governs all,

Fountain of being, self-existent power,
All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age

Endures, and fills th' immensity of space;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind

Conceives no limits; undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

P R E F A C E.

THE following poem was originally intended for
the stage, and planned out, several years ago, in-
to a regular tragedy. But the author found it
necessary to change his first design, and to give
his work the form it now appears in; for reasons
with which it might be impertinent to trouble
the public: though, to a man who thinks and

feels in a certain manner, those reasons were in-
vincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most re-
mote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or
western isles that surround one part of Great Bri-
tain; it may not be improper to inform the read-
er, that he will find a particular account of it, in

a little treatise published near half a century ago, under the title of a voyage to St. Kilda. The author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: "plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta."

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold; but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry; and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted, that in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher. However, the caverns formed in it, so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised, were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the people, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to show their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surprised and delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last,

he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the second: when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were oft the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction: and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foresee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so it is the great triumph, of poetry; the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

TO MRS. MALLET.

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain, or pleasure, springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That, in sweet union, harmonise thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for sad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish to heaven prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondness mine.
So, through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall love light up, and friendship close our day:
Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

CANTO I.

FAR in the watery waste, where his broad wave
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,
On from the piny shores of Labrador
To frozen Thulé east, her airy height
Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts;
Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
In filial train, Britannia's parent-coast.
Thrice happy land! though freezing on the verge
Of arctic skies; yet, blameless still of arts
That polish to deprave, each softer clime,
With simple nature, simple virtue blest!
Beyond Ambition's walk: where never War
Uprear'd his sanguine standard; nor unsheath'd,
For wealth or power, the desolating sword.
Where luxury, soft syren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm content
That lives to reason; ancient faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union; innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: these, the powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease.
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring,
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
And close their eve in slumbers sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging sound. But last and best,
What avarice, what ambition shall not know,
True liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With independence dwells; and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous muse! O whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade;
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot;
Through bowery groves, where inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius---and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find---Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought: and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan,
Would often mix---Oft as remembrance sad
Th' unhappy past recall'd; a faithful wife,

Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!---Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears!
At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach; or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his
head.

Such were his hours; till time, the wretch's
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,
Each sullen spectre chase, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd: as, after winds
Of rustling wing, the sea subsiding flow
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first,
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To heaven his eye; and through the turbid mist,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one cause supreme,
All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best,
In cloud or sunshine; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as sen-born fogs
Before th' ascending sun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore; and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair
morn

Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from his breast; 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child must feel,
Still suffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of heaven
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year; and in each pleasing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
With florid light, his fairest month array'd:
While Zephyre, while the silver-footed dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise

Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender * and carmel's spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But, high above, the season full exerts
Its vernal force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their æreal state
Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer,
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore:
By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
Their temporary realm; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on talks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport,
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament:
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendour undiminish'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aerial landscape. Here, alone
On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
Wheu lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep
Of sky-crown'd Apenine. The sea-pye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming from his nest
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
Invading night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackness round †. Sad ocean's face

* The root of this plant, otherwise named
"argatilis sylvaticus," is aromatic; and by the
natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See
Martin's *Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 180.

† See Martin's *voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 58.

A curling undulation shivery swept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous rose,
Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
The raging south, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd:
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains surging to the stars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds:
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought
That power invokes, whose voice the wild winds
hear,

Whose nod the furge reveres, to look from heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For death bestrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy genius of the deep forsakes:
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends---
Ah! save them, heaven! it bursts in deluge down
With boundless undulation. Shore and sky
Rebellow to the roar. At once engulf'd,
Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept:
The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the sight
To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
Pour'd out to heaven in sighs: Thy will be done,
Not mine, supreme disposer of events!

But death demands a tear, and man must feel
For human woes: the rest submission checks.
Not distant far, where this receding bay *
Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate,
Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,
Of some unfolding temple. On its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks, [food
That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant
Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,

* See Martin's *voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 20.

Involv'd in pensive thought Aurelius past,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stopt, he rais'd his head;
And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth
He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
The vernal hue extinguish'd from his cheek:
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave: and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breath,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by nature's noblest hand;
Where bold proportion, and where softening grace,
Mix'd in each limb, and harmonis'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye
To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
He bid transport it speedy through the vale,
To his poor cell that lonely stood and low,
Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill;
An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
On columns rude; its roof with reverend moss
Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and
The vapoury air with aromatic smells: [sum'd
Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of dreful vision, shuddering he awakes:
While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
The rosy current wins its reflux way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown
Dissolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
Distraction spoke—down, down, with every fail.
Mercy, sweet heaven!—Ha! now while ocean
sweeps

In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
We will not part—help, help! yon wave, behold!
That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.
O, for a sun to light this black abyss!
Gone—lost—for ever lost! He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
The sacred silence due to grief supreme.
Then thus at last: O from devouring seas,
By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy sense return'd, can yet discern the hand
All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,

Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe;
That hand divine with grateful awe confess,
With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was
fled,
And human help in vain—th' Almighty voice,
Then bade destruction spare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy sav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May justify; to all the sons of men,
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most—

He hears me not.
Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in better stream!
Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel; to sooth the sad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reason's paths, to happiness and heaven.

The hermit thus: and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.
What have I heard?—On this untravell'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast
The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder—but, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
From social converse though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impression! Then, as passion grew,
Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart streaming full to heart and mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave

Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can'st tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd maid!
 O most undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice sup-
 The rest was agony and dumb despair. [press'd:
 Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy
 gloom

Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to sooth, not combat hopeless love.

Amyntor, by that heaven who sees thy tears!
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 How long in silent anguish to descend,
 When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
 Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
 Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
 The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
 And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou
 From me, in sad return, a tale of woes, [hear
 So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
 Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 That mine has bled with—but behold! the dark
 And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
 Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
 Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 With timely sleep. Each gracious wing from heaven
 Of those that minister to erring man,
 Near-hovering, hush thy passion into calm;
 Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 Of brightest visions; whisper to thy heart
 That holy peace which goodness ever shares:
 And to us both be friendly as we need.

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
 Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
 Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle
 Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
 And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear
 Borne through the gloom, his shrieking sense
 appall'd.

Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
 Again pale memory labours in the storm:
 Again from her is torn, whom more than life
 His fondness lov'd. And now another shower
 Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
 Effusive stream'd; till late, through every power
 The soul subdued sunk sad to flow repose:

And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
 Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain
 Not long to last: for fancy, oft awake
 While reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
 Call'd up wild shades of visionary fear,
 Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
 To mock with mimic shows. And lo! the deeps
 In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
 Amyntor heaves of overwhelming seas;
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
 The billows back. Anon, the shadowy world
 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
 Where solitary, o'er the starless void, [length,
 Dumb silence broods. Through heaths of dreary
 Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
 With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
 Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night. [caves,
 Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
 And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
 Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
 Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
 That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
 A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
 Their walk embower'd; while nightingales be-
 neath

Sung spousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air---
 O turn! O, stay thy flight!--so loud he cry'd,
 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
 Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
 Grateful deception! till returning thought
 Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
 Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
 His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
 To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
 The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
 Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound:
 Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood [voice
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's
 Nor aw'd submission to the will of heaven,
 Restrains him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
 To which himself had borne th' unhappy fair,
 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
 He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
 On land or wave within his ken appears,
 Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
 The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold!

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
 Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
 Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
 Lifts high o'er earth and sea: while, all-unveil'd,
 The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
 Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
 Magnificently various. From this steep,
 Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
 The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space
 Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,

As flow th' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And virtue's rule enjoin: but first to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin-song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address:

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun
First drew his splendour; source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring; O, first and best!
Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works imprest,
In characters coeval with the sun,
And with the sun at last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hills steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd: such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began:

O sight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,

Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear; whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess
That fancy, trac'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth
spread,

Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bliss my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs: that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine
Such, and so dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, such, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good youth;
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose, or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name,
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home found peace and love, supremely blest!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the
At last, Amyntor, in my failing age, [same!
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that
still [shame!
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign reason! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!

Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Can'st tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd maid!
 O most undone Amyntor!—Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice sup-
 The rest was agony and dumb despair. [press'd:
 Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy
 gloom

Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
 And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to sooth, not combat hopeless love.

Amyntor, by that heaven who sees thy tears!
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 How long in silent anguish to descend,
 When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
 Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
 Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
 The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
 And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou
 From me, in sad return, a tale of woes, [hear
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 Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
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 Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
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 A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
 Their walk embower'd; while nightingales be-
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Sung spousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air---
 O turn! O, stay thy flight!--so loud he cry'd,
 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
 Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
 Grateful deception! till returning thought
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 His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
 To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
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 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
 To which himself had borne th' unhapy fair,
 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
 He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
 On land or wave within his ken appears,
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 Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
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Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
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A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
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Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
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Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun at last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will be done.

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The hills steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd: such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
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Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth
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 Magnificently various. From this steep,
 Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
 The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space
 Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,

As flow th' ascending mists disperse in air,
Shoot gradual from her bosom: and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes! barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven,
Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam;
Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Meanwhile Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
Repose that temperance sheds in timely dews
On all who live to her, his mournful guest
Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
And virtue's rule enjoin: but first to him,
Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
With kindly sense to glow, his matin-song,
Superior duty, thus the sage address:

Fountain of light! from whom yon orient sun
First drew his splendour; source of life and love!
Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
The boundless blush of spring; O, first and best!
Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
Though from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himself,
Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
The Maker's hand, on all his works imprest,
In characters coëval with the sun,
And with the sun at last; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
Sole revelation through all time the same.
Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne
Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
The great community of nature's sons,
To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
Nor lowest; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hills steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd: such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respire
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began:

O sight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,

Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear; whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess
That fancy, trac'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth
spread,

Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to fights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bliss my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, fainted maid!
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs: that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine
Such, and so dire, reply'd the cordial friend
In pity's look and language, such, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good youth;
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose, or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name,
From those among mankind, the nobler few,
Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home found peace and love, supremely blest!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd
Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the
At last, Amyntor, in my failing age, [same!
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd--thought that
still [shame!
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign reason! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!

A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend.

O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to
know

How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As heaven has thine, to pity their distress!

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far the unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far th' bitterness of faintly zeal,
That impious hid behind the patriot's name
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince,
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.

For say, Amyntor, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless
grave

Ingulf their thousands! Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortune sunk:
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded was to death,
To shameful death adjudg'd; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
Was given in charge: a foe, whom blood-stain'd
zeal

For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute, [deem'd
More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death

Train'd ruthless up. As tigers on their prey,
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell: nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where love and virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itself
Beheld with reverence, could their fury 'scape;
Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flame:
For flame and rapine their consuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baneful cloud,
Embody'd locusts from the wind descend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O heaven! do I,
A man, survive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn; and still detains
Beneath his roof accurst, that best of wives!
Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there,
And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad muse!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora—At these words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins:
And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable; his eye
With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound! so stood, so look'd
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death.
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sign to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poinard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited; and thus
My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hostile point—His lifted arm,
Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden: then perusing with strict eye,
And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
Nor from his air or feature gathering aught

To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:
 O dire attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 Thy hand self-violent; nor thus to guilt,
 If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
 Shall man first violate the law divine,
 That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod,
 Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
 Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,
 Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
 Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
 Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense;
 Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
 Rewarding or afflicting---But say on.
 My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
 Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
 They urge me on; they bid me ask no more---
 What would I ask? My Theodora's fate,
 Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
 Good heaven! beyond all grace---But shall I blame
 His rage of grief, and in myself admit
 Its wild excess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
 That gift Heaven has resum'd: righteous in both,
 For both his providence be ever blest!

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
 Amyntor, slow recovering into thought,
 Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand
 Grasp'd close, and bore with ardour to his lips.
 His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
 Thro' swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
 Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the hermit's
 glance,
 Shot awful at him: till, the various swell
 Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke:
 What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch un-
 known?

Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
 Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
 Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes.
 I am---Aurelius! turn that look aside,
 That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
 Abhorrent say, he is---forgive me, heaven!
 Forgive me, virtue! if I would renounce
 Whom nature bids me reverence---by her bond,
 Rolando's son: by your more sacred ties,
 As to his crimes, an alien to his blood;
 For crimes like his---

Rolando's son? Just heaven!
 Ha! here? and in my power? A war of thoughts,
 All terrible arising, shakes my frame
 With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
 The father's heart, though seas are spread be-
 tween, [whom?
 Were great revenge!--Away: revenge? on
 Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd
 Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
 In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke;
 And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
 Suspended held. But, as the welcome blow,
 With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
 Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
 The natives stood; whom kindness hither drew,
 The man unknown, with each relieving aid
 Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
 To succour and to serve. Before them came
 Montano, venerable sage, whose head

The hand of time with twenty winters' snow
 Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
 Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
 Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
 Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
 Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and secure;
 To save him from himself, as one, with grief
 Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
 This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
 He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
 With triple fork to heaven, the mounted sun
 Full from the midmost shot in dazzling stream
 His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
 And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
 Around its rocks to graze: * for, strange to tell!
 The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times; by heaven's own hand,
 To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle:
 All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
 By nature's voice solicited in vain,
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye---
 'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting
 doubt!

Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
 Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
 Inclind alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of Him, [light,
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness
 Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
 The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
 That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,
 With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
 Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
 And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
 That strengthens while it cheers; behold from
 Amyntor slow-approaching! on his front, [far
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd

* The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebb'd about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Strait before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's story: then, as justice sees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him, or condemn---But oh, may I,
A father's name when truth forbids to praise,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
By heaven made sacred; and by nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.---These eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madness how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of Beauty, nor the Matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction. Yet sustain'd
By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment and scorn
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applause;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
My further story clothe? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air! or Zephyr's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid banishment his evening-lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to both,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for one:
My sole offence---if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source! and then too seen

In milder lights; by sorrow's shading hand
Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name! when love looks on
With pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
Or fortune leaves unhappy! Passion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial; whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!

By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
O seen, but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
Is flattering brightness! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not, Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe, [back,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd
Of soft emotion or of social sense, [thought
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That Bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
'Tis just, he cry'd: who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her
powers
Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horror.---Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius, O most injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe, new anguish? and to grief, despair---
She is no more---

O Providence severe!
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the Will supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though assail'd, [grace
Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's

With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd
By love's own hand for salutary ends.
But were they ills indeed? Can fond complaint
Arrest the wing of time? Can grief command
This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again
The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
Of human fondness sighing in the breast,
And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
And let me call thee son (for O that name
Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserved)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts,
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus spoke: Amyntor thus his story clos'd.

As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
On Theodora's face—O save my child!
She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
Her shade receive, and, with the truest tears,
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere;
On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils
Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand
Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! By yon glorious train
Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
By death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
That once was man, now mouldering here below:
But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
Reverent we kneel! and by her nobler part,
Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
Nor aught but death's inevitable hand,
Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence:
To where, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
We sail'd—But, O my father! can I speak
What yet remains? yon ocean black with storm!
Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven
For me alone prefer'd, as on my arm,
Expiring, sinking with her fears, she hung!
I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adur'd,
And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,

The boldest mariners, this precious charge
Instant to save; and, in the skiff secur'd,
Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf.
Nor me alone: its broad and billowing sweep
Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor sav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To heaven unlifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

The lamp of day, though from mid-noon de-
Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth [clin'd,
Oppressive brightness round; till in soft stream,
From ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their vale diffusive spread; the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his guest, the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Roll'd sounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle
Her village capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began:

Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are sons of sorrow born.
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
From hence due east. Amyntor look'd, and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange, [arm'd
Where thrice three females, earnest each and
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruit fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.

Behold! Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe?
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The husbands or those widow'd mates, who now

For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
 Their island-skiff advent'rous on the deep.
 Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
 The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
 As annual on from shore to shore they move
 In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
 Dark from the south a gust of furious wing,
 Up-springing, drove to sea: and left in tears,
 This little world of brothers and of friends!
 But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
 Borne on the surging-tide, and broken oars,
 To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
 The wreck before surmis'd; one general groan,
 To heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
 With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless
 [shore,]
 Through these hoarse rocks, on this resounding
 At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen,
 Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
 The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
 Yon round of moss-clad hills, Boreas nam'd—
 Full north, behold! above the soaring lark,
 Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
 With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
 Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
 And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
 Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
 Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 Successive kindled, and from night to night
 Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
 Took her gay turn to reign; and nature now
 From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
 By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
 How from yon rocky prison to release
 Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
 Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains
 The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
 With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
 On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare*.
 Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathising sorrow, on himself,
 On his severer fate, now pondering deep
 Wrapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale
 That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers
 All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush: a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect; which pale fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er

* The author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

With darkest night, meet region for despair!
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
 One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
 Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
 Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale and of piteous look, a pensive maid;
 As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
 Or plung'd in grief profound—O, all ye powers!
 Amyntor starting, cry'd, and shot his soul
 In rapid glance before him on her face.
 Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
 Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and see!
 To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
 The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
 Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
 The dead or absent, have on yon shape adorn'd,
 So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
 Embodiy'd featur'd it with all her charms—
 And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
 With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
 He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
 Her sinking weight—O earth, and air, and sea!
 'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
 Whose goodness knows no bounds, thy hand is here,
 Omnipotent in mercy! As he spoke,
 Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
 The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love! my life!
 Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
 Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
 Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
 The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
 My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
 'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge
 Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
 And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, through excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
 The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
 Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
 For now, while on her face these men unknown
 The stream, with cool asperision, busy cast,
 His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
 Beheld in them—his friends! th' advent'rous few,
 Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek
 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
 How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
 Boreas nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe—He heard no more:
 The rest already known, his every sense,

His full collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
How vent the boundless transport that expands
My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
A second pang. At this, dilated high
The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
Now found, and broke in tender dews away
Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
The guardian genius hovers, so the youth,
On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
With trembling tenderness of hope and fear,
Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
Attempering, to compose, and gradual fit
For further joy her soft impressible frame.

O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm
thought

On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
Thy godlike father lives! and lo—but curb,
Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
The mountain's side descend!—Abrupt from his
Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
Alonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
My father!—O my child! at once they cry'd:
Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
And nature from her inmost seat of sense
Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
Where emulous in either bosom strove
Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile;
And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful year: the joy,
With instant flow, from shore to shore along
Diffusive ran; and all the exulting isle
About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
In each plain bosom love and nature wept:
While each a fire, a husband, or a friend,
Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,
The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
What nature dictates when the full heart prompts,

Best harmony, they grateful souls effus'd
Aloud to heaven; Montano, reverend seer,
(Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyss
Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
Yet immature and in their causes hid,
Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood:
His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
From outward vision held, and all the man
Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,
The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercastr!
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while dawning rosy round
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wings Britannia's genius flies,
Before his prow; commands the speeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the laurel-crown,
Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this blest pair to spring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy last day, to sweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown.

TRUTH IN RYME.

TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*.

YOUR Grace has given leave, that these few
poems should appear in the world under the pa-
tronage of your name. But this leave would have
been refused, I know, had your expected to find
your own praises, however just, in any part of the
present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the
style of compliment. Genuine modesty, the com-
panion and the grace of true merit, may be surely
distinguished from the affectation of it: as surely
as the native glowing of a fine complexion from
that artificial colouring, which is used, in vain, to
supply what nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet, permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I
restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the
fairest public character must be raised upon private
virtue, as surely it must, your Grace has laid al-
ready the securest foundation of the former in the
latter. The eyes of mankind are therefore turned
upon you: and, from what you are known to have
done, in one way, they reasonably look for what-
ever can be expected from a great and good man,
in the other.

The author of these lighter amusements hopes

* This dedication was prefixed by the author, to a
small collection of his poems, published in 1762.

soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough.

You will then see, that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation: and that the same extensive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy: this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of

Your Grace's
most obedient
humble servant.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

"It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
"It is all beauty, or in blindness I."

Imprimatur

meo periculo.

CHESTERFIELD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following extract from his majesty's speech to both houses of parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this. However unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the same time, be the fullest and best explanation of the author's meaning, on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

MARCH 3, 1761.

*** In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William the Third, for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour. But notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice; as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects; and as most conducive to the honour of the crown. And I come now to recommend this

interesting object to the consideration of parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew.
There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if, at times she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all unknown;
She found him seated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact—a patriot-king!
But as a sight, so nobly new,
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night
The goddess shot her beamy flight.
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In sweet repose: o'er all his face,
Repose shed softer bloom and grace!
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprise,
She gaz'd him o'er. She saw arise,
For gods can read the human breast,
Her own ideas there impress!
And that his plan, to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbania to her aid.

At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurel'd grove:
Loose to the gale her azure robe;
Borne in her left, a starry globe,
Where each superior son of fame
Will find inscribed his deathless name,
Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
To praise due merit, or inspire.

Behold—Astrea thus began—
The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reason see, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the soul of truth!

With love of justice, tender sense
 For suffering worth and innocence!
 Who means to build his happy reign!
 On this blest maxim, wise and plain—
 Though plain, how seldom understood!
 That, to be great, he must be good.
 His breast is open to your eye;
 Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
 This bosom needs no thought to hide:
 This virtue dares our search abide.

The sacred fountains to secure
 Of justice, undisturb'd and pure
 From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
 To ruffle, or to stain their course;
 That these may flow serene and free,
 The law must independent be:
 Her ministers, as in my sight,
 And mine alone, dispensing right;
 Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
 As honour, just, as truth, sincere.
 With temper, firm, with spirit, sage,
 The Mansfields of each future age.

And this prime blessing is to spring
 From youth in purple! from a king!
 Who, true to his imperial trust,
 His greatness sounds in being just;
 Prepares, like yon ascending sun,
 His glorious race with joy to run,
 And, where his gracious eye appears,
 To bless the world he lights and cheers!

Such worth with equal voice to sing,
 Urania, strike thy boldest string;
 And truth, whose voice alone is praise
 That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
 Begin! awake his gentler ear
 With sounds that monarchs rarely hear.
 He merits, let him know our love,
 And you record, what I approve.

She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
 With soft surprise, his form survey'd.
 She saw what chastity of thought.
 Within his stainless bosom wrought;
 Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
 And, pausing, offer'd this reply.
 Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
 Such truths should to the world impart.
 My task is but in simple verse,
 These promis'd wonders to rehearse:
 And when on these our verse we raise,
 The plainest is the noblest praise.

Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
 Would such a prince permit my strains?
 Deserving, but still shunning fame,
 The homage due he might disclaim.
 A prince who rules to save mankind,
 His praise would in their virtue find;
 Would deem their strict regard to laws,
 Their faith and worth, his best applause.
 Then, Britons, your just tribute bring,
 In deeds, to emulate your king;
 In virtues, to redeem your age
 From venal views and party-rage.
 On his example safely rest;
 He calls, he courts you, to be blest;
 As friends, as brethren to unite
 In one firm league of just and right.

My part is last; if Britain yet
 A lover boasts of truth and wit,

To him these grateful lays to send,
 The monarch's and the muse's friend;
 And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
 My voice may give to latest times.

She said; and, after thinking o'er
 The men in place near half a score,
 To strike at once all scandal mute,
 The goddesses found, and fix'd on Bute.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we shall be wiser,
 Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiser,
 Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
 It surely must abuse the great;
 Perhaps the king;—without dispute
 'Twill fall most devilish hard on Bute.

This he reviews his parting shilling,
 At last resolves, though much unwilling,
 To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
 And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
 He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
 Damn it—here's neither sense nor satire—
 Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
 Such fellows!—to pretend to print!

Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
 The fault's not his, but in the times:
 The times, in which a monarch reigns,
 Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
 To stop in their destructive course,
 Domestic frenzy foreign force,
 To bid war, faction, party cease,
 And bless the weary'd world with peace.
 The times in which is seen, strange sight!
 A court both virtuous and polite,
 Where merit best can recommend
 And science finds a constant friend.

How then should satire dare to sport,
 With such a king and such a court,
 While truth looks on with rigid eye,
 And tells her every line's a lie?

THE DISCOVERY.

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY A
 YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING SCHOOL.

September 1760.

APOLLO lately sent to know,
 If he had any sons below:
 For, by the trash he long had seen
 In male and female magazine,
 A hundred quires, not worth a groat,
 The race must be extinct, he thought,
 His messenger to court repairs;
 Walks softly with the crowd up stairs:
 But when he had his errand told,
 The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old,
 Augustus knit his royal brow,
 And bade him let Apollo know it,
 That from his infancy till now,

Y y iij

He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
 His next adventure was the Park,
 When it grew fashionably dark:
 There beauties, boobbies, strumpets, rakes,
 Talk much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
 Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
 But not one word of verse or bard.
 The stage, Apollo's old domain,
 Where his true sons were wont to reign,
 His courier now past frowning by:
 Ye modern Durseys tell us why.
 Slow, to the city last he went:
 There, all was prose, of cent. per cent.
 There, alley-omnium, script, and bonus,
 (Latin, for which a muse would stone us,
 Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
 Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.
 And now the clock had struck eleven:
 The messenger must back to heaven;
 But just as he his wings had try'd,
 Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side.
 A blooming creature there he found,
 With pen and ink, and books around,
 Alone, and writing by a taper:
 He read unseen, then stole her paper.
 It much amus'd him on his way;
 And reaching heaven by break of day,
 He show'd Apollo what he stole.
 The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
 Then, calling for his pocket-book,
 Some right celestial vellum took;
 And what he with a sun-beam there
 Writ down, the muse thus copies fair:
 " If I no men my sons must call,
 " Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
 " Mark then the sacred words that follow,
 " Sophia's mine's—so sign'd

APOLLO.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S STYLE.

Not printed in any former edition of his works

CELESTIAL DOVE! the muse heaven-born inspire
 Through all her pow'rs, while with extended
 wing
 She seeks the mystic hill, and wond'ring views
 Her Lord transfigur'd. He on earth below
 Obscurely liv'd, eclips'd in human form,
 And hid the Deity: with ills conversant,
 The rage of fate in ev'ry threat'ning shape
 Awful he combated, and victor still,
 To hell and earth, his restless foes, oppos'd
 Meekness, and patient innocence, and pray'r
 That best defence! that golden chain, whose
 pow'r
 Magnetic links the distant heaven and earth
 With occult charm! as the remotest parts
 Of nature, each to other gravitate
 In bonds of strictest love. The fervent pray'r
 Resistless climbs heav'n's awful height, and
 stands
 Before th' eternal throne, with silent tears
 And soul-breath'd sighs attended: Mercy smiles,
 While the victorious suppliant sweetly o'er-
 comes
 God inaccessible to other violence.

And thus th' ethereal Lamb, Redeemer meek,
 Convers'd with the great Father, where he sits
 Enthron'd in glory. He the Son beheld
 High on a mountain, from the world sequester'd,
 In holy rapture wing to heaven his soul.
 His pray'r is heard—And, lo! Celestial light,
 Sun-bright meridian glory, beamful breaks
 From forth his sacred looks. All heav'n un-
 veil'd

Is open'd in his face, and Godhead blazes
 Effulgent round: while ting'd with orient light
 His garments shine, pure as the new fallen
 snow

That clothes the Alpine ridge or Appenine.
 Soft gales of fragrance breath'd around the place
 Ambrosial, and, to grace the wond'rous change,
 Moses and Elias, the realms of light
 Forsaking, dart precipitant from high,
 Invested with pure ether, all refin'd
 Their liquid texture, or compacted light
 Empyrean cov'ring! Thus from heaven equipt,
 All pure as innocence, celestial bloom
 Smil'd glowing in their looks, and every limb
 Adorn'd with heavenly beauty, dazzling shot
 Fair glories, only to their Lord inferior.
 Their garments splendid, as the solar ray
 Of noontide shines, blaz'd bright with orient
 gold,

Such as impurples heaven, when rising morn
 Walks o'er the skies with all her rosy train
 Of smiles and blushes. Humbly the blest pair,
 In deep prostration, stretch'd before their Lord,
 Recount his sufferings, and adore his passion.

How unappall'd this meek and patient Lamb,
 Encounters all the rage of earth and hell!
 His armour, innocence and white-eye'd faith.
 How, bleeding with rich life, his sacred wounds
 Run purple, and expand their ruddy mouths,
 Dropping with cordial balm to heal a world!
 How the triumphant victim yields his breath
 Cheerful amidst the sharpest pangs of torture!
 While trembling nature own'd her dying Lord,
 And shook th' eternal centre: the pale sun,
 As conscious of the guilt, obscur'd his head,
 And left the world in universal mourning.
 How in the grave's encircling gloom he's laid
 Environ'd with cold night; th' insatiate grave,
 Unable to detain his heavenly guest,
 Reluctant opes his pond'rous jaws, and yields
 The sacred pledge of peace to man restor'd.
 His fetters broke, fresh as the face of morn
 That now had thrice renew'd her smiling tour
 Through heaven, he spurns the banded pow'rs of
 hell,

And rising, Phoenix-like, shakes off the gloom
 Contracted from the grave. Now in his throne
 Seated, on the right hand of glory shines
 With Godhead blazing awful Deity.
 Amazing colloquy! where heaven and earth,
 Sweetly united, hold the conference
 Sublime! a world restor'd and man redeem'd.
 But while the wond'rous interview prolong'd
 Detains the gazing, sun from heaven appears
 An orient cloud, that seems another sun
 Resplendent through the skies, from whence was
 heard,

As thunder terrible, the Father's voice,
 Awful proclaiming from the fulgent shade,

LO! MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM
WELL PLEAS'D!

V E R S E S.

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO A
BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute!
Behold me where I shivering stand;
Bid gentle pity stretch her hand
To want and age, disease and pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse:
Yet, how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose;
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE REWARD:

OR, APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO
CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

APOLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye,
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know:
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?
But gods are never in the wrong:
What then displeas'd the power of song?
The case was this: where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums and dice and dissipation
Have chac'd all taste from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table spread,
Where sense and science may be fed?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited merit takes his place?
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud:
When, lo! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.
This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud;
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend:
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song.
"With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, fix in seven;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey;

With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round;
With much good-will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts;
Who smiles, if you have smartly spoke;
Or nods applause to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy;
Still keeps amusement full in view:
Wife? Now and then—but oftener new;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door;
The next, in waiting on a whore.

Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirke from his desert isle
Or Alligator from the Nile;
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man, next day, to dine,
Or was it an hermaphrodite?
You found him in a twofold hurry;
Neglecting for this he-she fight,
The single charms of Fanny Murray.
Gathering, from suburb and from city,
Who were, who would be, wise or witty;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions;
The bags, of maggot and new motions;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave antiquaries, with their flams;
And poets, squirting epigrams:
With some few lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink:
Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are, and are not, of the game.
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay;
And sees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."

But here, some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate;
Some pedant of the fable gown,
Who spares no failings but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow:
Is this a subject for Apollo!

What! can the god of wit and verse
Such trifles in our ears rehearse?

"Know, puppies, this man's easy life,
Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
Was oft employ'd in doing good;
A science you ne'er understood:
And charity, ye sons of pride,
A multitude of faults will hide.
I, at his board, more sense have found,
Than at a hundred dinners round.
Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
Could often, there, collected spy:
And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
Revolving what was sung or said.

"And he, who entertain'd them all
With much good liquor strong and small;
With food in plenty, and a welcome,
Which would become my Lord of Melcombe *,"

* This poem was certainly written in 1757; but
the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the god
of prophecy as well as of poetry. MALLETT.

He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
 His next adventure was the Park,
 When it grew fashionably dark:
 There beauties, boobbies, strumpets, rakes,
 Talk much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
 Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
 But not one word of verse or bard.
 The stage, Apollo's old domain,
 Where his true sons were wont to reign,
 His courier now past frowning by:
 Ye modern Durseys tell us why.

Slow, to the city last he went:
 There, all was prose, of cent. per cent.
 There, alley-omnium, script, and bonus,
 (Latin, for which a muse would stone us,
 Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
 Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven:
 The messenger must back to heaven;
 But just as he his wings had try'd,
 Look'd up Queen-square, the north-east side.
 A blooming creature there he found,
 With pen and ink, and books around,
 Alone, and writing by a taper:
 He read unseen, then stole her paper.
 It much amus'd him on his way;
 And reaching heaven by break of day,
 He show'd Apollo what he stole.
 The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
 Then, calling for his pocket-book,
 Some right celestial vellum took;
 And what he with a sun-beam there
 Writ down, the muse thus copies fair:
 " If I no men my sons must call,
 " Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
 " Mark then the sacred words that follow,
 " Sophia's mine's—so sign'd APOLLO.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S STYLE.

Not printed in any former edition of his works

CELESTIAL Dove! the muse heaven-born inspire
 Through all her pow'rs, while with extended
 wing
 She seeks the mystic hill, and wond'ring views
 Her Lord transfigur'd. He on earth below
 Obscurely liv'd, eclips'd in human form,
 And hid the Deity: with ills conversant,
 The rage of fate in ev'ry threat'ning shape
 Awful he combated, and victor still,
 To hell and earth, his restless foes, oppos'd
 Meekness, and patient innocence, and pray'r
 That best defence! that golden chain, whose
 pow'r
 Magnetic links the distant heaven and earth
 With occult charm! as the remotest parts
 Of nature, each to other gravitate
 In bonds of strictest love. The fervent pray'r
 Resistless climbs heav'n's awful height, and
 stands
 Before th' eternal throne, with silent tears
 And soul-breath'd sighs attended: Mercy smiles,
 While the victorious suppliant sweetly o'er-
 comes
 God inaccessible to other violence.

And thus th' ethereal Lamb, Redeemer meek,
 Convers'd with the great Father, where he sits
 Enthron'd in glory. He the Son beheld
 High on a mountain, from the world sequester'd,
 In holy rapture wing to heaven his soul.
 His pray'r is heard—And, lo! Celestial light,
 Sun-bright meridian glory, beamful breaks
 From forth his sacred looks. All heav'n un-
 veil'd

Is open'd in his face, and Godhead blazes
 Effulgent round: while ting'd with orient light
 His garments shine, pure as the new fallen
 snow

That clothes the Alpine ridge or Appenine.
 Soft gales of fragrance breath'd around the place
 Ambrosial, and, to grace the wond'rous change,
 Moses and Elias, the realms of light
 Forsaking, dart precipitant from high,
 Invested with pure ether, all refin'd
 Their liquid texture, or compacted light
 Empyrean cov'ring! Thus from heaven equipt,
 All pure as innocence, celestial bloom
 Smil'd glowing in their looks, and every limb
 Adorn'd with heavenly beauty, dazzling shot
 Fair glories, only to their Lord inferior.
 Their garments splendid, as the solar ray
 Of noontide shines, blaz'd bright with orient
 gold,

Such as impurples heaven, when rising morn
 Walks o'er the skies with all her rosy train
 Of smiles and blushes. Humbly the blest pair,
 In deep prostration, stretch'd before their Lord,
 Recount his sufferings, and adore his passion.

How unappall'd this meek and patient Lamb,
 Encounters all the rage of earth and hell!
 His armour, innocence and white-eye'd faith.
 How, bleeding with rich life, his sacred wounds
 Run purple, and expand their ruddy mouths,
 Dropping with cordial balm to heal a world!
 How the triumphant victim yields his breath
 Cheerful amidst the sharpest pangs of torture!
 While trembling nature own'd her dying Lord,
 And shook th' eternal centre: the pale sun,
 As conscious of the guilt, obscur'd his head,
 And left the world in universal mourning.
 How in the grave's encircling gloom he's laid
 Environ'd with cold night; th' insatiate grave,
 Unable to detain his heavenly guest,
 Reluctant opes his pond'rous jaws, and yields
 The sacred pledge of peace to man restor'd.
 His fetters broke, fresh as the face of morn
 That now had thrice renew'd her smiling tour
 Through heaven, he spurns the banded pow'rs of
 hell,

And rising, Phoenix-like, shakes off the gloom
 Contracted from the grave. Now in his throne
 Seated, on the right hand of glory shines
 With Godhead blazing awful Deity.
 Amazing colloquy! where heaven and earth,
 Sweetly united, hold the conference
 Sublime! a world restor'd and man redeem'd.
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 Detains the gazing, sun from heaven appears
 An orient cloud, that seems another sun
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Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
 Whose wit well tim'd, and sense well reason'd,
 Give Burgundy a brighter stain,
 And add new flavour to Champagne—
 Shall this man to the grave descend,
 Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend?
 No; by my deity I swear,
 Nor shall the vow be lost in air;
 While you, and millions such as you,
 Are sunk for ever from my view,
 And lost in kindred-darkness lye,
 This good old man shall never die:
 No matter where I place his name,
 His love of learning shall be fame.

TYBURN: TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment. But to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have through the whole poem loaded their institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility. By authentic accounts, it appears, that from the first rise of this society, to the present year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys: in all 9963 persons: whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at that time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

It has been, all examples show it,
 'The privilege of every poet,
 From ancient down to modern time,
 To bid dead matter live in rhyme;
 With wit enliven senseless rocks;
 Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
 Make buzzards senators of note,
 And rooks harangue, that geese may vote.
 These moral fictions, first design'd
 To mend and mortify mankind,
 Old Æsop, as our children know,
 'Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
 His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
 Could all a statesman's merit feel;
 And, to its own importance just,
 Exclaim, with Bufo, What a dust!
 His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
 In Colon's air and accent cry,
 'While tumbling down the turbid stream,
 Lord love us, how we apples swim!
 But farther instances to cite,
 Would tire the hearers patience quite.
 No: what their numbers and their worth,
 How these admire, while those hold forth,
 From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
 Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell;
 'Where England, through the world renown'd,
 In all its wisdom may be found:
 While I, for ornament and use,
 An orator of wood produce.

Why should the gentle reader stare?
 Are wooden orators so rare?
 Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
 That hears them in the pleader bawl,
 That hears them in the patriot thunder,
 Can tell if such things are a wonder.
 So can Saint Dunstan's in the west,
 When good Romaine harangues his best,
 And tells his staring congregation,
 That sober sense is sure damnation;
 That Newton's guilt was worse than treason,
 For using, what God gave him, reason.
 A pox of all this prefacing!
 Smart Balbus cries: come, name the thing:
 That such there are we all agree:
 What is this wood? Why—Tyburn-tree.
 Hear then this reverend oak harangue;
 Who makes them do so, ere they hang.
 Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
 Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
 When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat,
 That few folks could afford to eat,
 (Just as, when doctor's fees run high,
 Few patients can afford to die)
 The poor durst into murmurs break;
 For losers must have leave to speak:
 Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
 Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
 As these again, their knaves and fetters,
 Durst vent complaints against their betters;
 Whose only crime was in defeating
 Their scheme of growing rich by cheating:
 So, shall not I my wrongs relate,
 An injur'd minister of state?
 The finisher of care and pain
 May, sure, with better grace complain,
 For reasons no less strong and true,
 Marine Society, of you!
 Of you, as every carman knows,
 My latest and most fatal foes.
 My property you basely steal,
 Which ev'n a British oak can feel;
 Feel and resent! what wonder then
 It should be felt by British men,
 When France, insulting, durst invade
 Their clearest property of trade?
 For which both nations, at the bar
 Of that supreme tribunal, war,
 To show their reasons have agreed,
 And lawyers, by ten thousands, feed;
 Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
 Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
 And each his clients cause maintains,
 By knocking out th' opponents brains:
 While Europe all—but we adjourn
 This wise digression, and return.
 Your rules and statutes have undone me;
 My surest cards begin to shun me.
 My native subjects dare rebel,
 Those who were born for me and hell:
 And, but for you, the scoundrel-line
 Had, every mother's son, died mine.
 A race unnumber'd as unknown,
 Whom town or suburb calls her own;
 Of vagrant love the various spawn,
 From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,

Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor shame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to sin as well as sot.
When night demure walks forth array'd
In her thin negligee of shade.
Late risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire:
And while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.
Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
These, Tyburn's regimental train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend the good Old-Bailey
To me made over, late or soon;
I think, at latest, once a noon:
But by your interloping care,
Not one in ten shall be my share.

Ere 'tis too late your error see,
You foes to Britain, and to me.
To me: agreed—But to the nation;
I prove it thus by demonstration.

First, that there is much good in ill,
My great apostle Mandevile
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral fable of the bees.

Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone;
That were it not for useful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price:
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.

Next, kindoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
Now these, our sovereign lords the rable,
For ever prone to growl and squabble,
The monstrous many-headed beast,
Whom we must not offend, but feast
Like Cerberus, should have their sop:
And what is that, but trussing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day?

To see * Page swinging they admire,
Beyond ev'n * Madox on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear,
To * Perry dangling in the air!
And then, the being drunk a week,
For joy, some * Sheppard would not squeak;
But now that those good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your scheme absurd of sober rules
Will sink the race of men to mules:
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard masters! who, just when they need 'em,
With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.

Yet more—for it is seldom known
That fault or folly stands alone—
You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind;
Which must beget, in heads untry'd,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake,
Will reckon, each, to be a Blake;
There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow;
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting,
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, "jusqu' au centuple:"
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?

These, and more mischiefs I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,
The kindred-weeds beneath despise;
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them:
For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the rise of friends?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we must hate.
Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,
To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,
By you made turbulent and proud,
And early taught my tree to bilk,
Pass in another all of silk?

Yet, one more mournful case to put:
A hundred mouths at once you shut!
Half Grub-street, silenc'd in an hour,
Must curse your interposing power!
If my lost sons no longer steal,
What son of hers can earn a meal?
You ruin many a gentle bard,
Who liv'd by heroes that die hard!
Their brother-hawkers too! that sung
How great from world to world they swung;
And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud,
Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd

**** As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. MALLETT.

Blind Fielding too---a mischief on him!
I wish my sons would meet and stone him!

Sends his black squadrons up and down,
Who drive my best boys back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To ease rich rascals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unsafe;
That there are surer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame:
So down, at home, they sit, and think
How best to rob, with pen and ink.

Hence, red-hot letters and essays,
By the John Lilburn of these days;
Who guards his want of shame and sense,
With shield of seven-fold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuse and little wit.
Hence libels against Hardwike penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend:
Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
All that defames his name-sake beast.
Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the muse,
That sink, where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hoar:
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.

These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin:
Whose weekly, or whose monthly, feat is
First to decry, then steal, your treatise.
So rogues in France perform their job;
Assassinating, ere they rob.

But, this long narrative to close:
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy, no less,
Should show the methods to redress,
If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail;
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.

Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, destroy my trade;
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.

O search this sinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues, alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth,
The busy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, controul the great!
Then, without talents, rule the state!

Some ladies too---for some there are,
With shame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale threescore,
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid rush;
Put modest whoring to the blush;
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
Send me each mischief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, senator or scribbler:
Who, on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,
Abjure and join with praise and blame,
Both men and measures, still the same;
Or serve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
Send me each string---save green and blue---
These, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;
'Tis only Arthur's knights I mean---
Not those of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming table;
Who, every night, the waiters say,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattles;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame---yet call it play!
Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends:
Or, if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!

ZEPHYR, OR THE STRATAGEM.

"Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
"Una dola Divum si Foemina victa duorum est."
VIRG.

ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was surpris'd, on horseback,
by a violent storm of wind and rain from the
South-west, which made her dismount some-
what precipitately.

THE god, in whose gay train appear
Those gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health and bloom and grace
In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
To speak more plain, the western wind,
Had seen this brightest of her kind:
Had seen her oft with fresh surprise!
And ever with desiring eyes!
Much, by her shape, her look, her air,
Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning soul that shines

Through all her charms, and all refines,
Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
Her form is dignity, with ease:
Then---such a hand, and such an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Just such a leg too, Zephyr knows,
The Medicæan Venus shows!

So far he sees; so far admires.
Each charm is fuel to his fires:
But other charms, and those of price,
That form the bounds of Paradise,
Can those an equal praise command;
All turn'd by nature's finest hand?
Is all the consecrated ground
With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round?

The world, but once, one Zeuxis saw,
A faultless form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furnish out the matchless piece,
Were rifled half the toasts of Greece.
'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh;
'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye;
'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,
And Hervey lent her maiden-face.
But dares he hope, on British ground,
That these may all, in one, be found?
These chiefly that still shun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.

Aurora, rising, fresh and gay,
Gave promise of a golden day.
Up, with her sister, Mira rose,
Four hours before our London beaux;
For these are still asleep and dead,
Save Arthur's sons---not yet in bed.
A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the passing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due westward as her steps she bore,
Would swell her petticoat, before;
Would subtly steal his face between,
To see---what never yet was seen!
"And sure, to fan it with his wing,
"No nine-month symptom e'er can bring;
"His aim is but the nymph to please,
"Who daily courts his cooling breeze."

But listen, fond believing maid!
When love, soft traitor, would persuade,
With all the moving skill and grace
Of practis'd passion in his face,
Dread his approach, distrust your power---
For oh! there is one shepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for those butterflies, the beaux,
Who buz around in tinsel-rows,
Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain:
Where insects settle, they will stain.

Thus, Zephyr oft the nymph assail'd,
As oft his little arts had fail'd:

The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
Resisted still his feeble gale.
With these repulses vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephyr has recourse to art:
And his own weakness to supply,
Calls in a brother of the sky,
The rude south-west; whose mildest play
Is war, mere war, the Russian way:
A tempest-maker by his trade,
Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their aerial league,
How first to harass and fatigue,
Then, sound on some remoter plain,
To ply her close with wind and rain;
These terms, writ fair and seal'd and sign'd,
Should Webb or Stukely wish to find,
Wise antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever pass'd---and more;
Though here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
Those floating registers in air:
So let them mount, and lead them there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,
To instant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Prussia's monarch well has shown,
To break, at once, upon your foe,
And strike the first preventive blow.
With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
Whose very how d'ye is a storm,
The dread south-west his part begun,
Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
At his command, from pole to pole
Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
Who, pressing now her favourite steed,
Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O Mira! to the future blind,
Th' insidious foe is close behind,
Guard, guard your treasure, while you can;
Unless this god should be the man.
For lo! the clouds, and his known call,
Are closing round---they burst! they fall!
While at the charmer all-aghast,
He pours whole winter in a blast:
Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
If natives founder on the flood;
If Britain's coast be left as bare*
As he resolves to leave the fair.
Here, gods resemble human breed;
The world be damn'd---so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
With silk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the last recess of love.
Each wondering fawn was seen to bound†,
Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
A flight of that sequester'd glade,
In all its light, in all its shade,
Which rises there for wisest ends,
To deck the temple it defends.

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay. MALLEY.

† "Immemor herbarum quos est mirata ju-
"venca." VIRG.

Blind Fielding too---a mischief on him!
I wish my sons would meet and stone him!

Sends his black squadrons up and down,
Who drive my best boys back to town.
They find that travelling now abroad,
To ease rich rascals on the road,
Is grown a calling much unsafe;
That there are surer ways by half,
To which they have their equal claim,
Of earning daily food and fame:
So down, at home, they sit, and think
How best to rob, with pen and ink.

Hence, red-hot letters and essays,
By the John Lilburn of these days;
Who guards his want of shame and sense,
With shield of seven-fold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuse and little wit.
Hence libels against Hardwike penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend:
Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
All that defames his name-sake beast.

Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the muse,
That sink, where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hoar:
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.

Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.

These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin:
Whose weekly, or whose monthly, feat is
First to decry, then steal, your treatise.
So rogues in France perform their job;
Assassinating, ere they rob.

But, this long narrative to close:
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy, no less,
Should show the methods to redress,
If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail;
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.

Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, destroy my trade;
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.

O search this sinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues, alike and robbers!

Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!

The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.

Secret and snug, by daily stealth,
The busy vermin pick up wealth;

Then, without birth, controul the great!

Then, without talents, rule the state!

Some ladies too---for some there are,
With shame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale threescore,
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid rush;
Put modest whoring to the blush;
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To deck the temple it defends.

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay. MALLET.

† “Immemor herbarum quos est mirata Juv-
“venca.” VIRG.

Lo ! gentle tenants of the grove,
 For what a thousand heroes strove,
 When Europe, Asia, both in arms,
 Disputed one fair lady's charms.
 The war pretended Helen's eyes * ;
 But this, believe it, was the prize.
 This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
 This strung his Homer's epic lyre ;
 Gave to the world La Mancha's knight,
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, though the distant conscious muse
 This airy rape delighted views ;
 Yet she, for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying yet, disdains to praise.
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the gods ?
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire †,
 With whom cast in the Swedes and empire,
 Can four such powers, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise, should they prevail ?
 O mighty triumph ! high renown !
 Two gods have brought one mortal down ;
 Have club'd their forces in a storm,
 To strip one helpless female form !
 Strip her stark naked ; yet confess,
 Such charms are beauty's fairest dress !

But, all-insensible to blame,
 The sky-born ravishers on flame
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
 Sleek S * * r too had done no less ;
 Would parson's here the truth confess :
 Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,
 Would do the same, at eighty-five ‡.

But how, in colours softly bright,
 Where strength and harmony unite,
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show
 Than Massalina's borrow'd snow ;
 To paint the rose, that, through its shade,
 With theirs, one human eye survey'd ;
 Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
 Would he the genuine draught avow,
 The muse, a second Titian then,
 To fame might consecrate her pen !

That Titian, nature gave of old
 The queen of beauty to behold,
 Like Mira unadorn'd by dress,
 But all complete in nakedness :
 Then bade his emulating art
 Those wonders to the world impart.
 Around the ready graces stand,
 Each heightening stroke, each happy line,
 Awakes to life the form divine ;
 Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
 And all with youth immortal warm,
 He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
 He sees a brighter Venus rise !
 But, to the gentle reader's cost,
 His pencil, with his life, was lost :

* " *Et fuit ante Helanam,*" &c. HOR.

† *A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood ; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary.* MALLET.

‡ *We believe there is a mistake in this reading ; for the person best informed and most concerned, assures, that it should be only seventy-five.*

MALLET.

And Mira must contented be,
 To live by Ramsay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

" Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain.
 " The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 " And the free maids that weave their thread with
 " Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth, [bones,
 " And dallies with the innocence of love,
 " Like the old age."

SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood,

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye ;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek :
 Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
 When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains :
 That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art ;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught :
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd :
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove ;

His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintery waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dew appears.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, apall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear.
Sad founding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE,

On the subject of the preceding poem.

TO MR. COPPERTHWAIT, AT MARRICK.

Worthy Sir,

*** As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore

been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows:

THE family-name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But as "amor vincit omnia," his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, "that blood was nothing without groats."

The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died the Sunday sevennight after.

On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hanna lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she scream'd aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

The then curate of Bowes* inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O CROWN'D with honour, blest with length of days,

Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
Though still the fairest from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can bestow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends possess,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is sincerely blest.
All human-kind are sons of sorrow born:
The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.
For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
Can fortitude, without a sigh, resign?
Ah, no! when Love, when Reason hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people, Stanemore; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.

The firmest heart dissolves to soften here :
 And Piety applauds the falling tear.
 Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
 Adorn the living, while they grace the dead :
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they
 draw,

By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
 Immortal Tully, from an early grave †,
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept :
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
 And O ! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
 Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more :
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O ! season mark'd by mourning and despair,
 Thy blasts, how fatal to the young and fair ?
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease :
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
 That scatter'd fever, agony, and death !
 What funerals has thy cruel ravage spread !
 What eyes have flow'd ! what noble bosoms bled.

Here let Reflection fix her sober view :
 O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you,
 See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
 Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms !
 In climes far distant, see that husband mourn ;
 His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn !
 Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
 In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall !
 See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend !
 And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
 Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye :
 Again in her, he sees a brother die !

And he, who long, unshaken and serene,
 Had death, in each dire form of terror seen,
 Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans
 By love subdued, now weeps a consort lost : [toft,
 Now, sunk to fondness, all the man appears,
 His front dejected, and his soul in tears !

Yet more : nor thou the muse's voice disdain,
 Who fondly tries to sooth a father's pain---
 Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball :
 See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall !
 What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
 The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields !
 See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
 Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate !
 Hear Europe groan ! hear all her nations mourn !
 And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too : and reason will confirm the thought :
 Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
 Yes, she, fair pattern to a failing age,
 With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage :
 Whom each endearing name could recommend,
 Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,
 Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice untain'd,
 The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd !

† Tullia died about the age of two and thirty.
 She is celebrated for her filial piety ; and for hav-
 ing added, to the usual graces of her sex, the
 more solid accomplishments of knowledge and po-
 lite letters. MALLET.

From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
 Where sin and pain and error are no more,
 She now no change, nor you no fear can feel :
 Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal seal !

A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight shades, o'er Nature spread !
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour !
 In honour of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.

Yes, pour around,
 On this pale ground,
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,

Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo ! as the surplis'd train draw near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musings wrap the mind !

And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;
 Each mouldering bone,
 Each sculptur'd stone,
 Strike mute instruction to the heart !

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause, and sounding flow :
 Now, let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep ;
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.
 To lift it in the Maker's praise,
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath :
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.

No king of fears,
 In him appears,
 Who shuts the scene of human woes :
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs ! God is just,
 And man most happy, when he dies !

His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flowery shore ;
 Where Pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more !

TO MIRA,

FROM THE COUNTRY.

AT this late hour, the world lies hush'd below,
 Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.
 Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the
 plain,

Rest, and soft-footed Silence, in his train,
 To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.
 These all-asleep, me all-awake they find ;
 Nor rest, nor silence, charm the lover's mind.

Already, I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love ;
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast ;
The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest ;
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow ;
Knowledge of distant bliss, and present woe ;
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well !
These pale the cheek, and cloud the cheerful eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh :
These reach the heart, and bid the health decline ;
And these, O Mira ! these are truly mine.

She, whose sweet smile would gladden all the grove,
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love ;
She, gentle power ! victorious softness !---She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me ;
Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words---her world of charms combin'd !

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease ;
The native wit, that was not taught to please.
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace
Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms !
Ha ! while I gaze, a thousand ardours rise ;
And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes,
Oh ! melting mildness ! miracle of charms !
Receive my soul within those folding arms !
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest---
Oh ! softer than the turtle's downy breast !
And see ! where Love himself is waiting near !
Here let me ever dwell---for heaven is here !

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy soul ! look out---now comes thy turn ;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night, [light.
That spreads, slow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd
Look out, with joy ; the ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray :
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo ! from the limits of the wintry pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confusion, roll :
In dismal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark ! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods
of rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain,
Now see sad earth---like thine, her alter'd state,
Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of fate !
Her smile, her wanton looks---where are they now ?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow !
No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain ;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain ;
These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate.

The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear ;
This is---my soul ! the winter of their year !
The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail ! reverend Silence ! with thy awful brow !
Be Music's voice, for ever mute---as now :
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb :---no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head ;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying, see
All nature in an agony with me !
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and
rushy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes---
(Now I can smile !)---in wild disorder rise :
And now, the various dreadfuls combin'd,
Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.

See ! Night's wish'd shades rise, spreading
through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare !
Hail ! solitary ruler of the grave !
Parent of terrors ! from thy dreary cave !
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror wide around.---
But hark ! a sudden howl invades my ear !
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows from each dark cavern, now combine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
Stop, flying Time ! repose thy restless wing ;
Fix here---nor hasten to restore the spring :
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be---
Let never wanton season laugh at me !

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MASQUE OF BRITANNIA,

*Spoken by Mr. Garrick †, 1775, in the character
of a Sailor, fuddled and talking to himself.*

He enters, singing,

" How pleasant a sailor's life passes---"

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow !
A sailor, half seas o'er---'s a pretty fellow !
What cheer ho ? * Do I carry too much sail ?
* *to the pit.*
No---tight and trim---I scud before the gale *---
* *he staggers forward, then stops.*
But softly, though---the vessel seems to heel ;
Steady ! my boy---she must not show her keel.
And now, thus ballasted---what course to steer ?
Shall I again to sea---and bang Mounseer ?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue---
Dost love 'em boy ?---By this right hand, I do !
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting :
There's nothing better, faith---save flip and
fighting :
For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup ?

† Some of the lines too were written by him.

The firmest heart dissolves to soften here :
 And Piety applauds the falling tear.
 Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
 Adorn the living, while they grace the dead :
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they
 draw,

By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
 Immortal Tully, from an early grave †,
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept :
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
 And O ! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
 Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more :
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.

O ! season mark'd by mourning and despair,
 Thy blasts, how fatal to the young and fair ?
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease :
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
 That scatter'd fever, agony, and death !
 What funerals has thy cruel ravage spread !
 What eyes have flow'd ! what noble bosoms bled.

Here let Reflection fix her sober view :
 O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you,
 See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
 Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms !
 In climes far distant, see that husband mourn ;
 His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn !
 Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
 In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall !
 See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend !
 And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
 Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye :
 Again in her, he sees a brother die !

And he, who long, unshaken and serene,
 Had death, in each dire form of terror seen,
 Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans
 By love subdued, now weeps a comfort lost : [toft,
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Those meetest mourners at a tomb.
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 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
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And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;
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And spread a welcome horror wide around.---
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Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be---
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*Spoken by Mr. Garrick †, 1775, in the character
of a Sailor, fuddled and talking to himself.*

He enters, singing,

" How pleasant a sailor's life passes---"

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow !
A sailor, half seas o'er---'s a pretty fellow !
What cheer ho ? * Do I carry too much sail ?

* *to the pit.*

No---tight and trim---I scud before the gale *---
* *he staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly, though---the vessel seems to heel ;
Steady ! my boy---she must not show her keel.
And now, thus ballasted---what course to steer ?
Shall I again to sea---and bang Mounseer ?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue---
Dost love 'em boy ?---By this right hand, I do !
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting :
There's nothing better, faith---save flip and
fighting :

For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup ?

† *Some of the lines too were written by him.*

What! shall these parly-vous make such a racket,
And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show *?

** Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to-night—I'll read your printed
hand!

But, first refresh a bit—for faith I'll need it—
I'll take one sugar-plum *—and then I'll read it,
** Takes some tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zarab,
which was acted that evening.*

At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be presen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—
S A R A H.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may see
Her namesake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

To which will be added—a new Masque.

Zounds! why a Masque? We sailors hate gri-
maces:

Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain!
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall strait be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and
heart!

Going off, he stops.

I wish you landmen, though, would leave your
tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing!
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause;
With no one awkwardness that laughter draws;
Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say;
At clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day:
His larum goes in one smooth, simple strain;
He stops: and then, we wind him up again.

S O N G.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, MARY SCOT.

WHERE Thames, along the daisy'd meads,
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing;
There, in a safe, though small retreat,
Content and Love have fix'd their seat:
Love, that counts his duty, pleasure;
Content that knows and hugs his treasure.

From art, from jealousy secure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure;
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom truth and reason guide,

All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON.

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF
HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

CHARM'D, and instructed by thy powerful song,
I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long:
This debt of gratitude at length receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.
Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,
And shows it, blazing, in the brightest fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening
grace,

And goodness, eminent in power and place!
For this, the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art virtue's friend:
Ev'n age, and truth severe, in reading thee,
That heaven inspires the muse, convinc'd agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
Friendless—supported by itself alone:
For those, whose aided will could lift thee high,
In fortune, see not with discernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, bestows the sight refin'd;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How could'st thou think of such, and write so
Or hope reward, by daring to excel? [well?
Unskilful of the age! untaught to gain
Those favours, which the fawning base obtain!
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falsehood, and flattery, must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest:
Extinguish each bright aim, that kindles there,
And centre in thyself thy every care.

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm man-
kind,

Cast each low thought of interest far behind:
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar poets stray:
Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays!
And by the pride despis'd, they stoop to praise!
Thou, careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that strait way, that leads to fair renown.
By virtue guided, and by glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant envy, slow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What heaven approves, and what the muse has
taught.

Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So shall thy name through ages brightening
shine,

And distant praise, from worth unborn, be thine;
So shalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That tips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witlefs maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

VOL. IX.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses:

*When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.*

This was probably the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago.

MALLET.

EPI T A P H,

ON MR. AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son:
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.

The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;
But oh, how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept and dy'd!

EPI T A P H,

ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave, though no proud structures
grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee:
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear;
And holy friendship stands a mourner here.

S O N G.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE.

The Birks of Endermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing:
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay.
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies;
 And, in soft raptures, waste the day,
 Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter will appear:
 At this, thy living bloom must fade;
 As that will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd songsters love no more:
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the shades of Endermay!

THOMSON'S VERSES

TO MISS YOUNG †, WITH A PRESENT OF HIS SEASONS.

Omitted in his works.

ACCEPT, loved nymph! this tribute due
 To tender friendship, love, and you;
 But with it take what breath'd the whole,
 O! take to thine the poet's soul.
 If fancy here her pow'r displays,
 And if a heart exalts these lays—
 You fairest in that fancy shine,
 And all that heart is fondly thine.

† Some slight variations have been found in different copies which have been banded about in MS. This is from the original.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MARK AKENSIDE, M. D.

Containing

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,
ODES,
HYMNS,



INSCRIPTIONS,
ELEGIES,
EPISTLES,

U. C. U. C.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Come, AKENSIDE, come with thine Attic urn,
Fill'd from Ilyffus by the Naiad's hand,
Thy harp was tun'd to freedom.—Strains like thine,
When Asia's lord bor'd the huge mountain's side,
And bridg'd the sea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece. The sons of Cecrops rais'd
Minerva's Ægis—Lacedemon pour'd
Her hardy veterans from their frugal board,
And Thebes saw Xerxes shake through all his tents.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, ESQ.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

Containing

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION,
POETRY,
AND
THE ARTS

IN TWO VOLUMES

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Come, Arcturian, come with thine Attic urn,
Fill'd from Illyria by the Naiad's hand,
Thy harp was tun'd to freedom—Greece like thy
When Asia's fold bor'd the huge mountain's side,
And bridg'd the sea, to plant the tribes
Of ancient Greece. The fount of Cretan rais'd
Minerva's sign—Lacedaemon pour'd
Her hardy veterans from their rugged bound,
And Thetis for Ajax brake through all his tears.

POETICAL EPIGRAMS TO CHRISTOPHER WRIGHT, &c.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MURRAY AND CO., ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

THE LIFE OF AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE, "the British Lucretius," was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 9. 1721. His father, Mark Akenfide, was a substantial butcher in that town. His mother, Mary Lumfden, was probably of Scottish extraction. Both parents were dissenters.

Mr. Brand, the present vicar of Newcastle, in his "Observations on popular Antiquities," alleges, that a halt which he had in his gait was occasioned by the falling of a cleaver from his father's stall upon him, when he was a boy. "This," says he, "must have been a perpetual remembrance of his humble origin;" of which, it is alleged, he was ashamed; but without any foundation.

He received the first part of his education at the free school of Newcastle, and was afterwards placed under the care of Mr. Wilson, a dissenting minister, who kept an academy in that town, where he had for his school-fellow, the late Gabriel Selby, Esq. of Paston, in Northumberland.

At the age of eighteen, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, that he might qualify himself for the office of a dissenting minister, and received some assistance from the fund which the dissenters employ in educating young men of scanty fortune. He prosecuted his studies for one winter, upon this plan: but a wider view of the world, prompting other hopes, he determined to study physic; and repaid, afterwards, that contribution which, being received for a different purpose, he justly thought it dishonourable to retain.

When he resolved not to be a dissenting minister, he probably did not cease to be a dissenter. He certainly retained an ardent zeal for civil and religious liberty; without seeking to strengthen the faction of parties; without forfeiting his reputation as a good citizen. Dr. Johnson, whose unfavourable opinion of the dissenters is well known, calls his zeal for liberty "unnecessary and outrageous," because it "sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth, or degrading greatness, of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established." The observation, though inapplicable to Akenfide, is just, and may be deemed prophetic by the best friends of rational and regulated freedom, who lament the excesses of what is called and thought liberty in the present day.

Akenfide seems to have felt very early the motions of genius, and to have very early stored his memory with sentiments and images. He began to write verses when he was at the grammar school, and many of his poetical performances were produced during his continuance at Mr. Wilson's academy. It is said that his greatest work, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, was written at Morpeth, on the banks of the Wensbeck, which he has celebrated in his verses, while he was on a visit to his relations, before he went to the University of Edinburgh.

At Edinburgh, he distinguished himself likewise by his poetical compositions. His *Ode on the Winter Solstice*, which is dated 1740, was certainly composed at that place.

His taste for poetry facilitated his introduction to the most respectable literary associations among his fellow students, by whom his genius and learning were highly respected; and his philosophical knowledge easily procured him admission into the "Medical Society," an institution coeval with the establishment of a regular school of physic in the University, of which he was elected a member, December 30. 1740.

In 1741, after staying three years at Edinburgh, he removed to Leyden, in pursuit of medical knowledge, where he contracted an intimate friendship with Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. who was prosecuting the study of the civil law, in that University. After residing three years at Leyden, he took his degree of Doctor in Physic, May 16, 1744, and published an inaugural dissertation, according to the custom of the Dutch Universities, *De ortu et incremento fatus humani*, in which he displayed his medical sagacity, by attacking some opinions of Leuwenhoek, and other writers, at that time very generally received, and by proposing an hypothesis, which has been considered as founded on truth, by the best physicians and philosophers.

He now returned to England, with his friend Mr. Dyson, and the same year published *The Pleasures of Imagination*, which was, in general, received with great applause.

When the copy was offered to Doddsley, by whom it was published, the price demanded for it, which was 120 l. being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer, for "this was no every-day poet."

Warburton being dissatisfied with a note in the third book, in which he adopts Shaftesbury's assertion of the efficacy of ridicule for the discovery of truth, thought proper, in a preface to one of his publications, to make some severe strictures upon him; in which, however, he was attacked as a philosopher, not as a poet.

He was defended by his friend Mr. Dyson, in an anonymous "Epistle to Mr. Warburton, occasioned by his treatment of the Author of the Pleasures of Imagination," in which there are several sensible observations; but the style is uncouth and unpleasant.

Warburton's strictures on Akenfide, were afterwards reprinted in the postscript to the dedication to the "Free-thinker," prefixed to the first volume of the "Divine Legation," without, however, any notice being taken of what had been written in his defence.

The poem on the *Pleasures of Imagination* was quickly followed by a very acrimonious *Epistle to Pulteney*, whom he stigmatizes under the name of *Curio*, as the betrayer of his country. He afterwards shortened this *Epistle*, and transformed it into an *Ode*.

Being now to live by his profession, he first commenced Physician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouse then practised, with such reputation and success, that a stranger was not likely to gain ground upon him.

"Akenfide tried the contest a while," says Dr. Johnson, "and having deafened the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampstead, where he resided more than two years, and then fixed himself in London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his."

Dr. Kippis, who then resided at Northampton for education, relates, that Dr. Doddridge and Akenfide carried on an amicable debate concerning the opinions of the ancients, with regard to a future state of rewards and punishments, in which Akenfide supported the firm belief of Cicero in particular, in this great article of natural religion.

On his quitting Northampton, he would perhaps have been reduced to great exigencies in making his way as a physician; but that Mr. Dyson, with an ardour of friendship that has no examples, supported him while he was endeavouring to make himself known.

Mr. Dyson had studied the law, and been called to the bar; but in a short time, having purchased of Mr. Hardinge his place of clerk of the House of Commons, he quitted Westminster Hall, and for the purpose of introducing Akenfide to acquaintance in an opulent neighbourhood near the town, bought a house at North-End, Hampstead, where they dwelt together during the summer season; frequenting the long-room, and all clubs and assemblies of the inhabitants.

At these meetings, Sir John Hawkins relates, that Akenfide was for displaying those talents which had acquired him the reputation he enjoyed in other companies; "but here," he observes, "they were of little use to him; on the contrary, they tended to engage him in disputes that betrayed him into a contempt of those that differed in opinion from him."

It was found out that he was a man of low birth, and a dependent on Mr. Dyson; circumstances that furnished those whom he offended with a ground of reproach that reduced him to the necessity of asserting that he was a gentleman.

Little could be done at Hampstead after matters had proceeded to this extremity. Mr. Dyson parted with his villa at North-End, and settled his friend in a small house in Bloomsbury Square, assigning him, with unexampled liberality, 300 l. a-year, which enabled him to keep a chariot, and make a proper appearance in the world.

"If our princes and nobles," says Mr. Hayley, "have not equalled those of other kingdoms in liberality to the great poets of their country, England may yet boast the name of a private gentleman, who discovered, in this respect, a most princely spirit. No nation, either ancient or modern, can produce an example of munificence more truly noble than the annual gratuity which Akenfide

received from Mr. Dyson; a tribute of generous and affectionate admiration, endeared to its worthy possessor by every consideration which could make it honourable both to himself and to his patron."

At London, he was known as a poet by the *Pleasures of Imagination*, and the *Epistle to Curio*, which were followed in 1745, by *Odes on several Subjects*, written, as he tells us, "at very different intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expression and versification."

These performances appeared before he was 24 years of age; but he was afterwards more slow in his publications. His *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon* came out in 1748, and in 1758 he attempted to rouse the national spirit by an *Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England*.

Few of his remaining poetical pieces were published separately, excepting an *Ode to Thomas Edwards, Esq. on the late Edition of Pope's Works*, which had been written in 1751, but was not printed till 1766, with a view, it should seem, of showing his dislike to Warburton, by exposing his early correspondence with Concanen and Theobald. The rest of his poems which appeared in his lifetime were given, at least for the most part, in Doddsley's "Collection."

His poetical reputation was now completely established. He advanced gradually in medical reputation, but never attained any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity.

A physician, Dr. Johnson observes, in a great city, seems to be the mere plaything of fortune: his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual; they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiency. By any acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the fortune of physicians.

Akenside appears to have used every endeavour to become popular; "but defeated them all," says Sir John Hawkins, "by the high opinion he every where manifested of himself, and the little condescension he showed to men of inferior endowments."

In the winter evenings, he frequented Tom's coffee-house, in Devereux-Court, then the resort of some of the most eminent men for learning and ingenuity of the time, with some of whom he became entangled in disputes and altercations, chiefly on subjects of literature and politics, that fixed on his character the stamp of haughtiness and self-conceit, and drew him into disagreeable situations.

One evening, a dispute between him and Counsellor Ballow, a man of learning, but of vulgar manners, and of spleenetic temper, rose so high, that for some expression uttered by Ballow, Akenside thought himself obliged to demand an apology; which being refused, he sent his adversary a challenge.

Ballow, though he hated Akenside for his republican principles, and envied him for that eloquence which he displayed in conversation, had no inclination for fighting, and declined an answer. The demand of satisfaction was followed by several attempts on the part of Akenside, to see Ballow at his lodgings; but he kept close, till, by the interposition of friends, the difference could be adjusted.

According to Sir John Hawkins, the accommodation was not brought about by any concessions of his adversary, but by a resolution from which neither of them would depart; for one would not fight in the morning, nor the other in the evening.

By this business, the biographer of Dr. Johnson observes, that he acquired the character of an irascible man; and many who admired his genius and parts, were shy of becoming his intimates: yet he acknowledges, that "where there was no competition for applause or literary reputation, he was an easy companion, and would bear with such rudeness as would have angered almost any one."

He seems, however, to have possessed more discretion than Sir John Hawkins allows him; for, besides his eagerness in forcing himself into notice, by an ambitious ostentation of elegance and literature, he placed himself in view by all the common methods; and arrived at most of the honours incident to his profession. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society, was admitted by mandamus to the degree of Doctor in Physic in the University of Cambridge, became Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, was elected Fellow of the College of Physicians, chosen Reader of the Gualstonian and Cronian Lectures, and, on the establishment of the Queen's household, appointed one of the Physicians to her Majesty.

If there be any truth in the supposition that Akenside entertained republican ideas in his youth, it is probable that he might afterwards soften the rigour of his sentiments.

In 1761, the celebrated Thomas Hollis, Esq. purchased a bed which once belonged to Milton,

and in which he died. This bed he sent as a present to Akenfide, with the following card:—"An English gentleman is desirous of having the honour to present a bed, which once belonged to John Milton, and on which he died; and if the Doctor's genius, believing himself obliged, and having slept on that bed, should prompt him to write an ode to the memory of John Milton, and the assertor of British liberty, that gentleman would think himself abundantly recompensed."—Akenfide, it is said, seemed wonderfully delighted with this bed, and had it put up in his house; but it does not appear that he took any other notice of Mr. Hollis's benefaction and request.

After he came into considerable reputation and practice, he wrote little poetry, but published, from time to time, medical essays and observations, in the "Transactions" of the Royal Society, and of the College of Physicians.

In 1764, he published his *Dissertatio de Dysenteria*, which was considered as a very conspicuous specimen of Latinity, that entitled him to the same height of place among the scholars as he possessed before among the wits; and he might have risen to a greater elevation of character, but that his studies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 23, 1770, in the 49th year of his age. He was buried in the parish church of St. James's, Westminster. His effects, and particularly his books and prints, which last he was fond of collecting, became the property of his great and intimate friend, Mr. Dyson.

Besides his *Dissertatio de Dysenteria*, which has been twice translated into English, he contributed to the "Philosophical Transactions," 1757, *Observations on the Origin and Use of the Lymphatic Vessels in Animals*, being an extract from the Gullstonian Lectures, read in the theatre of the College of Physicians, in June 1755. Dr. Monro at Edinburgh having taken notice of some inaccuracies in this paper, in his "Observations, Anatomical and Physiological," &c. he published a small pamphlet in his vindication, 1758. To the "Philosophical Transactions," 1763, he contributed *An Account of a blow on the Heart, and its effects. Oratio Anniversaria ex Instituto Harveii, &c. Anno 1759, 4to. 1760.* To the first volume of the "Medical Transactions," he contributed *Observations on Cancers; of the use of Ipecacuanha in Asthmas, and a Method of treating White Swellings of the Joints.* He read at the College, some observations made in St. Thomas's Hospital, on the putrid Erysipelas, which he intended for the second volume of the "Medical Transactions," but it was not returned at the time of his death. He began to give for the Cronian Lecture, *A History of the Revival of Learning*, from which he soon desisted, as it was supposed, in disgust, some one of the College having objected that he had chosen a subject foreign to the institution.

A complete edition of his *Poems*, with his last corrections and improvements, was published by Mr. Dyson, in 4to. 1772, to which he prefixed an account of his life, which is so poor and cold, that it is deserving of censure. Akenfide merited a better memorial from the hand of his friend. A regular piece of biography, drawn out at length, was not perhaps requisite; but the slightest sketch might have contained some traits of character, some indications of affection, some marks of regret that such a genius should be suddenly carried off without executing his laudable intentions. His poem on *The Pleasures of Imagination*, as it originally appeared, has been frequently reprinted. He is believed to have written, in Dodsley's "Museum," the *Table of Modern Fame*, "at which," says Dr. Warton, "the guests are introduced and ranged with that taste and judgment peculiar to the author." In the appendix to the "Memoirs of Mr. Hollis," are two letters extracted from the "Public Advertiser," relative to his *Ode to Thomas Edwards, Esq.*, and to his supposed *Reflections on the Clergy*, in a passage in the *Pleasures of Imagination*. Among Dr. Birch's papers in the British Museum, are several letters written to him by Akenfide.

Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Dr. Johnson," has drawn Akenfide's character somewhat at large; and it is, with a few exceptions, highly to his advantage.

"The value of that precept which exhorts us to live peaceably with all men, or, in other words, to avoid creating enemies, can only be estimated by the reflection on those many amiable qualities against which the neglect of it will preponderate. Akenfide was a man of religion and strict virtue, a philosopher, a scholar, and a fine poet. His conversation was of the most delightful kind, learned, instructive, and without any affectation of wit, cheerful, and entertaining. One of the pleasantest days of my life, I passed with him, Mr. Dyson, and another friend at Putney bowling."

green-house, where a neat and elegant dinner, the enlivening sunshine of a summer day, and the view of an unclouded sky, were the least of our gratifications. In perfect good humour with himself and all around him, he seemed to feel a joy that he lived and poured out his gratulations to the great Disposer of all felicity, in expressions that Plato himself might have uttered on such an occasion. In conversation with select friends, and those whose course of study had been nearly the same with his own, it was an usual thing with him, in libations to the memory of eminent men among the ancients, to bring their characters into view, and thereby give occasion to expatiate on those particulars of their lives that had rendered them famous. His method was to arrange them in three classes, philosophers, poets, and legislators.

“That a character thus formed should fail of recommending itself to general esteem, and procure to the possessor of it those benefits which it is in the power of mankind to bestow, may seem a wonder; but it is often seen, that negative qualities are more conducive to this end than positive, and that, with no higher, a character than is attainable by any one who, with a studious taciturnity, will keep his opinions to himself, conform to the practice of others, and entertain neither friendship for, nor enmity against any one, a competition for the good opinion of the world, may, for emoluments, and even dignities, stand a better chance of success than one of the most established reputation for learning and ingenuity. The truth of this observation, Akenfide himself lived to experience; who, in a competition for the place of Physician to the Charterhouse, was unable to prevail against an obscure man, devoid of every quality that might serve to recommend him, and whose sole merit was that of being distantly related to the late Lord Holland.”

Akenfide was very much devoted to the study of ancient literature, and was a great admirer of the best philosophers of antiquity, particularly of Plato and Cicero. His philosophical knowledge and classical taste are conspicuous in his poems, and in the notes and illustrations which he has annexed to them. Of the modern philosophers, Shaftesbury and Hutcheson were his greatest favourites. His high veneration for the Supreme Being, his noble sentiments of the wisdom and benevolence of the Divine Providence, and his zeal for the cause of virtue, are apparent in all his poems. His *Ode to William Hall, Esq.* with the works of Chalcieu, condemns the licentiousness of that poet. His regard to the Christian revelation, and his solicitude to have it preserved in its native purity, are displayed in the *Ode to the Bishop of Winchester*. The *Ode to the Author of the Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg*, seems to have been written on purpose to expose the irreligious tenets of the royal historian. He was warmly attached to the cause of civil and religious liberty. His zeal for freedom is a distinguished feature, and peculiar excellence in the character of his poetry. His productions uniformly glow with the sacred fire of liberty, inasmuch that he well deserves to be styled, “the Poet of the Community.” Two of his principal odes are directly consecrated to it, the *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, and that to the *Bishop of Winchester*. In early life, he was understood to be such a strenuous advocate for liberty, in its most extensive sense, as to have some tincture of republicanism in his notions. But no sufficient proof of this is deducible from his poems. When, with a reference to our own country, he celebrates the cause of freedom, he does it in no other light than that of a zealous Whig, who was warmly attached to the revolution, and to the memory of the great men by whom it was effected. He omits no opportunity, in particular, of testifying his veneration for King William. Whatever may be thought of his softening the rigour of some expressions in the last editions of the *Ode on leaving Holland*, and the *Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon*, it is certain that a most ardent spirit of liberty breathes through his works.

Akenfide, considered as a didactic and lyric poet, ranks with the most eminent writers of didactic and lyric poetry, in ancient or modern times. In his *Pleasures of Imagination*, he has attempted the most rich and poetical form of didactic writing; and though, in the execution of the whole, he is not equal, he has, in several parts, succeeded happily, and displayed much genius. “For my own part, I am of opinion,” says Cooper, in his “Letters on Taste,” “that there is now living, a poet of as genuine a genius as this kingdom ever produced, Shakspeare alone excepted. The gentleman I mean is Dr. Akenfide, the worthy author of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, the most beautiful didactic poem that ever adorned the English language.” On the other hand, Gray, writing to Dr. Wharton, says: “I will tell you, though I have rather turned over than read the poem of your young friend (Dr. Akenfide), that it seems to me above the middling, and now and then, for a little while, rises

even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and often unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutcheson jargon. In short, its great fault is, that it was published at least nine years too early." This opinion, hastily delivered in a private letter, before the poem had been maturely examined, must be considered as too severe. The obscurity of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, when read with attention, will chiefly be found in the allegory of the second book. It might likewise have been better if the peculiar language of Hutcheson, or rather of Shaftesbury had sometimes been omitted. But though it is perhaps defective in some respects, and redundant in others, yet it is a noble and beautiful poem, exhibiting many bright displays of genius and fancy, and holding out sublime views of nature, providence, and morality. Akenfide himself was convinced that it was published too early. "That it wanted revision and correction," says his friend and editor, Mr. Dyson, "he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that, in any of the intervals, to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impossible. He chose therefore to continue for some time reprinting it without any alteration, and to forbear publishing any alterations or improvements, till he should be able at once to give the whole to the public complete. And, with this view, he went on for several years to review and correct his poem at his leisure, till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the poem over anew, upon somewhat a different and enlarged plan."

He designed at first to comprise the whole of his subject, according to the new plan, in four books. But he afterwards changed his purpose, and determined to distribute the *Pleasures of the Imagination* into a greater number of books. How far his scheme would have carried him, if he had lived to complete it, is uncertain; for, at his death, he had only finished the first and second books, a considerable part of the third, and the introduction to the last. The first book of the improved work bears a nearer resemblance to the first book of the former editions, than any of the rest do to each other. There are, however, in this book, a great number of corrections and alterations, and several considerable additions. He has introduced a tribute of respect and affection to his friend Mr. Dyson. He has referred the *Pleasures of Imagination* to two sources only, greatness and beauty, and not to three, as he had formerly done. His delineation of beautiful objects is much enlarged; and, upon the whole, the first book seems to have received a considerable degree of improvement. The second book is very different from the second book of the preceding editions. The difference indeed is so great, that they cannot be compared together. He enters into a display of truth, and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth, and universal truth. He treats likewise of virtue as existing in the Divine mind, of human virtue, of vice and its origin, of ridicule, and of the passions. The enumeration of the different sources of ridicule is left out, and consequently the passage which had given offence to Warburton. The allegorical vision, which formerly constituted a principal part of the second book, is likewise omitted. The second book, as it now stands, is correct, severe, moral, and noble; but it appears less touching, less striking, less enchanting than it was before. The third book is an episode in which Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, is his chief character; and the design of it seems to be to show the great influence of poetry in enforcing the cause of liberty. This part is entirely new, and, if it had been finished, would have proved a beautiful addition to the poem. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not live to complete his design; yet the lovers of poetry would have been sorry to have had the original poem entirely superseded. Whatever may be its faults, there are to be found in it a certain brightness and brilliancy of imagination, and a certain degree of enthusiasm, which Akenfide did not seem to have possessed in equal vigour in the latter part of his life. Years, and an application to scientific studies, appear, in some measure, to have turned his mind from sound to things, from fancy to the understanding. If he had indeed imbibed the notion ascribed to him by Mason, that "poetry was only true eloquence in metre," so false an idea could not fail to have a bad effect on his later compositions. Every reader of taste would have regretted the loss of the fine description, in the third book, of the operations of the mind, in producing works of imagination, and have felt the being deprived of the beautiful passage in the allegoric vision of the second book, beginning,

'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mix'd, &c.

His *Odes* are distributed into two books; the first containing eighteen odes, and the second fifteen. It was his intention, if he had lived, to have made each book consist of twenty. Those which he had formerly published are greatly altered and improved. His odes are not equal to the sublime and beautiful productions of Gray and Collins, nor perhaps to those of Mason and Warton: But still there is in them a noble vein of poetry, united with manly sense, and applied to excellent purposes. This praise cannot be extended to the whole of the odes, without exception. Akenfide does not always preserve the dignity of the lyric muse. He is defective in the pathetic, even upon a subject which peculiarly required it, and where it might have been expected, the death of his mistress, in the *Ode to the Evening Star*. His *Hymn*, however, to *Cheerfulness*, his *Odes*, on *Leaving Holland*, on *Lyric Poetry*, to the *Earl of Huntingdon*, and on *Recovering from a Fit of Sickness*, justly entitle him to a place among the principal lyric writers of his country. *Love, an Elegy*, a *British Philippic*, and *Hymn to Science*, composed when he was very young, and omitted in the publication of his works by Mr. Dyson, reflect no discredit on his memory. The first was originally printed with the *Ode on the Winter Solstice*, and given to his friends. The two last were printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. VIII. In the seventh volume of that work, a poem, called *The Virtuoso*, in imitation of Spenser's style, dated from Newcastle, and signed *Marcus*, and two other pieces, may justly be reckoned among his youthful compositions. His *Inscriptions* are, for the most part, simple, energetic, and sufficiently poetical. His *Hymn to the Naiads* is justly esteemed a classical performance. Lloyd, speaking of Homer's hymns, which he had some thoughts of translating, says: "They who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed by perusing Dr. Akenfide's most classical *Hymn to the Naiads*, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus." The same writer concludes his "Ode to Genius," with the following apostrophe to Akenfide:

And thou, blest bard! around whose sacred brow
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung;
Arise, and snatch the majesty of song
From dulness' servile tribe, and art's unhallow'd throng.

Cooper, the "English Aristippus," with great propriety, addressed his "Call of Aristippus" to Akenfide, by the designation of "two-fold disciple of Apollo;" in which he tells him, that, in Elysium, Plato and Virgil shall weave him a never-fading crown; while Lucretius, Pindar, and Horace, should yield him precedence with pleasure.

Mr. Murphy, in his "Poetical Epistle to Dr. Johnson," has joined Akenfide with Gray among the examples which he enumerates of "wealthy genius pining amidst its store."

Even Gray unwilling strikes his living lyre,
And wishes, not content, for Pindar's fire:
And that sweet bard, who to our fancy brings,
"The gayest, happiest attitudes of things."
His raptur'd verse can throw neglected by,
And to Lucretius lift a reverend eye.

Dr. Warton, in his excellent "Essay on Pope," calls Akenfide a didactic poet, who has happily indulged himself in bolder flights of enthusiasm, supported by a more figurative style than was used by Pope; and, after producing a passage from the *Pleasures of Imagination*, adds: "We have here a striking example of that poetic spirit, that harmonious and varied versification, and that strength of imagery which conspire to excite our admiration of this beautiful poem."

The character of Akenfide, as given by Dr. Johnson, is less favourable to his pretensions as a didactic poet; and, as a writer of odes, is so unjust and degrading, that it cannot be generally allowed, without many exceptions.

"His great work is the *Pleasures of Imagination*, a performance which, published as it was at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not very amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions, of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please, and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is the choice of examples and

illustrations; and it is not easy, in such exuberance of matter, to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artfully disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general design.

"His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler's moon, "by a veil of light;" they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui*. The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived; attention deserts the mind and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, and sometimes delighted; but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

"To his versification, justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general formation of his lines, he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse: His flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not recur with sufficient frequency. The verse is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauses; and as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.

"The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet, betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.

"His diction is certainly poetical, as it is not prosaic, and elegant, as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of disgust than most of his brethren of the blank song. He rarely either recalls old phrases, or twists his metre into harsh inversions. The sense, however, of his words is strained, when "he views the Ganges from Alpine heights," that is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant surely intrudes (but when was blank verse without pedantry?) when he tells us how: "planets *absolve* the stated round of time."

"It is generally known to the readers of poetry, that he intended to revise and augment this work, but died before he had completed his design. The reformed work, as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the present collection. He seems to have somewhat contracted his diffusion; but I know not whether he has gained in closeness what he has lost in splendour. In the additional book, his *Tale of Solon* is too long.

"It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet such was his love of lyrics, that having once written with great vigour and poignancy his *Epistle to Curio*, he transformed it afterwards into an ode, disgraceful only to its author.

"Of his *Odes* nothing favourable can be said; the sentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is sometimes harsh and uncouth; the stanzas ill-constructed, and unpleasant, and the rhymes dissonant or unskillfully disposed, too distant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to established use, and therefore unpleasing to the ear, which, in a short composition, has not time to grow familiar with an innovation.

"To examine such compositions singly cannot be required: They have doubtless brighter and darker parts; but when they are once found to be generally dull, all further trouble may be spared; for to what use can the work be criticised that will not be read?"

THE WORKS OF AKENSIDE.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσθεύμεν ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος τὰς παρὰ τῷ θεῷ χάρας ἀτιμάζειν.

ΕΠΙCT. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Published in the Year M,DCC,XLIV.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS volume contains a complete collection of the poems of the late Dr. Akenſide, either reprinted from the original editions, or faithfully published from copies which had been prepared by himſelf for publication.

That the principal poem ſhould appear in ſo diſadvantageous a ſtate, may require ſome explanation. The firſt publication of it was at a very early part of the author's life. That it wanted reviſion and correction, he was ſufficiently ſenſible; but ſo quick was the demand for ſeveral ſucceſſive republications, that in any of the intervals, to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impoſſible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther improvements in every new edition would (he thought) have had the appearance at leaſt of abuſing the favour of the public. He choſe therefore, to continue for ſome time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publiſhing any corrections or improvements until he ſhould be able at once to give them to the public complete. And with this view he went on for ſeveral years to review and correct the poem at his leiſure; till at length he found the taſk grow ſo much upon his hands, that, deſpairing of ever being able to execute it ſufficiently to his own ſatisfaction, he abandoned the purpoſe of correcting, and reſolved to write the poem over a new upon a ſomewhat different and an enlarged plan. And in the execution of this deſign he had made a conſiderable progreſs. What reaſon there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will beſt appear from the peruſal of the plan itſelf, as ſtated in the general Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here publiſhed. For the

perſon *, to whom he intruſted the diſpoſal of his papers, would have thought himſelf wanting as well to the ſervice of the public, as to the fame of his friend, if he had not produced as much of the work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he conſidered the entire firſt and ſecond books, of which a few copies had been printed for the uſe only of the author and certain friends: alſo a very conſiderable part of the third book, which had been tranſcribed in order to its being printed in the ſame manner: and to theſe is added the Introduction to a ſubſequent book, which in the manuſcript is called the fourth, and which appears to have been compoſed at the time when the author intended to compriſe the whole in four books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to diſtribute the poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the laſt book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the editor too valuable, even in its imperfect ſtate, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too ſmall a part of the original poem to ſupply its place, and to ſuperſede the re-publication of it. For which reaſon, both the poems are inſerted in this collection.

Of Odes, the author had deſigned to make up two books, conſiſting of twenty odes each, including the ſeveral odes which he had before publiſhed at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the ſixth volume of Dodſley's Miſcellanies, with a few corrections and the addition of ſome notes. To

[* The Right Hon. Jeremiah Dyſon; by whom this advertiſement was written.]

the Inscriptions taken from the same volume, three new inscriptions are added; the last of which, is the only instance wherein liberty has been taken of inserting any thing in this collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the author for publication*; among whose papers no copy of this was found, but it is printed from a copy which he had many years since given to the editor.

The author of these poems was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 9th day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammar School at Newcastle and at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which, he took his degree of Doctor in Physic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus, to the degree of Doctor in Physic, in the University of Cambridge; elected a fellow of the Royal College of physicians, and one of the physicians of St. Thomas's hospital; and, upon the establishment of the Queen's household, appointed one of the physicians to her Majesty. He died of a putrid fever, on the 23d day of June 1770, and is buried in the parish church of St. James's Westminster.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature, which seem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily sense and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination*. Like the external senses, they relate to matter and motion; and at the same time, give the mind ideas analogous to those of moral approbation and dislike. As they are the inlets of some of the most exquisite pleasures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and sensible tempers have sought means to recall the delightful preceptions which they afford, independent of the object which originally produced them. This gave rise to the imitative or designing arts; some of which, as painting and sculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as music and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by signs universally established and understood.

But these arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of course led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers: especially poetry, which, making use of language as the instrument by which it imitates, it consequently becomes an unlimited representative of every species and mode of being. Yet, as their intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character; and all the different pleasures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleasures of Imagination*.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of *these* in the largest acceptation of the

[* In the present edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no discredit to their author. But these are all placed at the end.]

term; so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with, either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.

In executing this general plan, it was necessary, first of all, to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties; and, in the next place, to characterize those original forms or properties of being, about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *similar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagination, inasmuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or, above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest work of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprising, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that which arises from ridicule, came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of style became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject: nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of professed satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures, which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first, is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early association of our ideas,

and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and of the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the *Georgics*, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of style; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and, especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this, the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great mea-

sure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured style. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of Nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the mere external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject; but, since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves, he makes no apology.

B O O K I.

ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine Mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution to the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connection of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects: colour; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touching the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks 10
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dew to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings [thee
Wafting ten thousand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye, [forms,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless
Her wild creation, Goddess of the lyre,

Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal harmony! descend 20
And join this festive strain? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye [ear
The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things. 30
Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent

Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings.
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar 40
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Æthereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labour court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength, and motion. But the love
Of nature and the muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50
The fair poetic region to detect,
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.

From heaven my strains begin; from heaven
descends

The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun 59
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp; [globe,
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the
Or wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling
globe,

And wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding
waves; [cold;
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labours urge 81
The active powers of man: with wise intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain, 90
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To this the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read

The transcript of himself. On every part 107
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive 120
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the expressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130

Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms [stores,
With love and admiration thus inflame 141
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have refer'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them drawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring. 150

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds; 159
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unflinching, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward.
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope, [burns

That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such restless ardour to embrace 170
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black
with shade 180

And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the hea-
vens;

Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she
soars 190

The blue profound, and hovering round the sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200
Invest the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travel'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things,
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes 211
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear, 220
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth,
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares 230
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.

VOL. IX.

Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active
To brisker measures: witness the neglect [power
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire 240
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn till eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
The orphan's portion, of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs: till eager for the event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp, 271
Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine, [thee
Smooths her mellifluous stream. Thee, Beauty,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou, better sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of heaven! 280
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, thro' nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather troop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd
shades,

The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood

Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
 Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
 Of nymphs and fauns; where in the golden age
 They play'd in secret on the shady brink 301
 With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
 Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
 Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial
 dews,
 And spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
 To thee nor Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
 Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
 From thy free spoil. O bear then, unprov'd,
 Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
 Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
 Entice her forth to lend her angel-form 311
 For beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
 Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
 Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
 Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
 And may the fanning breezes waft aside
 Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
 With airy softness from the marble neck,
 The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
 Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,
 With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend 321
 Their soft allurements: Then the pleasing force
 Of nature, and her kind parental care
 Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
 With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
 Should throng attentive, while I point on high
 Where beauty's living image, like the morn
 That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
 Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
 Effulgent on the pearly car and smil'd, 330
 Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
 To see the Triton's tune their vocal shells,
 And each cerulean sister of the flood
 With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
 To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
 Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
 Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
 This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words. 340
 I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
 Of superstition dress'd in wisdom's garb,
 To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
 To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
 To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
 With better omens calls you to the field,
 Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,
 And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
 Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health 350
 And active use are strangers! Is her charm
 Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
 Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
 This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
 To hide the shame of discord and disease,
 And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
 Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
 The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 By this illustrious image, in each kind 360
 Still most illustrious where the object holds
 Its native powers most perfect, she by this
 Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
 And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe

Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
 Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
 The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
 And every charm of animated things,
 Are only pledges of a state sincere,
 The integrity and order of their frame, 370
 When all is well within, and every end
 Accomplish'd. Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
 The lovely ministrers of truth and good
 In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
 And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
 O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
 Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
 Of lavish fancy paints each flattering scene 380
 Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
 Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undecitful good,
 To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
 Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
 Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts,
 Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
 To learn the lore of undecitful good, 390
 And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
 Of baleful superstition guide the feet
 Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
 To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;
 And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
 To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
 Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
 To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
 And to the screaming owl's accursed song
 Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400
 Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
 Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
 Where wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
 Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then should my powerful verse at once dispell
 Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
 Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
 Of those whom nature charms, through blooming
 walks,
 Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
 Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards, 410
 Led by their winged genius and the choir
 Of laurel'd science, and harmonious art,
 Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
 Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With good and beauty reign. O let not us,
 Lull'd by luxurious pleasures languid strain,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
 O let us not a moment pause to join 420
 That godlike band. And if the gracious power
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
 Will to my invocation breathe anew
 The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
 Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
 Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead,
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
 And wake the strong divinity of soul

That conquers chance and fate; or whether
struck

For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
Or dress'd for pleasing wonder, or serene
In beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape, 450

Where truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd,
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous earth, 460
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And such the stately tree with autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:

So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed 470
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and hea-
ven!)

The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene 490
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,

And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair 500
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings 510
Of innocence and love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the
hour

That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wisdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal measures; thence to frame 540
The sacred laws of action and of will.
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth whose dictates bind
Assenting reason the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake 550
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dress'd by fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form 560
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful raises the majestic sword

Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
 To guard the sacred volume of the laws.
 O Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
 Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
 Of nature and of science; nurse divine
 Of all heroic deeds and fair desires! 570
 O! let the breath of thy extended praise
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
 Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
 Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
 That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
 I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
 Of strife and low ambition, to attend
 Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
 Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye; 580
 Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
 To see thee reëd the pageants of his throne;
 And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
 Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
 Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike fires
 Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth 589
 Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
 Trough fair Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
 Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
 Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
 Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
 In gentle murmurs. From the blooming store
 Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
 Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
 My native clime: while far above the flight
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
 The springs of ancient wisdom! while I join 600
 Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal
 Of nature, while to my compatriot youth [praise
 I point the high example of thy sons,
 And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

BOOK II.

THE separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of the re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passion. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN shall the laurel and the vocal string
 Resume their honours? When shall we behold
 The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
 Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
 How flow, the dawn of beauty and of truth
 Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
 Which yet involve the nations! Long they
 Beneath the furies of rapacious force; [groan'd
 Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-swarms
 Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10

Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
 Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
 Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
 In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
 Each muse and each fair science pit'd away
 The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
 Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
 And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
 At last the muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
 And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew, 20
 Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's
 To Arno's myrtle border and the shore [bowers
 Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
 Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
 From public aims and from the busy walk
 Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
 Of penetrating science to the cells,
 Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
 In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
 Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts 30
 Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
 To priestly domination and the lust
 Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
 For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
 In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
 Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
 Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
 Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
 The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
 To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks 40
 The fable tyrant plants his heel secure.
 But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
 When freedom's ample fabric, fixed at length
 For endless years on Albion's happy shore
 In full proportion, once more shall extend
 To all the kindred powers of social bliss
 A common mansion, a parental roof.
 There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
 Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
 Embrace the smiling family of arts, 50
 The muses and the graces. Then no more
 Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
 To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
 Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
 The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths
 Of public care or intellectual toil,
 Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
 In gloomy state be trod: the harmonious muse
 And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
 Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent, 60
 And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
 Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
 To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
 And teach the muse her lore; already strove
 Their long-divided honours to unite.
 While tempering this deep argument we sang
 Of truth and beauty. Now the same glad task
 Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
 We hasten to recount the various springs
 Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70
 Their grateful influence to the prime effect
 Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
 The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
 Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
 To raise harmonious fancy's native charm?
 So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
 Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
 Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill

Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?

Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the morn,
'To every eye; but how much more to his 90
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!

Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame? 99
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex 110
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal surface on each glassy orb
Repells their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and, as they
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye, [strike
Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120

Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours: whether in the sky, 129
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade? 140
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Ev'n to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all

Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls, 151
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more; her honours where no beauty claims
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
From passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers 160
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine:
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
Encumbering, choke at last what heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.

—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter shower 170
That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice, 180
O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When spotless youth with solitude resigns
To sweet philosophy the studious day,
What time pale autumn shades the silent eve, 190
Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When starting full on fancy's gushing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
As with the hand of death. At once the shade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things
Appear'd before me; deserts, burning sands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south;
And desolation blasting all the west
With rapine and with murder, tyrant power, 209
Here sits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of superstition there infect the skies,
And turn the sun to horror. Gracious heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?

That, propagated thus beyond their scope,
They rise to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heirs of evils not its own!

Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd, 220
A flashing torrent of celestial day [scint
Burst through the shadowy void. With slow de-
A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view, till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove.
Then met into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ethereal; there in mystic signs engrav'd,
I read his office high and sacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words 240
Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame?
Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou, alas!
Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Against the sovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
Of tenderness innate and social love, 250
Holiest of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamant links,
Was drawn to perfect union and sustain'd
From everlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then,
The wretched heir of evils not its own? 260
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!

He spoke; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his presence, though my secret soul
Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raise thy sight, he cry'd,
And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue. 270

I look'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect, wide and wild,
Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills and many a shaggy forest mix'd,
With many a fable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever trickling
springs

Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling soil; and still at every fall 280
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,

Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods
With hoarser inundation; till at last
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,
And drank the gushing moisture, where confin'd
In one smooth current, o'er the lily vale
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn, 289
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
As in a sylvan theatre enclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
Of osiers. Now the western sun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening
powers 299

Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celestial power, the mystic shew
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitants of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a steadfast ear—
Know then, the sov'reign spirit of the world,
Though, self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete; 310
Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
To spread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
And sounded through the hollow depth of space
The strong, creative mandate. Strait arose
These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame, 319
In measure such, that, from the wide complex
Of co-existent orders, one might rise,
One order, all involving and intire.
He too beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingency, all successive ties
Of action propagated through the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind 330

The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time 340
His parent-hand with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,

Inferior orders in succession rise
 To fill the void below. As flame ascends, 350
 As bodies to their proper centre move,
 As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main;
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 The sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
 Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
 Of nature cease to prompt their eager steps
 Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
 From granting to the task proportion'd aid; 360
 That in their stations all may persevere
 To climb the ascent of being, and approach
 For ever nearer to the life divine.

That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
 Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
 Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat
 Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
 His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
 Along the shady brink; in this recess
 To wear the appointed season of his youth, 370
 Till riper hours should open to his toil
 The high communion of superior minds,
 Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
 Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
 His tender bloom to cherish; nor withheld
 Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
 Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
 He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovran fair,
 The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
 Before his eyes for ever to behold; 380
 The goddess from whose inspiration flows
 The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
 Without whose work divine, in heaven or earth,
 Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
 Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the sire
 Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
 The folded powers to open, to direct
 The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
 And from the laws of this majestic world 389
 To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
 Her daily care attended, by her side
 With constant steps her gay companions stay'd
 The fair Euphrosyne, the gentle queen
 Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
 That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
 And powers immortal. See the shining pair!
 Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
 They quit their youthful charge, and seek the skies.

I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood
 Between two radiant forms a smiling youth 400
 Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
 Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
 His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
 Sate young simplicity. With fond regard
 He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd;
 The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
 With mild regret invoking her return.
 Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
 Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth 409
 O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
 And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
 Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
 Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
 The spring of heaven had shed its blushing spoils
 To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd
 Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;

And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
 Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
 The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
 To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime 420
 The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
 Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
 High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
 From each majestic motion darted awe,
 Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks
 Benevolent and meek, confiding love
 To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
 Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
 Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
 Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
 Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
 White as the sunshine streams through vernal
 clouds,

Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
 The immortal pair forsook the enamel'd green,
 Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light [heard,
 Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were
 And through the fragrant air æthereal dews
 Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds
 Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
 Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
 Of empyrean flame, where spent and drown'd,
 Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
 What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
 Endur'd not. Bending down to earth I stood,
 With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
 As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
 With sacred invocation thus began:

Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
 With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
 Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd
 I seek to finish thy divine decree. 451
 With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
 Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds
 Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
 The latent honours of his generous frame;
 Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
 From earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
 The temple of thy glory. But not me,
 Not my directing voice he oft requires,
 Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid, 460
 The associate thou hast given me, her alone
 He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
 And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
 Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
 This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
 I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
 Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
 Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd:
 O thou! in whom for ever I delight, 470
 Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
 Best image of thy author! far from thee
 Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
 Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,
 And no resistance find. If man refuse
 To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
 By meaner joys, to any other power
 Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
 That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste.
 That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
 Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
 Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend
 Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!

With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
 The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes ac-
 Of sacred order's violated laws. [count
 See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
 Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
 On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
 Control his cruel phrenzy, and protect 490
 Thy tender charge; that when despair shall grasp
 His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
 Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
 Alone sufficient in the hour of ill,
 To save his feeble spirit; then confess
 Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
 When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
 Of this avenging demon, all the storms
 Of night infernal, serve but to display
 The energy of thy superior charms 500
 With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
 And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.

Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
 The cloudy curtain of refreshing eye
 Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
 Sheltering my eyes. Looking up, I view'd
 A vast gigantic spectre striding on [clouds,
 Through murmuring thunders and a waste of
 With dreadful action. Black as night his brow
 Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs 510
 With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
 As through convulsive anguish; and his hand,
 Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
 In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
 Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook
 The void with horror. Silent by his side
 The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
 Her features. From the glooms which hung
 around

No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
 Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
 Upon the river bank; and now to hail,
 His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
 The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
 Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
 Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
 Of some lone village, a neglected kid
 That strays along the wild for herb or spring;
 Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
 And thinks he tears him: so with tenfold rage,
 The monster sprung remorseless on his prey. 531
 Amaz'd the stripling stood: with panting breast
 Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
 Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
 And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
 His terror, and with looks of tenderest care
 Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
 Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
 Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
 Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
 With sullen rancour. Lo! the sovran maid 541
 Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
 Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek; [tongue.
 Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her

O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite
 Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
 While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
 To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
 Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
 Is ever good for all; and if for all, 550

Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
 And soothing sunshine of delightful things,
 Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
 By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
 Of reason wander through a fatal road,
 Far from their native aim; as if to lie
 Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
 The soft access of ever-circling joys,
 Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
 This pleasing error did it never lull 560
 Thy wishes? Has thy constant heart refus'd
 The silken fetters of delicious ease?
 Or when divine Euphrosyne appear'd
 Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
 Hang far below the measure of thy fate,
 Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
 Impatient of my counsels, turn away
 To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
 Know then, for this the everlasting fire
 Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
 O wife and still benevolent! ordains
 This horrid visage hither to pursue
 My steps; that so thy nature may discern
 Its real good, and what alone can save
 Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
 From folly and despair. O yet below'd!
 Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
 Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
 Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
 While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
 Above the generous question of thy arm.
 Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
 This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
 And dare him to the combat, then with ease
 Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
 To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
 By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
 The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
 Amid the outrage of external things,
 Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
 Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
 Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
 Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
 Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
 The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the
 wreck;

And ever stronger as the storms advance,
 Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
 Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal. 599

So spake the goddess; while through all her
 Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word, [frame
 In every motion kindling warmth divine
 To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift
 As lightning fires the aromatic shade
 In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt
 Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
 And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd:
 Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
 If terror be upon me; if I shrink
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength 610
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
 As late thy eyes beheld, for thou hast chang'd
 My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
 My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
 Where'er the will divine my path ordains
 Through toil or peril: only do not thou

Forfake me; O be thou for ever near,
 That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
 And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
 But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
 Say, shall the fair Euphrosyne not once
 Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
 O thou eternal arbiter of things!
 Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
 To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
 Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
 The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
 With double night my dwelling; I will learn
 To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
 His hateful presence: but permit my tongue
 One glad request, and if my deeds may find
 Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
 The rosy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
 This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.

He spoke; when instant through the sable
 glooms

With which that furious presence had involv'd
 The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
 Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
 Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
 Euphrosyne appear'd. With sprightly step
 The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
 And to her wondering audience thus began:

Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
 And be the meeting fortunate! I come
 With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
 Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
 Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the
 stream

Repeats the accents; we shall part no more.
 O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high 650
 The father has beheld you, while the might
 Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
 Your equal doings; then for ever spake
 The high decree: that thou, celestial maid!
 Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
 May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
 Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
 Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
 Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyne behind.

She ended; and the whole romantic scene 660
 Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
 The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
 Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
 When sun-shine fills the bed. A while I stood
 Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
 Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
 As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
 Preventing my inquiry, thus began:

There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
 How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
 Of heaven's eternal destiny to man, 671
 For ever just, benevolent, and wise:

That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
 By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
 Should never be divided from her chaste,
 Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
 Thy tardy thought through all the various round
 Of this existence, that thy softening soul
 At length may learn what energy the hand
 Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
 Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
 To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
 Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,

Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
 So often fills his arms; so often draws
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
 O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 689
 That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
 Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
 The general eye, or terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
 While every mother closer to her breast 700
 Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dash'd against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by nature given
 To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
 No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers 710
 To this their proper action and their end?
 —Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
 Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing
 eye

Led by the glimmering taper moves around
 The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
 Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
 For Grecian heroes, where the present power
 Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
 Even as a father blessing, while he reads
 The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
 Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
 Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
 Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
 When rooted from the base, heroic states
 Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
 Of curst ambition; when the pious band
 Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
 Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
 Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
 Of public power, the majesty of rule, 730
 The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
 To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
 A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
 Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
 Of patriots and of chiefs the awful bust
 And storied arch, to glut the coward-age
 Of regal envy, strew the public way
 With hallow'd ruins; when the muse's haunt,
 The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
 With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
 Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
 Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
 When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
 Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
 To sweep the works of glory from their base;
 Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
 Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
 Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds 749
 That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,

Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
 Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
 Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress: Or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
 Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
 And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
 And says within himself, "I am a king, [woe
 "And wherefore should the clamorous voice of
 "Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
 Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
 The native honours of the human soul, 770
 Nor so effac'd the image of its fire.

BOOK III.

PLEASURE in observing the tempers and manners
 of men, even where vicious or absurd. The
 origin of vice, from false representations of the
 fancy, producing false opinions concerning good
 and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general
 sources of ridicule in the minds and characters
 of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense
 of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects
 of inanimate things to the sensations and prop-
 erties of the mind. The operations of the
 mind in the production of the works of ima-
 gination, described. The secondary pleasure
 from imitation. The benevolent order of the
 world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of
 these pleasures with the objects which excite
 them. The nature and conduct of taste. Con-
 cluding with an account of the natural and mo-
 ral advantages resulting from a sensible and
 well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, since the endearing ties
 Of passion link the universal kind
 Of man so close, what wonder if to search
 This common nature through the various change
 Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
 Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
 With unresisted charms: the spacious west,
 And all the teeming regions of the south
 Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
 Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10
 As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
 Of love invite; nor only where the applause
 Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
 On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
 Of things external acts in different ways
 On human apprehensions, as the hand
 Of nature temper'd to a different frame
 Peculiar minds; so happily where the powers
 Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
 The images of things, but paint in all 20
 Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
 In nature; their opinion will be true,
 And action right. For action treads the path
 In which opinion says he follows good,

Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd:
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
 With glaring colours and distorted lines. 30
 Is there a man, who at the sound of death
 Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up, [groans
 And black before him; nought but death-bed
 And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
 Of light and being, down the gloomy air
 An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
 If no bright forms of excellence attend
 The image of his country; nor the pomp
 Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
 Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
 The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
 Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
 Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
 Than to betray his country? And in act
 Will he not choose to be a wretch and live?
 Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
 Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
 Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,
 That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
 Of reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
 And only guides to err. Then revel forth
 A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
 And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
 The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
 Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
 Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
 Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
 That keeps them from their prey: thus all the
 plagues
 The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
 The tragic muse discloses, under shapes 60
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
 Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
 Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
 Engenders, are the kindling passions driven,
 To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains,
 That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
 With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
 And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
 She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far 70
 With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
 A stricter note: now happily must my song
 Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
 In lighter strains, how folly's awkward arts
 Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
 The sportive province of the comic muse.
 See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance;
 Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
 Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80
 Unask'd his motley features. Wait a while,
 My curious friends! and let us first arrange
 In proper order your promiscuous throng.
 Behold the foremost band of slender thought,
 And easy faith; whom flattering fancy soothes
 With lying spectres, in themselves to view
 Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
 That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
 They spread their spurious treasures to the sun,
 And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
 Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes, 91

And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
 In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
 Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
 By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
 For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
 With formal hand, and fable-cinctur'd gown,
 And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
 With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
 Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100
 Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
 Of stately valour: listening by his side
 There stands a female form; to her, with looks
 Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
 He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
 And sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once
 Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
 And asks some wondering question of her fears.
 Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
 With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
 And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
 Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
 Ambassadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
 Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
 That mantles every feature, hides a brood
 Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
 And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
 And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
 Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues, 119
 Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.

Then comes the second order, all who seek
 The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
 Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
 On some retir'd appearance which belies
 The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
 That justice else would pay. Here side by side
 I see two leaders of the solemn train
 Approaching: one a female old and gray,
 With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
 Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns
 The sickening audience with a nauseous tale; 131
 How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
 How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
 Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
 Such is her terror at the risks of love,
 And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
 A bearded sage ungentle in his mien,
 And fordid all his habit; peevish want
 Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
 He stalks, resounding in magnificent phrase 140
 The vanity of riches, the contempt
 Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
 Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
 Of her who blushes at the fond regard
 Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
 The praise of spotless honour: let the man
 Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
 And ample store, but as indulgent streams
 To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
 Of joy, let him by juster measures fix 150
 The price of riches and the end of power.

Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
 By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
 The images of some peculiar things
 With brighter hues resplendent, and pourtray'd
 With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
 Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
 Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
 Hence oft obtusive on the eye of scorn,

Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays, 160
 And serious manhood from the towering aim
 Of wisdom stoops to emulate the boast
 Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
 Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
 Not with intenser view the Samian sage
 Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenser fires,
 When first the order of that radiant scene
 Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
 A muckworm's entrails, or a spider's fang.
 Next him a youth with flowers and myrtles
 crown'd, 170

Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
 With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
 To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
 The dull engagements of the bustling world!
 Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
 And hope, and action! for with her alone,
 By streams and shades, to steal these fighting hours,
 Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!
 Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
 Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld 180
 Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
 Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
 Of fly derision! till on every side
 Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
 Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
 Of folly. Thy once formidable name
 Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
 In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
 Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
 So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
 Of all the muse's empire hath assign'd
 The fields of folly, hither each advance
 Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
 Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears;
 In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
 Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
 At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band!
 Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
 And order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200
 For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
 Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd,
 And yield deformity the fond applause
 Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
 That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
 It shuns the unequal province of your praise.

Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
 Of bland imagination, folly's train
 Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard kind
 Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet 210
 Shrink from the gazer's eye: enfeebled hearts
 Whom fancy chills with visionary fears,
 Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
 Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
 Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
 Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
 His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
 Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
 Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful
 tears,

At every dream of danger: here subdued 220
 By frontless laughter and the haughty scorn
 Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
 Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
 Of temperance and honour; half disowns
 A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;

And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.

Last of the motely bands on whom the power
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides. 230
Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful
hands

Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train. 240

Through every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every swift occasion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her fallying nerves and chokes her
tongue;

What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of ridicule displays 249
Her quaint-cy'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether these with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth slow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil! yet benignant heaven, 269
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

Such are the various aspects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends 280
The ethereal spirit with its mold of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion. Mark the fable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding
brow;

With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake 290

The Elysian seats, and down the embowering
glade

Move to your pausing eye! Behold the expanse
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze:
Now their gray cincture skirts the doubtful sun;
Now streams of splendour, through their opening
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn [veil
The ærial shadows; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves 299
With quickest lustre glancing; while you view
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
With clouds and sun-shine checquer'd, while the
Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue [round
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of such discordant things?
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At first were strung? Or rather from the links 310
Which artful custom twines around her frame?

For when the different images of things
By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
With deeper impulse, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; how'er distinct
The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise, 320
And each his former station strait resumes:
One movement governs the consenting throng,
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the
main 330

Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore 339
Those long-connected scenes where first they
mov'd [walks

The attention: backward through her mazy
Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.

By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves 349
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,

Their largest choice : like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright
 heavens

With fairer semblance ; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind ;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear, 370
Melodious : and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Indow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things ;
And win he knows not what sublime reward 379
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate : the plastic powers
Labour for action : blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest phrenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come : the eternal heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss 389
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms ; now blends them, now
divides

Enlarges and extenuates by turns ;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns ;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd 400
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene ; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge : the fainter parts retire ;
The fairer eminent in light advance ;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art, 410
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception ; which, embodied thus,
And permanent becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd : while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight

Of nature's great original we scan 420
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires.
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun, 429
Collects his large effulgence; strait the heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various blifs the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of heaven! while, plung'd in sordid
cares.

The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine :
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke 440
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
Casts a disdainful eye ; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor ! say,
Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of dullness hang too heavy on thy sense,
To let her shine upon thee ? So the man 450
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of heaven,
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross unhallow'd pride ; nor needs my song
Descend so low ; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion ; and from shape 460
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in themselves
Have no connection ? Sure the rising sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb ; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded and her powers
Exulting in the splendour she beholds ; 469
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain [breath
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue ;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd
heart.

Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.
But were not nature still endow'd at large 479
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With such enchantment : Wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair ? her breath perfum'd
With such ethereal sweetness ? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress

The impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man, 490
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought, 500
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
A visionary paradise disclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, the enchanted landscapes smiles,
Cheers his long labours and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow; 521
But god alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold 529
The sun-shine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart, [heaven
How lovely! how commanding! But though
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope 540
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace, 549
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,

And ocean, groaning from its lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool 560
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men. [songs
Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
Of pageant honour can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Indows at large whatever happy man 580
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the filken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch 589
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers 600
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien,
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all 610
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds 620

And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb

Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God him-
self
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day, 631.
With his conceptions act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

NOTES ON THE THREE BOOKS OF THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 154. *Say, why was man, &c.*] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the sublimest authors of Greece, "Those godlike geniuses," says Longinus, "were well assured, that nature had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects; he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the Ocean, &c." Dionys. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Ver. 202. *The empyreal waste.*] "Ne se peut-il point qu'il y a un grand espace au delà de la région des étoiles? Que se soit le ciel empyrée, ou non, toujours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette région, pourra être rempli de bonheur & de gloire. Il pourra être conçu comme l'océan, où se redent les flueves de toutes les créatures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le système des étoiles." Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. I. §. 19.

Ver. 204. *Whose unfading light, &c.*] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ——— *the neglect*

Of all familiar prospects, &c. It is here said, that in consequence of the love of novelty, objects which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is opposed to this

observation; for *there*, objects at first distasteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that, when objects at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *passive*, and the preception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it; so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's *conscious* determination of its own activity; and consequently increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even where there is no room for the mind to *resolve* or *act* at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for, one of these ways:

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness; this uneasiness gradually wears off as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at last entirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind, being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with aversion. In which case, a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or lastly, though the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered without those pleasing circumstances attending it; by which means the disagreeable impression which it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240.

——— *this desire*

Of objects new and strange——] These two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement

of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver. 374. ——— *Truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, &c.*] “Do you imagine,” says Socrates to Aristippus, “that what is good is not beautiful? Have you not observed that these appearances always coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the characters of men we always * join the two denominations together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with that economy of parts which constitutes them good; and in every circumstance of life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was designed.” Xenophon. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy; see the *Characteristics*, vol. ii. p. 339 and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shown, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which “all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary.” And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once and without staying to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, should perceive, one of them *beauty* and the other *deformity*, in the same proportions. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. Polycletus, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modelled according to this: a man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its *beauty*; whereas a professor of the art applies his measure to the head, the neck, or the hand, and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanship to be *just and true*.

* This the Athenians did in a particular manner, by the word *καλοκαγαθός, καλοκαγαθία*.

Ver. 492 *As when Brutus rose, &c.*] Cicero himself describes this fact—“*Cæsare interfecto—statim, cruentum altè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus.*” Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where virtue rising from the awful depth
Of truths mysterious bosom, &c.*] According to the opinion of those who assert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and universal law; and that which is usually called the *moral sense*, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earliest associations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lyceum.*] The school of Aristotle.

Ver. 592. *Academy.*] The school of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyssus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens was situated. Plato, in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of conversation with Socrates on its banks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At last the muses rose, &c.*] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic, ode, and satire; and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valclufa.*] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccaccio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazarro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. ——— *the rage*

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the Papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts, &c.*] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, “being thus severed by the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world.” Inasmuch that “a gentleman,” says another excellent writer, “cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and ungainly a form: so greatly is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs!” From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had

the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in England within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Passion's power alone, &c.*] This very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius resolves it into self-love.

"Suave Mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleased in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that though these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious author of the *Reflexions critiques sur la poésie & sur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive state: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends these emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth, &c.*] The account of the economy of Providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the Pythagorean school: but of the ancient philosophers, Plato has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on this head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, though somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning Divine Providence: "The being who presides over the whole," says he, "has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man, which though in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part."

VOL. IX.

"Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless; since, according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole.—For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and by what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness; with the greatest facility, and in the highest degree possible: In this manner he ordered through the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and through what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenor of its existence." He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, "as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated into the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemished sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the most flagitious arts have risen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom you therefore look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

Ver. 321.

—one might rise,

One order, &c.] See the Meditations of Antoninus, and the Characteristics, passim.

Ver. 355. *The best and fairest, &c.*] This opinion is so old, that Timotheus Locrus calls the Supreme Being ἀριστὸς καὶ βελτίονος, "the artificer of that which is best;" and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea; so that it yet remains, as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement." There can be no room for a caution here, to understand the expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the Theodicee of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame ascends, &c.*] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles: But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18.

—where the powers

Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination

3 B

gination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyze the idea of what he calls his interest; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary, with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiment; inasmuch that the latter makes the *Χρησις αἴα, διὰ φαντασιῶν* or "right management of the "fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See also the Characteristics, vol. i. from p. 313. to 321. where this Stoical doctrine is embellished with all the elegance and graces of Plac.

Ver. 75.—*or folly's awkward arts, &c.*] Notwithstanding the general influence of *ridicule* on

private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy; from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of useful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremost band, &c.*] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the second order, &c.*] Ridicule from the same vanity, where, though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it because of some particular circumstances, which, though obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe succeeds, &c.*] Ridicule, from a notion of excellence in particular objects, disproportion'd to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay, &c.*] Ridicule, from a notion of excellence, when the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant, &c.*] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

Ver. 228. *Last of the, &c.*] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things as our circumstances require us to know.

Ver. 248.—*Suffice it to have said, &c.*] By comparing these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we shall subjoin here. Aristotle's account of the matter seems both imperfect and false; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, says he, ἐστὶν ἀμάρτημα τι καὶ αἰσχος, ἀνώδυτον καὶ ὁ φθαρτικόν: "the ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destructive to its subject." (Poet. c. 5.) For, allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot, with any tolerable propriety, be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing designed. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terror banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men

think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

“That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful: the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate; belonging always to the same order or class of beings; imply sentiment or design; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart.”

To prove the several parts of this definition: “The appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively fordid or deformed,” is ridiculous: for instance, pompous pretensions of wisdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Aristophanes; and the ostentations of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the Thrafo of Terence.

“The appearance of deformity or turpitude in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable,” is also ridiculous; for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

“The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in apprehension of the person to whom they relate;” in the last-mentioned instance, they both exist in the objects; in the instances from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

“The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being.” A coxcomb in fine clothes, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expence of his dress. A man of sense and merit, in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous: because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him is, both in fact, and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

“Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design.” A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laughed at: the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And lastly, “the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart,” such as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ver. 259. *Ask we for what fair end, &c*] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a natural sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the Supreme Being for bestowing it; one cannot

without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To ask them whether *ridicule be a test of truth*, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea, which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood; so, in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When, therefore, we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falsehood* sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and error of its authors. And this, and no more, is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous; men may be dishonest in obtaining circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us; but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Aristophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:—True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist and father of ancient wisdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false; but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves; why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpressive semblance, &c.*] This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles, &c.*] See the elegant poem recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Proluf. vi. Acad. 2. c. v.

Ver. 348. *By these mysterious ties, &c.*] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle, &c.*] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artists are rendered palpable to the senses; as by sounds, in music: by lines and shadows, in painting; by diction in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. — *One pursues*

The vast alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs, &c.*]

“O! how I long my careless limbs to lay

“Under the plantane shade; and all the day

“With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c.”

Waller, *Battle of the Summer-Islands*, Canto I.

And again,

“While in the park I sing, the listening deer

“Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c.”

At Pens-hurst.

Ver. 593. *Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this head; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes, that “there is a pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive,” when once we consider its connection with that general order. He instances in many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, “that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper with a just comprehension of the universal order—will discern many amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered into an honourable familiarity with nature and her works.” M. Antonin. iii. 2.

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION;

A POEM.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moon light; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class; they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem.

But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book; to which the third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate, these are the men of genius, destined by nature to excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed, therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius which in some degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry: inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

BOOK I.

MDCCLVII.

THE subject proposed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things.

The variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external ob-

jects. The pleasure from greatness; with its final cause. The natural connection of beauty with truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

WITH what enchantment nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill
The breast with fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers
Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step through many a solemn path
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favour make him wise to speak
Of all your wondrous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal love,
Whate'er thy name; or muse, or grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the sons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost
The perfect counsels read, the ideas old, [there
Of thine omniscient father; known on earth
By the still horror and the blissful tear
With which thou seizest on the soul of man;
Thou chief, poetic spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Sakespeare lies, be present. And with
Let fiction come; on her aerial wings [thee
Wafting ten thousand colors; which in sport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will through countless
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre [forms,
Whose awful tones control the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal harmony, descend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
Wife order: and, where order deigns to come,
Her sister, liberty, will not be far.
Be present all ye genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering step
New to your springs and shades: who touch their
With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye [ear
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.

Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though first
In years unseason'd, haply ere the sports

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.

Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many splendid prospects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they
sprung,
Nor heedful of their end? yet serious truth
Her empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme
Asserted soon; while falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
Thy friendship added, in the paths of life,
The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet
Preserving: nor to truth's recess divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,
Withholding surer guidance; while by turns
We trac'd the sages old, or while the queen
Of sciences, whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lamp
Inclin'd her sceptre, favouring. Now the fates
Have other tasks impos'd. To thee, my friend,
The ministry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
To wait on pain; and silent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares,
To such as languish on a grievous bed,
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
Conciliate: nor delightful; if the muse
Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,
If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous muse
Impart, and grant (what she and she alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
Of fame and honest favour, which the blest'd
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That these my hand for thee and for myself
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted and lov'd; once more the verse
Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend, indulgent. So in latest years, [cloth'd
When time thy head with honours shall have
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of seasons past,
Fair offices of friendship or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall these happy studies of our prime. [scends
From heaven my strains begin. From heaven de-
The flame of genius to the chosen breast,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd,
And inspiration. Ere the rising sun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her silver lamp suspended: ere
The vales with springs were water'd, or with
groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great spirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant sun; the moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the streams; the ample stores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the first,
On that full scene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame:

Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves:
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
And bright autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impress'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven. To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought;
Of space and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadows flowery store,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dress'd in attractive smiles they see portray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
Enamour'd: they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmost frame set forth
Spontaneous music; so doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of those kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of sound
Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)
Detains th' enliven'd sense; till soon the soul
Feels the deep concord, and assents through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuseth its enchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,
And wandering through Elysium, fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves,
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound:
Fountains, which Homer visits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares,
And smiles. The passions, to divine repose
Persuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, such as await
An angel's meditation. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch;
Whom nature's aspect, nature's simple garb,
Can thus command; O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected scenes, [store,
With love and admiration thus inspire
Attentive fancy, her delighted sons

In two illustrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whose rustic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, still the form,
Which fancy worships, or sublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim. I see them dawn:
I see the radiant visions where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why empower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In contest with his equals, who shall best
The task achieve, the course of noble toils,
By wisdom and by mercy preordain'd?
Might send him forth the sovran good to learn;
To chase each meaner purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the pelting storms of chance and
pain,

To hold strait on with constant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlasting palm, [burns
The approving smile of heaven? Else wherefore
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That seeks from day to day sublimer ends;
Happy, though restless? Why departs the soul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To grasp the good she knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the spacious field
Of science, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raise up scenes in which her own desires
Contented may repose; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Her temper, still demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
Her strength severely prov'd? To these high aims,
Which reason and affection prompt in man,
Not adverse nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world presents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breast
E'er doubts, before the transient and minute,
To prize the vast, the stable, the sublime?
Who, that from heights aerial sends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and surveys
Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave [old,
Through mountains, plains, through spacious cities
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of some penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the
Consent her soaring fancy to restrain [soul
Which bears her up as on an eagle's wings,
Destin'd for highest heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers shall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the sun, and views the small
Attendant orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluster'd isles
Whose rocky shores to the glad sailor's eye

Reflect the gleams of morning : for a while
 With pride she sees his firm, paternal sway
 Bend the reluctant planets to move each
 Round its perpetual year. But soon she quits
 That prospect : meditating loftier views,
 She darts adventurous up the long career
 Of comets ; through the constellations holds
 Her course, and now looks back on all the stars
 Whose blended flames as with a milky stream
 Part the blue region. Empyræan tracts,
 Where happy souls beyond their concave heaven
 Abide, she then explores, whence purer light
 For countless ages travels through the abyss
 Nor hath in sight of mortals yet arriv'd.
 Upon the wide creation's utmost shore
 At length she stands, and the dread space beyond
 Contemplates, half-recoiling ; nathless down
 The gloomy void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
 She plungeth ; down the unfathomable gulf
 Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
 Rest at the fated goal. For, from the birth
 Of human kind, the Sovereign Maker said
 That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
 Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
 Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
 The soul should find contentment ; but, from these
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,
 Through nature's opening walks enlarge her aim,
 Till every bound at length should disappear,
 And infinite perfection fill the scene.

But lo, where beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp,
 With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
 Her charms inspire. O beauty, source of praise,
 Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things ;
 O thou that kindlest in each human heart
 Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
 Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
 Their own ; O child of nature and the soul,
 In happiest hour brought forth ; the doubtful garb
 Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
 Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
 Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
 Beholds ; nor half thy brightness can reveal
 Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch
 O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my muse,
 If fortune call thee to the task, wait thou
 Thy favourable seasons : then, while fear
 And doubt are absent, through wide nature's
 bounds

Expatriate with glad step, and choose at will
 Whate'er bright spoils, the florid earth contains,
 What'er the waters, or the liquid air,
 To manifest unblemish'd beauty's praise,
 And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
 Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
 Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
 Fly in the train of Autumn ; and look on,
 And learn from him ; while, as he roves around,
 Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
 The branches bloom with gold ; where'er his foot
 Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
 Turning aside their foliage, and come forth
 In purple lights till every hillock grows
 As with the blushes of an evening sky ?
 Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
 Where slow Penæus his clear glassy tide
 Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs

Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
 That wave o'er huge Olympus ? Down the stream,
 Look how the mountains with their double range
 Embrace the vale of Tempe : from each side
 Ascending steep to heaven, a rocky mound
 Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
 That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
 Fair Tempe ! on whose primrose banks the morn
 Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
 In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime : [yet
 Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps
 Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
 Of sylvan powers immortal ; where they sat
 Oft in the golden age, the nymphs and fauns,
 Beneath some arbor branching o'er the flood,
 And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
 Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
 Danc'd in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
 While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
 Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews,
 And one perpetual Spring. But if our task
 More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
 Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
 Where young Melissa dwells. Nor thou refuse
 The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
 But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn :
 Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,
 O fair, O graceful, bend thy polish'd brow,
 Assenting ; and the gladness of thy eyes
 Impart to me, like morning's wished light
 Seen through the vernal air. By yonder stream,
 Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
 Send forth wild melody from every bough,
 Together let us wander ; where the hills
 Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale
 Reply ; where tidings of content and peace
 Each echo brings. Lo, how the western sun
 O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,
 Diffuseth glad repose ! There while I speak
 Of beauty's honours, thou, Melissa, thou
 Shalt hearken, not unconscious. While I tell
 How first from heaven she came : how after all
 The works of life, the elemental scenes,
 The hours, the seasons, she had oft explor'd,
 At length her favourite mansion and her throne
 She fix'd in woman's form : what pleasing ties
 To virtue bind her ; what effectual aid
 They lend each other's power ; and how divine
 Their union, should some ambitious maid,
 To all the enchantment of the Idalian queen,
 Add sanctity and wisdom : while my tongue
 Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may'st feign
 To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd ;
 But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
 Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all
 That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,
 Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
 What it would then keep silent, and in vain
 The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
 Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform
 With joy and love the rugged breast of man,
 Should sound in numbers worthy of such a theme :
 While all whose souls have ever felt the force
 Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
 Should throng attentive, and receive once more
 Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
 Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand

Of fortune can bestow; nor, to confirm
 Their sway, should awful contemplation scorn
 To join his dictates to the genuine strain
 Of pleasure's tongue; nor yet should pleasure's
 Be much averse. Ye chiefly, gentle band [fear
 Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish
 And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
 Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd
 By various beauty; if the pleasing toil
 Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
 Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
 I do not mean, on blest Religion's seat
 Presenting Superstition's gloomy form,
 To dash your soothing hopes: I do not mean
 To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
 Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
 And scare you from your joys. My cheerful song
 With happier omens call you to the field,
 Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chase,
 And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
 Doth beauty ever deign to dwell where use
 And aptitude are strangers? is her praise
 Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends
 Are lame and fruitless? or did nature mean
 This pleasing call the herald of a lie,
 To hide the shame of discord and disease,
 And win each fond admirer into snares,
 Foil'd, baffled? No. With better providence
 The general mother, conscious how infirm
 Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
 Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
 Deth objects the completest of their tribe
 Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank
 Cloth'd in the soft magnificence of spring,
 Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
 The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill
 Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
 Yields it wholesome beverage to the worn
 And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
 With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine
 Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
 Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
 Report of her, as of the swelling grape
 Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
 When first it meets the sun? Or what are all
 The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
 Are they not pledges of a state intire,
 Where native order reigns, with every part
 In health, and every function well perform'd?

Thus then at first was beauty sent from heaven,
 The lovely ministrers of truth and good
 In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
 And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
 With like participation. Wherefore then,
 O sons of earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
 O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
 Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
 Which beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
 Where is the suffrage of eternal truth,
 Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
 To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
 Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
 And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
 Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
 That kindest inmate of the youthful breast,
 Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward sloth
 Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes

Incurious and with folded hands. Far less
 Let scorn of wild fantastic folly's dreams
 Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride
 Persuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
 Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
 The sacred lore of undeceitful good
 And truth eternal. From the vulgar crowd
 Though superstition, tyranness abhor'd,
 The reverence due to this majestic pair
 With threats and execration still demands;
 Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the way
 To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
 To quench or set at nought the lamp of God
 Within his frame; through many a cheerless wild
 Though forth she leads him credulous and dark,
 And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
 Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells
 And mansions unrelenting as the grave,
 But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
 Of midnight; there, amid the screaming owl's
 Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades
 To talk of pangs and everlasting woe;
 Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
 Presides o'er your adventure. From the bower
 Where Wisdom sate with her Athenian sons,
 Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath
 Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
 Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
 To you whom godlike love can well command?
 Then should my powerful voice at once dispel
 Those monkish horrors; should in words divine
 Relate how favour'd minds like you inspir'd,
 And taught their inspiration to conduct
 By rulling heaven's decree, through various walks
 And prospects various, but delightful all,
 Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
 Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
 Of empire with the curule throne, or now
 The domes of contemplation and the muse.
 Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
 Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth
 Discerns the nobler life reserv'd for heaven,
 Favour'd alike they worship round the shrine
 Where truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
 The undivided partners of her sway,
 With good and beauty reigns. O! let not us
 By Pleasure's lying blandishments detain'd,
 Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
 O! let not us one moment pause to join
 That chosen band. And if the gracious power,
 Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
 Will to my invocation grant anew
 The tuneful spirit, then through all our paths
 Ne'er shall the found of this devoted lyre
 Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead
 When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
 Of luxury's allurements; whether firm
 Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
 To urge free virtue's steps, and to her side
 Summon that strong divinity of soul
 Which conquers chance and fate: or on the height,
 The goal assign'd her, haply to proclaim
 Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
 Of uncorrupted praise; through future worlds
 To follow her interminated way,
 And blest heaven's image in the heart of man.
 Such is the worth of beauty: such her power,

So blameless, so rever'd. It now remains,
In just gradation through the various ranks
Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
Rise in due measure, watchful to attend
The steps of rising nature. Last and least,
In colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
Of simplest, easiest measure; in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
To symmetry adds colour: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted shells along some winding shore
Catch with indented folds the glancing sun:
Next, as we rise, appear the blooming tribes
Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw
from her

Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
Yet, in their seed, immortal; such the flowers
With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and such the groves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowels of Ariconian swains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler still
Is beauty's name, where, to the full consent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing sense is given,
While active motion speaks the temper'd soul;
So moves the bird of Juno: so the steed
With rival swiftness beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager ears of joy
Salute their fellows. What sublimer pomp
Adorns the seat where virtue dwells on earth,
And truth's eternal day-light shines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming smiles,
Chief of terrestrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath beauty there
Her most conspicuous praise to matter lent,
Where most conspicuous through that shady veil
Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind:
By steps directing our enraptur'd search
To him, the first of minds; the chief, the sole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, consenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all display.
He, God most high (bear witness, earth and heaven)
The living fountains in himself contains
Of beauteous and sublime. With him enthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his supreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded state,
Urania. Thee, O father, this extent
Of matter; thee the sluggish earth and tract
Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendours feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great essence, forth didst thou conduct
Eternal form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat,
And sanctify the mansion. All her works
Well pleas'd thou didst behold. The gloomy fires
Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
Of summer; soft Campania's new-born rose
And the slow weed, which pines on Russian hills,
Comely alike to thy full vision stand:
To thy surrounding vision, which unites

All essences and powers of the great world
In one sole order; fair alike they stand,
As features well consenting, and alike
Requir'd by nature ere she could attain
Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
Of universal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the first. Thou also, ancient mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngest son,
Refusing no convenient gift nor good.
Their eyes didst open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Those starry worlds, the countenance divine
Of beauty to behold. But not to them
Didst thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded sight
She stands (for never shall created soul
Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds,
The same in shape or features didst thou frame
Her image. Measuring well their different spheres
Of sense and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different test
Of beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Most apt, most faithful. Thence inform'd, they
scan

The objects that surround them; and select,
Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,
Each for himself selects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the standard fix'd by heaven
Within his breast approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O supreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, consummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy
throne

And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who she is,
Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys
A narrower scene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his passive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye disclose.
The powers which move his sense with instant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, reposes. Other powers
And features of the self-same thing (unless
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Request their close alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with self-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his passions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half disowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the shapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whose proud desires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, fastidious: asking still
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's gross communion; to secure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may suit her mien,
Where'er he finds them scatter'd though the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he seats

The accomplish'd image deep within his breast,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.

Thus the one beauty of the world intire,
The universal Venus, far beyond
The keenest effort of created eyes,
And their most wide horizon, dwells enthron'd
In ancient silence. At her footstool stands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unfullied, unconsum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of sisters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in stature, and expressive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal shrine in turns they come,
Each with her sacred lamp; that from the source
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its lustre they may draw
For days, or months, or years; for ages, some;
As their great parent's discipline requires.
Then to their several mansions they depart,
In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the surface of this rolling earth,
How many make abode? The fields the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites sublime. There each her destin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the skies
Brought down, and shines throughout her little
Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night [sphere,
Turn towards a distant flame, so some fit eye,
Among the various tenants of the scene,
Discerns the heaven-born phantom seated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide universe,
Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,
Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
To beauty's blissful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration still resounds:
That voice, to which is beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the master's hand
To the sweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of nature and of science; nurse rever'd
Of generous counsels and heroic deeds;
O! let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,
If I from vulgar superstition's walk,
Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites
Of splendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and so elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminish'd, hid his face
Among the herd of satraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils;
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
Of civil wisdom, thy unconquer'd youth
After some glorious day rejoicing round

Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the olive shades
Of Academus, and the sacred vale
Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Ilissus, by Socratic sounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring sleep
With beauteous Orithylla, his love-tale
In silent awe suspended. There let me
With blameless hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient Wisdom: while I add
(What cannot be disjoin'd from beauty's praise)
Thy name and native dress, thy works belov'd
And honour'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

BOOK II.

MDCCLXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientific truth (contradistinguished from opinion), and universal truth: which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue considered in the divine mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions, suitable to the design of providence and the condition of man; to whom it constitutes the chief good and the first beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cause. Of the passions; particularly of those which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleasure.

Thus far of beauty and the pleasing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the scenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, enamour'd. Now my song
Severer themes demand: mysterious truth;
And virtue, sovran good: the spells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dreadful sway
Of passion; and whatever hidden stores
From her own lofty deeds and from herself
The mind acquires. Severer argument:
Not less attractive; nor deserving less
A constant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows,
As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
Their impulse on the sense: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admired?
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of passion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundless as her own desires

Can there converse : by these unfading forms
 Touch'd and awaken'd still, with eager act
 She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
 Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
 Now opening round us. May the destin'd verse
 Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
 Obscure and arduous ! May the source of light,
 All-present, all-sufficient, guide our steps
 Through every maze : and whom in childish years
 From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
 And power, thou didst apart send forth to speak
 In tuneful words concerning highest things,
 Him still do thou, O Father, at those hours
 Of pensive freedom when the human soul
 Shuts out the rumour of the world, him still
 Touch thou with secret lessons : call thou back
 Each erring thought ; and let the yielding strains
 From his full bosom, like a welcome rill
 Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow !

But from what name, what favourable sign,
 What heavenly auspice, rather shall I date
 My perilous excursion, than from truth,
 That nearest inmate of the human soul ;
 Estrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
 Of man disfigur'd and dishonour'd sinks
 Among inferior things ? For to the brutes
 Perception and the transient boons of sense
 Hath fate imparted : but to man alone
 Of sublunary beings was it given
 Each fleeting impulse on the sensual powers
 At leisure to review ; with equal eye
 To scan the passion of the stricken nerve
 Or the vague object striking : to conduct
 From sense, the portal turbulent and loud,
 Into the mind's wide palace one by one
 The frequent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
 And question and compare them. Thus he learns
 Their birth and fortunes ; how allied the haunt
 The avenues of sense : what laws direct
 Their union ; and what various discords rise,
 Or fix'd or casual : which when his clear thought
 Retains and when his faithful words express,
 That living image of the external scene,
 As in a polish'd mirror held to view,
 Is truth : where'er it varies from the shape
 And hue of its exemplar, in that part
 Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
 When oft the same society of forms
 In the same order have approach'd his mind,
 He deigns no more their steps with curious heed
 To trace ; no more their features or their garb
 He now examines ; but of them and their
 Condition, as with some diviner's tongue,
 Affirms what heaven in every distant place,
 Through every future season, will decree.
 This too is truth : where'er his prudent lips
 Wait till experience diligent and slow
 Has authoriz'd their sentence, this is truth ;
 A second, higher kind : the parent this
 Of science ; or the lofty power herself,
 Science herself : on whom the wants and cares
 Of social life depend ; the substitute
 Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world ;
 The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
 To earn her aid, with fixt and anxious eye
 He looks on nature's and on fortune's course :
 Too much in vain. His duller visual ray

The Willness and the persevering acts
 Of nature oft elude ; and fortune oft
 With step fantastic from her wonted walk
 Turns into mazes dim. His sight is foil'd ;
 And the crude sentence of his faltering tongue
 Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd
 And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'st
 thine ear

Congential to my lyre's profounder tone,
 Pause, and be watchful. Hitherto the stores,
 Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,
 Partake the relish of their native soil,
 Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
 Her fire at birth decreed her ; purer gifts
 From his own treasure ; forms which never
 deign'd

In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
 Of earthly organs ; but sublime were plac'd
 In his essential reason, leading there
 That vast ideal host which all his works
 Through endless ages never will reveal.
 Thus then endow'd, the feeble creature man,
 The slave of hunger, and the prey of death,
 Ev'n now, even here, in earth's dim prison bound,
 The language of intelligence divine
 Attains ; repeating oft concerning one
 And many, past and present, parts and whole,
 Those sov'reign dictates which in farthest heaven,
 Where no orb rolls, eternity's fix'd ear
 Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
 Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's self
 Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
 Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns
 To extend her sway ; while calling from the deep,
 From earth and air, their multitudes untold
 Of figures and of motions round his walk,
 For each wide family some single birth
 He sets in view, the impartial type of all
 Its brethren ; suffering it to claim, beyond
 Their common heritage, no private gift,
 No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
 In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue
 Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound,
 Without condition. Such the rise of forms
 Sequester'd far from sense and every spot
 Peculiar in the realms of space or time :
 Such is the throne which man for truth amidst
 The paths of mutability hath built
 Secure, unshaken, still ; and whence he views,
 In matter's mouldering structures, the pure forms
 Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
 Impassive all ; whose attributes nor force
 Nor fate can alter. There he first conceives
 True being, and an intellectual world
 The same this hour and ever. Thence he deems
 Of his own lot ; above the painted shapes
 That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene
 Looks up ; beyond the adamant gates
 Of death expatiates ; as his birthright claims
 Inheritance in all the works of God ;
 Prepares for endless time his plan of life,
 And counts the universe itself his home.

Whence also but from truth, the light of minds,
 Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
 Of virtue ? with the moral colours thrown
 On every walk of this our social scene,
 Adorning for the eye of gods and men

The passions, action, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a sacred place
Where love and praise may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedless tongue from truth disjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the day spring flow'd,
Like sisters link'd in concord's golden chain,
They stood before the great eternal mind
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inseparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to listen to her lore,
Which knew not virtue's voice; nor, save where
truth's

Majestic words are heard and understood,
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's fullen roar
At noon resounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler scenes,
The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,
Consult; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge,
In spring-time when the woodlands first are green,
Attend the linnet singing to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond
care

Thou dost not virtue's honourable name
Attribute: wherefore, save that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er discover to themselves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itself
To judge, and measure its officious deeds?
But man, whose eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends
His wise affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himself secure
To nature's prudent impulse; and converts
Instinct to duty and to sacred law.
Hence right and fit on earth; while thus to man
The Almighty Legislator hath explain'd
The springs of action fix'd within his breast;
Hath given him power to slacken or restrain
Their effort; and hath shown him how they join
Their partial movements with the master-wheel
Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
Which he, the unerring reason, keeps in view.

For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundless eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; so his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itself
The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praise
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed
Nourish within his furrows: when between
Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,
Remember this: lest blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: lest their selfish heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem;
Who his inviolable acts deduce

From sudden counsels transient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows for all; the fountain of his love
Which, from the summit where he sits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, throughout
The spacious region flourishing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair universe; on which alone
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
His sov'reign purpose: such it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm
Was never idle: his bestowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at last and started up
After a deep and solitary sloth
Of boundless ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal course have travell'd o'er
No speechless, lifeless desert; but through scenes
Cheerful with bounty still; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladness round the maker's throne
Loud-thouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial trust, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where so fix'd
Where all the dates of being, so dispos'd
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That each the general happiness might serve;
And by the discipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chastis'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is pass'd; but fairer still,
And still increasing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher scenes of being: while, supply'd
From day to day by his enlivening breath
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As vapours to the earth in showers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-listening planets charm'd
By the sun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aspire to God,
Exhaustless fount of intellectual day,
Centre of souls. Nor doth the mastering voice
Of nature cease within to prompt aright
Their steps; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From sending to the toil external aid;
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inspection. Though to some be given
To catch a transient visionary glimpse
Of that majestic scene which boundless power
Prepares for perfect goodness, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imbosom such an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praise have touch'd the hearts of men.
Had not the sovereign guide, through every stage

Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble
sphere

Of sight and strength might such importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own.

Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties: hence that favourite palm
Of human will, when duty is suffic'd,
And still the liberal soul in ampler deeds
Would manifest herself; that sacred sign
Of her rever'd affinity to him

Whose bounties are his own; to whom none said,

"Create the wisest, fullest, fairest world,

"And make its offspring happy;" who, intent

Some likeness of himself among his works

To view, hath pour'd into the human breast

A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides

Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,

Self-judging, self-oblig'd: while, from before

That godlike function, the gigantic power

Necessity, though wont to curb the force

Of Chaos and the savage elements,

Retires abash'd, as from a scene too high

For her brute tyranny, and with her bears

Her scorned followers, terror, and base awe

Who blinds herself, and that ill-suited pair,

Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the soul

Arises in her strength; and, looking round

Her busy sphere, whatever work she views,

Whatever counsel bearing any trace

Of her Creator's likeness, whether apt

To aid her fellows or preserve herself

In her superior functions unimpair'd,

Thither she turns exulting: that she claims

As her peculiar good: on that, through all

The fickle seasons of the day, she looks

With reverence still: to that, as to a fence

Against affliction and the darts of pain,

Her drooping hopes repair: and, once oppos'd

To that, all other pleasure, other wealth

Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,

Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea

To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs

For some known fountain pure. For what can
strive

With virtue? which of nature's regions vast

Can in so many forms produce to sight

Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye

Of hatred cannot look upon secure:

Which envy's self contemplates, and is turn'd

Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles,

Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair

In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,

The summer's noon-tide groves, the purple eve

At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon

Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair

As virtuous friendship? as the honour'd roof

Whither from highest heaven immortal love

His torch ethereal and his golden bow

Propitious brings, and there a temple holds

To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd

The social band of parent, brother, child,

With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds

Adore his power? What gift of richest clime

E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such

Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back

From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;

Or crosseth danger in his lion-walk,

A rival's life to rescue? as the young

Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,

That his great father's body might not want

A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife

Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound

Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,

Who nothing more could threaten to afflict

Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyss,

Is there, among the adamantine spheres

Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,

Aught that with half such majesty can fill

The human bosom, as when Brutus rose

Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate

Amid the crowd of patriots; and, his arm

Aloft extending like eternal Jove

When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud

On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword

Of justice in his rapt astonish'd eye,

And bad the father of his country hail,

For so the tyrant prostrate on the dust,

And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths

Of human life, in various pomp array'd

Walks the wise daughter of the Judge of heaven,

Fair virtue; from her Father's throne supreme

Sent down to utter laws, such as on earth

Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote

The weal of all his works, the gracious end

Of his dread empire. And though haply man's

Obscure sight, so far beyond himself

And the brief labours of his little home,

Extends not; yet, by the bright presence won

Of this divine instructress, to her sway

Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal

To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath
God,

Still looking toward his own high purpose, fix'd

The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules

The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal;

Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame;

The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;

And all the comely intercourse of praise,

The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.

How far unlike them must the lot of guilt

Be found! Or what terrestrial woe can match

The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought

The bane of others, or enslav'd itself

With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire

Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate

Suggested, or despotic rage impos'd,

Were at that season an unwish'd exchange:

When the soul loaths herself: when, flying thence

To crowds, on every brow she sees portray'd

Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back

To solitude, her judge's voice divine

To hear in secret, haply sounding through

The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still

Demanding for his violated laws

Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue

To speak the award of justice on herself.

For well she knows what faithful hints within

Were whisper'd to beware the lying forms

Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way:

What cautions to suspect their painted dross,

And look with steady eyelid on their smiles,

Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The daz-
zling hues

Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
 Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
 In which opinion says they follow good
 Or fly from evil: and opinion gives
 Report of good or evil, as the scene
 Was drawn by fancy, pleasing or deform'd:
 Thus her report can never there be true
 Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
 With glaring colours and distorted lines.
 Is there a man to whom the name of death
 Brings terror's ghastly pageants conjur'd up
 Before him, death-bed groans, and dismal vows,
 And the frail soul plung'd headlong from the brink
 Of life and day-light down the glomy air,
 An unknown depth, to gulfs of torturing fire
 Unvisited by mercy? Then what hand
 Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
 Which fancy and opinion thus conspire
 To twine around his heart? or who shall hush
 Their clamour, when they tell him that to die,
 To risk those horrors, is a direr curse
 Than basest life can bring? Though love with
 prayers

Most tender, with affliction's sacred tears,
 Beseech his aid; though gratitude and faith
 Condemn each step which loiters; yet let none
 Make answer for him that, if any frown
 Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay,
 Content, and be a wretch to be secure.
 Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
 Ere the young multitude to diverse roads,
 Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
 Sits fancy, deep enchantress; and to each
 With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
 A potent beverage. Heedless they comply:
 Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
 Is ting'd, and every transient thought imbibes
 Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
 One homebred colour: which not all the lights
 Of science e'er shall change; not all the storms
 Of adverse fortune wash away, nor yet
 The robe of purest virtue quite conceal.
 Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent
 shapes

Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
 To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join
 In dangerous parley; listening oft, and oft
 Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
 The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
 Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
 That early tincture of the hearer's soul.
 And should the guardian, reason, but for one
 Short moment yield to this illusive scene
 His ear and eye the intoxicating charm
 Involves him, till no longer he discerns,
 Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
 A furious band that spurn him from the throne,
 And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
 With sliding feet and hands impure, to grasp
 Those solemn toys which glitter in his view
 On fortune's rugged steep: hence pale revenge
 Unsheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
 And envious lust, by venal fraud upborne,
 Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
 Which kept them from their prey: hence all the
 crimes
 That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues

That follow them for vengeance, in the guise
 Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
 Stole first into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by fancy's witchcraft on the brain
 Are always the tumultuous passions driven
 To guilty deeds, nor reason bound in chains
 That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd,
 With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
 And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
 A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
 She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
 With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
 I sing for contemplation link'd with love
 A pensive theme. Now haply should my song
 Unbend that serious countenance, and learn
 Thalia's tripping gait, her shrill-ton'd voice,
 Her wiles familiar: whether scorn she darts
 In wanton ambush from her lip or eye,
 Or whether with a sad disguise of care,
 O'ermentling her gay brow, she acts in sport
 The deeds of folly, and from all sides round
 Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
 Her province. But through every comic scene
 To lead my muse with her light pencil arm'd;
 Through every swift occasion which the hand
 Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
 Distends her labouring sides and chokes her tongue;
 Were endless as to sound each grating note
 With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and
 Unwieldy inmates of the village pond, [grave
 The changing seasons of the sky proclaim;
 Sun, cloud, or shower. Suffice it to have said,
 Where'er the power of ridicule displays
 Her quaint ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
 Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
 Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
 Or praise, or beauty be dragg'd in and shown
 Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
 Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
 Or whether these with shrewd and wayward spite
 Invade resplendent pomps imperious mien,
 The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.

Ask we for what fair end the almighty fire
 In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
 These grateful pangs of laughter; from disgust
 Educating pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
 The tardy steps of reason, and at once
 By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
 Wild folly's aims? For though the sober light
 Of truth slow dawning on the watchful mind
 At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
 How these uncouth disorders end at last
 In public evil; yet benignant heaven,
 Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
 To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause
 From labour and from care the wider lot
 Of humble life affords for studious thought
 To scan the maze of nature, therefore stamp'd
 These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
 As broad, as obvious to the passing clown
 As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.

But other evils o'er the steps of man
 Through all his walks impend; against whose might
 The slender darts of laughter nought avail:
 A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
 On nature's ever-moving throne attend;
 With mischief arm'd for him whome'er shall thwart

The path of her inexorable wheels,
While she pursues the work that must be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent
forms

Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by dashing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haste;
And the poor husbandman, with folded arms,
Surveying his lost labours, and a heap
Of blasted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worse than these
I deem, far worse, that other race of ills
Which human kind rear up among themselves;
That horrid offspring which misgovern'd will
Bears to fantastic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curse the earth, and make the blows,
The heaviest blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem sport; which are indeed but as the care
Of a wise parent, who solicits good
To all her house, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
For some unthinking child, whom not the less
Its mother destines to be happy still.

These sources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no slight force,
No careless watch. And therefore was his breast
Fenc'd round with passions quick to be alarm'd,
Or stubborn to oppose; with fear more swift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontroll'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With sorrow, that locks up the struggling heart;
And shame, that overcasts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lighting. These the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The soul more sharply than with points of steel,
Her enemies to shun or to resist.

And as those passions, that converse with good,
Are good themselves; as hope and love and joy,
Among the fairest and the sweetest boons
Of life, we rightly count: so these, which guard
Against invading evil, still excite
Some pain, some tumult: these, within the mind
Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail seat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To savages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themselves; till human thought becomes
A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unblest'd,
Of self-tormenting fiends; horror, despair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of nature, and the gifts of heaven.

But when through blameless paths to righteous
ends

Those keener passions urge the awaken'd soul,
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their sway describe, nor from their free career
The fellowship of pleasure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the self-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majesty divine
The forms of truth and justice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the sharpest woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt
How dear are all those ties which bind our race
In gentleness together, and how sweet

Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breath,
And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the sov'reign power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all
The praises of his son, and bids the rest
Of mankind there the fairest model learn
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul
Join in the lot of those diviner men;
Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view;
When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires
Lie side by side in death; when brutal force
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, sculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease
Tyrannic envy, strew the common path
With awful ruins; when the muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless havoc from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;

Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
 Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
 Where senates once the weal of nation's plann'd,
 Hisseth the gliding snake through hoary weeds
 That clasp the mouldering column: thus when all
 The widely mournful scene is fix'd within
 Thy throbbing bosom; when the patriot's tear
 Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
 In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
 To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
 Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
 Say, doth thy secret soul repine to taste
 The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
 Of silent flatterers bending to his nod,
 And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,
 And says within himself, "I am a king,
 "And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
 "Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
 Of barbarous ages, that Circean draught
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
 Bless'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
 Yet have no so dishonour'd, so deform'd
 The native judgment of the human soul,
 Nor so effac'd the image of her fire.

B O O K III.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
 Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
 Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
 Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
 Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
 From passions, wants, and envy far estrang'd
 Who built the spacious universe, and deck'd
 Each part so richly with whate'er pertains
 To life, to health, to pleasure; why bade he
 The viper evil, creeping in, pollute
 The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,
 While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,
 Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul?
 Hard is the question, and from ancient days
 Hath still oppress'd with care the sage's thought;
 Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
 Too sad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
 Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
 Of heavenly truth first gleam'd on barbarous lands,
 Forget this dreadful secret when they told
 What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
 And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
 Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
 Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
 Could I the speech of lawgivers assume,
 One old and splendid tale I would record
 With which the muse of Solon in sweet strains
 Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
 Its darkness, all its terrors, bright as noon,
 Or gentle as the golden star of eve.
 Who knows not Solon? last, and wisest far,
 Of those whom Greece triumphant in the height
 Of glory, styl'd her fathers? him whose voice
 Through Athens hush'd the storm of civil wrath;
 Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join

In friendship; and, with sweet compulsion, tam'd
 Minerva's eager people to his laws,
 Which their own goddess in his breast inspir'd?

'Twas now the time when his heroic task
 Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when sooth'd by
 Of flattering service, the fond multitude [years
 Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath
 Of great Pisistratus: that chief renown'd,
 Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
 Even from his birth to every powerful art
 Of pleasing and persuading: from whose lips
 Flow'd eloquence, which like the vows of love
 Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
 Of all who listen'd. Thus from day to day
 He won the general suffrage, and beheld
 Each rival overshadow'd and depress'd
 Beneath his ampler state: yet oft complain'd,
 As one less kindly treated, who had hop'd
 To merit favour, but submits perforce
 To find another's services prefer'd,
 Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
 Then tales were scatter'd of his envious foes,
 Of snares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
 Against his life. At last with trembling limbs,
 His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments loose,
 And stain'd with blood from self inflicted wounds,
 He burst into the public place, as there,
 There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
 In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,
 The mortal danger he had scarce repell'd.
 Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant crowd,
 To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,
 Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
 Decree. O still too liberal of their trust,
 And oft betray'd by over-grateful love,
 The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
 By mercenary weapons, like a king
 Forth issuing from the city gate at eve
 To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp
 Crowding the public road. The swain stops short,
 And sighs: the officious townsmen stand at gaze
 And shrinking give the fallen pageant room.
 Yet not the less obsequious was his brow;
 Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,
 Of gracious gifts his hand: the while by stealth,
 Like a small torrent fed with evening showers,
 His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
 Just as the public eye with doubt and shame
 Startled, began to question what it saw,
 Swift as the sound of earthquakes rush'd a voice
 Through Athens, that Pisistratus had fill'd
 The rocky citadel with hostile arms,
 Had bar'd the steep ascent, and sat within
 Amid his hirelings, meditating death
 To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
 Where then was Solon? After ten long years
 Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores
 The sage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd:
 Arriv'd, alas, to see that Athens, that
 Fair temple rais'd by him and sacred call'd
 To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd,
 By savage hate, or sunk into a den
 Of slaves who crouch beneath the master's scourge,
 And deprecate his wrath and court his chains.
 Yet did not the wise patriot's grief impede
 His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
 One moment with such woman-like distress

To view the transient storms of civil war,
 As thence to yield his country and her hopes
 To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
 Ev'n while the traitor's impious act is told,
 He buckles on his hoary head: he girds [spear
 With mail his stooping breast: the shield, the
 He snatcheth; and with swift indignant strides
 The assembled people seeks: proclaims aloud
 It was no time for counsel: in their spears
 Lay all their prudence now: the tyrant yet
 Was not so firmly seated on his throne,
 But that one shock of their united force
 Would dash him from the summit of his pride
 Headlong and groveling in the dust. What else
 Can reassert the lost Athenian name
 So cheaply to the laughter of the world
 Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith [now
 So mock'd and scorn'd? Away, then: freedom
 And safety dwell not but with fame in arms:
 Myself will show you where their mansion lies,
 And through the walks of danger or of death
 Conduct you to them. While he spake, through all
 Their crowded ranks his quick sagacious eye
 He darted; where no cheerful voice was heard
 Of social daring; no stretch'd arm was seen
 Hastening their common talk: but pale mistrust
 Wrinkled each brow: they shook their heads,
 and down [doubts
 Their slack hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd
 From breath to breath stole round. The sage
 meantime

Look'd speechless on, while his big bosom heav'd
 Struggling with shame and sorrow: till at last
 A tear broke forth; and, O immortal shades!
 O Theseus! he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where,
 Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
 Through life! behold for whom ye chose to die!
 No more he added; but with lonely steps
 Weary and slow, his silver beard depress'd,
 And his stern eyes bent heedless on the ground,
 Back to his silent dwelling he repair'd.
 There o'er the gate, his armour, as a man
 Whom from the service of the war his chief
 Dismisseth after no inglorious toil,
 He fix'd in general view. One wishful look
 He sent, unconscious, toward the public place
 At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
 Without a word, without a sigh, retir'd.

Scarce had the morrow's sun his golden rays
 From sweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
 Of Cecrops to the Salaminian shores,
 When lo, on Solon's threshold met the feet
 Of four Athenians by the same sad care
 Conducted all: than whom the state beheld
 None nobler. First came Megacles, the son
 Of great Alcmaeon, whom the Lydian king,
 The mild, unhappy Cræsus, in his days
 Of glory had with costly gifts adorn'd,
 Fair vessels, splendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
 And heaps of treasur'd gold beyond the lot
 Of many sov'reigns; thus requitting well
 That hospitable favour which erewhile
 Alcmaeon to his messengers had shown,
 Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
 Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere
 Apollo's Delphic shrine. With Megacles
 Approach'd his son, whom Agarista bore,
 The virtuous child of Clithenes whose hand

Of Grecian sceptres the most ancient far
 In Sicyon sway'd: but greater fame he drew
 From arms control'd by justice, from the love
 Of the wise muses, and the unenvied wreath
 Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
 His warlike steeds the hero led, and there
 Contended through the tumult of the course
 With skilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
 Amid the applauses of assembled Greece,
 High on his car he stood and wav'd his arm.
 Silence ensued: when strait the herald's voice
 Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth,
 Whom Clithenes content might call his son
 To visit, ere twice thirty days were pass'd,
 The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
 Within the circuit of the following year,
 To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
 With his fair daughter, him among the guests
 Whom worthiest he should deem. Forthwith
 from all [came

The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers
 From rich Hesperia; from the Illyrian shore
 Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge
 Looks on the setting sun; from those brave tribes
 Chaonian or Molossian whom the race
 Of great Achilles governs, glorying still
 In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurse
 Of men who first among the Greeks threw off
 The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
 Devoted; from Thessalia's fertile meads,
 Where flows Peneus near the lofty walls
 Of Cranon old; from strong Eretria, queen
 Of all Eubœan cities, who, sublime
 On the steep margin of Euripus, views
 Across the tide the Marathonian plain,
 Nor yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
 Minerva's care, among her graceful sons
 Found equal lovers for the princely maid:
 Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
 Of sacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
 That overshadow Alphæus, echoing oft
 Some shepherd's song. But through the illustrious band

Was none who might with Megacles compare
 In all the honours of unblemish'd youth.
 His was theauteous bride: and now their son
 Young Clithenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
 Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
 Of his great fire, with earnest eyes that ask'd
 When the slow hinge would turn, with restless
 feet, [heart
 And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his
 Throbb'd, full of bursting passions, anger, grief
 With scorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
 Scarce understood, but which, like noble seeds,
 Are destin'd for his country and himself
 In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
 Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
 Two brave companions whom one mother bore
 To different lords; but whom the better ties
 Of firm esteem and friendship render'd more
 Than brothers: first Miltiades, who drew
 From godlike Æacus his ancient line;
 That Æacus whose unimpeach'd renown
 For sanctity and justice won the lyre
 Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
 In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
 The guilty soul within the burning gates

Of Tartarus compel, or send the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elysium. From a stem
So sacred, ne'er could worthier scyon spring
Than this Miltiades; whose aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inspir'd foreknowing maids who sit
Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore
To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Chersonesus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he stands
In deep solicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconscious both what widely different lots
Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cymon not his valour, not his birth
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thousand gifts
Dealt round him with a wise, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himself
From his own brow transferr'd to sooth the mind
Of this Pisistratus, can long preserve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's sons,
And their assassin dagger. But if death
Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompense prepares
In his victorious son, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory shall with time's assiduous hand
In adamant characters engrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king,
Shall all the achievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who sail'd
From Thessaly with Jason, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.

Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had assembled. But the gate
Now opens, and across the ample floor
Strait they proceed into an open space
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant spot,
Where stands a rural altar, pil'd with sods
Cut from the grassy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's self they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthen vessels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream;
Calling meantime the muses to accept
His simple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor sullied by destroying fire,
But such as for himself Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
Is thence the altar of the pious nam'd.
Unseen the guests drew near, and silent view'd
That worship; till the hero priest his eye
Turn'd toward a seat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confess'd
Before him stood. Backward his step he drew,
As loth that care or tumult should approach
Those early rites divine: but soon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with such
Desponing gesture, bring him on perforce
To speak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common shame?
Or aske some new effort which may break

Our fetters? Know then, of the public cause
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I despair: nor could I wish from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, so now by strenuous arms
From impious violation to assert
The rights our fathers left us: But, alas!
What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye be-
held

The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For just resentment, or their hands endure
To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all
Their hopes, so oft admir'd, so long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honest prudence: me it ill beseems
Again to supplicate the unwilling crowd
To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold
That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myself; nor can I plunge
In counsels deep and various, nor prepare
For distant wars, thus faltering, as I tread
On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care employs me now. My vows I pay
To the sweet muses, teachers of my youth
And solace of my age. If right I deem
Of the still voice that whispers at my heart,
The immortal sisters have not quite withdrawn
Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
With sacred silence favour what I speak,
And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
To unfold celestial counsels, which may arm
As with impenetrable steel your breasts
For the long strife before you; and repel
The darts of adverse fate. He said, and snatch'd
The laurel bough, and fate in silence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in solemn musing, full before
The sun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breast of Solon. Solon rais'd
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began:

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope shone bright and all the prospect smil'd,
To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps
Were turn'd, O muses, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with strains
Of flowing harmony to soften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form austere
Of civil counsel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and supplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
To your mild wisdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
The visions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inspir'd,
Or the first heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more glad some to my sense
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Pursuing careless pleasure: ye can give
To this long leisure, these unheeded hours,
A labour as sublime, as when the sons
Of Athens throng'd and speechless round me stood

To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
 The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial powers,
 I feel that ye are near me : and behold,
 To meet your energy divine, I bring
 A high and sacred theme ; nor less than those
 Which to the eternal custody of fame
 Your lips intrusted, when of old ye deign'd
 With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
 The groves of Flæmus or the Chian shore.
 Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
 My various life was e'er from you estrang'd ?)
 Oft hath my solitary song to you
 Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my steps
 To willing exile ; earnest to withdraw
 From envy and the disappointed thirst
 Of lucre, lest the bold familiar strife,
 Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
 Against her legislator, should impair
 With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
 To Ægypt, therefore, through the Ægean isles
 My course I steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
 Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
 Of Sais, and the rites to Isis paid,
 I sought, and in her temple's silent courts,
 Through many changing moons, attentive heard
 The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
 At morn or midnight the deep story told
 Of her who represents whate'er has been,
 Or is, or shall be ; whose mysterious veil
 No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
 By him exhorted, southward to the walls
 Of On I pass'd, the city of the sun,
 The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there, amid
 His priests and sages, who the live-long night
 Watch the dread movements of the starry sphere,
 Or who in wondrous fables half disclose
 The secrets of the elements, 'twas there
 That great Psenophis taught my raptur'd ears
 The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
 And her pure laws, the first which earth obey'd.
 Deep in my bosom sunk the noble tale ;
 And often, while I listen'd, did my mind
 Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
 Should sometime for an Attic audience raise
 Anew that lofty scene, and from their tombs
 Call forth those ancient demigods to speak
 Of justice and the hidden providence
 That walk among mankind. But yet meantime
 The mystic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons
 Became less pleasing. With contempt I gaz'd
 On that tame garb and those unvarying paths
 To which the double yoke of king and priest
 Had cramp'd the fullen race. At last with hymns
 Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
 Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
 To Egypt, and before the southern wind
 Spread my full sails. What climes I then survey'd,
 What fortunes I encounter'd in the realm
 Of Cræsus or upon the Cyprian shore,
 The muse, who prompts my bosom, doth not now
 Consent that I reveal. But when at length
 Ten times the sun returning from the south [fill'd
 Had strow'd with flowers the verdant earth and
 The groves with music, pleas'd I then beheld
 The term of those long errors drawing nigh.
 Nor yet, I said, will I sit down within
 The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
 The Cretan soil, have pierc'd those reverend haunts

Whence law and civil concord issued forth
 As from their ancient home, and still to Greece
 Their wisest, loftiest discipline proclaim.
 Straight where Amnisus, mart of wealthy ships,
 Appears beneath fam'd Cnossus and her towers
 Like the fair handmaid of a stately queen,
 I check'd my prow, and thence with eager steps
 The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
 Who taught the leaders of the simpler time
 By written words to curb the untoward will
 Of mortals, how within that generous isle
 Have ye the triumphs of your powers display'd,
 Munificent ! Those splendid merchants, lords
 Of traffic and the sea, with what delight
 I saw them at their public meal, like sons
 Of the same household, join the plainer sort
 Whose wealth was only freedom ! whence to these
 Vile envy, and to those fantastic pride,
 Alike was strange ; but noble concord still
 Cherish'd the strength untam'd, the rustic faith,
 Of their first fathers. Then the growing race,
 How pleasing to behold them in their schools,
 Their sports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
 O shade of Minos, thy controlling eye !
 Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
 Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
 Praising the bounteous gods, or, to preserve
 Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
 Resounding what the muse inspir'd of old ;
 There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
 In heavy armour through the heats of noon
 To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
 With measur'd swiftness, from the hard-bent bow
 To send resistless arrows to their mark,
 Or for the fame of prowess to contend,
 Now wrestling, now with fists and staves oppos'd,
 Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
 Of brazen shields ; while still the warbling flute
 Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
 Grave, solemn, soft ; and changing headlong spite
 To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.
 Such I beheld those islanders renown'd,
 So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
 Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
 That living flame of reverence for their laws
 Which, nor the storms of fortune, nor the flood
 Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
 Could quench or slacken. First of human names
 In every Cretan's heart was Minos still ;
 And holiest far, of what the sun surveys [seats
 Through his whole course, were those primeval
 Which with religious footsteps he had taught
 Their fires to approach the wild Dactæan cave
 Where Jove was born ; the ever-verdant meads
 Of Ida, and the spacious grotto, where
 His active youth he pass'd, and where his throne
 Yet stands mysterious ; whither Minos came
 Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
 And mortals there in secret to consult
 On justice, and the tables of his law
 To inscribe anew. Oft also with like zeal
 Great Rhea's mansion from the Cnossian gates
 Men visit ; nor less oft the antique fane.
 Built on that sacred spot, along the banks
 Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove
 And his majestic consort join'd their hands
 And spoke their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
 That the dire fame of Athens sunk in bonds

I first receiv'd; what time an annual feast
 Had summon'd all the genial country round,
 By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind [youths
 That first great spousal; while the enamour'd
 And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,
 Observe the same pure ritual, and invoke
 The same glad omens. There, among the crowd
 Of strangers from those naval cities drawn
 Which deck, like gems, the island's northern shore,
 A merchant of Ægina I descri'd,
 My ancient host. But, forward as I sprung
 To meet him, he with dark dejected brow,
 Stopp'd half-averse; and, O Athenian guest,
 He said, art thou in Crete; these joyful rites
 Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
 Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.
 He added names of men, with hostile deeds
 Disastrous; which obscure and indistinct
 I heard: for, while he spake, my heart grew cold
 And my eyes dim: the altars and their train
 No more were present to me: how I far'd,
 Or whither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
 Aught of those moments other than the sense
 Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,
 And, from the toils of some distressful dream
 To break away, with palpitating heart,
 Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
 Makes many a painful effort. When at last
 The sun and nature's face again appear'd,
 Not far I found me; where the public path,
 Winding through cypress groves and swelling
 meads,
 From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends.
 Heedless I follow'd on; till soon the skirts
 Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
 Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky side.
 Entering within the threshold, on the ground
 I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * *

BEGINNING OF BOOK IV.

MDCCLXX.

ONE effort more, one cheerful sally more,
 Our destin'd course will finish. And in peace
 Then for an offering sacred to the powers
 Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
 Inscribe a monument of deathless praise.
 O my adventurous song! with steady speed
 Long hast thou, on an untry'd voyage bound
 Sail'd between earth and heaven: hast now sur-
 vey'd,
 Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
 Of passion and opinion; like a waste
 Of sands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
 Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and hast now
 Exulting soar'd among the worlds above,
 Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
 If haply the discourses of the gods,
 A curious, but an unpresuming guest,
 Thou might'st partake, and carry back some strain
 Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,
 And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
 A different task remains; the secret paths
 Of early genius to explore: to trace
 Those haunts where fancy her predestin'd sons,

Like to the demi-gods of old, doth nurse
 Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls
 Who now her tender discipline obey,
 Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
 Imprint your steps? What solemn groves at noon
 Use ye to visit, often breaking forth
 In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
 Or musing, as in slumber, on the green?
 —Would I again were with you!—O ye dales
 Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where
 Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
 And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
 Stops short the pleased traveller to view
 Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower,
 Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
 O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
 The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
 Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream;
 How gladly I recall your well-known seats
 Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
 When all alone, for many a summer's day,
 I wander'd through your calm recesses, led
 In silence by some powerful hand unseen,
 Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor shall e'er
 The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
 Of vulgar wisdom move me to disclaim
 Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
 Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind
 For every future year: whence even now
 From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
 And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
 In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
 Of honourable fame, of truth divine
 Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
 By the sweet magic of harmonious verse;
 The themes which now expect us. For thus far
 On general habits, and on arts which grow
 Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
 Hath dwelt our argument; and how self-taught,
 Though seldom conscious of their own employ,
 In nature's or in fortune's changeful scene
 Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
 Those forms set up, as idols in the soul
 For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct,
 In vulgar bosoms, and unnotic'd lie
 These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
 Of things external prompt the heedless mind
 To recognize her wealth. But some there are
 Conscious of nature, and the rule which man
 O'er nature holds: some who, within themselves
 Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance
 And momentary passion, can at will
 Call up these fair exemplars of the mind;
 Review their features; scan the secret laws
 Which bind them to each other: and display
 By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
 Of all the world their latent charms display:
 Even as in nature's frame (if such a word,
 If such a word, so bold, may from the lips
 Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
 Of things, the Great Artificer portrays
 His own immense idea. Various names
 These among mortals bear, as various signs
 They use, and by peculiar organs speak
 To human sense. There are who, by the flight
 Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,
 Or by extended chords in measure taught
 To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds

Expressing every temper of the mind
 From every cause, and charming all the soul
 With passion void of care. Others meantime
 The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,
 Patiently taming; or with easier hand
 Describing lines, and with more ample scope
 Uniting colours; can to general sight
 Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
 Those characters of heroes and of gods,
 Which from the crude materials of the world
 Their own high minds created. But the chief
 Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
 To clothe what'er the soul admires or loves
 With language and with numbers. Hence to
 A field is open'd wide as nature's sphere; [these
 Nay, wider: various as the sudden acts
 Of human wit, and vast as the demands
 Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
 Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
 To every organ of the copious mind,
 He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,

The seasons him obey: and changeful time
 Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,
 At will outstrip it. To enhance his toil,
 He summoneth from the uttermost extent
 Of things which God hath taught him, every form
 Auxiliar, every power; and all beside
 Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
 Gives to corporeal essence, life and sense
 And every stately function of the soul.
 The soul itself to him obsequious lies,
 Like matter's passive heap; and as he wills,
 To reason and affection he assigns
 Their just alliances, their just degrees:
 Whence his peculiar honours; whence the race
 Of men who people his delightful world,
 Men genuine and according to themselves,
 Transcend as far the uncertain sons of earth,
 As earth itself to his delightful world
 The palm of spotless beauty doth resign.

* * * * *

O D E S.

BOOK I. ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
 Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
 O'erlook the falling stream,
 O master of the Latin lyre,
 A while with thee will I retire
 From summer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
 The industrious bee from many a flower
 Collects her balmy dews:
 "For me," she sings, "the gems are borne,
 "For me their silken robe adorn,
 "Their fragrant breath diffuse."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
 This hospitable scene deform,
 Nor check thy gladsome toils;
 Still may the buds unsullied spring,
 Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
 To these ambrosial spoils.

IV.

Nor shall my muse hereafter fail
 Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
 And lucky be the strains!
 For long ago did nature frame
 Your seasons and your arts the same,
 Your pleasures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly sylvan scenes,
 On river-banks and flowery greens
 My muse delighted plays;
 Nor through the desert or the air,
 Though swans or eagles triumph there,
 With fond ambition strays,

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
 Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
 Will she her cares employ;
 But flies from ruins and from tombs,
 From superstition's horrid glooms,
 To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
 Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing;
 But leaves with scorn to envy's use
 The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettle's fordid sting.

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth;
 And, when the generous task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.

ODE II. No. I.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE,

Dec. 2, 1740*.

I.

Now to the utmost southern goal
 The sun has trac'd his annual way,
 And backward now prepares to roll,
 And bless the north with earlier day,
 Prone on Potosi's lofty brow,
 Floods of sublimer splendor flow,

* This ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be seen in the following poem. The reader will not be displeased to see it as it was originally written.

Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their cheerful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;
No more the warbling waters roll:
Desarts of snow fatigue the eye;
Successive tempests bloat the sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

III.

But let my drooping genius rise,
And hail the sun's remotest ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the stormy waste,
Be sand and ocean worse defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintry gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
Already hails the emerging spring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
How soon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each tempest hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
And thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Presume to tax wise nature's laws:
'Tis his with silent joy to use
The indulgence of the sovereign cause;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good consummate springs,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the providence of heaven
Has some peculiar blessing given
To each allotted state below.

VI.

Ev'n now how sweet the wintry night
Spent with the old illustrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem the awful course to tread;
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel fresh display'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
Or bend to freedom's fearless tongue,
Or walk the academic shade.

ODE II. No. II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

1740.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains;

Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potofi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year:
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire;
Harmonious dances, festive songs
Against the spiteful heaven conspire:
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is sunk and deep the read;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the sun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And health and hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the aerial waste,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and streaming light
Already decks the new-born spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the sov'reign cause;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread

Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page a while,
Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
And social ease on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncared-for shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial star arise?
The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:
Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
Pursue the free Horatian song;
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

O D E III.

TO A FRIEND UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain,
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chase,
You try the tender loss to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue!
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a slight affair?

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul entire?
Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favourite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy she your bliss to prove;
Then wherefore should she prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land:
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where truth revolves her page divine,
Where virtue leads to honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And time, the sire of manly care,
Will fancy's dazzling colours tame
A soberer dress will beauty wear:
Then shall esteem by knowledge led
Enthroned within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

O D E IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

To the same.

I.

YES, you condemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
Her wining eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the siren's theme,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem,
And confidence, and friendship is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When summoning your pride you try

To meet her looks with cool neglect,
 Or cross her walk with slight respect,
 (For so is falsehood best repaid)
 Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
 Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
 What means that darkness on your brow?
 As if with all her broken vow
 You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

O D E V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

Oh fly! 'tis dire suspicion's mien;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,
 The sorceress hither bends:
 Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
 Behold—her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! already in your eyes
 I see a pale suffusion rise;
 And soon through every vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart and all your head,
 Imbibe the potent stain.

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main
 Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move;
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant strives to dress
 Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times:
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
 Which thus you stoop to fear:
 Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors from the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
 Suspicion waits the sullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care the infirm bosom wrings,
 Or Eurus waves his murky wings
 To damp the seats of life.

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest
 Which first beheld your faithful breast
 To groundless fears a prey:
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
 What power unseen diffuseth far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What genius smiles on yonder flood?

What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name.
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Giv'st us to double all our joys
 And half disarm our pains:

X.

Let universal candour still,
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One fordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.

O D E VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.
 —Alas, in vain I try within
 To brighten the dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins:
 While winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen,
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.
 As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
 The vernal powers renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal love
 Was ranging through the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy.
 He saw the radiant god of day,
 Waft in his car the rosy May;
 The fragrant airs and genial hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
 Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to survey below
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
 Then mighty love her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn,
 Thee pleasing cheerfulness, was born.

Thou cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining-mother weeps the cares
Which parent's waste on thankless heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with noble arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the muse and all her train,
For thee I court the muse again:
The muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid

He sees the nightly damps ascend,
And gathering storms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole:
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
He asks a clue for nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He sees ten thousand demons rise
To wield the empire of the skies,
And chance and fate assume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom,
Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause,
Who sounds on discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues each hostile form to rest,
And bids the universe be blest'd.

O thou whose pleasing power I sing,
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the muse my bosom share,
And sooth to peace intruding care.
But most exert thy pleasing power
On friendship's consecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
Traceth the source of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded smile.
But, if by fortune's stubborn sway,
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with abience dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

O D E VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;

And knows what nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Ruffel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now:

VII.

Yet then shall Shakspeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

O D E VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian muse's sober seat;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favorites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For passive, persevering toils;
And left, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless
flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew;
The Naiads, with obscene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt some restive bard, and modulate his
lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:

She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
Ye too, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land, [hand,
With whom dominion steals from hand to
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire, [divide,
While bowers and copses green the golden slope

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phoebus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian fathers throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
Elate with whose majestic call
Above degenerate Latium's praise,
Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine
flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
Heroic valour still attends
And useful science pleas'd to see
How art her studious toil extends.
While truth diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly demons,
fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour
shares:
Hence dread religion dwells with social joy;
And holy passions and un sullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.

O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
Their public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

O D E IX.

TO CURIO*.

1744.

I.

THRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell:
Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
How hast thou stain'd the splendor of my choice!
Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy
voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,
Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

III.

"Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd,
"Nor wish to make her guardian laws more
strong:
"But the rash many, first by thee misled,
"Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old,
For faith deserted or for cities sold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One mystery of shame from Curio, learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn, [meed.
And scape in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd,
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude,
And but with blushes suffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herself the states directing soul:
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reason at his side, [trol,
By strength of holier spells the enchantress to con-

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds:
Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead.

* See the "Epistle to Curio."

Now with like awe doth living merit scan:
While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat
Bade social ease and public passions meet,
Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We saw thy spirit through the senate reign;
And freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the strife the public genius rose
More keen, more ardent from his long repose:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his
power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
And steer his passions steady to the goal.
O Alfred! father of the English name,
O valiant Edward! first in civil fame,
O William! height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye
Behold the sum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule
secure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith
estrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy
chang'd?
What rushing palsy took thy strength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bless'd?
This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted
him, detest?

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentless foes, [shame,
And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
To slight the favour thou canst hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign
shore.

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
By courtly passions try the public cause;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue stand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
Yet, where injustice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, honour, dwell,

Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom
Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
Divine persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity stole a sigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble springs the force of truth supply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: strong destiny impends
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
By infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
For ever through the spacious courts resound:
Their long posterity's united groan
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the
ground.

XIII.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
And still he asks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims:
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
And crush their trophies huge, and raise their
sculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend:
Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks: [bend,
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:
"He comes, whom fate with surer arts prepar'd
"To accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd:
"Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to
"reign— [power
"Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
"Even to its last irrevocable hour:
"Then baffled their rude strength, and broke
"them to the chain."

XV.

But ye, whom yet wise liberty inspires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world she
claims,
(That household godhead whom of old your fires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hostile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be hers alone:
Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your
blood,
Which not her lightest discipline endures:
Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd;
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

O D E X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my bosom wont to beat?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd:
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O powerful strain, O sacred soul!
His numbers every sense controul:
And now again my bosom burns;
The muse, the muse herself, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow her alone.

O D E XI.

ON LOVE. TO A FRIEND.

I.

No, foolish youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
Lean not to love's enchanting snare;
His songs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And sooth and polish man's ungente heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend:
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs:
Alas, I read thy downcast eyes;
And thy tongue falters; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame;
Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign;
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the love-sick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unsays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

O D E XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

I.

BEHOLD, the balance in the sky
Swift on the wintery scale inclines;
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
With recent soil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

II.

Now, London's busy confines round,
By Kensington's imperial towers,

From Highgate's rough descent profound,
Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
Where'er I pass, I see approach
Some rural statesman's eager coach
Hurried by senatorial cares:
Where rural nymphs (alike within,
Aspiring courtly praise to win)
Debate their dress, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,
When peevish winds and gloomy frost
The sunshine of the temper stain?
Say, are the priests of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Nassau
Each bold Westsaxon squire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and guess at least
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that sacred feast
Thou better may'st observe with me.
With me the sulphurous treason old
A far inferior part shall hold
In that glad day's triumphal strain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
With modest cups our joy supplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
Rise from heroic ease (the spoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
From Belgium to her saviour son)
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vassal dread.
There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who sways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the soft ornaments that speak
So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For so it is. Thy stubborn breast,
Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.

While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms :
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

O D E XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again :
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat :
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay ;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in smooth dance his light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand
The Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords :
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your lust,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
Yet time and righteous Jove will judge your
dreadful cause.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant queen of love :
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move :
Why is my faithful maid distress'd ?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast !
Say, flies he ?—Soon he shall pursue :
Shuns he thy gifts ?—He soon shall give :
Slights he thy sorrows ?—He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again ?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain ?
Majestic in the frown of years,
Behold the † man of Thebes appears :
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd

* Alcæus.

† Pindar.

With hopes that mock the gazing crowd ;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame.

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious muse,
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
(Ne'er hadst thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore
Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language
bore,

Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy ?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair ! O chaste ! thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade :
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow ;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow :
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove ;
And strait our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listenso'er the slumbering earth,
Let me, O muse ! thy solemn whispers hear :
When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay :
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven ;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
I quit the maze where science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils,
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age ;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O ! seek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue ;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,

To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung:

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
From thee! O muse, do I require;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

O D E XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSEND.

From the country.

I.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd;
When spring from this her favourite seat
Bade winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind.

II.

Oh knew'st thou how the barmy air,
The sun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame;
No more would noisy courts engage,
In vain would lying faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I sought the open day;
And sure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy stay.

IV.

But ah in vain my restless feet
Trac'd every silent shady seat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire:

Then will the sylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade,
A rustic altar shall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inscription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, lost by love,
"By friendship was reclaim'd."

O D E XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion strays:
And now to Hesper is it given
A while to rule the vacant sky,
Till she shall to her lamp supply
A stream of lighter rays.

II.

O Hesper! while the starry throng
With awe thy paths surrounds,
Oh listen to my suppliant song,
If haply now the vocal sphere
Can suffer thy delighted ear
To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain
Thee still invoke to shine:
So may the bride's unmarried train
To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulf or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where music's healing charm
May sooth afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We come while her enchanting muse
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marl with moss o'ergrown,

Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space; on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Enclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The stars shine out: the forest bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

O D E XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

With sordid floods the wintery * urn
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic scene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or sky
Surveys as in their author's mind;
And London shelters from the year
Those whom thy social hours to share
The Attic muse design'd.

II.

From Hampstead's airy summit me
Her guest the city shall behold,
What day the people's stern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudget as one of evil name,
Before the sun, the anointed head.
Then seek thou too the pious town,

* *Aquarius.*

With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,
From heavenly wrath will save the land:
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and state
That evening, let the muse give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to pursue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
Nor envious demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And English fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastise:
While hand in hand, at wisdom's shrine,
Beauty with truth I strive to join,
And grave assent with glad applause;
To paint the story of the soul,
And Plato's visions to controul
By Verulamian * laws.

O D E XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

1747.

I.

Come then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

* *Verulum gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Novum Organum.*

O D E XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF
HUNTINGDON.

1747.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of time,
Where'er the muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd, and obey'd.
For, taught of heaven the sacred nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart :
They best the soul with glory fire ;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire ;
And high o'er fortune's rage enthrone the fixed
heart.

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm ;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford ?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim ?
No, Hastings. Thou my words will own :
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble
name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,
And the blest function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert
From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath
sung,
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings,
Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower ;
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign,
A different strain,
And other themes
From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams
(Thou well canst witness) meet the purged
ear :
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be resign'd ;
And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :
When, every hospitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He struck his magic strings ;
And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient
worth, [things.
And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic
VOL. IX.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country stands.
To listening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame :
Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies
came.

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age !
When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought ;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me :
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine ;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee ;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan
throng :

But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold ;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell,
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muse's law didst rightly know ;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's crimes ?
Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?
Alas ! not one polluted bard,
No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;
Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task
they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands :
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how serenely great !
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to time,
So mark thou Milton's name ;
And add, " Thus differs from the throng
" The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
" Which bade thy potent voice protect thy
" country's fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues ;
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with
his Muse.

* *Octavianus Caesar.*

O fool ! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey ;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold !

O fool ! to deem

That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know
Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught ;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry heaven, and scorn'd of honest
fame ?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known ;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares ;
Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell :
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their
cell.

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend :
Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers
they bend,

Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,

Whose lays the soul with noblest passions
move.

But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :

The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy fires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand ;
Sublimier than thy fires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his
hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms ;

And kings their stern atchievements fear'd
While private strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where empire's wide-establish'd throne

No private master fills :

Where, long foretold, the people reigns :
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;
And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth,
wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide ;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim :
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To freedom's banish'd foes ;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel
knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,
That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue ;
That what ensnares the heart should maim the
hand,
And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.
But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !
What arms, what regal pride, what priestly
rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the
strains

Of happy swains,

Which now resound

Where Scarfsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures
bound,

Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail
The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,
And show to strangers passing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndish, Booth, and Osborne fate ;
When, bursting from their country's chain,
Even in the midst of deadly harms,
Of papal snares and lawless arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
Which Nassau gave us all to share,
Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim,
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Those lofty efforts of the mind
Which social good inspires ;
Where men, for this, assault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own ;
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all
acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued ?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durst one in arms appear ?
Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?

Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to
cheer?

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
What glory should demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free
powers,

The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the talks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, where design'd,
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise

Oft nobly sways

Ingenuous youth:

But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.

He, from the faithful records of his throne,

Bids the historian and the bard

Dispose of honour and of scorn;

Discern the patriot from the slave;

And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

BOOK II. ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

*Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre-
Royal, while the French Comedians were acting
by Subscription.*

1749.

If, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakspeare's tongue you deign to under-
stand,

Lo, from the blissful bowers where Heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And wither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.

What, though the footsteps of my devious muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.

And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?

I saw this England break the shameful bands

Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:

I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;

Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore:

Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)

Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.

Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd;

New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows
In stronger life, with bolder spirit rose.

Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?

What other bard in any clime appears

Alike the master of your smiles and tears?

Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice

With wretched bribes to luxury and vice!

Or have my various scenes a purpose known

Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan;

It should be yours to crown what I began:

And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,

And equal laws and social science reign,

I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes

View nobler bards and juster critics rise,

Intent with learned labour to refine

The espious ore of Albion's native mine,

Our stately muse more graceful airs to teach,

And form her tongue to more attractive speech,

Till rival nations listen at her feet,

And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.

But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?

Is France at last the standard of your skill?

Alas for you! that so betray a mind

Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind.

Say; does her language your ambition raise,

Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,

Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,

And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?

Say; does your humble admiration choose

The gentle prattle of her comic muse,

While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,

Charg'd to say nought but what the king may
hear?

Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts

Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,

Where old and young declaim on soft desire,

And heroes never, but for love expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,

Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,

Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate

The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.

And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,

And many an augury my hope misleads,

If the fair maids of yonder blooming train

To their light courtship would an audience deign,

Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife,

Choose for the model of domestic life;

Or if one youth of all that generous band,

The strength and splendour of their native land,

Would yield his portion of his country's fame,

And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,

With lying smiles oppression's pomp to see,

And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly-envied laws,

O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,

Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour

To check the inroads of barbaric power,

The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,

And guard the social world from bonds and shame;

Oh let not luxury's fantastic charms

Thus give the lie to your heroic arms:

Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
 Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
 Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate,
 Despotic rule was heir to freedom's hate)
 Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
 In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
 The judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
 And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

O D E II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

Thou silent power, whose welcome sway
 Charms every anxious thought away;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
 O whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?
 God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse?

II.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers;
 No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound
 repose.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies: [rest,
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams
 from me!

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:
 The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous
 view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
 To banish love's presentments fair:
 Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such strong command
 That the young forcerer's fatal hand
 Shall round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
 Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
 (A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according
 strain.

VI.

But Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
 Such honourable visions bring,
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The race unborn with pious awe
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
 When health's deep treasures, by his heart ex-
 plor'd,
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.

O D E III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O RUSTIC herald of the spring,
 At length in yonder woody vale
 Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;
 And, studious of thy homely tale,
 Amid the vespers of the grove,
 Amid the chaunting choir of love,
 Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
 To hear thy voice the woods invade;
 And while thy solemn accent drown'd
 Some sweeter poet of the shade,
 Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
 Some constant youth, or generous fair
 With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
 Proclaims the passion of the grove,
 "It ill befits a cuckow's tongue
 "Her charming language to reprove"
 Alas, how much a lover's ear
 Hates all the sober truth to hear,
 The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other blest'd,
 When nought but lofty faith can rule
 The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
 How cuckow-like in Cupid's school,
 With store of grave prudential saws
 On fortune's power, and custom's laws,
 Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
 Whom love, and hope, and fancy sway,
 Whom every harsher care disdain,
 Who by the morning judge the day,
 Think that, in April's fairest hours,

To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

O D E IV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

In the Country.

1750.

I. 1.

How oft shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray;
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;
Oft as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That so his generous heart
The abode of even friendship may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home,
Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's best desire?
Extinguish glory's flame?
Far other was the task enjoin'd
When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
Far other faith belongs to friendship's honour'd
name.

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
Of slumbering ease, nor pleasure's rosy chain,
Were destin'd to detain:
No, nor bright science, nor the muse's charms.
For them high heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenser's hand
Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield [tray'd,
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand be-
Or that, like Vere, display'd
His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
And virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom envy sways,
So quell my purpose or my tongue controul,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
Yet, if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou that righteous fame
From hoary age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth
was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where heaven expects thee; nor the traveller
leads.
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious
height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard.
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery seas,
The night estrang'd from ease,
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart disdaining the reward.

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sov'reign mind,
"Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
"From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV. 1.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love?
What, save the blessings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the embattled field
Shall the achievements of the peaceful gown,
The green immortal crown
Of valour, or the songs of conquest yield.
Nor Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naseby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breast oppose,

Than Pym's free virtue chose,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth? [mind
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious
When blighted all the promise of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?

Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let menac'd London tell
How impious guile made wisdom base;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unblest'd he liv'd, and how dishonour'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for music's pleasing labour choose.
And sure, when nature kind
Hath deck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but virtue: nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Enroll'd the next to William. There shall time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from faction's crowd,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.
And rightly shall the muse's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,
Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The muse was never foreign to his breast:
On power's great feat confess'd.
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the blessed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenser, hear the enchanted echoes round
Through farthest heaven resound
With Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the muses powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
They lend a nobler sway
To civil wisdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day.

I

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I speak of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursued;
Then for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendship, will I say,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me
"hath view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, virtue's friend,
So like to virtue's self appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can fling,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the same
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that foul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE.

With the Works of Chaulieu.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures its wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the bank of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
E'er dictated the warbling muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,

Bright images, and passions true,
Recal to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This priest of pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be ador'd
With shameless love and frantic wing?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise;
But pleasure's oracle alone
Consult; attentive, not severe.
O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish, but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

O D E VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. 1754.

I. 1.

For toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May strive: but what, alas, can those
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse?

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night.

I. 3.

To him the teacher blest'd,
Who sent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,

And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth
conceal'd,

To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:

"Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
From hands rapacious and from tongues im-
pure:

"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid:
Let not my words be impious chains to draw
The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear, with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the same;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with sacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor synods by the papal genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene;
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of death, meantime, does oft invade
Her progress; nor to us display'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe,
We own just heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy success behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit fam'd in ages-old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng

Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
 O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
 May impious gold, or pleasures gaudy prize,
 Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which thou hast kept entire from force and fac-
 tion's guile.

O D E VIII.

I. If rightly tuneful bards decide,
 If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
 That beauty ought not to be tried
 But by its native power to please,
 Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
 What fair can Amoret excel?

II.

Behold that bright unfullied smile,
 And wisdom speaking in her mien:
 Yet (she so artless all the while,
 So little studious to be seen)
 We nought but instant gladness know,
 Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
 Of youth and mirth and frolic cheer,
 Add half that sunshine to the hours,
 Or make life's prospect half so clear,
 As memory brings it to the eye
 From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
 Or fault of indiscretion find;
 Nor any prouder sage declare
 One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
 Whose form with lovelier colours glows
 Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part:
 This gives the most unbounded sway:
 This shall enchant the subject heart
 When rose and lily fade away;
 And she be still, in spite of time,
 Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

O D E IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?
 By what magic drawn away
 Have I left my studious theme?
 From his philosophic page,
 From the problems of the sage,
 Wandering through a pleasing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
 Much in vain, my zealous mind
 Would to learned wisdom's throne
 Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
 Nature bids a softer power
 Claim some minutes for his own

III.

Let the busy or the wise
 View him with contemptuous eyes;
 Love is native to the heart;

Guide its wishes as you will;
 Without love, you'll find it still
 Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
 Touches with a lover's care;
 Though the pride of my desire
 Asks immortal friendship's name,
 Asks the palm of honest fame,
 And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have smoothly gone,
 Or to letter'd leisure known,
 Or in social duty spent;
 Yet at eve my lonely breast
 Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
 Languishes for true content.

O D E X.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE:

On the late edition of Mr. Pope's Works.

1751.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
 The licence of a railer's tongue
 Is what but seldom men obtain
 By sense or wit, by prose or song:
 A task for more Herculean powers,
 Nor suited to the sacred hours
 Of leisure in the muse's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
 The muse, the blameless queen, resides;
 Fair fame attends, and wisdom calm
 Her eloquence harmonious guides:
 While, shut for ever from her gate,
 Oft trying, still repining, wait
 Fierce envy and calumnious hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
 Would step one moment forth to heed
 What impotent and savage sounds
 From their unhappy mouths proceed?
 No: rather Spenser's lyre again
 Prepare, and let thy pious strain
 For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain,

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was every bard,
 When lately in the Elysian grove
 They of his muses guardian heard,
 His delegate to fame above;
 And what with one accord they said
 Of wit in drooping age misled,
 And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
 To that melodious lyre assign'd,
 Beneath a tutor who so late
 With Midas and his rout combin'd
 By spiteful clamour to confound
 That very lyre's enchanting sound,
 Though listening realms admir'd around:

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
 Of his friend Pope's satiric line

Did farther fuel scarce require
From such a militant divine :
How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakspeare debonnair and mild
Brought that strange comment forth to view ;
Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew :
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The same kind office thou would'st pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim,
To keep inviolate their fame.

O D E XL.

TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

1758.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled ?
Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore ?
Freeman and soldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe :
Who taught the steer the wintery plough to en-
dure,

Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

II.

But who are ye ? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine ;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted ? whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your
swords

To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command :
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod :
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas ! the while
Dost thou presume ? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms ?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's
fway ?

Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day !

IV.

No : thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store ;

And every port is crowded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it ? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy
bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee ?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, how canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee ? Haste thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith ? the pilot's wavering hand ?

VI.

For oh ! may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom ! her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine ;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame,
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found :
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth
around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy ? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post ?
Whomost their country's fame and fortune share,
'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
Each man his task in social life sustains.
With partial labours, with domestic gains,
Let others dwell : to you indulgent heaven
By council and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath
given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedemon's fame ?
Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine ?
Of Rome's dread generals ? the Valerian name ?
The Fabian sons ? the Scipios, matchless line ?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the swain
Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain ;
The legions gather'd ; the bright eagles flew :
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd ;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd.
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine
plough.

x.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts
retire?

xi.

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the pain.

xii.

Meantime by pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's health's de-
cay.

O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields
renew,
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

xiii.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due
rites fulfil.

xiv.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
A state? and impotent sedition's crime?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey.
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marshall'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendour bring before their fight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

xv.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
Though secrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,

And mock the old simplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

xvi.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why shall they now renounce that generous
praise?

Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle
hand,

And Albert's rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen
brook'd: [bound.

They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch

xvii.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such glory's dictates in their dauntless breast;
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son?
No nobler, holier call to you address'd?
O! by majestic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reason's cause,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By friendship, social peace, domestic love,
Rise; arm; your country's living safety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around
her shore.

O D E XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.

In the Country. 1458.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler move-
ment play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the
grove.

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
Meet thee beneath yon chefnut bower,
And lenient on thy bosom pour
That indolence divine which hushes the earth and
"skies."

O D E S.

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew
Then first, O heavenly muse, unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

IV.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less-ambitious lay
Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
First from the sultry town he chose,
And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
Then, wast thou mine; to me a happier home
For social leisure: where my welcome feet,
Estrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the restless vulgar strays,
Through nature's simple paths with ancient faith
might roam.

VIII.

And while around his sylvan scene
My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their sages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mautuan music warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd ere long this favour'd grove;
Ev'n the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spot-
less throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
"Receive that fairest wealth which heaven af-
" sign'd
" To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
" One wish, one utmost hope confess?
" Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
" Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy
" mind."

O D E XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF
BRANDENBURGH.

1751.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from glory's chase,
To dwell with books, or court the muse's charms.
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
As on Pharsalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederick, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That hereafter envy shall presume
With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence posterity may try thy reign,
Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have
borne
For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urg'd thy arm
The Almighty of his sceptre to disarm?
To push this earth adrift, and leave it loose from
heaven?

IV.

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
Ye first of mortals with the blest'd enroll'd,
Say, did not horror in your bosoms rise,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
Those bands which ye so labour'd to improve?
Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
Which tam'd the savage world to your divine com-
mands?

O D E XIV.

THE COMPLAINT,

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, insidious Love:
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove:
At length thy treason is discern'd,
At length some dear-bought caution earn'd;
Away! nor hope my riper age to move,

II.

I know, I see
Her merit. Needs it now be shown,
Alas! to me?
How often, to myself unknown,
The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like hers one's own,

III.

But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won
Proud fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

O D E XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[Unfinished.]

I.

MEEK honour, female shame,
O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
From Albion dost thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
O beauty's only friend,
Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire;
Who selfish, bold desire
Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;
Alas! of thee forlorn,
What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend?

II.

Behold; your youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happiness inquire:
Our maids no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.
The lover swears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the self-same charms,
And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unblest'd at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns;
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
To meet him she prepares,
Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art
A listless, harass'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the shore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of strife and grief the fond invective lore:
At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamant spear
Like thunder sounding near,
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

NOTES ON THE TWO BOOKS OF ODES.

B. I. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedemonian lawgiver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's Works.—At Platæa was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pausanias and Aristides.—Cymon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus, for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ. ΕΤΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ.
ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΗΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ.
ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΤΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΤΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΩΝ.
ΑΜΑ.

ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ.
ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΩΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕ-
ΛΑΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ.
ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΤΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΛΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ.
ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal:

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Assail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the shore,
Had such a labour been achiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They, whose arms the
Medes

In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the same
Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
Crowded with warriors. Asia groans in both
Her hands sore smitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common

interest of his country; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had sold themselves to the Persian king. In one of his odes, he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece. (Isthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Plataea, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First, then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shown by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had shamefully betrayed. And as the argument of this ode implies, that *great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other*, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth, at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas; and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dullness, and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow-citizens in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his "Defence of the people of England" against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward III.; from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere,

privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farmhouse; and the country people distinguish the room in which they sat, by the name of "the plotting parlour."

B. II. Ode VII. Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction chiefly favoured by those in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the Nonjuring clergy against the Protestant establishment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

B. II. Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them, he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions, his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

B. II. Ode XIII.] In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of "Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, à Berlin & à la Haye;" with a privilege signed Frederick; the same being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il se fit une migration" (the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape; & pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrièrent ainsi & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux psaumes de Clement Marot."

Page 242.] "La crainte donna le jour à la credulité, & l'amour propre interessa bientôt le ciel au destin des hommes."

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

MDCCXLVI.

THE nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of nature; accord-

ing to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and

consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, nymphs,
Ye nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs; tarry, and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due, 10
I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands, to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon 20
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere time arose,
Were love and Chaos. Love the fire of fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of fate was time,
Who many sons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentless father: till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops, 31
And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys sprang the seditious crowned race,
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent: and from them
Are ye, O Naiads! Arethusa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes 40
Belov'd of Pæan. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.

You, nymphs the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask; Favonius and the mild south-west
From you relief implore. Your fallying streams
Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart. 50
Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
Contagious streams, which oft the parched earth
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards

Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd 60
O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient time; and haply, while he scans
The ruin, with a silent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confess; and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan com-
mands,

Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds 70
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
Your general dews to nurse them in their prime.

Pales, the pasture's queen, where-e'er ye stray,
Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profuseth hand, 79
Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours

Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysean or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid, 90
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.

For better praise awaits you. Thames, your fire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames, receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words 100
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now

His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yield to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To hear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-sailing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,

"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse 110
"And silent be your stores, from you, fair nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind society to men.

"By you my function and my honour'd name
"Do I possess; while o'er the Bætic vale,
"Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms

"By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
"The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
"Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe

"Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
"Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore, 120
"Dispense the mineral treasure which of old

"Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
"Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
"Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
"Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
 O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
 Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power:
 And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
 Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays 130
 With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
 Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
 Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
 Not vainly to the hospitable arts
 Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye nymphs,
 Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
 Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
 The fair associates who extend her sway
 Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
 Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore 140
 Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
 Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
 To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
 Cantabrian surge; her auspices divine
 Imparting to the senate and the prince
 Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
 The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
 Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old
 Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
 Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge, 150
 To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all
 The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
 Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
 When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
 Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
 To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.
 In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
 Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
 Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
 And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw: 160
 From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
 Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
 Celestial; felt unrighteous hope forsake
 His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.
 Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power;
 Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
 And give to the renown'd Britannic name
 To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
 Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace
 More prone, and lenient of the many ills 170
 Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
 Hygeia well can witness, she who saves,
 From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
 The wretch devoted to the entangling snares
 Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
 To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
 To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
 At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
 She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams:
 And where his breast may drink the mountain
 And where the fervor of the sunny vale [breeze,
 May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
 Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
 Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
 His eager bosom, does the queen of health
 Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
 She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
 With joy sedate leads in: and while the brown
 Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
 While changing still, and comely in the change, 190
 Vertumnus and the hours before him spread
 The garden's banquet: you to crown his feast,
 To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair

Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
 And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
 To flake his veins: till soon a purer tide
 Flows down those loaded channels: washeth off
 The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
 Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
 Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads! hail,
 Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age, 201
 The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your
 Will I invoke! and, frequent in your praise, [urns
 Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrang'd from you benignant arts
 Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
 My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
 Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
 His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
 When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
 Rich with the genial influence of the sun, 211
 (To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
 To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
 Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
 Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
 Hath prov'd; to your deep mansions he descends,
 Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
 He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
 Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
 Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god 220
 From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
 Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants; wafts the seeds
 Metallic, and the elemental salts
 Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink:
 and soon

Flies pain; flies inauspicious care: and soon
 The social haunt or unfrequented shade
 Hears lo, lo Pæan; as of old,
 When Python fell. And, O propitious nymphs!
 Oft as for helpless mortals I implore
 Your salutary springs, through every urn 230
 Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
 And finest breath, which from the genial strife
 Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
 O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
 The fountain, and inform the rising wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
 That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
 Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
 Not unregarded of celestial powers,
 I frame their language; and the muses deign 240
 To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
 The muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
 In early days did not my wondering sense
 Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
 In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
 Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
 In field or shady grove, they taught me words
 Of power from death and envy to preserve
 The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful
 mind,

And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye, 250
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
 Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
 Where you their chaste companions they admit
 Through all the hallowed scene: where oft intent,
 And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
 They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
 How tuneful, yielding gratefulest repose
 To their consoled measure: till again,
 With emulation all the sounding choir,

And bright Apollo, leader of the song 260
 Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
 And sweep their lofty strings: those powerful
 strings
 That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
 Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares:
 Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
 And quench the formidable thunderbolt
 Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings
 While now the solemn concert breathes around,
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord 270
 Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
 Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:
 Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
 His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
 That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
 Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,
 Most welcome ease. The fire of gods and men,
 In that great moment of divine delight,
 Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er
 He loves not, o'er the peopl'd earth and o'er 280
 The interminated ocean, he beholds
 Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
 And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
 With ravish'd ears the melody attend
 Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
 Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
 To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove
 Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush 290
 From Nyssa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
 Of Thrace, the satyrs, and the unruly fauns,
 With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air

The ivy-mantled Thyrsus, or the torch
 Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian
 pipe's
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
 With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
 From every unpolluted ear avert 300
 Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
 The guardian key, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
 And hearken to their accents; who aspires
 From such instruction to inform his breast
 With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
 May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate 310
 Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
 And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
 May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
 O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
 Invokes the immortal muse. The immortal muse
 To your calm habitations, to the cave
 Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide 319
 His footsteps; and with your un sullied streams
 His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
 Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
 To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
 The unenvy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
 In those unfading islands of the blest'd,
 Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd
 nymphs;
 Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc shell
 Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
 Be present ye with favourable feet,
 And all profaner audience far remove, 330

NOTES ON THE HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

LINE 25.

—Love—

Elder than Chaos.] Hesiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings; though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior: which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers both of verse and prose: and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of all the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in the Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love was produced from an egg, which the fable-winged night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the *TO* *ON* or *ΑΓΑΘΟΝ* of Plato, and meant only the *ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ* or second person of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus,

where he is called Protogonos, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus, which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are

perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditional circumstances of mythic history: upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals in latter times call Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten Night;" who is generally represented by these mythological poets, as being herself the parent of all things; and who, in the *Indigitamenta*, or Orphic Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth himself singing to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude; how the heaven had its boundary determined; the generation of the earth; the depth of the ocean; and also the sapient Love, the most ancient, the self-sufficient; with all the beings which he produced when he separated one thing from another." Which noble passage is more directly to Aristotle's purpose in the first book of his metaphysics, than any of those he has there quoted, to show that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion concerning the necessity of mind and reason to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all question they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion: as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the *Theogony* of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eschenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipzig: "Thesaurum me reperisse credidi," says he, "& profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebat, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumserim in contemplando urbis splendore, & in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbat, quotiescunque

"silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna
" *μυλωνφάντες* istos hymnos ad manus sumsi."

Line 25. *Chaos*.] The unformed, undigested mass of Moses and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of nature."

Ibid. *Love, the fire of Fate*.] Fate is the universal system of natural causes; the work of the omnipotent mind, or of love: so Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est." So also Cicero, in the first book on Divination: "Fatum autem id appellō, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat---ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose, sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum." To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three fates, or destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic *Indigitamenta*, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Hesiod, *Theog.* ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity, and is represented, immediately after, as governing the three destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

L. 26. *Born of Fate was Time*.] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cælum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the starry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

L. 27. *Who many sons devour'd*.] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by time.

L. 28. 29. *The child of Rhea*.] Jupiter so called by Pindar.

L. 29. *Drove him from the upper sky*.] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

L. 30. *Then social reign'd*.] Our mythology here suppoeth, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller or Ζεύς νεφέλην κειρτής, the Air; though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

And bright Apollo, leader of the song 260
 Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
 And sweep their lofty strings: those powerful
 strings
 That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
 Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
 Of evils, with immortal rest from cares:
 Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
 And quench the formidable thunderbolt
 Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings
 While now the solemn concert breathes around,
 Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord 270
 Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
 Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:
 Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
 His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
 That bear him vengeful o'er th' embattled plain,
 Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
 Most welcome ease. The fire of gods and men,
 In that great moment of divine delight,
 Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er
 He loves not, o'er the peopl'd earth and o'er 280
 The interminated ocean, he beholds
 Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
 And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye
 With ravish'd ears the melody attend
 Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
 Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
 To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove
 Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
 Their own discordant raptures to advance
 With hostile emulation. Down they rush 290
 From Nyssa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames
 Of Thrace, the satyrs, and the unruly fauns,
 With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
 Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
 Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air

The ivy-mantled Thyrsus, or the torch
 Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian
 pipe's
 Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
 With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
 From every unpolluted ear avert 300
 Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
 Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
 The guardian key, if haply there be found
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
 And hearken to their accents; who aspires
 From such instruction to inform his breast
 With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
 May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate 310
 Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
 And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
 May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
 O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
 Invokes the immortal muse. The immortal muse
 To your calm habitations, to the cave
 Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide 319
 His footsteps; and with your un sullied streams
 His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
 Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
 To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
 The sinewy'd guerdon of the patriot's toils,
 In those unfading islands of the blest'd,
 Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd
 nymphs;
 Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc shell
 Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
 Be present ye with favourable feet,
 And all profaner audience far remove, 330

NOTES ON THE HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

LINE 25.

—Love—

Elder than Chaos.] Hesiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldest of beings; though he assigns to Love neither father nor superior: which circumstance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being observable not only in Hesiod, but in all other writers both of verse and prose: and on the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of all the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in the Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love was produced from an egg, which the fable-winged night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it must be observed, that the Love designed by this comic poet was always distinguished from the other, from that original and self-existent being the *TO ON* or *ΑΓΑΘΟΝ* of Plato, and meant only the *ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ* or second person of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus,

where he is called *Protogonos*, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named *Phanes*, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as *Macrobius*, and *Proclus*, and *Athenagoras*, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus, which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are

perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history: upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals in latter times call Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten Night;" who is generally represented by these mythological poets, as being herself the parent of all things; and who, in the *Indigitamenta*, or Orphic Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth himself singing to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude; how the heaven had its boundary determined; the generation of the earth; the depth of the ocean; and also the sapient Love, the most ancient, the self-sufficient; with all the beings which he produced when he separated one thing from another." Which noble passage is more directly to Aristotle's purpose in the first book of his metaphysics, than any of those he has there quoted, to show that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion concerning the necessity of mind and reason to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all question they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion: as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the *Theogony* of Hesiod himself not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eschenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipzig: "Thesaurum me reperisse credidi," says he, "& profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebat, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumserim in contemplando urbis splendore, & in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbat, quotiescunque

"silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna
"παλαμφάτους istos hymnos ad manus sumsi."

Line 25. *Chaos*.] The unformed, undigested mass of Moses and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of nature."

Ibid. *Love, the fire of Fate*.] Fate is the universal system of natural causes; the work of the omnipotent mind, or of love: so Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est." So also Cicero, in the first book on Divination: "Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat---ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose, sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum." To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three fates, or destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic *Indigitamenta*, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Hesiod, *Theog.* ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity, and is represented, immediately after, as governing the three destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

L. 26. *Born of Fate was Time*.] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cælum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the earth and the starry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

L. 27. *Who many sons devour'd*.] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by time.

L. 28. 29. *The child of Rhea*.] Jupiter so called by Pindar.

L. 29. *Drove him from the upper sky*.] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

L. 30. *Then social reign'd*.] Our mythology here suppoeth, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn Fire; and the cloud-compellor or Ζεύς νεφέληγεγς, the Air; though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

Line 34. *The sedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys.

L. 36, 37. *From them, are ye, O Naiads.*] The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of the Greek mythology. Homer *Odyss.* xiii. *καὶ Διόσκ.* Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid*, speaks as if the nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the testimony of Hesiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as retaining to every single river. On the other hand, Calimachus, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Penus, the great Thessalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphoses*, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

L. 40. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

Ibid. *The tribes beloved by Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal springs. Pæon was the physician of the gods.

L. 43. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to Hesiod and Apollodorus, were the sons of Astræus and Aurora.

L. 46. *Hyperion.*] A son of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the same manner as here, for the sun himself.

L. 49. *Your fallying streams.*] The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams; and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and secondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

L. 70. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

L. 79. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

L. 83. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character, by Thymoetes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymoetes had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the western ocean; there he saw the island of Nyssa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Lybia, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans: that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin, whose name was Amalthea; had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in

shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the Hesperian horn, and afterwards the horn of Amalthea: that, fearing the jealousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, with his mother, in the island of Nyssa; the beauty of which, Diodorus describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Milton; the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious traditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words to express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity. To raise the idea of his Paradise, he prefers it even to

—"that Nysean isle

"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,

"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian

"Hid Amalthea, and her florid son, [Jove

"Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye."

L. 121. *Edonian band.*] The priestesses and other ministers of Bacchus; so called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

L. 105. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addressed by the author of the *Indigitamenta* in these beautiful lines:

Ἑρμῆνεν πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμε,
Ὅς χερσὶν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὄπλον ἀμέριμε.

L. 121. *Dispense the mineral treasure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coast of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

L. 136. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendship of Minerva, the goddess of war; for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding observation, that "from bounty issueth power."

L. 143, 144. *Calpe—Cantabrian surge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biscay.

L. 150. *Ægina's gloomy surge.*] Near this island, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Persian navy.

L. 160. *Xerxes saw.*] This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where Plutarch, in his "Life of Themistocles," describes the sea-fights of Artemisium and Salamis.

L. 204. *Thyrus.*] A staff, or spear, wreathed round with ivy; of constant use in the Bacchanalian mysteries.

L. 217. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

L. 252. *Cirrha.*] One of the summits or Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo. Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the muses. Nyssa, the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

L. 263. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian ode.

L. 297. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

L. 302, 303. *The gates where Pallas holds The guardian key.*] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities: whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΤΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys; and on that account styled ΚΑΗΔΟΤΧΟΣ.

L. 310, 311. *Fate of sober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries.

L. 318, 319. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave Pausanias, in his tenth book, gives the following description: "Between Delphi and the eminences of Parnassus, in a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is of a considerable height and hath several springs within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water distills from the shell

and roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

L. 319. *Delphic mount*] Delphi, the seat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountaneous and rocky situation, on the skirts of Parnassus.

L. 327. *Cyrenaic.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whose hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion which is assumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner; solely by way of exercise: the manner itself being now almost entirely abandoned in poetry. And as the mere genealogy, or the personal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little interesting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of nature, and to employ these ancient divinities as it is probable they were first employed; to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.

INSCRIPTIONS, EPISTLES, &c.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Where plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before thy threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in, bounds
O stranger, undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
Wife Pallas and the immortal muses own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOOD-STOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe

He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world [chance
With cunning hand portraying. Though per-
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the
Of branching oaks a rural palace old [grove
Imbosoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. For there doth Edmund
The learned shepherd; for each rural art [rest,
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave [Heaven
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold,

And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O youths and virgins: O declining
O pale misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakspeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every passion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire,"

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM
INEVNTAE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADVISSET
SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPV-
BLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEXT RENVCNIIATVS ES-
SET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE
NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT
CVRRRET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT
PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA GENERIS HVMANI. AVC-
TORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire [born.
Those sacred rights to which themselves were

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

Approach in silence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this heavy oak,

Pronounce to mortal ears. The second age
Now hasteneth to its period, since I rose
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale
Are all my offspring: and each nymph, who
The copses and the furrow'd fields beyond, [guards
Obeys me. Many changes have I seen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of wisdom, and erroneous folly's end
Have oft presag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I prompt, unseen; and place before his view
Sincerest forms of good; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of glory and the faith
Of sacred friendship. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not
Unhonour'd my abode, nor shall I hear [leave
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

Ye powers unseen, to whom the bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleasing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd, when oft this lonely seat
To you I consecrated; then vouchsafe
Here with your instant energy to crown
My happy solitude. It is the hour
When most I love to invoke you, and have felt
Most frequent your glad ministry divine.
The air is calm: the sun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harvest round
Stands quiet, and among the golden sheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random strain
Echoeth amid the silence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye? or on those transparent clouds
Pass ye from hill to hill? or on the shades
Which yonder elms cast o'er the lake below
Do you converse retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inspiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor shall a thought
Rise in my mind, nor shall a passion move
Across my bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd
By faithful memory. And then at some
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

Me though in life's sequester'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,

Remote from glory's toilsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd.
And, this be thy concern, he said,
At once with passion's keen alarms,
And beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemish'd plan,
His reason, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO *.

THIRICK has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.

If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every muse bestow'd;
If public justice urg'd the high reward,
And freedom smil'd on the devoted bard:
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught ambition firmer heights of power,
And sav'd corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public justice sanctify the award?
And freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of distinguished birth and parts, who, upon his first entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuse and extravagant, he soon dissipated a large and splendid fortune; to supply the want of which, he was driven to the necessity of abetting the designs of Caesar against the liberties of his country, although he had before been a professed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himself with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long, and at last a successful opposition to an unpopular minister, had deserted the cause of his country, and become the foremost in support and defence of the same measures he had so steadily, and for such a length of time contended against. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted.

Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,

And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise,
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party-hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free,
And earth and time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say they view'd without amaze
Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genious stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorn'd the ungenerous glois of slavish minds,
The owl-ey'd race, whom virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I still believ'd thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd ambition to forgive the show;
Has told corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone:
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew,
Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense, would hear?
Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They fought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, oppression hid the face
To leave corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing wisdom should avail no more,
And freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore;
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save,
The weary pilgrim from the instant grave,

Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against corruption liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confess'd:
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blest'd;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;
Touch'd in the fighting shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame tract of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Rous'd by thy labours from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appear'd at last in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice;
We saw the senate bending to thy voice; [reign
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at the frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the shock, the public genius rose,
Abash'd and keener from his long repose;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was stir'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.

Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal.
Ye spirits, by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye shades immortal, who, by freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See, freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The sword submitted, and the laws her own:
See! public power chastis'd beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was fought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.

'Twas then—O shame! O trust how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unfix'd thy determin'd soul?

—Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
This Curio, hated and despis'd by all?
Who sell himself to work his country's fall?

O lost, alike to action and repose!
Unknown, unpity'd in the worst of woes!
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
How have I flood exulting, to survey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
How, with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I match'd them, honour'd hers the more.
O race erect! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws controul,
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a nobler centre for its cares;
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every state,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, all awake at pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand;
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted fire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er oppression works her wanton sway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Cracchi, * where the Bruti stay!

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-drest beggars round thy footsteps fawn;

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence. AKENSIDE.

In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
 When truth exerts her unresisted power,
 Breaks the false optics ting'd with fortune's glare,
 Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare:
 'Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
 And ask thyself—if all be well within.
 Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,
 Which labour could not stop, nor fear controul?
 Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
 Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
 Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
 Where the delightful taste of just applause?
 Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
 On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung!
 All vanish'd, all are sold—And in their room,
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
 See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
 Like some grim idol in a forcerer's cell!
 To her in chains thy dignity was led;
 At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
 With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
 Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
 That baffled reason straight indignant flew,
 And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew:
 For now no longer truth supports thy cause;
 No longer glory prompts thee to applause;
 No longer virtue breathing in thy breast,
 With all her conscious majesty confest,
 Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
 To rouse the feeble, and the wilful name,
 And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
 Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
 But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
 And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
 Or, if thy genius e'er forget his chain,
 And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
 Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
 Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous
 birth,
 Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy tost,
 And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
 Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
 While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
 —Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head,
 Where truth or freedom from the heart are fled?
 Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
 When the prime function of the soul is broke?
 But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
 Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
 Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
 Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
 For see the hand of destiny display'd
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!
 See the dire fane of infamy arise!
 Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
 Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
 The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
 Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
 To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
 But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
 The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
 There, black with frowns, relentless time awaits,
 And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates:
 And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
 Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestow'd,

Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
 And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
 At last the gates his potent voice obey;
 Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
 Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
 The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
 O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
 The great, the sage, the happy, and august*.
 No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
 No sound of honour hails their unblest ears;
 But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
 The childless fire and violated maid;
 But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
 From towns enslav'd and continents laid waste;
 But long posterity's united groan,
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 For ever through the trembling space resound,
 And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
 Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
 Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
 See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
 —Aw'd at the name, fierce † Appius rising bends,
 And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
 "He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd
 "With surer arts to work what we design'd,
 "From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
 "Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
 "Till, own'd their guide and trusted with their
 "power,

"He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
 "Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
 "And quench the spirit we provok'd in vain."

But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
 Fair liberty's heroic empire stands;
 Whose thunders the rebellious deep controul,
 And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
 O turn this dreadful omen far away!
 On freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
 Relume her sacred fire so near suppress'd,
 And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
 Though bold corruption boast around the land,
 "Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"
 Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
 Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame;
 Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
 Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
 ---O friend and father of the human mind,
 Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
 If I, though fated to the studious shade
 Which party-strife nor anxious power invade,
 If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
 To guide the muses by sublimer laws,
 Do thou her own authority impart,
 And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
 Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
 And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
 Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
 To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
 Or dash corruption in her proud career,
 And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear.

* Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men. AKENSIDE.

† Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason. AKENSIDE

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

Too much my heart of beauty's power hath
known,

Too long to love hath reason left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.
My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes:
Through each Elysian vale and fairy grove,
Through all the enchanted paradise of love.
Milded by sickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.

At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trod,
And stript the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my soul from wisdom's peaceful arms.

For silver streams and banks bespread with
flowers,

For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openness of heart, for tender smiles, [wiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming
Lo! sullen spite, and perjur'd lust of gain,
And cruel pride, and crueller disdain.
Lo! cordial faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful ease, lo! affectation walks;
And dull half-sense, for wit and wisdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving shown.

See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate!
See burning fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb despair in icy fetters lie!
See black suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!
And fond belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in those arms that points his head with shame!
There wan dejection, faltering as he goes,
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose;
Musing through pathless wilds, consumes the day,
Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the rosy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at bashful virtue as she flies.
But see behind, where scorn and want appear,
The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer.
See fell remorse in action, prompt to dart
Her snaky poison through the conscious heart.
And sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,
The fair memorial of recording fame.

Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
Is this the Elysium of a sober brain?
To wait for happiness in female smiles,
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave;

To feel, for trifles, a distracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can sense, can reason, stoop so low?
When virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred wreaths of honourable praise;
When wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous folly, and be free.

I bid adieu, then, to these woeful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
Adieu to every suffering, simple soul
That lets a woman's will his ease controul.
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I scorn to boast that I'm a slave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone;
Joy to my heart! my wishes are my own!
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell;
To the great God of love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are these the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When first my bosom own'd thy haughty sway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boasting, say,
"Go, martial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
"Nor hope to shelter that devoted boy.
"Go teach the solemn sons of care and age,
"The pensive statesmen, and the midnight sage;
"The young with me must other lessons prove,
"Youth calls for pleasure, pleasure calls for love.
"Behold his heart thy grave advice disdains,
"Behold I bind him in eternal chains."

Alas! great love, how idle was the boast!
Thy chains are broken, and thy lessons lost;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my suffering heart,
And passion, reason, forc'd thee to depart.

But wherefore dost thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly search for some pretence to stay,
When crowds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
And countless victims bow them to the stroke?
Lo! round thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
Each longs to assert thy cause with feats of arms,
And make the world confess Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thousand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and streams thy tender triumph sound;
Each bids the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
Each calls the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
But, if thy pride such easy honour scorn,
If nobler trophies must thy toil adorn,
Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threescore years display'd;
Her shalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her frosty cheek with crimson blushes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.

Turn then thy labours to the servile crowd,
Entice the wary, and controul the proud;
Make the sad miser his best gains forego,
The solemn statesman sigh to be a beau,
The bold coquette with fondest passion burn,
The Bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
"To poise ambition in a female brain."
Be these thy triumphs. But no more presume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
I know thy puny force, thy simple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimsy toils:

I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
To active science, and ingenuous fame:
Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
And lose, with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

*Occasioned by the insults of the Spaniards, and the
present preparations for war.*

MDCCKXXVIII.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the
muse

Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call
She summons all her ardour, throws aside
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each British ear;
And if one spark of honour or of fame,
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet survive,
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.

Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the muse boast! or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The British spirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to strangers given,
Be now withheld from sons? each nobler thought,
That warm'd our fires, is lost and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unman's a nation! yet I'll try,
I'll aim to shake this vile degenerate sloth;
I'll dare to rouse Britannia's dreaming sons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.

Come then the various powers of forceful speech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arousing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
Come all! and raise me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!
Lest my best efforts failing should debase
The sacred theme; for with no common wing
The muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?
My country's fame, my free-born British heart,
Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth
Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more should lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more shall Britain's sons
Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
The prayers, sighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,
In bitterness of soul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of liberty; so greatly fam'd
For just redress: the land so often dyed

With her best blood, for that arousing cause,
The freedom of her sons; those sons that now
Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain,
Enslave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So soon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When rescued Sicily with joy beheld
The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
Disperse their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From swift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are these our lords? And can Britannia see
Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her power,
Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,
And not arise to justice? Did our fires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Briton's ever sacred! that their sons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your
eyes,

Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boast
Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; see the gates
Harsh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while still as death
A frightful silence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that speaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan
Suppress'd in silence; view the loathsome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the stinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worse damnation on their souls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all.
His native British spirit yet untam'd,
Raises his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and superior scorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me spare the theme, lest future times
Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, descend! Behold your sons.
See! how they run the same heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to heaven ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause!
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and belie their birth!

Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh, Blake!
And ye of latter name your country's pride,
Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
In wakening whispers rouse our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
In all its splendours; to their swelling souls
Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards' pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,

Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
 Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
 Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
 For right and Britain: Then display the joys
 The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
 Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
 The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
 How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
 Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
 That beam celestial on his passing soul,
 The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
 The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
 Who in his actions with complacence views
 His own reflected splendour; then descend,
 Though to a lower, yet a nobler scene;
 Paint the just honours to his reliques paid,
 Show grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
 While his fair fame in each progressive age
 For ever brightens; and the wise and good
 Of every land in universal choir
 With richest incense of undying praise
 His urn encircle, to the wondering world
 His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
 With filial reverence, in his steps they tread,
 And, copying every virtue, every fame,
 Transplant his glories into second life,
 And, with unsparing hand, make nations blest
 By his example. Vast, immense rewards!
 For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
 Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
 Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
 Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
 I see ye are not; every bosom glows
 With native greatness, and in all its state
 The British spirit rises: Glorious change!
 Fame, virtue, freedom, welcome! O forgive
 The muse, that, ardent in her sacred cause,
 Your glory question'd: she beholds with joy;
 She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistake.

See! from her sea-beat throne in awful march
 Britannia towers: upon her laurel crest
 The plumes majestic nod; behold she heaves
 Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms
 For battle shakes her adamant spear:
 Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
 Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full soon
 Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
 Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
 Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate land,
 You were not born for slaves: Let all your deeds
 Show that the sons of those immortal men,
 The stars of shining story, are not slow
 In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
 To assert their country's rights, avenge her sons,
 And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

"O Vitæ Philosophia Dux! O Virtutis indaga-
 "trix, expultrixque Vitiorum.---Tu Urbes pe-
 "peristi; tu inventrix Legum, tu magistra Mo-
 "rum & Disciplinæ fuisti: Ad te confugimus,
 "a te Opem petimus." Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effusive ray
 From the great source of mental day,

Free, generous, and refin'd!
 Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
 Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
 And bless my labouring mind.

II.

But first with thy resistless light,
 Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
 Those mimic shades of thee:
 The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
 The visionary bigot's rant,
 The monk's philosophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
 The patient head, the candid heart,
 Devoted to thy sway;
 Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
 Which still with dauntless steps proceed
 Where reason points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
 Let number's, figure's, motion's laws
 Reveal'd before me stand;
 These to great nature's scenes apply,
 And round the globe, and through the sky,
 Disclose her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
 The busy, restless, human mind
 Through every maze pursue;
 Detect perception where it lies,
 Catch the ideas as they rise,
 And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what simple springs began
 The vast, ambitious thoughts of man,
 Which range beyond controul;
 Which seek eternity to trace,
 Dive through the infinity of space,
 And strain to grasp the whole.

VII.

Her secret stores let memory tell,
 Bid fancy quit her fairy cell,
 In all her colours drest;
 While, prompt her sallies to controul,
 Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
 To truth's severest test.

VIII.

Then launch through being's wide extent;
 Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
 And cautious steps, be trod;
 And from the dead, corporeal mass,
 Through each progressive order pass
 To instinct, reason, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
 Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
 In that divine abyss;
 To faith content thy beams to lend,
 Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
 And light her way to bliss.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
 Mix with the policies of men,
 And social nature's ties;
 The plan the genius of each state,
 Its interest and its powers relate,
 Its fortunes and its rise.

XI.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
And means and motives weigh :
Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway.

XII.

That last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power ! impart :
Teach me to cool my passion's fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

XIII.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean :
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
Through every various scene.

XIV.

Hail ! queen of manners, light of truth ;
Hail ! charm of age, and guide of youth ;
Sweet refuge of distress :
In business, thou ! exact, polite ;
Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
Prosperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou the cause ;
Foundress of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventress, thou !
Without thee, what were human-kind ?
How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind !
Their joys how mean ! how few !

XVI.

Sun of the soul ! thy beams unveil !
Let others spread the daring sail,
On fortune's faithless sea :
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with thee.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WALTER HARTE,

Containing

ESSAY ON PAINTING,
ESSAY ON SATIRE,
EPISTLES,
ODES,

FABLES,
TALES,
EMBLEMATICAL VISIONS,
TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse, as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd;
Unbias'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

EPISTLE TO POPE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

1794.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WALTER HART

Containing

ESSAYS ON PAINTING, ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, EPIGRAMS, ODES,		FAIRIES, TALES, DRAMATICAL VISIONS, TRANSLATIONS,
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The Muse who now this early homage pays,
Fills learn'd from thee to emulate her lays;
A Muse, as yet unhonour'd, but undiminish'd,
Who prais'd no vices, no profane gains;
Unbiais'd or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her name immortal on thy own.

EDINBURGH: 1792.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MACKENZIE AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

new 1792

THE LIFE OF HARTE.

WALTER HARTE was born about the beginning of this century. Of the place of his birth there is no memorial. His father, the Rev. Walter Harte, had been Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, Prebend of Bristol, and Canon of Wells; but was dispossessed of his preferments in 1691, for refusing to take the oaths to King William. He obtained his Prebendary of Bristol, by the recommendation of Lord Chancellor Jeffries, in return for the manly freedom with which he remonstrated against his severities at Taunton. By the kindness of the nonjurant Bishops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, he received the little profits from his Canonry of Wells till the time of his death, which happened at Kentbury in Bucks, February 10. 1735. Lord Chancellor Harcourt offered him a Bishoprick from Queen Anne; but the favour was declined, with grateful acknowledgments.

He was educated, as he himself informs us, in the dedication to his *Divine Poems*, at the free school of Marlborough, in Wiltshire, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hildrop, from whence he was removed to St. Mary-Hall, Oxford. Early in life he discovered a propensity to poetry; and, before he left Marlborough school, he had distinguished himself by his poetical compositions, as appears from the concluding lines of his *Epistle to the Countess of Hertford*.

First in thy shades, (where silver Kennet glides,
Fair Marlborough's turrets trembling in his tides):
To love's soft theme I tun'd the warbling lyre,
And borrow'd from thy eyes poetic fire.

In 1727, he published a volume of *Poems on several Occasions*, 8vo. inscribed to the Earl of Peterborough, the conqueror of Valencia; written, as he tells us, before he was nineteen.

He had already obtained the notice of Pope, who not only introduced him to the acquaintance of the wits of the time, but procured him the patronage of the Earl of Peterborough, Mrs. Nugent, and Edward Eliot, Esq. of Port Eliot (relations of Craggs), and the Earl of Chesterfield, as he himself gratefully acknowledges in the concluding lines of his *Macarius*.

My first, my latest bread, I owe to thee;
Thou, and thy friends, preserv'd my muse and me.
By proxy, from a gen'rous kindred spread,
Thy Craggs's bounty fell upon my head:
Thy Mordaunt's kindness did my youth engage,
And thy own Chesterfield protects my age.

With the elegant and amiable Fenton, he had the happiness of being closely connected in friendship, and held a very amicable correspondence with Parnassus, who was obliged to him for many kind offices of relief under his misfortunes.—“I have often,” says the biographer of Parnassus, “heard him acknowledge, with the greatest satisfaction, the happiness of the acquaintance he had cultivated with that sincere young gentleman, Mr. Walter Harte, of St. Mary-Hall, Oxon. The last letter he ever received was from this gentleman (being but two days before his death). He had wrote to him for his advice concerning a new version of “Ovid's Epistles;” and Mr. Harte, as he says himself, “at a moment's summons, dealt plainly, and communicated his sentiments.”

His letter to Parnassus on this occasion, is so curious and valuable, that it is impossible to avoid transcribing it.—“The little I can say in regard to *Ovid* will be of small service to your new version of his “Epistles.” I must own I have studied his manner much, and have often endeavoured to make a mixed sort of writing between him and *Statius*. But to enter into a long detail of criticism, would swell my letter too much; or, to speak more sincerely, I will never say a word after Dryden. Yet, methinks, I had better play the fool than be too ill-natured; for you press me hard to speak my thoughts impartially on the last translation. I should be glad to equivocate in this case, for of all things I hate detraction. You are sensible I do this very unwillingly, for the gentlemen are dead; and, may my own ill poetry never meet with any favour, if I take any pleasure in disturbing their ashes. To translate after them, is to do them no injury. To imitate an original, is every man's property, and he may assume it when he pleases. All we can do, is to alleviate their errors, and to avoid reflection. 'Tis ungenerous to upbraid a man for doing his best, either in life or writings.

“The epistles which I think to be capable of many amendments, are these following: “*Phyllis to Demophoon*,” by Poley and Lloyd, “*Hypermenestra*,” by Wright, “*Ariadne to Theseus*,” “*Hermione to Orestes*,” “*Leander*,” &c. by Tate, and “*Cenone*,” by Mrs. Behn (these are pretty

good, but paraphrased), "Laodamia," "Paris to Helen," "Penelope," "Hypsipile," "Medea," "Phædra," by Otway, "Briseis," by Caryl (this has many fine lines), "Dejanira," "Acontius," and my own *Cydippe*. On the contrary, I need not tell you, that no man living can excel "Sappho to Phaon," by Mr. Pope; and, if I were to criticise on the "Epistles," I would draw my rules from his version. The same may be said of "Canace," "Helen to Paris," and "Dido to Æneas," by Dryden.—A reason may be given why these gentlemen succeeded no better. They left out many beauties, but seldom added or improved any. I shall just observe some general failings which run through them all.—*Ovid's* character was ease and softness; here they all lost him. Nothing can be more stiff and prosaic than the modern version. *Ovid*, methinks, is like some great man placed on an eminence,

Despicere unde potest illos, passimque videre,
Errare, utque viam palentes querere—

"In the next place, they have nothing pathological; or, if they had, the lameness of the verse would spoil it. 'Twere tedious to give you directions to copy, or rather to improve *Ovid* in this case; 'tis the very soul of all the "Epistles;" nor can a translator be supposed to be ignorant of so essential a beauty. "'Tis all in all in every part," as Suarez and the Schoolmen tell us. I think I have brought in this metaphysical notion very dextrously. In regard to the *pathos* above mentioned, I know not how to make you sensible of my own conceptions, for we conceive many things which cannot be defined. I never hear what Tully calls the *distum ardens* in poetry, but I tremble extremely, though at that instant I cannot give any exact reason why I am pleased. All I mean may be found in "Eloisa to Abelard," the "Faery Queene," and the most tender tragedies. But beware of any thing too subtle and abstruse in the notions of love and honour (a fault which Petrarch and Cowley mostly ran into); and, on the other hand, avoid too womanish a softness, such as we find in romances; for, let the French say what they will, a thing may be written too *cavalierement*. In regard to the mythological and historical part, you cannot be too short and plain: something like Sandys's translation of the "Metamorphoses." And, in the last place, I would advise you to follow no commentator whatsoever, in the first sketch of your verses; for, by adhering too scrupulously to the letter and context, the whole must of course be stiff, and the first error will grow worse and worse the more you strive to correct it. It puts me in mind of a fault in most ill poets, though I never saw the observation before; they make the former line of the couplet first, and, when they have taken the full force and extent of the thought into this one, 'tis impossible for the other to have either sense or sound. I have read a whole poem, of which every line was an *anti-climax*.

"Thus far I have ventured to give my opinion; and, if my letter should prove something of the longest, be pleased to take Cardinal du Perron's answer, who used to say on the same occasion, "he had not time to write a shorter." 'Twas begun and ended in one morning, without reading or thinking with any tolerable exactness; and, if you knew how ill I am, you would wonder I could say so much. Sickness excuses impertinence, as well as ill manners; so, without ceremony, adieu."

The same writer observes, that the productions of this unfortunate poet were mostly written, as well as his friend's, before the author was nineteen years of age. "And I doubt not," he adds, "but the Rev. Mr. Hildrop, master of Marlborough school, in Wiltshire, looks upon it as an honour to have had a Harte for his pupil, as Mr. Yates of Appleby expresses his generous pleasure at having educated a Pattison."

He took the degree of Master of Arts, January 20. 1730; and published, that year, *An Essay on Satire, particularly the Dunciad*, designed as a vindication of that admirable satire. He published also two sermons, one called, *The Union and Harmony of Reason, Morality, and Revealed Religion*, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, February 27. 1786-7, which went through at least five editions: the other, a fast sermon, preached at the same place, January 9. 1739-40.

He was afterwards Vice-Principal of St. Mary-Hall, and a Tutor of great reputation.

His friends, Pope and Lyttleton, recommended him to Lord Chesterfield as a fit preceptor to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, Esq. with whom he travelled, from 1746 till 1750.

He is described by Lord Chesterfield, in his "Letters" to his son, published by Mrs. Stanhope, as "a man of consummate erudition," but as ill qualified to polish the manners of his pupil.

It appears that he was awkward in his person and address, had an unhappy impediment in his speech, and a total want of ear; yet he so well performed his office, that Lord Chesterfield rewarded him

with a Canonry of Windsor, "procured with great difficulty," which probably arose from his college connections; as St. Mary-Hall, of which Dr. King was Principal, was at that time noted for Jacobitism.—"Mr. Harte," Lord Chesterfield writes his son, January 14. 1751, "goes this week to Cornwall to take possession of his living; he has been installed at Windsor; he will return hither in about a month, when your literary correspondence with him will be regularly carried on. Your mutual concern at parting was a good sign for both."

In 1759, he published his *History of Gustavus Adolphus*, in 2 vols. 4to. with a dedication to Lord Chesterfield.—"Next week," that nobleman writes his son, March 30. 1759, "Mr. Harte will send you his *Gustavus Adolphus*, in two quartos: it will contain many new particulars of the life of that hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials, which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history, though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man."

The success of the history was unequal to his hopes: and his health was sensibly affected by it.

"I had a dismal letter from Harte," Lord Chesterfield writes his son, December 6. 1761: "he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire; that he has got a confounded jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed the most august house of Austria, about 130 years ago, I mean *Gustavus Adolphus*; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant."

He now retired to Bath for the benefit of his health, where, excepting some few excursions to his sister, he spent the remainder of his life.

As he had marred his history by a strange affected style, "full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms," he thought proper to publish an improved edition of it in 8vo. 1763.

"Harte," Lord Chesterfield writes his son, Nov. 27. 1762, "is going to publish a new edition of his *Gustavus*, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered; and which, I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former; for, while this world endures, style and manner will be regarded at least as much as matter."

In 1764, he published his *Essays on Husbandry*, in 8vo. written, as he tells us in the *General Introduction*, "in imitation of Cowley's essays on subjects of a like nature."

Of this pleasing and instructive work, Lord Chesterfield has given a very favourable account in his letter to his son, September 3. 1764: "I have received a book for you, and one for myself, from Mr. Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as I confess it did me. This work is not only in English, but good and elegant English; he has even scattered graces upon his subject; and, in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse. I have written to him to congratulate his happy transformation. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will send you your copy. You (though no Agricola) will read it with pleasure."

The success of his *Essays* produced no favourable change in the state of his health and spirits. He continued at Bath, dejected and dispirited, between real and imaginary distresses, till, in November 1766, he had a stroke of the palsy, which deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech, and in some degree his head.

In 1767, he published his "great poetical work," which he had been long preparing, called *The Amaranth*, consisting of *Fables*, *Tales*, and *Emblematic Visions*, embellished with an engraved frontispiece, a vignette title page, and elegant head and tail pieces.

"Harte," Lord Chesterfield writes his son, December 18. 1763, "has a great poetical work to publish; he has shown me some parts of it. He had entitled it *Emblems*; but I persuaded him to alter that name, for two reasons; the first was, because they are not *Emblems*, but *Fables*; the second was, that if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him; so they are to be called *Fables*, though *Moral Tales* would, in my mind, be the proper name. If you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that *sunt plura bona, quædam mediocra, et quædam*—"

In October 17. 1768, Lord Chesterfield writes his son, for the last time: "Poor Harte, who is here [Bath] still, is in a most miserable condition; he has entirely lost the use of his left side; and

can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I showed him your letter."—His pupil, Mr. Stanhope, died November 16. 1768; and, in that melancholy condition, he lived till 1773, having survived him five years.

His *Poems*, published by himself, in 1727, 1730, and 1767, have not been reprinted. They are now, with some fugitive pieces dispersed up and down in the miscellanies, received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry.

A copy of his *Essay on Reason*, published in folio, 1727, a very fine poem, which was much laboured, and went through Pope's hands, could not be procured for this collection.

The character of Harte seems to have been highly amiable and respectable. He was beloved, esteemed, and revered by his friends. The testimonies of Pope, Fenton, and Lyttleton, are unquestionable authorities in favour of his intellectual and moral endowments. Even Chesterfield concurs in the fullest commendation of his amiable worth and consummate erudition, though his fastidious delicacy unfitted him to balance the excellence of his moral qualities against his deficiency in the graces of personal behaviour.

As a poet, he does not seem to have hitherto obtained so much attention as he deserves. His poems afford indubitable proofs of the elegance and correctness of his taste, and the mildness and fervency of his piety. Pope is the model whom he professes to imitate, and it must be acknowledged, that he is often very successful in copying the cast of his diction and the peculiar structure of his versification. The servility of his imitation is most remarkable, in his earlier productions, particularly in his translations from *Statius* and *Ovid*, and in his *Verses to Pope* and *To a Lady with Fenton's Miscellany*, &c. In the concluding lines of the *Verses to a Lady*, &c. the language and the thought are evidently borrowed from Pope, with much skill and propriety.

Of his *Miscellaneous Poems*, the *Essay on Painting* is the longest and most elaborate. Considering the difficulty of the subject, it is executed, upon the whole, with much judgment and taste, and may be read with pleasure by the admirers of the sister arts of poetry and painting. The distinctness, and, as far as the present writer is competent to judge, the justness with which it marks the character of the different schools, and of the most celebrated masters, will be particularly acceptable. In his *Essay on Satire*, he has sometimes caught the spirit, and sometimes acquired the elegance and accuracy of Pope. Some lines are vigorously written, and several of the characters are sketched out with animation and precision; but the temper in which many parts of it are written cannot altogether be approved of. The translations from *Statius* and *Ovid*, are, in general, classical and elegant, and rendered with such fidelity, that they convey to the reader, not only the grandeur and spirit of the originals, but the florid epithets and injudicious prettinesses by which they are diminished and debased.

In his *Divine Poems*, there is a spirit of piety, which, as it seems to be perfectly sober and unaffected, is truly venerable. Nor is there a want of genius. Most of the *Fables* and *Emblematical Visions* are embellished with lively imagery, picturesque scenery, brilliant allusions, and other poetical ornaments. The versification is smooth in general, and the language is elegant. The sentiments are marked with the genuine stamp of good sense, rational philosophy, and an improved knowledge of human life. The lyric part of *The Aseetic* is beautifully descriptive; and the passages versified from the "Imitation of Christ" are sensible and nervous. The *Vision of Death* abounds in sublime sentiments, striking imagery, and poetical fiction, in a superior degree. His *Eulogius* is an elegant, interesting, and instructive historical fable. His *Macarius* contains an affectionate tribute to the memory of a pious and respectable parent, and pleasing memorials of his friends. The *Epistle from Boetius to his Wife Rusticiana*, abounds in sentiments of general use; they come near to the heart, and require nothing but application to render them successful.

From the general commendation bestowed on the compositions of Harte, particular criticism may make many deductions. His versification, it must be acknowledged, though generally flowing and harmonious, is frequently laboured, artificial, and monotonous; and his sentiments, particularly in his *Divine Poems*, are sometimes rendered obscure by allusions to circumstances which require to be explained at the bottom of the page. For the same reason, the frequent introduction of passages imitated from other writers is injudicious; but, when every deduction is made which criticism requires, the general poetical merit of his compositions, which are considerably above mediocrity, will be sufficient to vindicate his fame, and to preserve his memory.

THE WORKS OF HARTE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND MONMOUTH.

MY LORD,

I FANCY the public will be much surprised, when I say your Lordship was the first person who was pleased to take notice of me. How little I deserve so much partiality, I leave the world to judge. Yet thus much I can affirm; I only wish that

these poems may live to posterity, to be a memorial of the gratitude rather than the genius

Of your Lordship's

most humble, most obliged,

and most dutiful servant,

W. HARTE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the author was under nineteen when all these poems were written.

I ought here to say a word or two of my Essay on Painting. This performance is by no means correct in all its parts; I had neither health, leisure, nor abilities equal to my design. It was

written at intervals, upon such remarks as casually occurred in my reading. Of course no exact connection must be expected: though I might allege, that Horace uses as little in his Art of Poetry. I had finished the whole before ever I saw Du Fresnoy; as will appear by comparison.

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Μιμητική [Ποίησις] τέχνη καὶ δύναμις ἐστὶν ἀνίστορος τῇ ζωγραφίᾳ. ζωγραφίαν μὲν λέγουσιν εἶναι
ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ τὴν Ποίησιν, Ποίησιν δὲ ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ τὴν ζωγραφίαν.

Plutarch, de audiend. Poet.

Poema

Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

ARGUMENT.

A parallel between painting and poetry—Advice to a good painter; instanced by Titian—An universal notion of beauty—That we must not despair—A luxuriant fancy, or too much exactness often faulty—Decency still to be preserved—Repose and solitude—Nature to be imitated—In a fault whether to be corrected or not—The *Je ne sçai quoi* of beauty—Draperies—An encomium on painting—The episode of Mimicina—Sculpture—Innovations faulty.—Sometimes to be admired—Invention—Union of colours—Immoderate ornament—The Landscape—Design—The principal figure of a picture—Modesty in a painter—Harmony of colours—The surprise—Optics—The obscura camera described; its use in painting—Disposition of objects—Two equal lights to be avoided in the same picture—Truth to be observed—Traveling, its use—Another parallel between poetry and painting—Their distinct excellencies considered—Painting far more lasting and universal—Yet derived its light first from poetry—Its rise and progress through all ages—An account of the most celebrated painters, with their several characters—Conclusion, with an address to the Earl of Pembroke.

WHATEVER yet in poetry held true,
If duly weigh'd, holds just in painting too:
Alike to profit, and delight they tend,
The means may vary, but the same their end.
Alike from heav'n congenial first they came,
The same their labours, and their praise the same:
Alike by turns they touch the conscious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art.

You nobler youths who listen to my lays,
And scorn by vulgar arts to merit praise:
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmost stretch will go;
Pride, envy, hatred, labour to conceal,
And sullen prejudice, and party-zeal;
Approve, examine, and then last believe—
For friends mislead, and critics still deceive.

Who takes his censure, or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just.

But where's the man with gen'rous zeal inspir'd,
Dear in each age, in ev'ry art admir'd?

* Blest with a genius strong, but unconfin'd,
A sprightly wit, with sober judgment join'd,
A love of learning, and a patient mind;
A vig'rous fancy, such as youth requires,
And health, and ease, and undisturb'd desires.

Who spares no pains his own defects to know,
Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe;
By manners sway'd, which stealing on the heart,
Charm more through ease, and happiness, than art.
Such Titian was, by nature form'd to please,
Blest in his fortunes, born to live at ease:

Who felt the poet's, or the painter's fire,
Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre:
Of gentlest manners in a court refin'd,
A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind;
The † muse's glory, as a monarch's care,
Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair!

But ah! how long will nature ask to give
A soul like his, and bid a wonder live?
Rarely a Titian, or a Pope appears,
The forming glory of a thousand years!

A proper taste we all derive from heaven,
Wou'd all but bless, and manage what is giv'n.
Some secret impulse moves in ev'ry heart,
And nature's pleas'd with gentle strokes of art;
Most souls, 'tis true, this blessing faintly charms;
A distant flame, that rather shines, than warms:
Like rays, through wintry streams reflected, falls
Its dubious light, in glimm'ring intervals.

Like Maro first with trembling hand design
Some humble work, and study line by line:
A Roman urn, a grove encircled bow'r,
The blushing cherry, or the bending flow'r.

* *Sit vir talis, qualis verè sapiens appellari possit, nec moribus modo perfectus, sed etiam scientiâ, & omni facultate dicendi, qualis fortasse adhuc nemo fuerit.* Quintilian.

† Titian was created Count Palatine by Charles V. and most intimately acquainted with Ariosto, Arétine, &c.

Painful, and slow, to noble arts we rise,
And long long labours wait the glorious prize;
Yet by degrees your steadier hand shall give
A bolder grace, and bid each object live.
So in the depths of some sequester'd vale,
The weary peasant's heart begins to fail:
Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,
And prays in thought he might return again:
'Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,
The verdant trees, and glittering turrets rise: }
He springs, he triumphs, and like light'ning flies.
Ev'n Raphael's self from rude essays began,
And shadow'd with a coal his shapeless man.
Time was, when Pope for rhymes would knit his
brow,

And write as tasteless lines—as I do now.

'Tis hard a sprightly fancy to command,
And give a respite to the lab'ring hand;
Hard as our eager passions to restrain,
When priests, and self-denial plead in vain:
When pleasures tempt, and inclinations draw,
When vice is nature, and our will the law.
As vain we strive each trivial fault to hide,
That shows but little judgment, and more pride.
Like some nice prude, offensive to the sight,
* Exactness gives at best a cold delight;
Each painful stroke disgusts the lively mind;
For art is lost, when overmuch refin'd.
So nice reformers their own faith betray,
And school-divines distinguish sense away.
To err is mortal, do what'er we can,
Some faulty trifles will confess the man.
Dim spots suffuse the lamp that gilds the sky,
If nicely trac'd through Galilæo's eye.
Wise are they, who each mad whim repress,
And shun gross errors, by committing less.

Still let due decencies preserve your fame,
Nor must the pencil speak the master's shame.
Each nobler soul in every age was giv'n
To bless mankind, for arts descend from Heav'n.
Gods! shall we then their pious use profane,
T' oblige the young, the noble, or the vain!
† Whoever meditates some great design,
Where strength and nature dawn at ev'ry line;
Where art and fancy full perfection give,
And each bold figure glows, and seems to live:
Where lights and shades in sweet disunion play,
Rise by degrees, or by degrees decay;
Far let him shun the busy noise of life,
Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife.
Bear him, ye muses! to sequester'd woods,
To bow'ry grottoes, and to silver floods!
Where peace and friendship hold their gentle
reign,

And love unarm'd sits smiling on the plain.
Where nature's beauties variously unite,
And in a landscape open on the sight.
Where contemplation lifts her silent eye,
And lost in vision travels o'er the sky.

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† *Aptissima sunt in hoc nemora, sylvaque; quod illa cæli libertas, locorumq; amœnitas sublimem animum, & beatorem spiritum parent.* Quintilian,

Soft as his ease the whisp'ring zephyrs blow,
Calm as his thoughts the gentle waters flow:
Hush'd are his cares, extinct are Cupid's fires,
And restless hopes, and impotent desires.

* But Nature first must be your darling care;
Unerring Nature, without labour fair.
Art from this source derives her true designs,
And sober judgment cautiously refines.
No look, no posture must mishap'd appear:
Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
When mercy pleads, let softness melt the eyes;
When anger storms, the swelling muscles rise.
A soft emotion breathes in simple love,
The heart just seems to beat, the eye to move.
Gently, ah! gently, languor seems to die,
Now drops a tear, and now steals out a sigh.
Let awful Jove his lifted thunders wield;
Place azure Neptune in the watery field.
Round smiling Venus draw the faithless boy,
Surmise, vain hopes, and short-enduring joy.
But should you dress a nymph in monstrous ruff,
Or faintly nun profane with modish snuff:
Each fool will cry, O horribly amiss!
The painter's mad, mend that, and alter this.

From heav'n descending, beauteous Nature
came,

One clear perfection, one eternal flame,
Whose lovely lights on ev'ry object fall
By due degrees, yet still distinguish all.
Yet as the best of mortals are sometimes
Not quite exempt from folly or from crimes;
There are, who think that nature is not free
From some few symptoms of deformity.
Hence springs a doubt, if painters may be thought
To err, who copy nature in a fault,
Led by some servile rule, whose pow'r prevails
On imitation, when th' example fails.
Poets and painters, here employ your skill;
Be this the doctrine of your good and ill,
Enough to pose the critics of a nation,
Nice as the rules of Puritan-salvation.

† Yet if the seeds of art we nicely trace;
There dawns a heav'nly, all-inspiring grace,
No tongue expresses it, no rule contains;
(The glorious cause unseen) th' effect remains:
Fram'd in the brain, it flows with easy art,
Steals on the sense, and wins the yielding heart.
A pleasing vigour mixt with boldness charms,
And happiness completes what passion warms,
‡ Nor is it thought a trifle, to express
The various shapes, and foldings of the dress,
With graceful ease the pencil to command,
And copy nature with a hasty hand.
Through the clear robe the swelling muscles rise,
Or heaving breasts, that decently surprise;

* *Videantur omnia ex Natura rerum, hominumque fluere—Hoc opus, hic labor est; sine quo, cætera nuda, jejuna, infirma, ingrata.* Quintil. Lib. 6. cap. 2.

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Vide etiam quæ sequuntur de Pictore.

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Quintil. Lib. 11. cap. 1.

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Μιμητική [Ποίσεως] τέχνη καὶ δύναμις ἐστὶν ἀντίστροφος τῇ ζωγραφίᾳ. ζωγραφίαν μὲν λέγουσιν εἶναι
ΦΘΕΓΓΟΜΕΝΗΝ τὴν Ποίησιν, Ποίησιν δὲ ΣΙΓΩΣΑΝ τὴν ζωγραφίαν.

Plutarch, de audiend. Poet.

Poema

Est Pictura loquens, mutum Pictura Poema.

ARGUMENT.

A parallel between painting and poetry—Advice to a good painter; instanced by Titian—An universal notion of beauty—That we must not despair—A luxuriant fancy, or too much exactness often faulty—Decency still to be preserved—Repose and solitude—Nature to be imitated—In a fault whether to be corrected or not—The *Je ne sçai quoi* of beauty—Draperies—An encomium on painting—The episode of Mimicina—Sculpture—Innovations faulty.—Sometimes to be admired—Invention—Union of colours—Immoderate ornament—The Landscape—Design—The principal figure of a picture—Modesty in a painter—Harmony of colours—The surprise—Optics—The obscura camera described; its use in painting—Disposition of objects—Two equal lights to be avoided in the same picture—Truth to be observed—Traveling, its use—Another parallel between poetry and painting—Their distinct excellencies considered—Painting far more lasting and universal—Yet derived its light first from poetry—Its rise and progress through all ages—An account of the most celebrated painters, with their several characters—Conclusion, with an address to the Earl of Pembroke.

WHATEVER yet in poetry held true,
If duly weigh'd, holds just in painting too:
Alike to profit, and delight they tend,
The means may vary, but the same their end.
Alike from heav'n congenial first they came,
The same their labours, and their praise the same:
Alike by turns they touch the conscious heart,
And each on each reflects the lights of art.

You nobler youths who listen to my lays,
And scorn by vulgar arts to merit praise:
Look cautious round, your genius nicely know,
And mark how far its utmost stretch will go;
Pride, envy, hatred, labour to conceal,
And sullen prejudice, and party-zeal;
Approve, examine, and then last believe—
For friends mislead, and critics still deceive.

Who takes his censure, or his praise on trust,
Is kind, 'tis true, but never can be just.

But where's the man with gen'rous zeal inspir'd,
Dear in each age, in ev'ry art admir'd?

* Blest with a genius strong, but unconfin'd,
A sprightly wit, with sober judgment join'd,
A love of learning, and a patient mind;
A vig'rous fancy, such as youth requires,
And health, and ease, and undisturb'd desires.
Who spares no pains his own defects to know,
Who not forgives, but ev'n admires a foe;
By manners sway'd, which stealing on the heart,
Charm more through ease, and happiness, than art.
Such Titian was, by nature form'd to please,
Blest in his fortunes, born to live at ease:
Who felt the poet's, or the painter's fire,
Now dipp'd the pencil, and now tun'd the lyre:
Of gentlest manners in a court refin'd,
A friend to all, belov'd of all mankind;
The † muse's glory, as a monarch's care,
Dear to the gay, the witty, and the fair!

But ah! how long will nature ask to give
A soul like his, and bid a wonder live?
Rarely a Titian, or a Pope appears,
The forming glory of a thousand years!

A proper taste we all derive from heaven,
Wou'd all but bless, and manage what is giv'n.
Some secret impulse moves in ev'ry heart,
And nature's pleas'd with gentle strokes of art;
Most souls, 'tis true, this blessing faintly charms;
A distant flame, that rather shines, than warms:
Like rays, through wintry streams reflected, falls
Its dubious light, in glimm'ring intervals.

Like Maro first with trembling hand design
Some humble work, and study line by line:
A Roman urn, a grove encircled bow'r,
The blushing cherry, or the bending flow'r.

* *Sit vir talis, qualis verè sapiens appellari possit, nec moribus modo perfectus, sed etiam scientiâ, & omni facultate dicendi, qualis fortasse adhuc nemo fuerit.* Quintilian.

† Titian was created Count Palatine by Charles V. and most intimately acquainted with Ariosto, Aretine, &c.

Painful, and slow, to noble arts we rise,
 And long long labours wait the glorious prize;
 Yet by degrees your steadier hand shall give
 A bolder grace, and bid each object live.
 So in the depths of some sequester'd vale,
 The weary peasant's heart begins to fail:
 Slowly he mounts the huge high cliff with pain,
 And prays in thought he might return again:
 'Till opening all at once beneath his eyes,
 The verdant trees, and glittering turrets rise: }
 He springs, he triumphs, and like light'ning flies.
 Ev'n Raphael's self from rude essays began,
 And shadow'd with a coal his shapeless man.
 Time was, when Pope for rhymes would knit his
 brow,

And write as tasteless lines—as I do now.

'Tis hard a sprightly fancy to command,
 And give a respite to the lab'ring hand;
 Hard as our eager passions to restrain,
 When priests, and self-denial plead in vain:
 When pleasures tempt, and inclinations draw,
 When vice is nature, and our will the law.
 As vain we strive each trivial fault to hide,
 That shows but little judgment, and more pride.
 Like some nice prude, offensive to the sight,
 * Exactness gives at best a cold delight;
 Each painful stroke disgusts the lively mind;
 For art is lost, when overmuch refin'd.
 So nice reformers their own faith betray,
 And school-divines distinguish sense away.
 To err is mortal, do whate'er we can,
 Some faulty trifles will confess the man.
 Dim spots suffuse the lamp that gilds the sky,
 If nicely trac'd through Galilæo's eye.
 Wisest are they, who each mad whim repress,
 And shun gross errors, by committing less.

Still let due decencies preserve your fame,
 Nor must the pencil speak the master's shame.
 Each nobler soul in every age was giv'n
 To bless mankind, for arts descend from Heav'n.
 Gods! shall we then their pious use profane,
 T' oblige the young, the noble, or the vain!
 † Whoever meditates some great design,
 Where strength and nature dawn at ev'ry line;
 Where art and fancy full perfection give,
 And each bold figure glows, and seems to live:
 Where lights and shades in sweet disunion play,
 Rise by degrees, or by degrees decay;
 Far let him shun the busy noise of life,
 Untouch'd by cares, uncumber'd with a wife.
 Bear him, ye muses! to sequester'd woods,
 To bow'ry grottoes, and to silver floods!
 Where peace and friendship hold their gentle
 reign,

And love unarm'd sits smiling on the plain.
 Where nature's beauties variously unite,
 And in a landscape open on the sight.
 Where contemplation lifts her silent eye,
 And lost in vision travels o'er the sky.

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 Bold be the work, but boldly regular.
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 Led by some servile rule, whose pow'r prevails
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† Yet if the seeds of art we nicely trace;
 There dawns a heav'nly, all-inspiring grace,
 No tongue expresses it, no rule contains;
 (The glorious cause unseen) th' effect remains:
 Fram'd in the brain, it flows with easy art,
 Steals on the sense, and wins the yielding heart.
 A pleasing vigour mixt with boldness charms,
 And happiness completes what passion warms,
 † Nor is it thought a trifle, to express
 The various shapes, and foldings of the dress,
 With graceful ease the pencil to command,
 And copy nature with a hasty hand.
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 Or heaving breasts, that decently surprise;

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Quintil. Lib. 11. cap. 1.

As some coy virgin with dejected mien
Conceals her charms, yet hopes they may be seen.

* Be ev'ry person's proper habit known,
Peculiar to his age, or sex alone.
In flowing robes the monarch sweeps along,
Large are the foldings, natural, and strong:
Wide ample lights in spreading glories play,
And here contrasted, deeper shades decay.
The virgin-pow'rs who haunt the silver floods,
And hoary hills, and consecrated woods,
Soft strokes, and graceful negligence demand,
The nice reluctance of an easy hand;
Loose to the winds their airy garments fly
Like filmy dews, too tender for the eye.

But ere these charms are to perfection wrought,
Adapted manuals must be nicely sought.
Gay vivid colours must the draught inspire,
Now melt with sweetness, and now burn with fire.

A northern sky must aid the steady sight,
Else the shades alter with the transient light.
Methinks the loaded table stands display'd,
Each nicer vase "in mystic order laid.
Here ocean's mistress heaps around her shells
Beauteous, and recant from the sea-green cells;
The taper pencils here are rang'd apart,
There chalk, lead, vials, and loose schemes of art.
So when bold Churchill with a gen'ral's care,
Eyes his brave Britons crowding to the war;
Watchful, and silent move the duteous bands,
One look excites them, and one breath commands.

Hail happy Painting! to confirm thy sway,
Ocean and air their various tributes pay.
The purple † insect spreads her wings to thee,
Wafts o'er the breeze, or glitters on the tree.
Earth's winding veins unnumber'd treasures hold,
And the warm champion ripens into gold.
A clearer blue the lazuli bestows,
Here umber deepens, there vermilion glows.
For thee, her tender greens and flow'rets rise,
Whose colours change in ever-mingling dyes;
Ev'n those fair groves (for Eden first design'd)
Weep in soft fragrance through their balmy rind:
Transparent tears! that glitter as they run,
Warm'd with the blushes of the rising sun.

Here cease my song---a gentler theme inspires
Each tender thought, and wakes the lover's fires.
Once more your aid celestial muses bring;
Sacred the lays! nor to the deaf we sing.

† In ancient Greece there liv'd, unknown to fame,

A nymph, and Mimicina was her name.
Smit by a neighb'ring youth betimes she fell
Victim to love, and bade the world farewell.
Thoughtful and dull she pin'd her bloom away
In lonely groves, nor saw the cheerful day.

* *Reddere persona scit convenientia cuique
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque, jubebo
Doctum imitatore.*

Horat. de Art. Poet.

† The Cochineel.

† This story, with several others, is mentioned
by most ancient writers. I have chosen it as the
most poetical.

This might be borne---but lo! her lovely swain
Must part, ah, never to return again!
One mutual kiss must mutual passion sever,
One look divide 'em, and divide for ever!
See, now she lies abandon'd to despair,
And to rude winds unbinds her flowing hair:
Beauteous neglect! when melting to her woes,
A sylvan maid from her dark grotto rose:
(Long had she view'd the solitary fair,
Her bleeding bosom heav'd with equal care)
A heav'nly picture in her hand she bore,
She smil'd, she gave it, and was seen no more---
Pleas'd Mimicina, speechless with surprise,
Ey'd the fair form, and lightning of the eyes:
She knew---and sighing gave a tender kiss;
Her noble passion was content with this:
No more his absence, or her woes deplor'd,
And as the living, she the dead ador'd.

Thus Painting rose, to nourish soft desires,
And gentle hopes, and friendship's purer fires:
Thus still the lover must his nymph adore,
And sigh to charms, that ought to charm no more.
Thus when these eyes, with kind illusions blest,
Survey each grace Pathenia once possess'd:
Her winning sweetness, and attractive ease,
And gentle smiles that never fail'd to please;
Heav'n's! how my fancy kindles at the view,
And my fond heart relents, and bleeds anew!
Fair faithless virgin! with constraint unkind,
Misled by duty, and through custom blind:
Perhaps ev'n now, from pride and int'rest free,
Thou shar'st each pang of all I felt for thee;
Ah, no---my pray'rs, my tears, my vows resign,
Alas, 'tis now a crime to call me thine,
To act the tender, or the friendly part;
No---hate, forget me, tear me from thy heart.

Yet still thy smiles in breathing paint inspire,
Still thy kind glances set my soul on fire.
Thither each hour I lift my thoughtful eye,
Now drop a tear, now softly breathe a sigh;
Sacred 'till death my gentlest vows shall be,
And the last gasp of life be breath'd for thee!

You too, O Sculpture, shall exalt my lays,
Pictura's sister-candidate for praise!
Soft Raphael's air divine, * Antonio shows;
And all Le Brun in mimic * Picart glows.
Hither ye nations, now direct your eyes,
Rise crown'd with lustre, gentle Albion rise!
Now thy soft Hollar, now thy Smith appears,
A faultless pattern to succeeding years;
There † sacred domes in length'ning Vista's
charm,

And British beauties here for ever warm.

Most painters of less judgment, than caprice,
Are like old maidens in amously nice:
It matters nought if rules be false or true,
All should be modish, whimsical and new;
Fond of each change, the present still they praise,
So women love---and actors purchase plays.
As if self-love, or popular offence,
Receiv'd a sanction to mislead our sense;

** Two engravers, famous for their prints copied from Raphael and Le Brun.

† Alluding to Hollar's etchings in the Monasticon.

Or party-notions, vapours, faith, and zeal
Were all, at proper times, infallible.
True wit, and true religion are but one,
Though some pervert 'em, and ev'n most have
none.

Who thinks what others never thought before,
Acts but just that his sons will act no more.
Yet on a time, when vig'rous thoughts demand,
Indulge a warmth, and prompt the daring hand:
On purpose deviate from the laws of art,
And boldly dare to captivate the heart;
Breasts warm'd to rapture shall applaud your
fire,

May disapprove you, but shall still admire.
The Grecian artist, at one dash, supply'd
What patient touches and slow art deny'd.
So when pale Florio in the gloomy grove
Sits sadly musing on the plagues of love,
When hopes and fears distract his tim'rous mind,
And fancy only makes the nymph unkind:
Desp'rate at last he rushes from the shade,
By force and warm address to win the maid:
His brisk attack the melting nymph receives
With equal warmth, he presses, she forgives;
One moment crowns whole tedious years of pain,
And endless griefs, and health consum'd in vain.

Of ev'ry beauty that conspires to charm
Man's nicer judgment, and his genius warm,
To just invention be the glory giv'n,
A particle of light deriv'd from heav'n.
Unnumber'd rules t' improve the gift are shown
By ev'ry critic, to procure it, none.

Some colours often to the rest impart
New graces, more through happiness, than art.
This nicely study'd, will your fame advance,
The greatest beauties seldom come by chance.

Some gaze at ornament alone, and then
So value paint, as women value men.
It matters nought to talk of truth, or grace,
Religion, genius, customs, time, and place.
So judge the vain, and young; nor envy we:
They cannot think indeed—but they may see.
Excessive beauty, like a flash of light,
Seems more to weaken, than to please the sight.
In one gay thought luxuriant Ovid writ,
And Voiture tires us, but with too much wit.

Some all their value for Grotesque express,
Beauty they prize, but beauty in excess:
Where each gay figure seems to glare apart,
Without due grace, proportion, shades, or art.
(The sad remains of Goths in ancient times,
And rev'rend dullness, and religious rhymes)
So youthful poets ring their music round
On one eternal harmony of sound.

"The lines are gay," and whoso'er pretends
To search for more, mistakes the writer's ends.

Colours, like words, with equal care are sought,
These please the sight, and those express the
thought,

But most of all, the landscape seems to please
With calm repose, and rural images.
See, in due lights th' obedient objects stand,
As happy ease exalts the master's hand.
See, absent rocks hang trembling in the sky,
See, distant mountains vanish from the eye;
A darker verdure stains the dusky woods:
Floats the green shadow in the silver floods;

Fair visionary worlds surprise the view,
And fancy forms the golden age a-new.

True just designs will merit honour still;
Who begins well, can scarcely finish ill.
Unerring truth must guide your hand aright,
Art without this is violence to fight.—

The first due postures of each figure trace
In swelling out-lines with an easy grace.
But the prime person mostly will demand
Th' unweary'd touches of thy patient hand:
There thought, and boldness, strength, and art
conspire,

The critic's judgment, and the painter's fire;
It lives, it moves, it swells to meet the eye:
Behind the mingling groups in softer shadows die.

Never with self-design your merits raise,
Nor let your tongue be echo to your praise.
To wiser heads commit such points as these,
A modest blush will tell how much they please.

In days of yore, a prating lad, they say,
Met glorious Reubens journeying on the way:
Sneering, and arch, he shakes his empty head,
(For half-learn'd boys will talk a Solon dead)
Your servant, good Sir Paul, why, what, the devil,
The world to you is more than fairly civil;
No life, no gusto in your pieces shine,
Without decorum, as without design---

Sedate to this the heav'n-born artist smil'd,
"Nor thine nor mine to speak our praise, my
child!"

"Each shall expose his best to curious eyes,
"And let th' impartial world adjust the prize.

Let the soft colours sweeten and unite
To one just form, as all were shade, or light.
Nothing so frequent charms th' admiring eyes
As well-tim'd fancy, and a sweet surprise.

* So when the Grecian labour'd to disclose
His nicest art, a mimic lark arose:
The fellow-birds in circles round it play'd,
Knew their own kind, and warbled to a shade.
So Vandervart in later times excell'd,
And nature liv'd in what our eyes beheld.
† He too can oft, (in optics deeply read)
A noon-day darkness o'er his chamber spread.
The transient objects sudden as they pass
O'er the small convex of the visual glass,
Transferr'd from thence by magic's powerful call,
Shine in quick glories on the gloomy wall;
Groves, mountains, rivers, men surprise the sight,
Trembles the dancing world, and swims the wavy
light.

† Each varying figure in due place dispose,
These boldly heighten, touch but faintly those.
Contiguous objects place with judgment nigh,
Each due proportion swelling on the eye.

* See Pliny's *Natural History*, lib. 35. cap. 10.

† This practice is of no late invention. Baptista Porta, who flourished about the year 1500, gives an ingenious account of it in his *Natural Magic*, lib. 17. How useful this may be to young painters, is not my province to determine.

† Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decer.

Hoc amat obscurum, vult hoc sub luce videri.

HORAT.

Rempter views insensibly decay,
And lights, and shadows sweetly drop away.
In bluish white the farthest mounts arise,
Steal from the eye, and melt into the skies.
Hence sacred domes in length'ning isles extend,
Round columns swell, and rising arches bend :
Obliquer views in side-long Vista's glance,
And bending groves in fancy seem to dance.

Two equal lights descending from the sky,
O'erpow'r each other, and confuse the eye.

The greatest pleasures tire the most, and such
Still end in vices if enjoy'd too much.
Though painters often to the shades retire,
Yet too long ease but serves to quench the fire.
Wing'd with new praise, methinks they boldly fly
O'er airy Alps, and seem to touch the sky.
Still true to fame, here well-wrought busts decay,
High turrets nod, and arches sink away.
Ev'n the bare walls, whose breathing figures
glow'd

With each warm stroke that living art bestow'd,
Or slow decay, or hostile time invades,
And all in silence the fair fresco fades.
Each image yet in fancy'd thoughts we view,
And strong idea forms the scene a-new :
Delusive, she, Paulo's free stroke supplies,
Revives the face, and points th' enlight'ning
eyes.

'Tis thought each science, but in part, can boast
A length of toils for human life at most :
(So vast is art !) if this remark prove true,
'Tis dang'rous sure to think at once of two,
And hard to judge if greater praise there be
To please in painting, or in poetry ;
Yet painting lives less injur'd, or confin'd,
True to th' idea of the master's mind :
In ev'ry nation are her beauties known,
In ev'ry age the language is her own :
Nor time, nor change diminish from her fame ;
Her charms are universal, and the same.
O, could such blessings wait the poet's lays,
New beauties still, and still eternal praise !
Ev'n though the muses ev'ry strain inspire,
Exalt his voice, and animate his lyre :
Ev'n though their art each image shou'd combine
In one clear light, one harmony divine ;
Yet ah, how soon the casual bliss decays,
How great the pains, how transient is the praise !
Language, frail flow'r, is in a moment lost,
(That only product human wit can boast)
Now gay in youth, its early honours rise,
Now hated, curst, it fades away, and dies.

Yet verse first rose to soften human kind,
To mend their manners, and exalt their mind.
See, savage beasts stand list'ning to the lay,
And men more furious, and more wild than they ;
Ev'n shapeless trees a second birth receive,
Rocks move to form, and statues seem to live.
Immortal Homer felt the sacred rage,
And pious Orpheus taught a barb'rous age ;
Succeeding painters thence deriv'd their light,
And durst no more than those vouchsaf'd to
write.

At last t' adorn the gentler arts, appears
Illustrious Xeuxis from a length of years.
Parrhasius' hand with soft'ning strokes express
The nervous motions, and the folded vest :

Pregnant of life his rounded figures rise,
With strong relieve swelling on the eyes.
Evenor bold, with fair Apelles came,
And happy Nicias crown'd with deathless fame,
At length from Greece, of impious arms afraid,
Painting withdrew, and sought th' Italian shade ;
What time each science met its due regard,
And patrons took a pleasure to reward.
But ah, how soon must glorious times decay,
One transient joy, just known, and snatch'd away !
By the same foes, which painting shunn'd before,
Ev'n here she bleeds, and arts expire once more.
Ease, lust, and pleasures shake a feeble state,
Gothic invasions, and domestic hate ;
Time's slow decays, what these ev'n spare, con-
sume,

And Rome lies bury'd in the depths of Rome !

Long slumber'd Painting in a stupid trance
Of heavy zeal, and Monkish ignorance :
(When faith itself for mere dispute was giv'n,
Subtle was wise, and wranglers went to heav'n.)
Till glorious * Cimabue restor'd her crown,
And dipp'd the pencil, studious of renown.
Masaccio taught the finish'd piece to live,
And added ev'ry grace of perspective.
Exact correctnes^s Titian's hand bestow'd,
And Vinci's stroke with living labour glow'd.
Next Julio rose, who ev'ry language knew,
Liv'd o'er each age, and look'd all nature through.

In happy Paulo strength and art conspire,
The graces please us, and the muses fire.

Each nobler secret others boast alone,
By curious toil Caracci made his own :
Raphael's nice judgment, Angelo's design,
Correggio's warmth, and Guido's pleasing line.
Thrice glorious times, when ev'ry science charms,
When rapture lifts us, and religion warms !
Vocal to heav'n the swelling organs blow,
A shriller consort aids the notes below ;
Above, around the pictur'd saints appear,
And list'ning seraphs smile and bend to hear.

Thence Painting, by some happy genius led,
O'er the cold north in slow approaches spread.
Ev'n Britain's isle that blush'd with hostile gore,
Receiv'd her laws, unknown to yield before ;
Relenting now, her savage heroes stand,
And melt at ev'ry stroke from Reuben's hand.
Still in his right the graceful Jervas sways,
Sacred to beauty, and the fair one's praise,
Whose breathing paint another life supplies,
And calls new wonders forth from Mordaunt's eyes,
And Thornhill, gen'rous as his art, design'd
At once to profit and to please mankind.
Thy dome, O Paul's, which heav'nly views
adorn,

Shall guide the hands of painters yet unborn ;
Each melting stroke shall foreign eyes engage,
And shine unrivall'd through a future age.

Hail, happy artists ! in eternal lays
The kindred muses shall record your praise ;
Whose heav'nly aid inspir'd you first to rise,
And fix'd your fame immortal in the skies ;

* Giovanni Cimabue, born at Florence in the
year 1240 ; he was the first person who revived
painting after its unfortunate extirpation.

There sure to last, till nature's self expires,
Increasing still, and crown'd with clearer
fires:

High-rais'd above the blasts of public breath,
The voice of hatred, and the rage of death.

Ah, thus for ever may my numbers shine,
Bold as your thoughts, but easy as your line!
Then might the muse to distant ages live,
Contract new beauty, and new praise receive:
Fresh strength, and light ev'n time itself bestow,
Softens each line, and bid the thought to glow;
(Fame's second life) whose lasting glory tears
Nor change, nor envy, nor devouring years.

Then should these strains to Pembroke's hand
be born—

Whom native graces, gentle arts adorn,
Honour unshaken, piety resign'd,
A love of learning, and a gen'rous mind.

Yet, if by chance, enamour'd of his praise,
Some nobler bard shall rise in future days,
(When from his Wilton walls the strokes decay,
And all art's fair creation dies away:
Or solid statues, faithless to their trust,
In silence sink, to mix with vulgar dust;)—
Ages to come shall Pembroke's fame adore,
Dear to the muse, till Homer be no more.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE;

PARTICULARLY ON THE DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT.

I. THE origin and use of Satire. The excellency of Epic Satire above others, as adding example to precept, and animating by fable and sensible images. Epic Satire compared with Epic Poem, and wherein they differ: Of their extent, action, unities, episodes, and the nature of their morals. Of parody; of the style, figures, and wit proper to this sort of poem, and the superior talents requisite to excel in it.

II. The characters of the several authors of Satire. 1. The ancients; Homer, Simonides, Archilochus, Aristophanes, Menippus, Ennius, Lucilius, Varro, Horace, Persius, Petronius, Juvenal, Lucian, the Emperor Julian. 2. The moderns; Tassone, Coccaius, Rabelais, Regnier, Boileau, Dryden, Garth, Pope.

III. From the practice of all the best writers and men in every age and nation, the moral justice of Satire in general, and of this sort in particular is vindicated. The necessity of it shown in this age more especially, and why bad writers are at present the most proper objects of Satire. The true causes of bad writers. Characters of several sorts of them now abounding; envious critics, furious pedants, secret libellers, obscene poetesses, advocates for corruption, scoffers at religion, writers for deism, deistical and arrian-clergymen.

Application of the whole discourse to the Dunciad; concluding with an address to the author of it.

T' exalt the soul, or make the heart sincere,
To arm our lives with honesty severe,
To shake the wretch beyond the reach of law,
Deter the young, and touch the bold with awe,
To raise the fall'n, to hear the sufferer's cries,
And sanctify the virtues of the wise,
Old Satire rose from probity of mind,
The noblest ethics to reform mankind.

As Cynthia's orb excels the gems of night:
So Epic Satire shines distinctly bright.
Here genius lives, and strength in every part,
And lights and shades, and fancy fix'd by art,

A second beauty in its nature lies,
It gives not things, but beings to our eyes,
Life, substance, spirit animate the whole;
Fiction and fable are the sense and soul.
The common dulness of mankind, array'd
In pomp, here lives and breathes, a wond'rous
maid:

The poet decks her with each unknown grace,
Clears her dull brain, and brightens her dark face:
See! Father Chaos o'er his first-born nods,
And Mother Night, in majesty of gods!
See Querno's throne, by hands pontific rise,
And a fool's Pandæmonium strike our eyes!
Ey'n what on C—l the public bounteous pours,
Is sublimated here to golden show'rs.

A Dunciad or a Lutrin is complete,
And one in action; ludicrously great.
Each wheel rolls round in due degrees of force;
E'en episodes are needful, or of course:
Of course, when things are virtually begun
E'er the first ends, the Father and the Son:
Or else so needful, and exactly grac'd,
That nothing is ill-suited, or ill-plac'd.

True epic's a vast world, and this a small;
One has its proper beauties, and one all.
Like Cynthia, one in thirty days appears,
Like Saturn one, rolls round in thirty years.
There opens a wide tract, a length of floods,
A height of mountains, and a waste of woods:
Here but one spot; nor leaf, nor green depart
From rules; e'en nature seems the child of art.
As unities in epic works appear,
So must they shine in full distinction here.
Ev'n the warm Iliad shoves with slower pow'rs:
That forty days demands, this forty hours.

Each other Satire humbler arts has known,
Content with meaner beauties, though its own:
Enough for that, if rugged in its course
The verse but rolls with vehemence and force;
Or nicely pointed in th' Horatian way
Wounds keen, like Syrens mischievously gay.
Here, all has wit, yet must that wit be strong,
Beyond the turns of epigram or song.
The thought must rise exactly from the vice,
Sudden, yet finish'd, clear, and yet concise,

One harmony must first with last unite ;
As all true paintings have their place and light.
Transitions must be quick, and yet design'd,
Not made to fill, but just retain the mind :
And similes, like meteors of the night,
Just give one flash of momentary light.

As thinking makes the soul, low things express
In high-raised terms, define a Dunciad best.
Books and the man demands as much, or more,
Than he who wander'd to the Latian shore :
For here (eternal grief to Duns's soul,
And B——'s thin ghost!) the part contains the
whole :

Since in mock-epic none succeeds, but he
Who tastes the whole of epic poetry.

The moral must be clear and understood ;
But finer still, if negatively good :
Blaspheming Capaneus obliquely shows
T'adore those gods Æneas fears and knows.
A fool's the hero ; but the poet's end
Is, to be candid, modest, and a friend.

Let classic learning sanctify each part,
Not only show your reading, but your art.

The charms of parody, like those of wit,
If well contrasted, never fail to hit ;
One half in light, and one in darkness dress'd,
(For contraries oppos'd still shine the best.)
When a cold page half-breaks the writer's heart,
By this it warms, and brightens into art.
When rhet'ric glitters with too pompous pride,
By this, like Circe, 'tis undeify'd.
So Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
(Deck'd in rich robes, of trees, and plants, and
flow'rs,

And crown'd illustrious with an hundred tow'rs)
O'er all Parnassus casts her eyes at once,
And sees an hundred sons—and each a Dunce.

The language next : from hence new pleasure
springs ;

For styles are dignify'd, as well as things.
Though sense subsists, distinct from phrase or sound,
Yet gravity conveys a surer wound.
The chymic secret which your pains would find,
Breaks out, unsought for, in Cervantes' mind ;
And Quixot's wildness, like that king's of old,
Turns all he touches into pomp and gold.
Yet in this pomp discretion must be had ;
Tho' grave, not stiff ; tho' whimsical, not mad :
In works like these, if sustian might appear,
Mock-epics, Blackmore, would not cost thee dear.

We grant that Butler ravishes the heart,
As Shakspeare soar'd beyond the reach of art ;
(For nature form'd those poets without rules,
To fill the world with imitating fools.)
What burlesque could, was by that genius done ;
Yet faults it has, impossible to shun :
Th' unchanging strain for want of grandeur cloy,
And gives too oft the horse-laugh mirth of boys :
The short-legg'd verse, and double-gingling sound,
So quick surprise us, that our heads run round :
Yet in this work peculiar life presides,
And wit, for all the world to glean besides.

Here pause, my muse, too daring and too young !
Nor rashly aim at precepts yet unsung.
Can man the master of the Dunciad teach ?
And these new bays what other hopes to reach ?

'Twere better judg'd, to study and explain
Each ancient grace he copies not in vain ;
To trace thee, Satire, to thy utmost spring,
Thy form, thy changes, and thy authors sing.

All nations with this liberty dispense,
And bid us shock the man that shocks good sense.

Great Homer first the mimic sketch design'd ;
What grasp'd not Homer's comprehensive mind ?
By him who virtue prais'd, was folly curst,
And who Achilles sung, drew * Dunce the First.

Next him Simonides, with lighter air,
In beasts, and apes, and vermin, paints the fair :
The good Scriblerus in like forms displays
The reptile rhymesters of these later days.

More fierce, Archilochus ! thy vengeful flame ;
Fools read and dy'd : for blockheads then had
shame.

The † comic-satirist attack'd his age,
And found low arts, and pride, among the sage :
See learned Athens stand attentive by,
And Stoics learn their foibles from the eye.

‡ Latium's fifth Homer held the Greeks in view ;
Solid, though rough, yet incorrect as new.

Lucilius, warm'd with more than mortal flame,
Rose next §, and held a torch to ev'ry shame.

See stern Menippus, cynical, unclean ;
And Grecian Cento's, mannerly obscene.

Add the last efforts of Pacuvius' rage,
|| And the chaste decency of Varro's page.

See Horace next, in each reflection nice,
Learn'd, but not vain, the foe of fools, not vice.

Each page instructs, each sentiment prevails,
All shines alike ; he rallies, but ne'er rails :

With courtly ease conceals a master's art,
And least expected steals upon the heart.

Yet ¶ Cassius felt the fury of his rage,
(Cassius, the We——d of a former age)

And sad Alpinus, ignorantly read,
Who murder'd Memnon, though for ages dead.

Then Persius came, whose line, though rough-
ly wrought,

His sense o'erpaid the stricture of his thought.
Here in clear light the stoic-doctrine shines,
Truth all subdued, or patience all resigns.

A mind supreme ! impartial, yet severe :
Pure in each act, in each recess sincere !

Yet rich ill poets urg'd the stoic's frown,
And bade him strike at dulness and a crown **.

The vice and luxury Petronius drew,
In Nero meet : th' imperial point of view :

The Roman Wilmot, that could vice chastise,
Pleas'd the mad king he serv'd to satirize.

The †† next in Satire felt a nobler rage,
What honest heart could bear Domitian's age ?

See his strong sense and numbers masculine !
His soul is kindled, and he kindles mine :

* *Margites.* † *Aristophanes.*

‡ *Ennius.*

§ — *clarumq. facem præferre pudori,*
Juv. S. 1.

|| See Varro's character in Cicero's *Academica.*

¶ Alludes to this couplet in his second Satire,
Compositum jus fasq. animi sanctiq. recessus,
Mentis, et incolam generoso pectus honesto.

** See his first Satire of Nero's Verses.

†† *Juvenal.*

Scornful of vice, and fearless of offence,
He flows a torrent of impetuous sense.

Lo! savage tyrants who blasphem'd their God
Turn suppliants now, and gaze at * Julian's rod.

Lucian, severe, but in a gay disguise,
Attacks old faith, or sports in learned † lies;
Sets heroes and philosophers at odds;
And scourges mortals, and dethrones the gods.

Then all was night—But Satire rose once more
Where Medici and Leo arts restore.

Tassoni shone fantastic, but sublime:

And he, who form'd the Macaronic-rhyme:

Then westward too by slow degrees confest,
Where boundless Rabelais made the world his jest;
Marot had nature, Regnier force and flame,
But swallow'd all in Boileau's matchless fame!
Extensive soul! who rang'd all learning o'er,
Present and past—and yet found room for more.
Full of new sense, exact in every page,
Unbounded, and yet sober in thy rage.

Strange fate! Thy solid sterling of two lines,
Drawn to our Tinsel, through whole pages shines! ‡

In Albion then, with equal lustre bright,
Great Dryden rose, and steer'd by nature's light.
Two glimmering orbs he just observ'd from far,
The ocean wide, and dubious either star,
Donne teem'd with wit, but all was maim'd and
bruise'd,

The periods endless, and the sense confus'd:
Oldham rush'd on, impetuous, and sublime,
But lame in language, harmony, and rhyme.
These (with new graces) vigorous nature join'd
In one, and center'd 'em in Dryden's mind.
How full thy verse? Thy meaning how severe?
How dark thy theme? yet made exactly clear.
Not mortal is thy accent, nor thy rage,
Yet mercy softens, or contracts each page.
Dread bard! instruct us to revere thy rules,
And hate like thee, all rebels, and all fools.

His spirit ceas'd not (in strict truth) to be;
For dying Dryden breath'd, O Garth! on thee,
Bade thee to keep alive his genuine rage,
Half-sunk in want, oppression and old age;
Then, when thy § pious hands repos'd his head,
When vain young lords and ev'n the flamen fled.
For well thou knew'st his merit and his art,
His upright mind, clear head, and friendly heart.
Ev'n Pope himself (who sees no virtue bleed
But bears th' affliction) envies thee the deed.

O Pope! instructor of my studious days,
Who fix'd my steps in virtue's early ways:
On whom our labours, and our hopes depend,
Thou more than patron, and ev'n more than
Above all flattery, all thirst of gain, [friend!
And mortal but in sickness, and in pain!
Thou taught'st old Satire nobler fruits to bear,
And check'd her licence with a moral care:
Thou gav'st the thought new beauties not its own,
And touch'd the verse with graces yet unknown.
Each lawless branch thy level eye survey'd,
And still corrected nature as she stray'd:

* *The Cæsars of the Emperor Julian.*

† *Lucian's True History.*

‡ *Roscommon, Revers'd.*

§ *Dr. Garth took care of Mr. Dryden's funeral, which some noblemen, who undertook it, had neglected.*

Warm'd Boileau's sense with Britain's genuine fire,
And added softness to Tassoni's lyre.

Yet mark the hideous nonsense of the age,
And thou thyself the subject of its rage.

So in old times, round godlike Scæva ran
Rome's dastard sons, a million, and a man.

Th' exalted merits of the wise and good
Are seen, far off, and rarely understood.
The world's a father to a Dunce unknown,
And much he thrives, for, Dullness! he's thy own.
No hackney brethren e'er condemn him twice;
He fears no enemies, but dust and mice.

If Pope but writes, the devil Legion raves,
And meagre critics mutter in their caves:
(Such critics of necessity consume
All wit, as hangmen ravish'd maids at Rome.)
Names he a scribler? all the world's in arms,
Augusta, Granta, Rhedecyna swarms:
The guilty reader fancies what he fears,
And every Midas trembles for his ears.

See all such malice, obloquy, and spite
Expire ere morn, the mushroom of a night!
Transient as vapours glimm'ring through the glades,
Half-form'd and idle, as the dreams of maids,
Vain as the sick man's vow, or young man's sigh,
Third-nights of bards, or H——'s sophistry.

These ever hate the poet's sacred line:
These hate whatever is glorious, or divine.
From one eternal fountain beauty springs,
The energy of wit, and truth of things, [tend,
That source is God: from him they downwards
Flow round—yet in their native centre end.
Hence rules, and truth, and order, Dunces strike;
Of arts, and virtues, enemies alike.

Some urge, that poets of supreme renown
Judge ill to scourge the refuse of the town.
Howe'er their casuists hope to turn the scale,
These men must smart, or scandal will prevail.
By these the weaker sex still suffer most:
And such are prais'd who rose at honour's cost:
The learn'd they wound, the virtuous, and the fair,
No fault they cancel, no reproach they spare:
The random shaft, impetuous in the dark,
Sings on unseen, and quivers in the mark.
'Tis justice, and not anger, makes us write,
Such sons of darkness must be drag'd to light:
Long-suff'ring nature must not always hold;
In virtue's cause 'tis gen'rous to be bold.
To scourge the bad, th' unwary to reclaim,
And make light flash upon the face of shame.

*Others have urg'd (but weigh it, and you'll find
'Tis light as feathers blown before the wind)
That poverty, the curse of providence,
Atones for a dull writer's want of sense:
Alas! his dullness 'twas that made him poor;
Not *vice versa*: We infer no more.
Of vice and folly poverty's the curse,
Heaven may be rigid, but the man was worse,
By good-made bad, by favours more disgrac'd,
So dire th' effects of ignorance misplac'd!
Of idle youth, unwatch'd by parents eyes!
Of zeal for pence, and dedication lies!
Of conscience modell'd by a great man's looks!
And arguings in religion—from no books!

No light the darkness of that mind invades,
Where Chaos rules, enshrin'd in genuine shades;
Where, in the dungeon of the soul enclos'd,
True Dullness nods, reclining and repos'd.

Sense, grace, or harmony, ne'er enter there,
Nor human faith, nor piety sincere;
A midnight of the spirits, foul, and head,
(Suspended all) as thought itself lay dead.
Yet oft a mimic gleam of transient light
Breaks through this gloom, and then they think
they write;

From streets to streets th' unnumber'd pamphlets
* Then tremble Warner, Brown, and Billingsly.

O thou most gentle deity appear,
Thou who still hear'st, and yet art prone to hear;
Whose eye ne'er closes, and whose brains ne'er rest,
(Thy own dear Dullness bawling at thy breast)
Attend, O patience, on thy arm reclin'd,
And see wit's endless enemies behind!

And ye, our muses, with a hundred tongues,
And thou, O Henley! blest with brazen lungs;
Fanatic Withers! fam'd for rhimes and sighs,
And Jacob Behmen! most obscurely wise;
From darkness palpable, on dusky wings
Ascend! and shroud him who your offspring sings.

The first with Egypt's darkness in his head
Thinks wit the devil, and curses books unread.
For twice ten winters has he blunder'd on,
Through heavy comments, yet ne'er lost nor won:
Much may be done in twenty winters more,
And let him then learn English at threescore.
No sacred Maro glitters on his shelf,
He wants the mighty Stagyrice himself.

See vast † Coimbria's comments pil'd on high,
In heaps ‡ Soncinas, Sotus, Sanchez lie:
For idle hours, § Sa's idler casuistry.

Yet worse is he, who in one language read,
Has one eternal jingling in his head,
At night, at morn, in bed, and on the stairs . . .
Talks flights to grooms, and makes lewd songs at
pray'rs.

His pride, a pun: a guinea his reward,
His critic, G-ld-n, Jemmy M-re his bard.

What artful hand the wretch's form can hit,
Begot by Satan on a M——ly's wit:
In parties furious at the great man's nod,
And hating none for nothing, but his God:
Foe to the learn'd, the virtuous, and the sage,
A pimp in youth, an atheist in old age:
Now plung'd in bawdry and substantial lies,
Now dabbling in ungodly theories;
But so, as swallows skim the pleasing flood,
Grows giddy, but ne'er drinks to do him good:
Alike resolv'd to flatter, or to cheat,
Nay worship onions, if they cry, come eat:
A foe to faith, in revelation blind,
And impious much, as Dunces are by kind.

Next see the master-piece of flatt'ry rise,
Th' annointed son of Dullness and of Lies.

¶ Whose softest whisper fills a patron's ear,
Who smiles unpleas'd, and mourns without a tear,
Persuasive, though a woful blockhead he:
Truth dies before his shadowy sophistry.

* Three booksellers.

† Coimbria's comments. Colleg. Conimbricense a
society in Spain, which published tedious explanations of
Aristotle.

‡ Soncinas, a schoolman.

§ Sa (Eman. de) See Paschal's Mystery of Jesuitism.

¶ Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire fusurro. Juven. S. 4.

Flet, si lacrymas aspexit amici, Nec dolet. S. 3.

* For well he knows the vices of the town,
The schemes of state, and int'rest of the gown;
Immoral afternoons, indecent nights,
Enflaming wines, and second appetites.

But most the theatres with Dullness groan,
Embrio's half-form'd, a progeny unknown:
Fine things for nothing, transports out of season,
Effects un-caus'd, and murders without reason.
Here worlds run round, and years are taught to
Each scene an elegy, each act a play †. [stay,
Can the same pow'r such various passions move?
Rejoice or weep, 'tis every thing for love.

The self-same cause produces heav'n and hell:
Things contrary as buckets in a well;

One up, one down, one empty, and one full:
Half high, half low, half witty, and half dull.

So on the borders of an ancient wood,
Or where some poplar trembles o'er the flood,
Arachne travels on her filmy thread,
Now high, now low, or on her feet or head.

Yet these love verse, as ‡ croaking comforts frogs,
And mire and ordure are the heaven of hogs.

As well might nothing bind immensity,
Or passive matter immaterials see,

As these should write by reason, rhyme, and rule,
Or he turn wit, whom nature doom'd a fool.

If Dryden err'd, 'twas human frailty once,
But blundering is the essence of a Dunce.

Some write for glory, but the phantom fades;
Some write as party, or as spleen invades;

A third, because his father was well read,
And murd'rer-like, calls blushes from the dead.

Yet all for morals and for arts contend——
They want 'em both, who never prais'd a friend,

More ill, than dull; for pure stupidity
Was ne'er a crime in honest Banks, or me.

See next a crowd in damasks, silks, and crapes,
Equivocal in drefs, half-belles, half-trapes:

A length of night-gown rich Phantasia trails,
Olinda wears one shift, and pares no nails:

Some in C——l's cabinet each act display,
When nature in a transport dies away:

Some more refin'd transcribe their opera-loves
On iv'ry tablets, or in clean white gloves:

Some of Platonic, some of carnal taste,
Hoop'd, or un-hoop'd, ungarter'd, or unlac'd.

Thus thick in air the wing'd creation play,
When vernal Phæbus rouls the light away,

A motley race, half insects and half fowls,
Loose-tail'd and dirty, May-flies, bats, and owls.

Gods, that this native nonsense was our worst!
With crimes more deep, O Albion! art thou curst.

No judgment open prophanation fears,
For who dreads God, that can preserve his ears?

* ——— Noverat ille

Luxuriam Imperii veteris, noctesq; Neronis

Jam medias, aliamq; famem. Juven. S. 4.

† Et chaque Acte en sa piece et une piece entiere. Boil.

‡ When a poor genius has labour'd much, he judges
well not to expect the encomiums of the public: for these
are not his due. Yet for fear his drudgery should have
no recompense, God (of his goodness) has given him a
personal satisfaction. To envy him in this would be in-
justice beyond barbarity itself: Thus the same deity (who
is equally just in all points) has given frogs the comfort
of croaking, &c.

Le Pere Gerasse Sommes Theol. L. 2.

Oh save me, Providence, from vice refin'd,
That worst of ills, a speculative mind * !
Not that I blame divine philosophy,
(Yet much we risk, for pride and learning lie.)
Heav'n's paths are found by nature more than art,
The schoolman's head misleads the layman's heart.

What unrepented deeds has Albion done?
Yet spare us heav'n ! return, and spare thy own.
Religion vanishes to types, and shade,
By wits, by fools, by her own sons betray'd !
Sure 'twas enough to give the dev'l his due,
Must such men mingle with the priesthood too?
So stood Onias at th' Almighty's throne,
Profanely cinctur'd in a harlot's zone.

Some Rome, and some the Reformation blame;
'Tis hard to say from whence such license came;
From fierce enthusiasts, or Socinians sad?
C——ns the soft, or Bourignon the mad?
From wayward nature, or lewd poet's rhimes?
From praying, canting, or king-killing times?
From all the dregs which Gallia could pour forth,
(Those sons of schism) landed in the north?—
From whence it came, they and the d—l best know,
Yet thus much, Pope, each atheist is thy foe.

O decency, forgive these friendly rhimes,
For raking in the dunghill of their crimes.
To name each monster would make printing dear,
Or tire Ned Ward, who writes six books a-year.

* Plato calls this an ignorance of a dark and dangerous nature, under appearance of the greatest wisdom.

Such vicious nonsense, impudence, and spite,
Would make a hermit, or a father write.
Though Julian held the world, and held no more
Than deist Gildon taught, or Toland swore,
† Good Greg'ry prov'd him execrably bad,
And scourg'd his soul, with drunken reason mad.
Much longer, Pope restrain'd his awful hand,
Wept o'er poor Nineveh, and her dull band,
'Till fools like weeds rose up, and chok'd the land.
Long, long he slumber'd e'er th' avenging hour;
For dubious mercy half o'er-rul'd his pow'r:
'Till the wing'd bolt, red-hissing from above
Pierc'd millions thro'—For such the wrath of
Jove.

Hell, chaos, darkness, tremble at the sound,
And prostrate fools bestrow the vast profound:
No Charon wafts 'em from the farther shore,
Silent they sleep, alas ! to rise no more.

Oh Pope, and sacred criticism ! forgive
A youth who dares approach your shrine and live !
Far has he wander'd in an unknown night,
No guide to lead him, but his own dim light.
For him more fit, in vulgar paths to tread,
To show th' unlearn'd what they never read,
Youth to improve, or rising genius tend
To science much, to virtue more, a friend.

† Gregory Nazianz : a father at the beginning of the fourth century. He writ two most bitter satires (or invectives) against the Emperor Julian.

TRANSLATIONS, PARAPHRASES, &c.

ACONTIUS TO CYDIPPE. FROM OVID.

ARGUMENT.

In a religious assembly at the temple of Diana in Delos, Acontius was much enamour'd with Cydippe, a lady of remarkable wit and beauty. Besides this, her fortune and family were much above his own : which made him solicitous how to discover his passion in a successful manner. At last he procured a very beautiful apple, upon which he wrote a distic to this purpose, " I swear by chaste Diana I will for ever be thy " wife." So soon as he had written it, he threw the apple directly at the feet of Cydippe, who imagining nothing of the deceit, took it up, and having read the inscription, found herself obliged by a solemn oath to marry Acontius. For in those times all oaths which were made in the temple of Diana, were esteemed inviolable. Some time afterwards, her father, who knew nothing of what had happen'd espoused her to another lover. The marriage was just upon the point of celebration, when Cydippe was seized with a violent fever. Acontius writes to her, he reminds her of a former solemn obligation, and artfully insinuates that her distemper is inflicted as a just punishment from Diana.

ONCE more, Cydippe all thy fears remove,
'Tis now too late to dread a cheat in love.
Those rosy lips in accents half divine,
Breath'd the soft promise in the Delian shrine;

Dear awful oath ! enough Cydippe swore,
No human ties can bind a virgin more.
So may kind heav'n attend a lover's pray'r,
Softens thy pains, and comfort my despair.
See, the warm blush your modest cheeks inflame ;
Yet is there cause for anger or for shame !
Recall to mind those tender lines of love,
Deny you cannot—though your heart disprove.
Still must I wait in impotent desires,
And only hope revive the fainting fires ?
Yet did'st thou promise to be ever mine——
A conscious horror seem'd to shake the shrine,
The pow'r consenting bow'd ; a beam of light
Flash'd from the skies, and made the temple bright,
Ah ! then Cydippe, dry thy precious tears :
The more my fraud, the more my love appears.
Love ever-watchful, ev'n by nature charms ;
Inflames the modest, and the wise disarms ?
Fair yet dissembling, pleasing but to cheat
With tender blandishment, and soft deceit.
Kind speaking motions, melancholy sighs,
Tears that delight, and eloquence of eyes.
Love first the treach'rous dear design inspir'd
My hopes exalted, and my genius fir'd :
Ah ! sure I cannot——must not guilty prove ;
Deceit itself is laudable in love !
Once more inspir'd such tender lines I send,
See, my hand trembles lest my thoughts offend.
Heroes in war inflam'd by beauty's charms,
Tear the sad virgin from her parents arms ;
I too, like these, feel the fierce flames of love,
Yet check my rage, and modestly reprove.

Ah, teach me, heav'n, some language to persuade,
 Some other vows to bind the faithless maid;
 O love all-cloquent, you only know
 To touch the soul with elegies of woe!
 If treach'ry fail, by force I urge my right,
 Sheath'd in rough armour, formidably bright:
 So Paris snatch'd his Spartan bride away,
 A half denying, half consenting prey;
 I too resolve——whate'er the dangers be,
 For death is nothing when compar'd to thee,
 Were you less fair, I then might guiltless prove,
 And moderate the fury of my love.
 But ah! those charms for ever must inspire,
 Each look, each motion sets my soul on fire.
 Heav'n's! with what pleasing ecstasies of pain
 Trembling I gaze, and watch thy glance in vain.
 How can I praise those golden curls that deck
 Each glowing cheek, or wave around thy neck:
 Thy swelling arms, and forehead rising fair,
 Thy modest sweetness, and attractive air;
 Adjoin to these a negligence of grace,
 A winning accent, and enchanting face.
 Dear matchless charms! I cease to name the rest,
 Nor wonder thou that love inflames my breast.

Since all alike to Hymen's altars bend,
 Ah, blest at once the lover, and the friend!
 Let envy rage, and int'rest disapprove,
 Envy and int'rest must submit to love.
 By pray'rs and vows Hesiore was won
 To share the joys of hostile Telamon.
 Soft gen'rous pity touch'd the * captive dame
 Who warm'd Achilles with a lover's flame.
 To bless the wretched, shows a soul divine——
 Be ever angry——but be ever mine.
 Yet can no pray'rs thy firm resentment move?
 Wretch that I was so ill to fix my love!
 See, at thy feet despairing wild I roul,
 Grief swells my heart, and anguish racks my soul,
 There fix my doom; relentless to my sighs,
 And lifted hands, and supplicating eyes.
 Then wilt thou say (for pity sure must move
 A virgin's breast) "how patient is his love!"
 "Ev'n my heart trembles, as his tears I see;
 "The youth who serves so well, is worthy me."
 Still must I then in sad distraction moan?
 My cause unheeded, and my grief unknown.
 Ah, no——Acontius cannot write in vain;
 Sure ev'ry wretch has license to complain!
 But if you triumph in a lover's woe,
 Remember still Diana is your foe!
 Diana listen'd to the vows you made,
 And trembled at the change her eyes survey'd.
 Ah, think, repent, while yet the time is giv'n,
 Fierce is the vengeance of neglected heav'n!
 By Dian's hand the Phrygian matron fell,
 Sent with her race, an early shade to hell.
 Chang'd to a stag, Acteon pour'd away,
 In the same morn the chaser and the prey.
 Althea rag'd with more than female hate,
 And hurl'd into the flames the brand of fate.
 Like these offensive, punish'd too like these
 Heav'n blasts thy joys, and heightens the disease.
 Nor think Cydippe (as my fears foresee)
 A thought unworthy of thyself, or me!
 Think not I frame this seeming truth, to prove
 Thy stern disdain, a pious fraud in love;

* *Briseis.*

Rather than so, I yet abjure thy charms,
 And yield thee scornful, to another's arms!
 Alas, for this pale sickness haunts thy bed,
 And shooting aches seem to tear thy head;
 A sudden vengeance waits thy guilty loves;
 Absent is Hymen, Dian disapproves.
 Think then, repent—recall the parting breath
 O'er thy lips hov'ring in the hour of death.
 See, on thy cheeks the fading purple dies,
 And shades of darkness settle on thy eyes.
 But whence, ye pow'rs, or wherefore rose that
 Still must I mourn in absence, or despair; [pray'r?
 Forc'd, if she dies, the promise to resign——
 Ev'n if she lives, I must not call her mine!

Like some pale ghost around thy house I rove,
 Now burn in rage, and now relent with love;
 A thousand needless messages I make,
 A thousand mournful speeches give, and take.
 O that my skill the sov'reign virtues knew
 Of ev'ry herb that drinks the early dew,
 Then might I hear thy moans, thy sickness see,
 Nor were it sure a crime to gaze on thee.
 Perhaps ev'n now, (as fear foresees too well)
 The wretch I curse, detest, avoid like hell,
 Beside thee breathes a love-dejected sigh,
 And marks the silent glances of thy eye.
 Some faint excuse he raises, to detain
 Thy swelling arm, and press the beating vein:
 Now o'er thy neck his glowing fingers rove,
 Too great a pleasure for so mean a love!
 Villain beware! the sacred nymph resign——
 Avoid, detest her, dread whate'er is mine;
 Elsewhere a lover's preference I give,
 But cease to rival here, or cease to live.
 The vows you claim by right of human laws,
 At best but serve to vindicate my cause.
 To thee alone by duty is she kind;
 Can parents alienate a daughter's mind?
 First weigh the crime, the vengeance next explore,
 The father promis'd, but the daughter swore:
 That merely vain on human faith relies;
 But this obtests the sanction of the skies.

Here cease my woes——ah, whither am I
 A woman's triumph, and a rival's scorn? [borne
 Vain are my vows, unheeded is my pray'r,
 The scatt'ring winds have lost 'em all in air;
 Yet think Cydippe, e'er thy lover dies!
 Banish that wretch for ever from thy eyes;
 Scorn, envy, censures are conferr'd on me,
 And pain,—and death is all he brings to thee.
 Gods! may some vengeance crimes like these a-
 And snatch his life, to mediate for thy own [tone,
 Nor think to please avenging Cynthia's eyes
 With streams of blood in holy sacrifice:
 Heav'n claims the real, not the formal part,
 A troubled spirit, and repenting heart.
 For ease, and health the patient oft requires
 The piercing steel, and burns alive in fires;
 Not so with you——ah, but confirm the vow!
 One look; one promise can restore thee now;
 Again thy smiles eternal joys bestow,
 And thy eyes sparkle, and thy blushes glow.

Suppose from me for ever you remove,
 Once must you fall a sacrifice to love;
 And then, ah, then will angry Cynthia close
 Thy wakeful eyes, or ease a matron's throes?
 Yet wilt thou ever find a cause for shame?
 No sure——a mother cannot, must not blame.

Tell her the vow, the place, the sacred day
 I gaz'd on thee, and gaz'd my heart away :
 Then will she surely say (if e'er she knew
 But half that tender love I feel for you)
 " Ah, think Cydippe, and his consort be ;
 " The youth who pleas'd Diana, pleases me !
 Yet if she asks (as women oft require)
 Tell her my life, my nation, and my fire :
 Not void of youthful vanities I came,
 Nor yet inglorious in the world of fame ;
 From ancient race I drew my gen'rous blood,
 Where Cea's isle o'erlooks the watery flood :
 Add, that I study ev'ry art to please,
 Blest in my genius, born to live at ease.
 Wit, merit, learning cannot fail to move,
 And all those dearer blessings lost in love !
 Ah ! had you never sworn, 'twere hard to choose
 A love like mine——and will you now refuse ?
 In midnight dreams when wakeful fancy keeps
 Its dearest thoughts, and ev'n in slumber weeps,
 Diana's self these mournful strains inspir'd,
 And Cupid when I wak'd, my genius fir'd.
 Methinks, ev'n now, his piercing arrows move
 My tender breast, and spread the pains of love.
 Like me beware, unhappy as thou art !
 Direct at thee Diana aims her dart
 To drink the blood that feeds thy faithless heart. }
 The loves thou never can'st enjoy, resign ;
 Nor rashly lose another life with thine,
 Then will we, eager as our joys, remove
 To Dian's shrine, the patroness of love !
 High o'er her head in triumph shall be plac'd
 The golden fruit, with this inscription grac'd ;
 " Ye hapless lovers, hence, for ever know
 " Acontius gain'd the nymph who caus'd his woe !"
 Here cease my hand——I tremble, lest each line
 Should wound a soul so griev'd, so touch'd as thine.
 No more my thoughts th' ungrateful toil pursue ;
 Pleasure farewell, and thou, my dear, adieu !

PART OF PINDAR'S FIRST PYTHIAN
 ODE PARAPHRASED.

Χρυσία φόρμιξ Ἀπολλῶ——

ARGUMENT.

THIS Ode is addressed to Hieron king of Sicily, as is also the first of the Olympics. Pindar takes occasion to begin with an encomium on music, finely describing its effects upon the passions. We must suppose this art to be one of his hero's more distinguishable excellencies ; as it appears from several passages in the Ode above. From thence he expatiates in the praise of poetry ; and inveighs very severely upon those who either contemn, or have no taste for that divine science. Their misfortunes and punishments are instanced by those of Typhœus : whom the poets imagine to be imprisoned by Jupiter under mount Ætna. The digressions in this Ode are the most inartificial and surprising of any in the whole author. We are once more in the hero's native country ; every thing opens agreeably to the eye, and the poem proceeds after Pindar's usual manner.

STROPHE I.

GENTLE lyre, begin the strain ;
 Wake the string to voice again.

Music rules the world above ;
 Music is the food of love.
 Soften'd by the pow'r of sound,
 Human passions melt away :
 Melancholy feels no wound,
 Envy sleeps, and fears decay.
 Entranc'd in pleasure Jove's dread eagle lies,
 Nor grasps the bolt, nor darts his fiery eyes.

ANTISTROPHE I.

See, Mars awak'd by loud alarms
 Rolls o'er the field his sanguine eyes,
 His heart tumultuous beats to arms,
 And terrors glare, and furies rise !
 Hark the pleasing lutes complain,
 In a softly-breathing strain ;
 Love, and slumber seal his eye
 By the gentle charms oppress'd :
 From his rage he steals a sigh,
 Sinking on Dione's breast.

EPODE I.

Verse, gentle verse from heav'n descending came,
 Curst by the wicked, hateful to the vain :
 Tyrants and slaves profane its sacred name,
 Deaf to the tender lay, or vocal strain.---
 In fires of hell Typhœus glows,
 Imprison'd by the wrath of Jove ;
 No ease his restless fury knows,
 Nor sounds of joy, nor pleasing love,
 Where, glitt'ring faintly on the eye,
 Sicilian Ætna props the sky
 With mountains of eternal snow ;
 He darts his fiery eyes in vain,
 And heaves, and roars, and bites his chain
 In impotence of woe.

STROPHE II.

Angry flames like scarlet glowing
 Fiery torrents ever flowing,
 Smoke along the with'ring plain
 Ere they rush into the main.
 When the sable veil of night
 Stretches o'er the shaded sky,
 Fires of sulphur gleam with light,
 Burning rocks disparted fly.
 Sudden, by turns the flashing flames arise,
 Pour down the winds, or tremble up the skies.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In fair Sicilia's rich domain,
 Where flow'rs and fruits eternal blow,
 Where plenty spreads her peaceful reign,
 And seas surround, and fountains flow,
 Bright religion lifts her eye,
 Wand'ring through the kindred-sky.
 Hail thou, everlasting Jove,
 Parent of th' Aonian quire ;
 Touch my raptur'd soul with love,
 Warm we with celestial fire !

EPODE II.

The pious mariner when first he sweeps
 The foaming billows, and exalts his sails,
 Propitiates ev'ry pow'r that rules the deeps,
 Led by new hopes, and borne by gentle gales.
 So e'er the muse disus'd to sing,
 Emblazons her fair hero's praise :
 (What time she wakes the trembling string,
 Attemper'd to the vocal lay ;
 Prostrate in humble guise she bends,
 While some celestial pow'r descends.

To guide her airy flights along ;
 God of the silver bow, give ear ;
 (Whom Tenedos, and Chrysa fear)
 Observant of the song !

STROPHE III.

Gentle wishes, chaste desires,
 Holy Hymen's purer fires :
 Lives of innocence and pleasure,
 Moral virtue's mystic treasure ;
 Wisdom, eloquence, and love,
 All are blessings from above.
 Hence regret, distaste, dispraise,
 Guilty nights, uneasy days :
 Repining jealousies, calm friendly wrongs,
 And fiercer envy, and the strife of tongues.

ANTISTROPHE III.

When virtue bleeds beneath the laws,
 Or ardent nations rise in arms,
 Thy mercies judge the doubtful cause,
 Thy courage ev'ry beast alarms.
 Kindling with heroic fire
 Once again I sweep the lyre.
 Fair as summer's evening skies,
 Ends thy life serene, and glorious ;
 Happy hero, great and wise,
 O'er thy foes, and self victorious.

THE EPISODE OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,

Translated from the fourth Georgic of Virgil.

At chorus æqualis Dryadum—

HER sudden death the Mountain-Dryads mourn'd,
 And Rhodope's high brow the dirge return'd :
 Bleak Orythya trembled at their woe,
 And silver Hebrus murmur'd in his flow.
 While to his mournful harp, unseen, alone,
 Despairing Orpheus warbled out his moan.
 With rosy dawn his plaintive lays begun,
 His plaintive voice sung down the setting sun.

Now in the frantic bitterness of woe
 Silent he treads the dreary realms below,
 His loss in tender numbers to deplore, [fore.
 And touch the souls who ne'er were touch'd be-
 Mov'd with the pleasing harmony of song,
 The shadowy spectres 'round the poet throng :
 Num'rous as birds that o'er the forest play,
 (When evening Phœbus rous'd the light away :
 Or when high Jove in wintry seasons pours
 A sudden deluge from descending show'rs.)
 The mother's ghost, the father's rev'rend shade,
 The blooming hero, and th' unmarry'd maid :
 The new-born heir who soon lamented dies,
 And feeds the flames before his parent's eyes ;
 All whom Cocytus' fable water bounds,
 And Styx with thrice three wand'ring streams sur-
 rounds.

See, the dread regions tremble and admire !
 Ev'n Pain unmov'd stands heark'ning to the lyre.
 Intent, Ixion stares, nor seems to feel
 The rapid motions of the whirling wheel.
 Th' unfolding snakes around the furies play,
 As the pale sisters listen to the lay.

Nor was the poet's moving suit deny'd,
 Again to realms above he bears his bride.

When (stern decree !) he turns his longing eyes,
 'Tis done, she's lost, for ever ever flies---
 Too small the fault, too lasting was the pain,
 Could love but judge, or hell relent again !
 Amaz'd he stands, and by the glimpse of day
 Just sees th' unbody'd shadow flit away.
 When thus she cry'd---ah, too unthoughtful spouse
 Thus for one look to violate thy vows !
 Fate bears me back, again to hell I fly,
 Eternal darkness swims before my eye :
 Again the melancholy plains I see,
 Ravish'd from life, from pleasure, and from thee !
 She said, and sinking into endless night,
 Like exhalations vanish'd from the sight.
 In vain he sprung to seize her, wept, or pray'd,
 Swift glides away the visionary shade.

How wilt thou now, unhappy Orpheus, tell
 Thy second loss, and melt the pow'rs of hell ?
 Cold are those lips that blest thy soul before,
 And her fair eyes must roll on thine no more.
 Sev'n tedious moons despairing, wild he stood,
 And told his woes to Strymon's freezing flood.
 Beneath his feet eternal snows were spread,
 And airy rocks hang nodding o'er his head,
 The savage beasts in circles round him play,
 And rapid streams stand list'ning to the lay.

So when the shepherd-swain with curious eyes
 Marks the fair nest, and makes the young his prize :
 Sad Philomel, in poplar shades alone,
 In vain renews her lamentable moan.
 From night to morn she chaunts her tender love.
 And mournful music dies along the grove.

No thoughts of pleasure now his soul employ,
 Averse to Venus and the nuptial joy :
 Wild as the winds o'er Thracia's plains he roves,
 O'er the bleak mountains, and the leafless groves,
 When stung with rage the Bacchanalian train
 Rush'd to the bard, and stretch'd him on the plain
 (Nor sounds, nor pray'rs their giddy fury move,
 And he must cease to live, or learn to love)
 See, from his shoulders in a moment flies
 His bleeding head, and now, ah now he dies !
 Yet as he dy'd, Eurydice he mourn'd,
 Eurydice, the trembling banks return'd ;
 Eurydice, with hollow voice he cry'd,
 Eurydice ran murmuring down the tide.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY
HERTFORD,

UPON THE BIRTH OF LORD BEAUCHAMP.

ONCE more inspir'd, I touch the trembling string ;
 What muse for Hertford will refuse to sing ?
 Thine are the favourite strains, and may they be
 Sacred to praise, to beauty, and to thee !

Sudden, methinks, in vision I survey
 The glorious triumphs of th' expected day :
 Fair lovely fights in opening scenes appear,
 And airy music trembles on my ear ;
 Surrounding eyes devour the beauteous boy,
 And ev'ry bosom beats with sounds of joy.

Rise from thy slumbers, gentle infant, rise !
 Lift thy fair head, unfold thy radiant eyes,
 Whose lovely light must other courts adorn,
 And wound the hearts of beauties yet unborn,
 Subdue the sex that triumphs in its pride,
 And humble those, who charm the world beside.

Descend ye gentle nine! descend, and spread
 Laurels and bays around his infant-head.
 Bid noble passions in his bosom roll,
 And beams of fancy dawn upon his soul;
 In soften'd music bid his accents flow,
 Piercing, and gentle as descending snow;
 Bid him be all that can his birth commend:
 The daring patriot, and unshaken friend:
 Admir'd, yet humble, modest, though severe,
 Abroad obliging, and, at home sincere;
 Good, just, and affable in each degree:
 Such is the father, such the son shall be!

These humble strains, indulgent Hertford, spare;
 Forgive the muse, O fairest of the fair!
 First in thy shades (where silver Kennet glides,
 Fair Marlbro's turrets trembling in his tides:
 Where peace and plenty hold their gentle reign,
 And lavish nature decks the fruitful plain:
 Where the fam'd mountain lifts its walks on high,
 As varying prospects open on the eye)
 To love's soft theme I tun'd the warbling lyre,
 And borrow'd from thy eyes poetic fire.

September 30th.

1725.

W. HARTE.

THE ARMY OF ADRASTUS, AND HIS ALLIES,

MARCHING FROM ARGOS TO THE SIEGE OF THEBES.

From the fourth Thebaid of Statius.

Jamq. suos circum——

AROUND the pomp in mourning weeds array'd,
 Weeps the pale father, and the trembling maid:
 The screaming infants at the portals stand,
 And clasp, and stop the slow-proceeding band.
 Each parting face a settled horror wears,
 Each low-held shield receives a flood of tears.
 Some with a kiss (sad sign of future harms)
 Round the clos'd beaver glue their clasping arms,
 Hang on the spear, detain 'em as they go,
 With lifted eyes, and eloquence of woe.
 Those warlike chiefs, whom dread Bellona steel'd,
 And arm'd with souls unknowing once to yield,
 Now touch'd with sorrows, hide their tearful eyes,
 And all the hero melts away and dies.

So the pale sailor, launching from the shore,
 Leaves the dear prospects that must charm no more:
 Here shrieks of anguish pierce his pitying ears---
 There strangely wild, a floating world appears---
 Swift the fair vessel wings her watery flight,
 And in a mist deceives the aching sight:
 The native train in sad distraction weep,
 Now beat their breasts, now tremble o'er the deep,
 Curse ev'ry gale that wafts the fleet from land,
 Breathe the last sigh, and wave the circling hand.

You now, fair ancient truth! conduct along
 Th' advent'rous bard, and animate his song:
 Each godlike man in proper lights display,
 And open all the war in dread array.
 You too, bright mistress of th' Aonian quire,
 Divine Calliope! resume the lyre:
 The lives and deaths of mighty chiefs recite,
 The waste of nations, and the rage of fight.

VOL. IX.

A SIMILE,

UPON A SET OF TEA-DRINKERS.

So fairy elves their morning-table spread
 O'er a white mushroom's hospitable head:
 In acorn cups the merry goblins quaff
 The pearly dews, they sing, they love, they laugh;
 Melodious music trembles through the sky,
 And airy sounds along the green-wood die.

THE SAME,

DIVERSIFIED IN ANCIENT METRE.

So, yf deepe clerkes in tymes of yore faine trew,
 Or poets eyne, perdie, mought sothly vew,
 The dapper Elfins thyr quaint festes bedight
 Wyth mickle plesaunce on a mushrome lite:
 In acorne cuppes thy quassen daint liquere,
 And rowle belgardes, and defflie daunce yfere;
 Ful everidele they makin musike sote,
 And fowns aeriall adowne the grene woode flote.

A SOLILOQUY,

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASS-HOPPER.

HAPPY insect! ever blest
 With a more than mortal rest,
 Rosy dews the leaves among;
 Humble joys and gentle song!
 Wretched poet! ever curs'd,
 With a life of lives the worst,
 Sad despondence, restless fears,
 Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer, thou
 Warblest on the verdant bough,
 Meditating cheerful play,
 Mindless of the piercing ray;
 Scorch'd in Cupid's fervors, I
 Ever weep, and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,
 Ready nature waits thee still:
 Balmy wines to thee she pours,
 Weeping through the dewy flow'rs:
 Rich as those by Hebe giv'n
 To the thirsty sons of heav'n.

Yet alas! we both agree,
 Miserable thou like me!
 Each alike in youth rehearses
 Gentle strains, and tender verses;
 Ever wand'ring far from home;
 Mindless of the days to come,
 (Such as aged winter brings
 Trembling on his icy wings)
 Both alike at last we die;
 Thou art starv'd, and so am I!

THE STORY OF ARETHUSA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FIFTH BOOK OF OVID'S
 METAMORPHOSES.

Connection to the former

The poet describes Ceres wandering over the
 world in great affliction, to search after her

daughter Proserpina, who was then lost. At last Arethusa (a river of Sicily) informs the goddess that her daughter was stolen away by Pluto, and carried down into hell. Now it was ordained by fate, that Proserpine should return again, if she tasted not of any fruit in the other world. But temptations were strong, and the woman could not resist eating six or seven kernels of a pomegranate. However, to mitigate the sentence, Jupiter decreed that she should reside but half the year with Pluto, and pass the rest with her mother. Upon these terms Ceres is very well pacified, and in complaisance desires Arethusa to relate her life, and for what reasons she was changed into a river.

Hush'd in suspense the gath'ring waters stood,
When thus began the parent of the flood:
What time emerging from the wave, she prest
Her verdant tresses dropping on her breast.

Of all the nymphs Achaia boasts (she said),
Was Arethusa once the fairest maid.
None lov'd so well, to spread in early dawn
The trembling meshes o'er the dewy lawn:
Though dress and beauty scarce deserv'd my care,
Yet ev'ry tongue confess'd me to be fair.
The charms which others strive for, I resign,
And think it ev'n a crime to find them mine!

It chanc'd one morn, returning from the wood
Weary I wander'd by a silver flood:
The gentle waters scarce were seen to glide,
And a calm silence still'd the sleeping tide;
High o'er the banks a grove of watery trees
Spread its dark shade, that trembled to the breeze.
(My vest suspended on the boughs) I lave
My chilly feet, then plunge beneath the wave;
A ruddy light my blushing limbs dispread,
And the clear stream half glows with rosy-red.
When from beneath in awful murmurs broke
A hollow voice, and thus portentous spoke:

"My lovely nymph, my Arethusa stay,
"Alpheus calls; it said, or seem'd to say"—

Naked and swift I flew (my clothes behind),
Fear strung my nerves, and shame enrag'd my mind.
So wing'd with hunger the fierce eagle flies,
To drive the trembling turtles through the skies:
So wing'd with fear the trembling turtles spring,
When the fierce eagle shoots upon the wing.

Swift bounding from the god, I now survey
Where breezy Plophis and Cyllenè lay:
Elis' fair structures open'd on my eyes;
And waving Erymanthus cools the skies,
At length unequal for the rapid chase
Tremble my limbs, the god maintains the race:
O'er hills and vales with furious haste I flew;
O'er hills and vales the god behind me drew.
Now hov'ring o'er, his lengthening shadow bends,
(His length'ning shadow the low sun extends)
And sudden now, his sounding steps drew near;
At least I seem'd his sounding steps to hear.
Now sinking, in short sobs I gasp'd for breath,
Just in the jaws of violence and death.

Ah, Cynthia help! ('twas thus in thought I pray'd)
Ah, help a ravish'd, miserable maid!

The virgin-pow'r consenting to my pray'r,
Diffus'd around a veil of clouded air:

Lost in the gloom he wanders o'er the plain,
And Arethusa calls, but calls in vain

In misty steams th' impervious vapours rise,
Perplex his guesses, and deceive his eyes.

What fears I felt as thus enclos'd I stood,
What chilling horrors trembled through my blood?
So pants the fawn in silence and despair,
When the grim wolf runs howling through the lair:
So sits the lev'et, when the hound pursues
His trembling prey, and winds the tainted dews.

Sudden my cheek with flashing colour burns,
Pale swoons, and sickly fears succeed by turns:
Cold creeps my blood, its pulses beat no more:
Big drops of sweat ascend from every pore;
Adown my locks the pearly dews distill,
And each full eye pours forth a gushing rill;
Now all at once my melting limbs decay,
In one clear stream dissolving fast away.

The god soon saw me floating o'er the plain,
And strait resum'd his watery form again—
Instant, Diana, smote the trembling ground;
Down rush my waters with a murmur'ing sound;
Thence darkling through th' infernal regions stray,
And in the Delian plains review the day,

ANGERIANUS DE CÆLIA,

(EPIG. 40.)

QUUM dormiret Amor, rapuit clam pulchra pharetram

Cælia, surreptâ flevit Amor pharetrâ.
Noli (Cypris ait) sic flere Cupido; pharetram
Pulchra tibi rapuit Cælia, restituit.
Non opus est illi calamis, non ignibus: urit
Voce, manu, gressu, pectore, fronte, oculis.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

FROM THE SPORTS OF CUPID, WRITTEN BY
ANGERIANUS.

Imitated and enlarged.

As fast beside a murmuring stream,
In blissful visions Cupid lay,
Chloe, as she softly came,
Snatch'd his golden shafts away.

From place to place in sad surprise
The little angry godhead flew:
Trembling in his ruddy eyes
Hung the pearly drops of dew.

So on the rose (in blooming May,
When purple Phœbus rises bright)
Liquid gems of silver lay,
Pierc'd with glitt'ring streams of light.

Fair Venus with a tender languish
Smiling, thus her son address'd,
As he murmur'd out his anguish
Trembling on her snowy breast:

Peace, gentle infant, I implore,
Nor lavish precious tears in vain;
Chloe, when the jest is o'er,
Brings the useless shafts again.

Can Chloe need the shafts of love,
Young blooming, witty, plump and fair?

Charms and raptures round her move,
Murmuring sighs, and deep despair.

Millions for her unheeded die,
Millions to her their blessings owe;
Ev'ry motion of her eye
Murders more than Cupid's bow.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH MR. FENTON'S MISCELLANY.

THESE various strains, where ev'ry talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms:
(Strains! where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait with glad surprise
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party-slave will wound 'em as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in ev'ry art renown'd:
Mistaken by pride, and taught to sin by pow'r,
Still search around for those they may devour:
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux's deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound, and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise?

How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, or the fair!
Short is the date unhappy wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost.
Fortune still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female quire,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend ye Britons! in so just a cause
'Tis sure a scandal, to withhold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!
Yet if the muse may faith or merit claim.
(A muse too just to bribe with venal fame)
Soon shalt thou shine * “in majesty avow'd;
“As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud.”
Fame, like a nation debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty int'rest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold;
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
And the soft sorrow steals from ev'ry eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quient, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride re-
call,
Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall!
What though the sisters ev'ry grace impart,
To smoothe thy verse, and captivate the heart:

* *Epistle to Southerne.*

What though your charms, my fair Cleora! shine
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses, and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting envy, and devouring age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
Thus Chaucer is, and Fenton thus shall be!

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS PASSING THROUGH OXFORD, ON HIS RE-
TURN FROM BATH.

At length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, providence's care!
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
Gave the last gleams of a short glorious day,
Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns
The dial brightens, and the line returns.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate pre-
sides,

Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud pæan rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;
Hers is the task of reason, not of art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!

And sure that unbought praise which learning
brings,

Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear:
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Power, beauty, virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace,
How nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame:
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:

daughter Proserpina, who was then lost. At last Arethusa (a river of Sicily) informs the goddess that her daughter was stolen away by Pluto, and carried down into hell. Now it was ordained by fate, that Proserpine should return again, if she tasted not of any fruit in the other world. But temptations were strong, and the woman could not resist eating six or seven kernels of a pomegranate. However, to mitigate the sentence, Jupiter decreed that she should reside but half the year with Pluto, and pass the rest with her mother. Upon these terms Ceres is very well pacified, and in complaisance desires Arethusa to relate her life, and for what reasons she was changed into a river.

Hush'd in suspense the gath'ring waters stood,
When thus began the parent of the flood:
What time emerging from the wave, she prest
Her verdant tresses drooping on her breast.

Of all the nymphs Achaia boasts (she said),
Was Arethusa once the fairest maid.
None lov'd so well, to spread in early dawn
The trembling meshes o'er the dewy lawn:
Though dress and beauty scarce deserv'd my care,
Yet ev'ry tongue confess'd me to be fair.
The charms which others strive for, I resign,
And think it ev'n a crime to find them mine!

It chanc'd one morn, returning from the wood
Weary I wander'd by a silver flood:
The gentle waters scarce were seen to glide,
And a calm silence still'd the sleeping tide;
High o'er the banks a grove of watery trees
Spread its dark shade, that trembled to the breeze.
(My vest suspended on the boughs) I lave
My chilly feet, then plunge beneath the wave;
A ruddy light my blushing limbs dispread,
And the clear stream half glows with rosy-red.
When from beneath in awful murmurs broke
A hollow voice, and thus portentous spoke:

"My lovely nymph, my Arethusa stay,
"Alpheus calls; it said, or seem'd to say"—
Naked and swift I flew (my clothes behind),
Fear strung my nerves, and shame enrag'd my mind.
So wing'd with hunger the fierce eagle flies,
To drive the trembling turtles through the skies:
So wing'd with fear the trembling turtles spring,
When the fierce eagle shoots upon the wing.

Swift bounding from the god, I now survey
Where breezy Plophis and Cyllenè lay:
Elis' fair structures open'd on my eyes;
And waving Erymanthus cools the skies,
At length unequal for the rapid chase
Tremble my limbs, the god maintains the race:
O'er hills and vales with furious haste I flew;
O'er hills and vales the god behind me drew.
Now hov'ring o'er, his lengthening shadow bends,
(His length'ning shadow the low iun extends)
And sudden now, his sounding steps drew near;
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Now sinking, in short sobs I gasp'd for breath,
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Ah, Cynthia help! ('twas thus in thought I pray'd)
Ah, help a ravish'd, miserable maid!
The virgin-pow'r consenting to my pray'r,
Diffus'd around a veil of clouded air:
Lost in the gloom he wanders o'er the plain,
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In misty steams th' impervious vapours rise,
Perplex his guesses, and deceive his eyes.

What fears I felt as thus enclos'd I stood,
What chilling horrors trembled through my blood?
So pants the fawn in silence and despair,
When the grim wolf runs howling through the lair:
So sits the lev'ret, when the hound pursues
His trembling prey, and winds the tainted dews.

Sudden my cheek with flashing colour burns,
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Cold creeps my blood, its pulses beat no more:
Big drops of sweat ascend from every pore;
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And each full eye pours forth a gushing rill;
Now all at once my melting limbs decay,
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The god soon saw me floating o'er the plain,
And strait resum'd his watery form again—
Instant, Diana, smote the trembling ground;
Down rush my waters with a murm'ring sound;
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And in the Delian plains review the day,

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QUUM dormiret Amor, rapuit clam pulchra pharetram

Cælia, surreptâ flevit Amor pharetrâ.
Noli (Cypris ait) sic flere Cupido; pharetram
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The little angry godhead flew:
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So on the rose (in blooming May,
When purple Phœbus rises bright)
Liquid gems of silver lay,
Pierc'd with glitt'ring streams of light.

Fair Venus with a tender languish
Smiling, thus her son address'd,
As he murmur'd out his anguish
Trembling on her snowy breast:

Peace, gentle infant, I implore,
Nor lavish precious tears in vain;
Chloe, when the jest is o'er,
Brings the useless shafts again.

Can Chloe need the shafts of love,
Young blooming, witty, plump and fair?

Charms and raptures round her move,
Murmuring sighs, and deep despair.

Millions for her unheeded die,
Millions to her their blessings owe;
Ev'ry motion of her eye
Murders more than Cupid's bow.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH MR. FENTON'S MISCELLANY.

THESE various strains, where ev'ry talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms:
(Strains! where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait with glad surprise
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.

'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of fate,
What turns of fortune on good writers wait.
The party-slave will wound 'em as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in ev'ry art renown'd:
Mislead by pride, and taught to sin by pow'r,
Still search around for those they may devour:
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.

Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux's deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ;
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So (Hector dead) amid the female quire,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.

Attend ye Britons! in so just a cause
'Tis sure a scandal, to withhold applause;
Nor let posterity reviling say,
Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!
Yet if the muse may faith or merit claim.
(A muse too just to bribe with venal fame)
Soon shalt thou shine * “in majesty avow'd;
“As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud.”
Fame, like a nation debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty int'rest must at last be paid.

Like Vinci's strokes, thy verses we behold;
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
And the soft sorrow steals from ev'ry eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quient, and gentle roundelay.

Muse! at that name each thought of pride re-
call,

Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall!
What though the sisters ev'ry grace impart,
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:

* *Epistle to Southernne.*

What though your charms, my fair Cleora! shine
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses, and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting envy, and devouring age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
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TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

ON HIS PASSING THROUGH OXFORD, ON HIS RE-
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At length, in pity to a nation's prayer,
Thou liv'st, O Nassau, providence's care!
Life's sun, which lately with a dubious ray
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Again with more than noon-tide lustre burns
The dial brightens, and the line returns.

Some guardian power, who o'er thy fate pre-
sides,
Whose eye unerring Albion's welfare guides,
Taught yonder streams with new felt force to flow,
And bade th' exalted minerals doubly glow.
Thus cold and motionless Bethesda stood,
Till heavenly influence brooded o'er the flood.

Lo, while our isle with one loud pæan rings,
Equal, though silent, homage Isis brings;
Hers is the task of reason, not of art,
Words of the mind, and actions of the heart!
And sure that unbought praise which learning
brings,

Outweighs the vast acclaim that deafens kings;
For souls, supremely sensible and great,
See through the farce of noise, and pomp of state;
Mark when the fools huzza, or wise rejoice,
And judge exactly between sound and voice.

Hail, and proceed! be arts like ours thy care,
Nor slight those laurels thou wert born to wear:
Adorn and emulate thy glorious line,
Take thy forefathers worth, and give them thine.
Blest with each gift that human hearts can move,
In science blest, but doubly blest in love.

Power, beauty, virtue, dignify thy choice,
Each public suffrage, and each private voice.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease:
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art,
For this the Grecian soar'd in epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.

'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace,
How nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines;
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame:
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:

Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself deriv'd from heav'n.

O ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add that the sisters ev'ry thought refine:
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets prove unjust:
And are they blam'd who sin because they must?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival—and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage,
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength and sweetness join:
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows:

Soft without weakness, without labour fair;

Wrought up at once with happiness and care!

How blest the man that from the world removes
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er:
Who free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!

Nor deem this verse, though humble, thy disgrace;

All are not born the glory of their race:

Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,

And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.

The muse who now this early homage pays,

First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:

A muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,

Who prais'd no vices, no preferment gain'd:

Unbias'd or to censure or commend,

Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;

Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,

And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

THE SIXTH THEBAID OF STATIUS.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. WITH NOTES.

Curritur ad vocem jucundam, et carmen amicæ
Thebaidos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,
Promisitque diem: tantâ dulcedine captos
Afficit ille animos—

JUV. SAT. VII.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE WHOLE THEBAID.

ŒDIPUS the son of Laius, king of Thebes, was, in his infancy, exposed to wild beasts upon the mountains; but, by some miraculous preservation, he escaped this danger, and, afterwards, by mistake, slew his own father, as they contended for the way. He then married Jocasta, Queen of Thebes, whom he knew not to be his mother, and had by her two sons, Eteocles and Polynices; who, after their father had put out his eyes, and banished himself from Thebes, agreed between themselves to govern year by year interchangeably. But this agreement was ill observed. Eteocles, when his date of government was expired, refused to resign it to Polynices; who, in his rage, fled to Adrastus, King of Argos, to implore assistance against his brother. Adrastus received the young prince with all imaginable tenderness, and gave him in marriage to his fair daughter Deipyle, as the oracles had appointed. He then, with the assistance of his allies, undertakes to settle Polynices on the throne, and to depose Eteocles. Upon this, Thebes is besieged, and, after several encounters, the difference is at last decided by the duel and death of the two brothers. This is the main action of the poem.

Besides this, by way of an under action, the poet has interwoven another distinct story. The goddess Venus is resolved to revenge herself upon the Lemnians, because they neglected all sacrifices to her. She first disgusts the men with their wives, and then, in return, spirits up the women into a resolution of murdering their husbands. This horrible design was executed by each of them, except Hypsipyle, who saved her father Thoas. Some time afterward this also was discovered. Hypsipyle, to avoid the fury of the women, fled to the sea-shore, where she was taken by the pirates, and presented by them to King Lycurgus, who made her nurse to his son Archemorus. The dominions of this prince lay directly in the way from Argos to Thebes. As Adrastus and his Allies were marching thither, the troops were ready to perish for want of water. They chanced in a wood to meet

Hyppipyle, who, pitying their misfortunes, lays down in haste her young child, and shows them a spring that could never be drained. She receives the thanks of Adrastus; and having, at his request, recited her own adventures, returns back, and finds the young infant Archemorus just killed by a serpent. Her confusion and fears are described in an excellent speech upon that occasion. The Grecians kill the serpent; and, in honour of the dead prince, perform all the rites of burial; which is the subject of this present book.

First of all, it begins with an historical account of the Nemæan games, then follows the funeral, with a more particular description of hewing the forests, and offering their hair to the deceased. The anguish of Adrastus, the lamentations of Eurydice, and the silence of Hyppipyle, are extremely well adapted to nature. A monument is erected to the memory of Archemorus, which is ornamented with the whole story in sculpture. After this succeed the funeral games; the chariot-race, the foot-race, the discus, the fight with the castus, the wrestling, and shooting with arrows; which last ends with a prodigy, foreboding that none of the confederate princes should return from the war except Adrastus.

Soon mournful fame through ev'ry town pro-
The rites of sepulture, and Grecian games: [claims
What mighty chiefs should glory give or gain,
Prepar'd to combat on the list'd plain.

These honours first the great Alcides paid
To please old Pelops' venerable shade.
What time near Pisa he inhum'd the dead,
And bound with olive wreaths his dusty head.
These, with new hopes, glad Phocis next bestow'd,
When Python sunk beneath her bowyer god. 10

These still religion to Palæmon pays,
(Religion blinded with a length of days)
When hanging o'er the deep in anguish raves
His royal mother to the founding waves;
O'er either Isthmus floats the mingled moan,
And distant Thebe answers groan for groan.

The pious games begin, with loud alarms,
Here the young warriors first prelude in arms:
Each blooming youth Aonia sends to fame,
And each dear object to the Tyrian dame; 20
Who once imbru'd in blood, shall heap around
High hills of slain, and deluge all the ground.

The youthful sailors thus with early care
Their arms experience, and for sea prepare:
On some smooth lake their lighter oars essay,
And learn the dangers of the wat'ry way;
But once grown bold, they launch before the wind
Eager and swift, nor turn their eyes behind.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the day,
Warm'd the clear orient with a blushing ray; 30
Swift from mankind the pow'r of slumbers flew;
And the pale moon her glimm'ring beams with-
O'er the long woods the matten dirges run, [drew.
And shrieks of sorrow wake the rising sun.

Th' unhappy father, father now no more,
His bosom beat, his aged hairs he tore:
Beside him lay each ornament of state,
To make him wretched, as they made him great.
With more than female grief the mother cries,
And wringing both her hands, obtests the skies;
Bending she weeps upon th' extended slain, 41
Bathes ev'ry wound, returns, and weeps again.

But when the kings in sad and solemn woe,
Enter'd the dome, majestically flow:
(As if just then the trembling babe was found,
And life's last blood came issuing through the
wound)

* *Leucobœe.*

Breast took from breast the melancholy strain,
And pausing nature wept, and sob'd again.
Confus'd each Grecian hangs his guilty head,
And weeps a flood of tears to wail the dead. 50

Meanwhile Adrastus bears the friendly part,
And with kind words consoles the father's heart.
He marks th' eternal orders of the sky,
And proves that man was born to grieve and die;
Now tells him heav'n will future children send
To heir his kingdom, and his years defend.

In vain the charmer pleads, unbounded flow
The parent's tears, in violence of woe.
He hears no more than storms that thund'ring
rise, 60
Regard the sailors vows, or piercing cries,
And the wild horror of their stony eyes.

Apart, a crowd of friends the bier bestrow
With cypress boughs; then place the straw below.
The second rank with short-liv'd flow'rs they
spread,

Which soon must fade, and wither like the dead.
Arabian odours from the third diffuse
A grateful smoke, and weep in fragrant dew.
Above from heaps of gold bright colours stream,
And deeper purple shoots a sanguine gleam.

Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay 70
In lonely woods, to mangling dogs a prey.
Heart-wounded at the sight, in anguish stands
Eurydice, and spreads her trembling hands;
Then turns her eyes, half dying with a groan,
For kindred miseries so like her own.

Arms, sceptres, jewels, on the dead they throw,
And sacrifice all grandeur to their woe.
As if the hero, deck'd with warlike spoil,
Was born in triumph to the fun'ral pile.
Yet as due rites with kind affection paid, 80
Can add some honours to the infant shade;
Hence rose magnificence, and solemn tears,
With presents suited to maturer years.

Long time with early hopes Lycurgus fed
A breed of coursers sacred to the dead.
A glitt'ring helm was safely plac'd apart,
And purple trappings of Sidonian art:
And consecrated spears (a deadly store),
Radiant and keen, as yet unstain'd with gore.
The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late, 90
Like her fond spouse, reserv'd a crown of state,
And royal robes, o'erwrought with rising flow'rs;
The silent growth of solitary hours.

These and the rest at once, the furious fire
Dooms in distraction to the greedy fire.

Meanwhile, assembled by the seer's commands,
To raise the pile, crowd thick the Grecian bands,
From Nemeæ these, and Tempe's lofty crown,
Tumble whole heaps of crashing forests down:
Their airy brows the naked hills display, 100
And earth once more beholds the face of day.
Deep groan the groves: On rustling pinions rise
Birds after birds; the angry salvage flies.
Sacred through time, from age to age it stood,
A wide-spread, gloomy, venerable wood:
Older than man, and ev'ry sylvan maid,
Who haunts the grot, or skims along the glade.
Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring oaks were
seen,

The foodful beech, and cypress ever green:
The nuptial elm, and mountain-holm entire,
The pitchy tree that feeds the fun'ral fire: 110
The resin soft, and solitary yew,
Forever dropping with unwholesome dew;
The poplar trembling o'er the silver flood,
The warrior ash that reeks in hostile blood,
Th' advent'rous fir that sails the vast profound,
And pine, fresh bleeding from th' odorous wound—
All at one time the nodding forests bend,
And with a crash together all descend.
Loud as when blust'ring Boreas issues forth,
To bring the sweeping whirlwind from the north:
Sudden and swift as kindling flames arise, 121
Float o'er the fields, and blaze unto the skies.
The sinking grove resounds with frequent groans,
Sylvanus starts, and hoary Pales moans,
Trembling and slow the guardian nymphs retire,
Or clasp the tree, and perish in the fire.

So when some chief (the city storm'd) commands
Revenge and plunder to his furious bands:
E'er yet he speaks the domes in ruin lay;
They strike, they level, seize, and bear away. 130

Sacred to heav'n and hell, the mourners rear
Two massy altars, pointing in the air.
The pious rites begin, in mournful strains
The music of the Phrygian pipe complains;
Whose pow'rful sounds th' unwilling ghosts obey,
And pale, and shiv'ring, mount the realms of
day.

First Pelops taught these melancholy strains,
When Niobe's fond offspring prest the plains:
Six blooming youths, and six fair virgins fell,
Sent by fierce Cynthia to the shades of hell. 140

Incense and oil upon the pile they throw,
And mighty monarchs mighty gifts bestow.
High rais'd in air the mournful bier is borne,
Dejected chiefs Lycurgus' train adorn;
The female sex around the mother crowd,
And weep, and sob, and vent their griefs aloud:
Behind Hyppolyte's soft sorrows flow
Silent, and fast, in eloquence of woe.
Each heaving bosom draws a deeper sigh,
And the big passion bursts from ev'ry eye. 150
Thus while the crystal tears unbounded ran,
In piercing shrieks Eurydice began.

Ah! dearest child! amid these mournful dames
I never thought to give thee to the flames!
How could I dream of sorrows and of death,
In the first moments of thy infant breath?
How could I dread these bloody wars to see;
Or deem that Thebes should ever murder thee?

What sudden vengeance wing'd with wrath di-
vine

Pursues me still, and curses all my line? 160
Yet Cadmus' sons in ease and plenty live,
Blest with each joy th' indulging pow'rs can give;
No mourning dames in sable weeds appear,
To bathe the last cold ashes with a tear.

Wretch that I was, too fondly to believe
A faithless slave, a wand'ring fugitive!
Pious she told the melancholy tale
With fair invention, pow'rful to prevail;
Is this that guardian of the Lemnian state,
Who snatch'd her father from the jaws of fate? 170

Ah no! herself the bloody furies join'd,
And vow'd like those, destruction to mankind!
Is this her care; to leave in woods alone
Her prince, nay more, an infant not her own?
Suppose through pity or neglect she stray'd,
(While my dear child lay trembling in the shade)
Unknowing of the monsters wild and vast,
Who haunt the gloomy groves, or dreary waste;
Each murmur'ing fount that quivers to the breeze,
Each dying gale that pants upon the trees, 180
Sudden by turns distract an infant's ears,
And death attends th' imaginary fears.

Hail thou dear infant! wretched, early ghost,
Murder'd by her who ought to love thee most.
Whose hands sustain'd thee, and whose music
charm'd,
Whose eye o'erfaw thee, and whose bosom warm'd:
Who dry'd thy cheeks with streams of chrystal
drown'd, [sound.

And taught thy voice to frame the fault'ring
Ungrateful wretch, may grief thy years consume,
And pains eternal bend thee to the tomb! 190

Tear her, ye warriors, tear her from my eyes,
Deaf to her vows, her penitence, or cries:
Deep in her bosom drive th' avenging dart,
To drink the blood that feeds her faithless heart.
In the same moment I'll resign my breath,
Sate with fury, and content in death!

She spake, and starting saw the Lemnian maid,
As in the silence of her soul she pray'd:
Sudden her rage rekindles at the view,
And trickling down her cheeks descends the drops
of dew. 200

Bear, oh ye chiefs, this female curse away,
Who adds a horror to the fun'ral day,
Who with a smile profanes the matron's moan,
And triumphs in misfortunes not her own.
She said, and sinking drew a fainter sigh. [eye;
Rage stopp'd her voice, and grief o'erwhelm'd her
Thence slowly moving through the crowd she
By silent steps, in sullen discontent. [went

So when the holy priest with curious eyes,
Dooms some fair heifer to the sacrifice, 210
Or the gaunt lion bears her through the wood,
As down her side distils the life-warm blood:
The mother-beast dejected, and alone
Pours to the winds her lamentable moan,
With mournful looks she paces from the plain,
And often goes, and often turns again.

The father now unbare his rev'rend head;
His silver locks he scatters o'er the dead:
Then with a sigh, the venerable man
Thus to the parent of the gods began. 220

If Jove's almighty wisdom can deceive,
Curst is the man who fondly will believe!

These sacred hairs, long from the razor free,
I bore, a pious gift reserv'd for thee:
What time Opheltes' youthful cheeks resign
Their tender down, an off'ring at thy shrine.
In vain—the fullen priest refus'd my pray'r,
And scatt'ring winds dispers'd it all in air.
Tear them my fingers, tear them from my head,
The last sad office to the worthy dead! 230

Meanwhile the kindling brand awakes the fire,
Th' unwilling parents silently retire:
High-lifted shields, that intercept the light
In one dark circle, hide the mournful sight.
The flying em'ralsd crackle in the blaze,
And fiery rubies stream with sanguine rays.
In shining rills the trembling silver flows,
And clearer gold with flaming lustre glows.
In balmy clouds Arabia's odours rise,
To waft their grateful fragrance to the skies. 240

Rich urns of milk, tott'ring, their streams incline,
Mingling with blood, and ting'd with fable wine.
Sev'n mournful cohorts (as their chieftains lead)
With arms revers'd pace slowly round the dead;
Now moving to the left, enclose the pyre,
And scatter heaps of dust to sink the fire;
Thrice join their spears, thrice clash their found-
ing shields; [the fields.

Four times the females shriek, and clamour fills
Remote from these, another fire they feed
With firstling victims of the woolly breed. 250
Intent in thought the pious augur stands,
Approves the rites, inspires the fainting bands:
Calmly dissembling in his anxious mind
Each sad presage of miseries behind.

Returning from the right with loud alarms,
Again the warriors beat their clatt'ring arms;
Shields, lances, helms, the sinking flames o'er-
spread,

A friend's last pledges to the warlike dead.
Full on the winds the swelling music floats,
And Nemæ's shades pour back the length'ning
notes. 260

So when the trumpeter with lab'ring breath
Shakes the wide fields, and sounds the charge of
The blood fermenting feels a gentle heat, [death:
Quick roll the eyes, and fast the pulses beat:
E'er yet their rage the martial god controuls,
Nor swells their nerves, nor rushes on their souls.

Now careful night in sober weeds array'd,
O'er the clear skies extends her dusky shade.
They bend the copious goblet o'er the pyre, 269
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.

Nine times his course bright Lucifer had roll'd,
And ev'ning Vesper deck'd his rays with gold:
Now o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And raise a monument to grace the dead.
Here in relieve the Lemnian virgin stands,
Who points the grateful spring to Grecia's bands:
There young Opheltes breathes his dying moan,
And seems to shiver, and turn pale in stone;
In waving spires the serpent floats along,
And rolls his eyes in death, and darts his fork'd
tongue. 280

By this, the pleas'd spectators in a row,
Throng the green circus, and enjoy the show.
Deep in the bosom of a vale it stood,
Sacred to sports, and overhung with wood:
A darker green its grassy surface crowns,
And smoothly swims the car along the downs.

Long e'er the dawn of morn the mingling throng
Spreads o'er the plain, and man bears man
along:

(Not half such numbers crowd the sacred space,
Where yearly honours dead Palæmon grace;)
Confus'd delight! the fair, the gay, the sage, 291
And boastful youth, and deep-discerning age.

Twice fifty steers along the plains they drew,
As many mother-cows of fable hue;
As many heifers raise their youthful horns,
Whose front as yet, no blaze of white adorns.

High o'er the people, wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient race:
Each speaking figure seems to touch the soul,
And life and motion animate the whole.

Here lab'ring Hercules with anguish prest 300
The roaring lion to his manly breast.

Inspir'd with art th' historic figures rise,
And ev'n in sculpture live, and meet the eyes.

Here rev'rend Inachus extends his side
O'er the green margin of his silver tide:

Transform'd, behind him fearful lo stood,
And cropt the grass besides her father's flood;
She mixes with the herd her mournful cries,
And often turns, and watches Argus' eyes.

Her, from the Pharian coast indulging Jove 310
Transferr'd immortal, to the realms above:

Still in her fanes the fable Memphian bows,
And eastern Magi pay their early vows.

Here Tantalus amid the pow'rs divine
Lifts the deep goblet crown'd with sparkling wine:

Nor stands (as poets sing) in streams below,
Still curs'd with life, yet fated still to woe,

The wretch for ever pines, the streams for ever
flow.

There Pelops lashes on with loosen'd reins
Neptune's fleet courfers o'er the smoking plains:

Behind his rival o'er the rapid steed 321
Hangs imminent—and drives with equal speed.

Acrysius here in thoughtful posture stands:
There brave Choræbus lifts his bleeding hands.

Here am'rous Jove descending as of old,
Impregnates Danae with a show'r of gold.

Her blushes Amyclone strives to hide,
Comprest by Neptune in the silver tide.

Alcmena there young Hercules admires,
As her head blazes with three lambent fires. 330

Here Belus' sons at Hymen's altars stand,
And join with hearts averse the friendly hand:

A faithless smile of ill-dissembled grace
Seem'd most to flatter in Egysthus' face:

As the calm villain with severe delight
Acts in his mind the murders of the night.

Now ev'ry bosom beats with hopes, or fear,
The clamours thicken, and the crowd draws near.

Inspire the muse, to sing each hero's deeds, 339
O pow'r of verse! and name, and gen'rous steeds.

Before, afar, Arion beats the plain;
Loose to the breeze high danc'd his floating mane:

Immortal steed! whom first th' earth-shaker's
hand

Tam'd to the lash, and drove along the strand:
Though restless as the wintery surges roll,

And furious still, and unsubdu'd of soul.
Mix'd with his watery steeds the god he bore

To Lybian Syrtes, or th' Ionian shore:
Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind

The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind. 350

To glory next great Hercules he drew,
 O'er hills, and vales, and craggy rocks he flew:
 Then to Adrastus' government was giv'n
 Th' immortal courier, and the gift of heav'n.
 The royal hand by due degrees reclaim'd,
 And length of years his stubborn spirit tam'd:
 Him now with many a wish and many a pray'r,
 Adrastus lends to Polynices' care;
 Shows him to urge his fiery soul along 359
 With tim'rous hand, and gentleness of tongue:
 The reins to guide, the circling lash to wield,
 And drive victorious o'er the dusty field.

So sad Apollo with a boding sigh
 Told his fond child the dangers of the sky:
 Careful the parent, such advice to give! [lieve!
 Could fate be chang'd, or headstrong youth be-

Th' Æbalian priest moves second o'er the plain,
 Who boasts his courfers of immortal strain:
 Sprung from fair Cyllarus in days of yore;
 (The guilty product of a stoll'n amour) 370
 When Castor griev'd in bitterness of soul,
 Where seas scarce flow beneath the Scythian pole.
 White were the steeds that drew him o'er the
 field,

White was his helm, his ribbands, and his shield.
 Next, bold Admetus whirling from above
 The sounding scourge, his female courfers drove:
 Nor strokes, nor blandishment their rage controuls,

They bound and swell with more than female souls,
 Sprung from the cloud-born Centaurs, such their
 force,

Their lustful heat, and fury in the course. 380

Then fair Hypsipile's bold offspring came,
 Two lovely twins, alike intent on fame,
 Their steeds, their chariots, and their arms the
 same.

(This Thoas call'd, the name his grandfire bore;
 And Euneos that, to sail from shore to shore)
 Each wish'd the glorious victory his own,
 If not—his brother to be blest alone.

Last Chromis and Hippodamus succeed,
 Each checks the reins, and each inspires his steed:
 Alike with martial eminence they shone, 390
 Ænomaus' this, and that Alcides' son;
 One drove the courfers e'er at Pisa bred,
 And one the savage steeds of Diomed.

Whence first they start, a stony fragment stands,
 Of old, a limit to contiguous lands.

An aged oak of leaves and branches bare,
 Presents a goal to guide the circling car.
 Their distance such, as the wing'd arrow flies
 Thrice from the bow sent hissing through the skies.

Meanwhile, high-thron'd amid th' Anian quire
 Divine Apollo strikes the silver lyre;
 He sung the wars on Phlegra's fatal plain,
 And Python o'er Castalia's fountain slain.
 He sung what order rules the world on high,
 Who bids the thunder roar, and lightning fly:
 Who feeds the stars, or gave the winds to blow:
 What springs eternal swell the seas below;
 Who spread the clouds, who rolls the lamp of
 light

O'er heav'n's blue arch, or wraps the world in night.

Here ceas'd th' harmonious god, his lyre he laid
 With decent care beneath a laureat shade; 411

Then in rich robes his beauteous limbs he dress'd:
 A starry zone hung blazing o'er his breast.

Sudden a shout confus'dly strikes his ears—
 He bends his awful eyes, the crowd appears.
 Each chief he knows, and honours each, but most
 The * priest, and † ruler of Thessalia's host.
 What pow'r (he cries) has fir'd with thirst of fame
 These two adorers of Apollo's name?

Equally dear and good, alike renown'd
 For piety, alike with favours crown'd. 420

When once a swain the lowing herds I drove,
 (Such was the doom of fate, and wrath of Jove)

Still did Admetus' pious altars blaze,
 And every temple rung with hymns of praise;

While at my shrine Amphiaras stands,
 And lifts his eyes, and spreads his trembling hands;

O dearest, best of men; alas no more—
 Black fate impends, and all thy joys are o'er.

Soon must the Theban earth in funder rend
 Her opening jaws, and thou to hell descend! 430

Admetus' life to distant times shall last,
 And ev'ry year add glories to the past:

Unknowing of repentance, cares, and strife,
 These hands shall guide him to the verge of life.

Each bird of omen told the fatal day—
 He said, and weeping turn'd his eyes away:

Then sudden from Olympus' airy height,
 To Nemæ's shade precipitates his flight;

Swift as a sudden flash of lightning flies,
 Bending he shoots adown the shining skies: 440

Ev'n while on earth the god pursues his way,
 Behind, aloft the streams of glory play,

Dance on the winds, or in a blaze decay.

Now in his helm impartial Prothous throws
 The flying lots, and as the lots dispose,

Around him rang'd in beauteous order came
 Each ardent youth, a candidate for fame.

Here wild mistrust, and jealousies appear,
 And pale surprise, and self-suspecting fear:

Restless impatience, cold in every part, 450
 And a sad dread that seems to sink the heart.

There shouts of triumph rend the vaulted sky,
 And fame and conquest brighten ev'ry eye.

"Th' impatient courfers pant in ev'ry vein,
 "And pawning seem to beat the distant plain:

The burning foam descends, the bridles ring,"
 And from the barrier-bounds in thought they

spring;

"The vales, the floods appear already crost,
 "And ere they start, a thousand steps are lost."

T' exalt their pride, a crowd of servants deck 460
 Their curling manes, and stroke the shining neck.

Instant (the signal given), the rival throng
 Starts sudden with a bound—and shoots along.

Swift as a vessel o'er the waters flies,
 Swift as an arrow hisses through the skies:

Swift as a flame devours the crackling wood,
 Swift as the headlong torrents of a flood.

Now in one cloud they vanish from the eye,
 Nor see, nor know their rivals as they fly:

They turn the goal: again with rapid pace 470
 The wheels roll round, and blot their former

trace;

Now on their knees they steer a bending course,
 Now hang impatient o'er the flying horse.

From groaning earth the mingling clamours rise,
 Confusion fills their ears, and darkness blinds their
 eyes.

* Amphiaras, and † Admetus.

Instinct with prescience, or o'erawed by fear,
 Arion feels an unknown charioteer
 Pois'd on the reins; to sudden thought restor'd,
 He dreads the fury of his absent lord:
 Enrag'd now runs at random, and disdains 480
 To bear a stranger: wonder fills the plains.
 All think the steed too eager for the prize;
 The steed breathes vengeance, from the driver
 flies,
 And seeks his master round with wishful eyes.

The next, though mighty far the next, succeeds
 Amphiarus with his snow-white steeds:
 Close by his side Admetus whirls along,
 Euneos and Thoas join the flying throng:
 Next Chromis and Hippodamus appear,
 Who wage a dreadful conflict in the rear: 490
 Skill'd of themselves, in vain they urge the chase,
 (Their steeds too heavy for so swift a race)
 Hippodamus flew first, and full behind
 Impatient Chromis blows the sultry wind.

Admetus now directs the side-long horse
 To turn the goal, and intercept the course:
 His equal art the priest of Phœbus tries,
 The goal he brushes, as his chariot flies;
 While mad Arion wanders o'er the plain, 499
 Nor minds the race, nor hears the curbing rein.
 Unable to controul, the trembling chief
 Sits sadly silent, and indulges grief:
 Pleas'd with his liberty, the sea-born horse
 Springs with a bound, and thunders o'er the
 course:

Loud shouts the multitude; in wild debate
 Of fears and terrors Polynices fate,
 Flings up the reins, and waits th' event of fate.

So spent with toils, and gasping after breath,
 Pants the pale sailor in the arms of death;
 In sad despair gives ev'ry labour o'er, 510
 And marks the skies and faithless winds no more.

Now horse with horse, to chariot chariot clos'd,
 Wheels clash'd with wheels, and chief to chief
 oppos'd.

War, war it seem'd! and death ten thousand ways--
 So dreadful is the sacred lust of praise!
 Each chief by turns his panting courfers fires,
 With praise now pleases, now with rage inspires.
 By fair address Admetus soothes along
 Iris the swift, and Pholœe the strong.

Amphiarus hastens with a blow 520
 Fierce Aschetos to rush before the foe,
 And Cynus whiter than the new-fall'n snow.
 With vows and pray'rs Hippodamus excites
 Slow-moving Calydon, renown'd in fights:
 Strimon encourag'd by bold Chromis flies,
 And swift Æchion starts at Euneos' cries:
 And fair Podarce fleck'd with purple stains,
 By Thoas summon'd, beats the sounding plains.
 In silence Polynices drives alone,
 Sighs to himself, and trembles to be known. 530

Three times the smoking car with rapid pace
 Had turn'd the goal, the fourth concludes the
 race.

Fast and more fast the panting courfers blow,
 And streams of sweat from ev'ry member flow.

Now fortune first the crown of conquest
 brings,
 (Suspending in mid air her trembling wings)
 In act to hurl Admetus to the plain,
 Revengeful Thoas gives up all the rein;

Hippodamus survey'd the fraud from far:
 Full in its course he met the driving car, 540
 Loud clash'd the wheels; Hippodamus withdrew,
 To turn the chariot ardent Chromis flew
 Instant before, in angry fight oppos'd,
 Chief strove with chief, to chariot chariot clos'd.
 In vain th' impatient courfers urge along,
 Lock'd in th' embrace indissolubly strong.

So when the summer winds in silence sleep,
 And drowsy Neptune stills the watery deep:
 O'er the clear verdant wave extended lies
 Th' unmoving vessel, till the gales arise. 550

Again the warriors strive, the fields resound:
 Hippodamus, all sudden with a bound
 Shock'd—from his chariot tumbled to the ground.
 The Thracian courfers (but their chief withstood)
 Spring to devour his limbs, and drink his blood:
 Instant the gen'rous victor turn'd away,
 And gain'd more glory though he lost the day.

Meanwhile the god, who gilds th' ethereal space
 Descends, himself a partner of the race:

(Just where the steeds their stretching shade extend,
 And the long labours of the circus end) 561

A Gorgon's head aloft in air he bore,
 Horrid with snakes, and stain'd with human gore:
 One ghastly look were able to dismay
 The steeds of Mars, or those that lead the day:
 Ev'n hell's grim guardian might surcease to roar
 And furies fear, unknown to fear before.

Sudden Arion ey'd the sight from far,
 And loudly snorting stopp'd the driving car:
 Cold darts of ice shot trilling through his blood,
 His fearful flesh all trembled as he stood: 571

Abruptly shock'd, and mindless of the rein,
 The Aonian hero tumbled to the plain;
 Again recover'd, fleetier than the wind
 Arion flies, and leaves his chief behind.
 Beside the prostrate chief, the rival throng
 Obliquely bending, swiftly rush'd along.
 Slow from the dust he rose, and sadly went
 Through the long crowd in sullen discontent.

O happy hour! had fate but deign'd to close 580
 Thy eyes in death; the period of our woes!
 Thee Thebes should honour, and her tyrant shed
 Some tears in public to bewail the dead.
 Larissa's groves should fall, to raise thy pyre:
 And Nemeæ's woods augment the funeral fire.
 All Greece a nobler monument should raise
 Than this, now sacred to Opheltes' praise.

Furious the prophet drove with rapid pace,
 Sure of the prize, yet second in the race:
 Before, afar the sea-born courser drew 590
 His empty chariot rattling as he flew.

Yet still the prophet thunders o'er the plain,
 Eager of praise, amaz'd, enrag'd,—in vain;
 The pow'r of wisdom more than mortal strong,
 Swells ev'ry nerve to lash the steeds along:
 Instinct with rage divine his steeds renew
 The rapid labour bath'd in streams of dew.

The glowing axle kindles as they fly,
 And drifts of rising dust involve the sky.
 Earth opening seems to groan, (a fatal sign!) 600
 Still they rush on, advancing in a line:

Now with redoubled swiftness Cynus flies,
 But partial Neptune the whole palm denies:
 Arion won the race, the prophet bore the prize.

A massy bowl (the pledge design'd to grace
 The gen'rous chief victorious in the race)

Two youths present him: antique was the mold,
Blazing with gems, and rough with rising gold:
In this, Alcides each revolving night
Was wont to drown the labours of the fight: 610
Grav'd on the sides was seen the dreadful fray
When brutal Centaurs snatch'd the bride away.
With living terrors stare the chiefs around,
These aim the dart, and those receive the wound:
Each in distorted postures heaves for breath,
And seems to threaten in the pangs of death.

A costly vesture was reserv'd to grace
Admetus, next in merit as in place;
Embroider'd figures o'er the texture shine,
And Tyrian purple heightens the design. 620
Here pale and trembling with the wintery air,
Leander stands, an image of despair.

Now bending from the beach, he seems to glide
With eyes up-lifted through the rolling tide;
Aloft, alone the melancholy dame
Eyes the rough waters, and extends the flame.
Half-weeping Polynices takes his prize,
A beauteous handmaid with celestial eyes.

August rewards are destin'd next to grace
The spritely youth contending in the race. 630
A blameless sport! and sacred sure the praise
To grace a festival in peaceful days:
Nor yet unuseful in th' embattl'd plain
When death is certain, and resistance vain.

First cheerful Idas in the lists appears,
Idas, a lovely boy in blooming years
(Idas who late his honour'd temples bound
With palms that flourish'd on th' Olympian
ground)

Loud shouts each chief that from high Elis leads
His native train, and Pisa's watery meads: 640
Then Phædimus proclaim'd in Isthmian games,
And Alcon first of Sicyonian names;
Next aged Dymas rose, whose youthful speed
Surpass'd the swiftness of the flying steed:
And last in infamous disorder came
A clam'rous multitude unknown to fame.

But ev'ry voice cheers Atalanta's son,
And ev'ry eye devours him ere they run.
Lives there a warrior in the world of fame,
Who never heard of Atalanta's name? 650
Like Cynthia's self she seem'd, a sylvan grace:
Matchless alike in beauty or the race.
The mother's glories all their thoughts employ,
And raise expectance from the lovely boy.
He too in speed outstrips the wings of wind,
As through the lawns he drives the panting hind:
Or when he catches sudden with a bound
The flying jav'lin ere it touch the ground.

The modest youth unbinds with decent care
His damask vesture dancing to the air: 660
Then by degrees unveils to public view
His snowy limbs like marble, vein'd with blue.
His rosy cheeks that glow'd with warmth before,
His tresses wav'd in ringlets please no more;
A thousand charms appear! in stupid gaze
The crowd devours him, silent with amaze.
Conscious he stands, his head declining down,
And blushes oft; and chides them with a frown:
Decent confusion! mindful of the toil 669
He bathes his shining limbs in streams of oil;
Alike the chiefs——Intent, th' encircling host
Admires 'em all, Parthenopeus most.

So when the night in solemn silence reigns,

And one clear blue o'erspreads th' ethereal plains:
The glittering stars with living splendours glow,
And dance, and tremble on the seas below;
High o'er them all exalted Hesper rolls,
Itself a sun, and gilds the distant poles.

The next in beauty, as in speed appears
Fair Idas in the strength of youthful years: 680
A party-colour'd down but just began
To shade his chin the promise of a man.

A signal sounds. The ready racers start
Double their speed, and summon all their art.
Low at each step their straining knees they bend,
Then springing with a bound, again ascend,
Swifter than thought; nor seem to run, but fly,
Stretch on the winds, half-vanish'd from the
eye.

Now side by side, or breast to breast they close,
While each alike by turns outstrips his foes. 690
Scarce half so swiftly o'er the Nemean plains
Just now, the courser pour'd with loos'ned reins.
Each like an arrow from the Parthian yew
Sent with full force, along the circus flew.

So when a tim'rous herd of list'ning deer
The roaring lion hears, or seems to hear:
(What time the lordly savage haunts the wood
And longs to bathe his thirsty jaws in blood)
Close and more close they join, a trembling train,
And wildly stare, and scour along the plain. 700

Yet furious still, Parthenopeus flies;
Him step by step impatient Idas plies,
And pants aloud with vengeance in his eyes;
Now hanging o'er, his hov'ring shade is seen,
That lengthens still, and floats along the green:
And sudden now, by unperceiv'd degrees
Full on his neck he blows the sultry breeze.
Next Phedimus and aged Dymus past
Along the circus, Alcon came the last. 710

As the fair offspring of the sylvan grace
With matchless swiftness speeds along the race:
His golden tresses wav'd in curls, behind
Flow loosely down, and dance upon the wind:
(These from a child with pious hopes he bore
Sacred to her who treads the * Delian shore;
What time from Thebe's distant plain he came
Renown'd for conquests of immortal fame:
Too fondly pious! in a Theban urn
Soon must thou sleep, ah, never to return!) 720
These vengeful Idas saw with ardent eyes:
Resolv'd by force or fraud to obtain the prize;
Sudden he stretch'd his impious arm, and drew
Supine on earth the stripling, as he flew:
Then starting reach'd the goal, and claim'd the
prize.

Arms! arms! aloud th' Arcadian nation cries:
Vengeance at once they vow, or else prepare
To leave the circus and renounce the war.
Tumultuous murmurs echo through the crowd,
Those praise the fraud, and these detest aloud. 730

Slow-rising from the plains the youth appears,
His eyes half angry, and half drown'd with tears,
He bends his head, the tears in silence flow;
A mournful image, beautiful in woe!
Now beats his bosom, frantic with despair:
And rends the ringlets of his golden hair.

A busy murmur deafens ev'ry ear,
Nor yet the crowd the royal judgment hear.

At last Adrastus rose with awful grace,
And thus bespoke the rivals in the race. 740
Cease gen'rous youths! once more your fortunes try,

In sep'rate paths each starting from the eye.

So spake the king, and sudden from the view,

In sep'rate paths the ready racers flew.

But first th' Arcadian youth with lifted eyes

Thus sent his soul in whispers to the skies.

Queen of the silver bow, and wood-land glades;

The heaven's fair light, and empress of the shades:

Sacred to thee alone, with decent care

I nurs'd these curls of long-descending hair; 750

At thy desires I fell, yet hear my pray'r!

If e'er my mother pleas'd thee in the chase,

If e'er I pleas'd thee—banish my disgrace;

Nor let these omens prophesy my fall

(As sure they must) beneath the Theban wall!

So pray'd the youth. The goddess heard his pray'r,

Rapid he shot along, half poiz'd in air:

Fast and more fast the flying fields withdrew;

Scarce rose the dust beneath him as he flew.

Shouting, he reach'd the goal, with transport fir'd

Soon sought Adrastus, and his right requir'd.

Panting and pale he seiz'd the palm. At hand

To close the game the ready prizes stand.

Th' Arcadian youth a brals-hoof'd courser gain'd:

A buckler fraudulent Idas next obtain'd,

But Lycian quivers for the rest remain'd.

Adrastus next demands what chiefs prepare

To whirl the massy discus through the air.

A herald bending with the burthen, threw

Th' enormous circle down in public view. 770

Starts every Grecian speechless with surprise;

Much wondering at the weight and shapeless size.

First two Achaians round the labour came

With ardent Phlegyas, candidates for fame:

An Arcarnanian next accepts the toil,

And three brave chieftains from Ephyre's soil,

With numbers more—but eager of renown,

Sudden Hippomedon flings thundering down

A disk of double weight; amaz'd they stand,

The vast orb rings, and shakes the trembling land.

Warriors (he cries) in fighting fields renown'd,

Whose arms must strike Thebe's bulwarks to the ground:

On tasks like these your mighty prowess try,—
Boastful he spoke, and whirl'd it up the sky.

Amaz'd each chief the wond'rous cast admires,
And conscious of th' event betimes retires.

Pisæan Phlegyas only keeps the field,

With great Menestheus, yet untaught to yield:

Brave warriors each, too noble to disgrace

By one mean act the glories of their race. 790

The rest inglorious leave the lifted ground,

And tremble to survey th' enormous round.

First Phlegyas rose the mighty toil to try:

Dumb was each voice, attentive ev'ry eye;

He rolls the quoit in dust with prudent care,

And poises oft, and marks its course in air.

Ev'n from a child, (where old Alphæus leads

His mazy stream through Pisa's lowly meads)

Not only when with mighty chiefs he strove

At sacred games to please Olympian Jove: 800

Thus with full force the massy weight he threw

Far o'er the stream, half-shaded as it flew.

At first he marks the skies and distant plain,

Then summons all his strength from every vein.

Couch'd on his knees the pond'rous orb he swung

High o'er his head, along the air it sung.

Now wasting by degrees, with hollow sound

Fell heavily, and sunk beneath the ground.

Fond of his art and strength in days of yore,

Well pleas'd he stands, and waits th' event once more: [praise.

Loud shout the Greeks, and dwell on Phlegyas'

Hippomedon with scorn the chief surveys. 812

Some nobler arm the pond'rous orb must throw

With care, directly in a line below.

But fortune soon his mighty hopes withstood,

Fortune still envious to the brave or good!

Alas, can man confront the pow'rs on high?

While distant fields are measur'd in his eye,

Just when his arm he stretch'd at full extent:

Couch'd on one knee, his side obliquely bent. 820

Struck by some force unseen, th' enormous round

Dropt from his hand, and idly prints the ground.

Much griev'd the pitying host, yet griev'd not all:

Some inly smil'd to see the discus fall.

Next, sage Menestheus stands prepar'd to fling

The disk, and rolls it in the dusty ring:

Intent of mind he marks its airy way,

And much implores the progeny of May.

Well-aim'd it flew half o'er the cirque; at last

Heavy it fell. An arrow mark'd the cast. 830

Slow rose Hippomedon, and e'er he rose

Much weigh'd the fate and fortune of his foes.

He pois'd and rear'd the mighty orb on high;

Swung round his arm, and whirl'd it through the sky,

Forth-springing with the cast. Aloft it sung

Far o'er the mark where er'ft Menestheus flung:

And o'er those hills with grassy verdure crown'd,

Whose airy summits shade the circus round—

There sunk, and sinking shook the trembling ground.

So Polyphemus more than mortal strong,

Hurl'd a huge rock to crush th' Ulyssæan throng:

Blind as he was, the vengeful weight he threw,

The vessel trembled and the waters flew.

Soon good Adrastus rises, to repay

With sumptuous gifts the labours of the fray.

Safe for Hippomedon apart was roll'd

A tyger's skin, the paws o'erwrought with gold.

His Gnosian bows and darts Menestheus took;

Then thus to Phlegyas with a mournful look

He said: This sword, unhappy chief, receive;

(A boon so just Hippomedon might give:) 851

This sword which once immortal honours gain'd,

Which sav'd Pelægus, and his pow'r maintain'd.

A warlike toil Adrastus next demands,

In iron gloves to sheath their hardy hands:

First Capaneus prepar'd for combat stands;

A mighty giant, large, and tow'ring high,

Dreadful in fight, and hideous to the eye.

Around his wrists the hard bull-hides he binds,

And vaunts his strength, and deals his blows in winds: 860

Stand forth some chief, he cries (if such there be,

Who dares oppose an enemy like me!)

Yet might some Theban sink beneath my blow;

Glorious and sweet is vengeance on a foe.

So spake the chief. Half-trembling with amaze

In speechless horror all the circle gaze.

At last Alcidimas, with gen'rous ire
Sprung forth, unask'd. The Doric bands admire.
All but his friends. They knew the daily care
Which Pollux us'd, to train him to the war. 870
(He taught him first to bind the gauntlets round
His nervous wrists, and aim the crashing wound:
Oppos'd in fight, he heav'd him high, or prest
The youth loud panting on his naked breast.)

Him Capaneus survey'd with scornful eyes,
Insults his years, and claims a nobler prize.
Provok'd, he turns to fight. Each warrior stands
At full extent, and lifts his iron hands.
Well temper'd casques their hardy brows surround,
To break at least the fury of the wound. 880

This tow'rd like Tytius on the Stygian shore,
When the fierce vultures cease to drink his gore:
So high in air his spreading shoulders rise,
So swell his muscles, and so flame his eyes;
That at his side in blooming youth appears,
Yet promis'd wonders from maturer years;
The favours of the crowd alike succeed
On either side: none wish'd the chiefs to bleed.

Low'ring at first they met, nor silence broke,
Each lifts his arm, and only aims the stroke. 890
Some moments thus they gaz'd in wild surprise,
A hasty fury sparkled in their eyes;
Now conscious fear succeeds. The chiefs essay
Their arms, and slowly first provoke the fray.

This on nice art and diffidence relies,
That on mere courage, and stupendous size;
Void of all fear, and without conduct brave,
He wastes that strength himself has pow'r to
save:

Still blindly drives where fury leads the way,
And storms, and falls the victor and the prey. 900
With steadfast glances this surveys his foe,
And either shuns or wards th' impending blow:
Now lowly bends (his elbow o'er him spread)
The stroke impetuous sings above his head.
Now nearer draws, the more he seems to fly;
So much his motion varies from his eye!
Now with full force he aims a pond'rous blow,
And tow'ring high o'er shades his mighty foe.
Thus in some storm the broken billows rise 909
Round the vast rock, and thunder to the skies.

Once more with wary footsteps wheeling round,
Full on his front he deals a mortal wound:
Crashing it falls—unfelt the trickling blood
Spreads o'er his helmet in a crimson flood.
A sudden whisper murmurs round; alone
To Capaneus the cause remains unknown.
At last he lifts his hand on high, the gore
Forth-welling fast, distains his castus o'er.
Grief swells his heart, and vengeance and disdain—
So foams the lion, monarch of the plain: 920
And loudly roaring with indignant pride,
Gnaws the barb'd jay'lin griding in his side:
Now springs with rage; supine along the ground
Pants the bold youth whose hand infix'd the
wound.

Fast and more fast his lifted arms he throws
Around his head, and doubles blows on blows.
Part waste in air, part on the castus fall
With mighty force; his foe returns 'em all.
Still seems to fear him with dissembling eyes,
Yet still persists, and combats, while he flies. 930
Panting they reel; the youth retreats more slow,
The weary giant scarcely aims a blow,

They sink at once—so sailors on the main
Who long have toil'd through adverse waves in
vain, [more,

All drop their hands. The signal sounds once
Again they start, and stretch the lab'ring oar.

Thus rose the chiefs, with recollected might
Rush'd Capaneus like thunder to the fight.
Low bends Alcidimas with watchful eyes:
Short of his aim the giant o'er him flies;
Up starts the youth and as he stagger'd round 940
Clasp'd firm his neck, and bow'd him to the ground.
As rising from th' inglorious plain contends
Fierce Capaneus, a second blow descends
Full on his head: beneath the stroke he bent;
The youth turn'd pale, and trembled at th' event,
Loud shout the Greeks: the shore and forest
rings.

Then thus in haste exclaims the king of kings.
(As from the ground the furious Argive rose,
And vow'd and aim'd intolerable blows) 949
Seize him, ye chiefs, his bloody hands restrain,
Give all the palm, but lead him from the plain.
Haste, see, he raves! ah, tear him from my eyes,
He lives, he rises, the Laconian dies!

He said. Hippomedon, and Tydeus rose:
Scarce both their hands restrain his mighty blows.
Then thus they spoke. The prize is thine, forgive.
'Tis double fame to bid the vanquish'd live;
A friend, and our ally—he storms the more,
Rejects the prize, and thus devoutly swore.
By all this blood, at present my disgrace: 960
These hands shall crush that more than female face:
These hands shall dash him headlong to the plain—
To Pollux then he weeps, but weeps in vain,
He said. By force they turn'd his steps away.
Stubborn he still persists, nor yields the day.
Far off in secret, the Laconian host
Smile at his fury, and their hero boast.

Meanwhile with conscious virtue Tydeus burns,
Renown and praise inflame his heart by turns:
Swift in the race he still the guerdon bore, 970
Now tof'd the discus, now the gauntlets wore;
But most for Pales' active arts renown'd,
To hurl his foe supine, along the ground.
By Hermes tutor'd, on th' Cretan plain,
He made whole nations bite the dust in vain.

Full terrible he look'd. For arms he wore
The savage trophies of a mountain-boar,
Once Calydonia's dread! the bristly hide [pride.
Broad o'er his shoulders hung with barb'rous
Unbound, he flings it down, then waits his foes.
Besides him tow'ring, huge Agylleus rose, 981
A monstrous giant, dreadful to mankind;
Yet weak he seem'd, his limbs were loosely join'd.
Low Tydeus was. What nature there deny'd,
Strong nerves, and mighty courage well supply'd;
For nature never since the world began,
Lodg'd such a spirit in so small a man!

Soon as their shining limbs are bath'd in oil,
Down rush the heroes to the wrestling toil.
Deform'd with dust (their arms at distance spread)
Each on his shoulder half reclines his head. 991

Now bending 'till he almost touch'd the plain,
Tydeus the giant heav'd, but heav'd in vain,
The mountain-cypress thus, that firmly stood
From age to age, the empress of the wood,

By some strong whirlwind's sudden blast declin'd,
Bends arching down, and nods before the wind:
The deep roots tremble till the gulf blows o'er,
And then she rises, stately as before.

So vast Agylleus scarcely mov'd below, 1000
Hangs imminent upon th' Ætolian foe. [sound,
Breasts, shoulders, thighs, with mighty strokes re-
And all appears an undistinguish'd wound.
On tiptoe rais'd, their heads obliquely bent,
Each hangs on each, stretch'd out at full extent.

Not half so bloody, or with half such rage,
Two furious monarchs of the herd engage.
Apart the milk-white heifer views the fight,
And waits to crown the victor with delight. 1009
Their chests they gore, the mighty shock resounds;
Love swells their hate, and heals the gaping
wounds.

So shaggy bears in strict embraces roll, [soul.
And from each corse squeeze forth th' unwilling
Thus Tydeus storm'd; nor heats nor toils al-
His furious strength, or mitigate his rage, [suage
Agylleus pants aloud, nor scarce contends;
Black'ned with dust a stream of sweat descends.
Tydeus press'd on, and seem'd to aim a blow
Full at his neck: the force was meant below
Where well-knit nerves the knees firm strength
supply; 1020

Short of their reach, his hands the blow deny.
He sinks; o'er him, like some vast mountain fell
Agylleus, and half squeez'd his soul to hell.

So when th' Iberian swain in search of oar
Descends, and views the light of heav'n no more:
If some strong earthquake rocks the mould'ring
ground,
(High o'er him hung) down rush the ruins round;
Deep under earth his batter'd carcase lies,
Nor breathes its spirit to congenial skies.

Full of disdain Ætolian Tydeus rose; 1030
No peace, no bounds his fierce resentment knows:
Swift from th' inglorious hold he springs like wind,
And circles round, then firmly fix'd behind.
His hand embrac'd his side, his knees surround
The giant's knees, and bend 'em to the ground.

Nought boots resistance now. Agylleus makes
One more essay. That moment Tydeus takes,
And rears him high. The mingling shouts arise,
And loud applause runs rattling through the skies.

So Hercules, who long had toil'd in vain, 1040
Heav'd huge Anthëus from the Lybian plain;
Erect in air th' expiring savage hung, [sprung,
Nor touch'd the kindred earth, from whence he
Long Tydeus held him thus. At length he
found

The point of time, and hurl'd him to the ground
Side-long—Himself upon the giant lies,
And grasps his neck and firmly locks his thighs.

Prone o'er th' inglorious dust, Agylleus quakes
Half-dead: his shame alone resistance makes:
Then rose at last, and stagg'ring through the
Slowly he trail'd his feeble legs along. [throng

When Tydeus thus. (His nobler hand sustain'd
The palm, his life the warlike gifts he gain'd:)
What though my blood o'erflow'd yon guilty
ground,

When singly arm'd, whole numbers press'd me
round;

(So prov'd all contracts with the Theban name,
Their honour such) yet Tydeus lives the same.
He spoke, and speaking sent the prize away,
Aside, a breast-plate for the vanquish'd lay.

Others in arms their manly limbs enclose; 1060
To combat Epidaurian Agreus rose:
Him with the shining blade the Theban waits,
An exile still by unrelenting fates.

Then thus Adrastus. Gen'rous youths give
o'er;

Preserve all rage: and thirst for hostile gore.
Ye Gods! what slaughter and what combats call;
Then waste your fury, Thebes demands it all!
But you, O prince! a kinsman, and our friend!
Whose cause such numbers with their lives defend:
For whom, our natives, towns and countries lay,
Unpeopled half, to other foes a prey; 1071
Trust not th' event of fight; nor bleed, to please
Th' inhuman hopes of base Etheocles!

Avert it heav'n! the ready chiefs obey'd.
Their brave attempt a glitt'ring helm repaid.

Howe'er in sign of conquest and renown,
He bids the warriors Polynices crown
With wreaths, and hail him victor—no portent,
(So will'd the sisters) prophecy'd the event.

Him too the chiefs with kind persuasions pray
To rise, and close the honours of the day: 1081
(And lest one victory be lost) to throw
The missile lance, or bend the Lycian bow.
Well-pleas'd Adrastus to the plain descends
In pomp, his steps a youthful crowd attends.
Behind, a squire the royal quiver bore,
Deep fill'd with shafts, a formidable store.

'Tis plain. Shall man deny? Each human cause
Proceeds unseen from heav'n's eternal laws.
All fate appear'd: the chiefs perversely blind
Neglect the sign, nor see th' event behind. 1091
We deem from chance unerring omens flow;
While fate draws near, and aims a surer blow.

By this the monarch strain'd the bending yew:
Full on its mark the feather'd weapon flew,
Nor enter'd there. Th' impassive ash resounds:
Again with double force the shaft rebounds,
In the same line wing'd back its airy way,
Then prone on earth before Adrastus lay. 1099

Each reasons, as his wayward thoughts decree;
These think the shaft rebounded from the tree;
And those, that winds with unresisted force
Drove clouds on clouds, to intercept its course.
Meanwhile th' event and dreadful omen lies
Deep wrapt in night, nor seen by human eyes.
One chief in safety must return alone,
Through woes, and blood, and dangers yet un-
known.

NOTES UPON THE SIXTH THEBAID OF STATIUS.

MR. Dryden, in his excellent preface to the Eneid, takes occasion to quarrel with Statius, and calls the present book an ill-timed and unjudicious Episode. I wonder so severe a remark could pass from that gentleman, who was an admirer of our author even to superstition. I own I can scarce forgive myself, to contradict so great a poet, and so good a critic; *tantum enim virorum ut admiratio maxima, ita censura difficilis*. However, the present case may admit of very alleviating circumstances. It may be replied in general, that the design of this book was to give a respite to the main action, introducing a mournful, but pleasant variation from terror to pity. It is also highly probable, that Statius had an eye to the funeral obsequies of Polydore and Anchises, mentioned in the third and fifth books of Virgil. We may also look upon them as a prelude, opening the mind by degrees to receive the miseries and horror of a future war. This is intimated in some measure by the derivation of the word Archemorus.

Besides the reasons above mentioned, we have a fine opportunity of remarking upon chief of the heroes who must make a figure hereafter; this is represented to the eye in a lively sketch that distributes to each person his proper lights, with great advantage.

It must certainly be an infinite pleasure to peruse the most ancient piece of history now extant, excepting that in holy scripture. This remark must be understood of the action of the Thebaid only, which Statius, without question, faithfully recited from the most authentic chronicles in his own age. The action of the Iliad and Odyssey happened several years after. This is evident from Homer's own words. Agamemnon, in the 4th Iliad, recites with great transport the expedition of Tydeus: and Ulysses mentions the story of Jocasta (or Epicaste, as he calls her) in a very particular manner. It is in his descent to hell, Odyssey XI.

Μητέρα δ' Οιδιπόδαο ἴδον, καλὴν Ἐπικάστην,
 ἥ μιν γὰρ ἔργον ἔρεξεν αἰδομένησι νόειο,
 Γηραιήν τ' αὖ Νέη. ὃ δ' ὦν παῖρ' ἐξαναριζας
 Γῆμεν.
 Ἄλλ' ὃ μιν ἐν Θήβῃ πολυηράτω ἄλγιστα πάσ-
 χων
 Καδμείων ἦνατσε, θεῶν ὀλοὰς διὰ βελάς,
 ἥ δ' ἔβη εἰς αἶδαο πυλάριον κρατεροῖο
 ὦν ἀχρῖ σχομένη, τῷ δ' ἄλγιστα κάλλιπ' ὀπίσσω
 Πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσα τὲ μητρὸς ἐρίννευς ἐκτε-
 λήσει.

The antiquity of the Thebaid may be considered also in another view. As the poet was obliged to conform the manners of his heroes to the time of action, we in justice ought not to be so much shocked with those insults over the dead

which run through all the battles. This softens a little the barbarity of Tydeus, who expired gnawing the head of his enemy; and the impiety of Capaneus, who was thunderstruck while he blasphemed Jupiter. Whoever reads the books of Joshua and Judges will find about those times the same savage spirit of insolence and *fierte*.

Ver. 4. *The Nemeæan Games.*] I beg to be excused from giving a long account of the Nemeæan games. What the world calls learning, differs very little from pedantry; and I am sensible many an honest man may deserve that imputation when he means no manner of harm: so much harder it is to conceal knowledge, than first get it. The best and most ancient information now extant is to be collected from Pindar's odes in general. However, I must just take notice of a funeral oration spoken in honour of Archemorus, as it is mentioned by Clemens Alexandrinus, in his *Admonit. ad Gentes*.

Ver. 23. The youthful sailors thus with early care
 Their arms experience——

It is worth while here to take notice of Statius's similes in general. They are sometimes proper, but not often: a common fault with most young authors, who can reject nothing; though a more judicious writer at the same time would either suppress the thought, or at most content himself with a metaphor. I am apt to think similes must seldom be used, except they convey to the mind some very pleasing, or strong piece of painting. For all similes are descriptions (or pictures) whose only beauty proceeds from an excellence in the imagery. In these cases, painting must always be consulted.

Another oversight in Statius, is want of purity in the circumstances: but this is owing to the irregularity of his genius, which was above insisting upon particulars, and gave only some bold strokes of likeness.

If a translator can leave out such similes (or other passages) in Statius as are not proper, without violating the context: or if he can supply any of their defects in a very short compass, I think he ought. Though these liberties are not to be taken with more correct writers.

Ver. 31. Swift from mankind the pow'r of slumbers flew.

This place is not translated exactly to the letter, nor indeed would our language bear it. The original is extremely poetical, and correspondent to the best paintings in those times.

——cornu fugiebat somnus inani.

For Somnus (or sleep) was represented as a deity pouring dews out of a horn, over the temples of

the sleeping person. Statius alludes to this in another passage, upon the same occasion.

—cornu perfuderat omni.

This remark I owe to Lactantius, who has given us the only tolerable comment upon Statius. Care has been taken to read him entirely over, though to little purpose. His notes are learned, short, and clear, but seldom poetical. Most of them are like the old Scholia upon Homer, explaining one word by another. He is full of apostrophes and exclamations, yet gives no reasons. Such as *exquisite dictum! pictum egregie!* &c.

Ver. 51. Meanwhile Adrastus bears the friendly part,
And with kind words consoles, &c.

Chaucer, who was perhaps the greatest poet among the moderns, has translated these verses almost word for word in his Knight's Tale. I shall make this remark once for all: As nothing particularizes the fine passages in Homer more than that Virgil vouchsafed to imitate them: so scarce any thing can exalt the reputation of Statius higher, than the verbal imitations of our great countryman. I prefer this to a volume of criticisms; no man would imitate, what he could exceed.

Ver. 70. Inwoven on the pall, young Linus lay
In lonely woods—

Linus was the son of Apollo, and the nymph Psamathe. No picture could be introduced with more propriety; his death was almost exactly the same with that of Archemorus. The story is related at large by Adrastus in the first Thebaid; and admirably translated by Mr. Pope.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries;
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give!
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the rising day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapt the gore.

Ver. 90. The pious mother thus, deceiv'd too late
Like her fond spouse—

I scarce ever met with a more incoherent passage than this, in any author. The sense is fine, and easily apprehended by the context: the words are obscure to a fault, and the transition too sudden and violent.

Namque illi & pharetras, brevioraque tela dicat

Festinus voti pater, infantesque sagittas.
Jam tunc & notâ stabulis de gente probatos
In nomen pascebat equos, cinctusque sonantes,
Armaque majores expectatura lacertos—
Spes avidæ! quas non in nomen credula vestes
Urgebat studio? &c.

Spes avidæ must certainly be spoken of the mother, or else *credula* has nothing to agree with. In short, it must never be defended, but by one of these two excuses, either that Statius left his poem unfinished, or that the verse immediately preceding is now lost. It might mean perhaps no more than this, "Thus too was the unhappy mother deceived! With what cure—&c." This consideration clears the sense, and solves all objections at once. However 'tis a mere conjecture, and may be truer to the author's reputation, than his first meaning.

All grave readers will reject this as a whimsical young man's notion; nor do I lay any stress upon it. To show I can be serious upon occasion, I shall just refer them to Virgil's Third Georgic, where will be found a transition from horses to cows, as obscure almost as this in Statius.

Gronovius (without any authority) thinks we should read *spes avidi*, instead of *avidæ*, still preserving the context, and referring *credula* to *spes*. I cannot approve of this emendation for many reasons; we at once lose half the beauty. Besides, the repetition of *in nomen* would be tautology, if it did not refer to another person: nor can *urgere vestes* be so properly applied to the father.

Whoever reads this positive Dutchman's Preface to Ammianus Marcellinus, will never think him to be a man of sense or candour.

Ver. 108. Stretch'd o'er the ground the tow'ring
oaks were seen, &c.

This description is inimitably beautiful, and I might spend a whole page in admirations. 'Twere easy also, by drawing parallel places (a common, but unfair practice), to prefer Statius to all the ancients and moderns. Most of the poets have exercised their genius upon this occasion; particularly Ovid in the 10th book of his Metamorphosis.

—Non Chaonis abfuit arbor,

Non nemus Heliadum, non frondibus esculus
altis:

Non tiliæ molles, non sagus, & innuba laurus,
Et coryli fragiles, & fraxinus utilis hastis,
Enodisque abies, curvataque glandibus ilex,
Et platanus genialis, acerque coloribus impar,
Amnicolæque simul salices, & aquatica lotos.

As also Claudian, in the rape of Proserpina, Book II. Chaucer seems to have a particular eye to this passage throughout all his poems. See his Knight's Tale, the Assembly of Fowls, and Complaint of the Black Knight. I am also much pleased to find this passage finely imitated by two other of our ancient English poets. I shall first cite Fairfax, who understood the harmony of numbers better than any person then living, except Spenser. All the world knows his excellent version (or paraphrase rather) of Tasso's *Gierusalem liberata*. The other, whom I mean, is Mr. Drayton, whose Fairy-tale is a masterpiece in those grotesque writings.

Down fall the sacred palms, and ashes wild—
The fun'ral cypress, holly ever green.

The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing
 pine,
 The married elm fell with his fruitful vine;
 The shooter-yew, the broad-leav'd sycamore,
 The barren platane, and the walnut found:
 The myrrh that her foul sin doth still deplore,
 The alder, owner of all wat'rish ground,
 Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,
 Proud cedar; oak, the king of forests crown'd.

FAIRFAX.

The tufted cedar, and the branching pine . . .
 Under whose covert, (thus divinely made)
 Phœbus' green laurel flourish'd in the shade;
 Fair Venus' myrtle, Mars his warlike fir,
 Minerva's olive, and the weeping myrrh;
 The patient palm that strives in spite of hate,
 The poplar to Alcides consecrate, &c.

DRAYTON.

I ask pardon for the tediousness of this note, and the reader in justice ought to acknowledge I writ it to gratify my pleasure, rather than my vanity; and surely no person who has the least taste can be displeased with so much variety. I insist only to produce one description more out of Statius. The verses are extremely natural, and carry something with them as awful and venerable as the subject.

*Sylva capax ævi, validaque incurva senectâ,
 Æternum intonsæ frondis, stat pervia nullis
 Solibus.*

*Subter opaca quies, vacuusque silentia servat
 Horror, & exclusæ pallet mala lucis imago,
 Nec caret umbra Deo.*

THEBAID IV.

Ver. 131. Sacred to heav'n and hell the mourners
 rear
 Two massy altars——

It may be asked why the Grecians raised two altars. Lactantius answers that one only was for Archemorus, and the other for the serpent that killed him.

If the reader supposes this to be too much honour for the latter, it must be remembered, that those creatures were almost always esteemed by the ancients, as sacred to some deity. But Statius mentions this in particular. See the death of Archemorus, in the 5th Thebaid.

——Nemoris sacer horror Achæi
 Erigitur Serpens.

And a little afterwards,

——Inachio sanctum dixere Tonanti
 Agricolaë——

So Virgil, speaking of the two serpents that strangled Laocoon, *Æneid* the 2d.

Their task perform'd, the serpents quit their
 prey,

And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
 Couch'd at her feet they lie protected there
 By her large buckler, and protended spear.

DRYDEN.

Ver. 137.——In mournful strains
 The music of the Phrygian lute complains.

The Phrygian measure in music was made use of, to call the spirits of the deceased from Hades. Pelops was the first person who invented, and set it to the lyre, and from him it came to the Grecians.

LACTANTIUS.

Ver. 147. Behind Hypsipyle's soft sorrows flow
 Silent, and fast——

Nothing can be more finely imaged than this character of Hypsipyle; it seems a perfect picture of beauty in distress. Her very silence is eloquent: She knows her innocence, but must not speak one word to defend it. She moves along by herself the very last of them all, while every eye seems to threaten and accuse her. And even after all this, there is still a dejected sweetness, a tenderness, a confusion that cannot be expressed. I know not how to make the reader any ways sensible of my own images, except I refer him to the character of Briseis in Homer's first *Iliad*, and the picture of Sigeambis in Darius's tent.

This puts me in mind of some fine strokes in Spenser, though upon a different occasion. What I mean is the silence and confusion of Britomart, when the red-cross knight discovers her to be a lady, and inquires after her adventures.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no pow'r
 To speak a while, ne ready answer make,
 But with heart-thrilling throbs, and bitter
 stow'r,

As if she had a fever-fit, did quake,
 And ev'ry dainty limb with horror shake;
 And ever and anon the rosie red
 Flash'd through her face, as it had been a flake
 Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmin'd.

FAIRY QUEEN, Lib. III. Cant. ii.

See also the same canto, stanza the 15th.

Ver. 153. Speech of Eurydice.

Statius has equally shown his conduct in this speech of Eurydice. She is injured, and indeed deserves a liberty to resent it. She condole, she repents, she heightens her misfortunes, and then seems to wonder why providence should inflict them. This she aggravates by considering the prosperity of her neighbours, which certainly gives the deepest remorse in all afflictions. Nothing can be finer than these two last particulars. They arise immediately from human nature, and give a lively picture of self-respect, and indulgence to our own frailties. What follows is more abrupt and violent; she draws the author of her misery in the most disagreeable colours, makes her treacherous, negligent, and even insensible of gratitude or pity.

Ver. 185. Whose hands sustain'd thee, and whose
 music charm'd,

Whose eye o'erfaw thee——

I am far from being disgusted with these little particularities that attend the most serious and noble passions. Nothing has a better effect in

poetry or painting. An incident may be small, and at the same time not trifling. This puts me in mind of an observation in Longinus: it is made upon Sappho's love-ode, translated afterwards by Catullus. "The poetess (says he) has assembled with admirable skill all the little accidents to that passion. Her heart beats fast, her tongue trembles, her sight seems to swim, and her colour vanishes all in one moment."

This confusion suits admirably well with the wandering irresolutions of the soul upon such occasions.

LONGINUS, Chap. viii.

Ver. 209. So when the holy priest with curious eyes

Dooms some fair heifer.

I must not forget that Statius has copied this simile from Lucretius. 'Tis hard to say which is the more excellent. Lucretius's lines are these, after he has described the young heifer slain in sacrifice.

At mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans,
Omnia convivens oculis loca, si queat usquam
Conspicere amissum fœtum, completque querelis

Frondiferum nemus adstans, & crebra revivit
Ad stabulum, desiderio perfixa juvenci,
Non teneræ falices, atque herbæ rore vigentes
Fluminave ulla queunt summis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum, subitamque avertère curam:
Nec vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta
Derivare queunt aliò, curâve levare.

Lib. ii.

Ver. 217. The father now unbare his rev'rend head;

His silver locks he scatters o'er the dead.

The practice of cutting off the hair, and strewing it over the deceased, was so common with the ancients, that all testimonies are needless. It prevails among the Slavonians to this day, who (as Lord Bunsen observes in his Epistles), *neque modo capillos, sed etiam supercilia sibi (in luctu) demunt.*

Ver. 221. If Jove's almighty wisdom can deceive,
Curs'd is the man who fondly will believe!

This apostrophe contains a fine picture of human nature in distress. Heaven itself cannot escape our censure: its unerring justice is called into question, and we fancy more to be inflicted on us than we ought to suffer.

Much of this kind is the speech of Aſius in Homer's 12th Iliad. Eustathius makes a very moral remark upon it, which I shall transcribe, as I find it admirably translated to my hands. "The speech of Aſius is very extravagant: He exclaims against Jupiter for a breach of promise, not because he had broken his word, but because he had not fulfilled his own vain imaginations. This conduct, though very blameable in Aſius, is very natural to persons under disappointments, who are ever ready to blame heaven, and turn their misfortunes into a crime." Thus far Eustathius.

VOL. IX.

Æneas (whose chief character is piety) could not help accusing men and gods when he lost Cræusa. Though in justice to Virgil it ought to be observed, that he softens, or rather disapproves of the impiety at the same time; for so the word *amens* must be understood.

Quem non inculavi, amens, hominumque deorumque?

As this note is capable of very serious reflections, it may not perhaps be amiss to look a little into the holy scriptures. The impatience of Job's wife, as also the diffidence and irresolutions of David in the lxxiii psalm, are extraordinary instances of this sort. But Jeremiah carries it yet farther: He proceeds to an expostulation with his Maker. "Let me talk with thee, O Lord, of thy judgments. Thou hast planted (the wicked) yea, they have taken root: they grow, yea, they bring forth fruit. But thou, O Lord, knowest me, thou hast seen me, and tried my heart towards thee. I have forsaken my house, &c." Chap. xii. 1, 2, 3, & 8.

Lactantius solves the extravagance of this speech of Lycurgus very oddly, by a reflection on his priesthood. His words are these: "Priests may be as angry as they will," for so must he be understood according to the purport of the original. I much question whether his name sake would have allowed this concession to the clergy: and if the translator may have leave to give his opinion, he thinks them to have less need of it, than any other part of the nation.

Ver. 271. Nine times his course bright Lucifer had roll'd,
And ev'ning Vesper deck'd his rays with gold.

This particularity is so far from being ornamental, that it preserves a valuable piece of antiquity; namely, the closing of the funeral games after nine days end: which ceremony the old Romans called *Novemdialia*.

BERNARTIUS.

Ver. 297. High o'er the people wrought with lively grace,
Shine the fair glories of their ancient race.

I do not remember any thing more noble, or judicious than this historical picture. The description of a shield was already worn out: it was impossible to add any thing of moment after Homer and Virgil. Nor is it introduced merely for ornament; it contains no less than the story of their ancestors, *magnanimi series antiqua parentum*. Its effects are visible: to inspire them with courage in the funeral games. Besides, it happily avoids most of the objections that have been made against the shields of Achilles and Æneas. Its size answers all multiplicity of figures; and even every figure bears a plain reference to the subject of action. The rules of painting are exactly preserved: we have not only a contrast of passions in different persons, but variety of place in each distinct compartment.

It is reasonable to think our author designed this as a compliment to a common ceremony, then

among the Romans, who used at all solemn funerals to carry before the corpse of the deceased the pictures of their ancestors. Thus Horace, Epode the 8th.

—Fumus atque imagines
Ducunt triumphales tuum.

See also Cicero's oration for Milo, and the 35th book of Pliny. Perhaps Statius owed the first hint of his historical picture to the custom we now mention.

Ver. 324. —Brave Choræbus lifts his bleeding hands—

Lactantius gives two meanings to this hemistich; the venerable or undaunted figure of Choræbus. I have chosen the latter, because it agrees best with his character in the first Thebaid. The story is too long to be transcribed.

Ver. 331. Here Belus' sons at Hymen's altars stand,

And join with hearts averse the friendly hand.

The contract of Danaus and Egyptus is too well known to be repeated. However, for the sake of the curious, I shall not pass by the Epistle of Hypermnestra to Linus, and some remarkable passages in Pindar's ninth Pythian Ode. Statius seems pleased with this story, and has chosen it in another place to ornament the shield of Hippomedon. There is something very masterly in the expression, and the *Tout-ensemble* makes a fine piece of night-painting.

—humeros, & pectora latè
Flammeus orbis habet—vivit in auro
Nox Danaï, fontes furiarum lampade nigrâ
Quinquaginta ardent thalami, pater ipse cruentus
In foribus, laudatque nefas, atque inspicit en-

THEBAID IV.

Ver. 349. Swift flew the rapid car, and left behind

The noise of tempests, and the wings of wind.

These verses are somewhat too bold in the original.

—stupuere relicta
Nubila, certantes Eurique Notique sequuntur.

Whoever translates Statius must have liberty to soften some of these hyperboles. Yet Lactantius was of another opinion, who admires this place in the true spirit of criticism. *Divine dictum! dedit illis quæstorie votum, sed ademit effectum.* His remark is not worth translating.

Ver. 363. So sad Apollo with a boding sigh
Told his fond child—

We may perceive something very remarkable in this simile, not without a fine commiseration for unhappy Polynices. Instead of accusing the rashness or folly of Phæton, all is attributed to fatal destiny. As much as to say, Polynices lost not the race through his own imprudence, but by the interposition of a deity.

Ver. 431. *Admetus' Life, &c.*] This alludes chiefly to the story of Alceste, Admetus's wife, who was so honourable, it seems, as to lay down her own life to atone for her husband's. Juvenal makes an agreeable use of this female gallantry.

—spectant subeuntem fata mariti

Alcesten.

LACTANTIUS.

Euripides has written a tragedy upon this occasion. I am afraid few modern ladies would give such an example, but indeed husbands are much altered since the days of Admetus. I may add, that Statius takes notice of the death of Alceste in his Sylva, intituled, The Tears of Etruscus, lib. iii. I the rather cite this poem because it contains some fine strokes of humanity, and filial affection. Of the same nature is his Epicedion in Patrem. I wonder these two admirable copies have never yet been translated.

Ver. 454. "Th' impatient coursers pant in every vein,

"And pawing seem to beat the distant plain:

"The vales, the floods appear already crost,

"And ere they start, a thousand steps are lost."

The Latin of these verses is wonderfully fine, as Mr. Dryden acknowledges in his preface to Du Fresnoy. He cites them as a true image of our author.

Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Which would cost me, says he, an hour to translate, there is so much beauty in the original. Since that, Mr. Pope has imitated these verses almost verbatim in his Windsor-Forest: And I thought fit to transfer them hither, rather than expose my own weakness. I never was heartily mortified before; I just know how to admire him, and to despise myself! The reader may be assured, I durst not presume to do this without that gentleman's consent, who not only gave me leave to use his translation, but also to alter any circumstances that might not correspond with the original. I remember a paper in the Guardian that consists chiefly of parallel descriptions upon this occasion; and thither I refer the curious.

Balde the Jesuit has some bold strokes in an ode whose title I forget, though it is written partly in imitation of the war-horse in Job. I mention this, purely to do justice to that poet's memory, who, notwithstanding some extravagancies, came nearer to the spirit and abruptness of Pindar, than any of his contemporaries.

Ver. 600. Earth opening seem'd to groan (a fatal sign!)

Because Amphiaræus was afterwards to be swallowed under ground. See the latter end of the seventh Thebaid.

Illum ingens haurit specus, et transire parentes
Mergit equos: non arma manu, non fræna remittit

Sicut erat, rectos desert in Tartara currus:

Resperitque cadens cœlum, campumque coite
Ingemuit——

I take this to be one of the most noble descriptions I ever met with in any language.

Ver. 639. Loud shouts each chief that from high
Elis leads

His native train, &c.

I have opened this passage a little, but with due respect to geography. See the fourth Theb. *Resupina Elis, demissa Pisa.*

Ver. 642. Lives there a warrior in the world
Who never heard of Atalanta's name?

The commentators are all mighty merry upon these verses. It seems Statius has confounded the history of Atalanta (there being two of that name) and takes the wife of Hippomenes for that of Pelops; the famous racer in days of yore. This, say they, is a remarkable oversight, and very few of them can heartily forgive it. The matter is hardly worth debate: Poets were never thought infallible. Whoever reads the critical discourse upon the Iliad, will find many errors even in Homer; though not so many as La Motte fancied. Aristotle, Cicero, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, were seldom right in their quotations. Macrobius tells, that Virgil ran into many palpable mistakes, purely to disengage himself from too much exactness, and to imitate Homer. Mons. la Mothe le Vayer has written an entire treatise upon this subject; and I think it worth reading, merely as a mortification for human vanity.

In deference to the above mentioned criticism, I thought fit to leave out, *vestigia cunctis indeprentata procis*; for there lies all the confusion.

Ver. 766. *Foot-race.*] I must own, I think this foot-race an inimitable piece of poetry. The design itself is equally as just; the circumstances perhaps are more beautiful than those upon the same subject in the Greek or Roman poet. Had Statius given the prize to Idas (than which nothing was more easy), I cannot but think the moral would have been highly defective. Yet Euryalus in Virgil wins the race by downright fraudulence. In the descriptive parts our author borrows nothing considerable from either of the above cited poets. I wish he had taken one circumstance from Homer, which pleases me much. It is the passage where Ulysses follows Ajax:

———*ἄνδρ' ὀπίθεν*

Ἰχθυα τῶν τε ποδῶσσι πάρος κόνιν ἀμφιχυθῆναι.

———His foe he plies,

And treads each footstep, e'er the dust can rise.

Ver. 909. Thus in some storm the broken billows rise

Round the vast rock——

'Tis with great judgment the poet introduces this simile, which admirably paints the size and unmoveableness of Capaneus. I have endeavoured to give it this turn, adding the epithet vast, to strengthen the idea. A translator can seldom do his author this justice, and I see no reasons against it, if the deviation exceeds not one word. However, it is manifest the original alludes only to the

noise and sudden overflowing of the waters. It is impossible to give a more lively image of Alcidas. Statius has comprised himself also into a shorter compass than usual, that the mind might not be too much suspended in the midst of so important an action. Besides, there is a particular beauty in the versification: it seems to run by starts, short and violent:

*Afflit, ut præceps cumulo salit unda, minaces
In scopulos, et fracta redit——*

Ver. 966. *The fight of the cæstus.*] I have taken notice in the Foot-race, that Statius has varied from Virgil with admirable judgment. The same may be advanced here in respect to Homer, who, in his fight of the cæstus, rewards insolence and pride, instead of punishing them. There is an exact parity of character between Capaneus and Epeus: but not the same success. The boaster in this place meets with the most manifest disadvantage: A great improvement of the moral.

Upon the whole, it may be required I should attempt something like a comparison between the descriptions of this game in Homer, Virgil, and Statius. To speak my own sentiments, I cannot but prefer the latter, not only for its greater variety of incidents, but for the character of arrogance, which is wrought up to much more perfection: it was this they all laboured at. Capaneus is so far blinded with his own admiration, that he still fancies himself the conqueror, though the odds appeared visibly against him; so apt is pride to magnify. This is superadded to the characters in Homer and Virgil, and I think it a most natural improvement.

Ver. 994. The mountain-cypress thus, that firmly stood

From age to age———

Originally,

*Ille autem Alpini veluti regina cupressus
Verticis———*

I have read in one of our modern critics, or in some book of travels, that no cypresses grow upon the Alps. The author upon this takes occasion to fall foul upon an eminent Roman poet, and wonders at his ignorance. It is no matter where I met with this remark, it not being of much consequence: Yet I thought fit to leave out *Alpinus*, and added a more indefinite epithet.

Since my writing this note, I chanced to read Bernartius's comment upon Statius. He is much chagrined at this oversight. As a specimen of his humanity and taste for criticism, I shall transcribe his own words at length: "Attigit ut videtur Papinius hic guttam è flumine Lethes. "Nam in Alpibus nusquam cupressi: nisi forte speciem pro genere posuit, quod non inepte affirmare possumus."

Ver. 1006. Not half so bloody, or with half such rage,

Two mighty monarchs of the herd engage.

Statius seems to have copied this simile from the combat of Hercules and Achelous, in the ninth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. I shall

pleasure the reader with them both. And first Ovid:

Non aliter vidi fortes concurrere tauros,
Cum pretium pugnae, toto nitidissima saltu
Expetitur conjux: spectant armenta, paventq.
Nescia quem tanti maneat victoria regni.
Non sic ductores gemini gregis, horrida tauri
Bella movent: medio conjux stat candida prato
Victorem expectans; rumpunt obnixa furentes
Pectora——

The latter, in my opinion, is far more natural than the former. There is a beautiful contrast, or variation of numbers, very tender and flowing, in

——medio conjux——&c.

Which is somewhat faintly preserved in the translation.

Spenser has a simile something of this nature in the combat between the Red-Cross Knight and Sansfoy, Lib. I. Canto ii.

Ver. 1029. Nor breath'd its spirit to congenial skies.

Or to congenial stars more literally, according to the philosophy of Pythagoras. The wicked, says Lactantius, were punished by their stars (*ab ipsis astris, stellisque* are his words) the good enjoyed their light for ever. For a farther explication of this ancient doctrine, I refer the reader to Servius and Rutenus's notes upon the 227th line of Virgil's fourth Georgic, *Syderis in numerum*, &c. See also Plato in Timæo.

Ver. 1040. So Hercules, who long had toil'd in vain,
Heav'd huge Antheus.

I cannot but admire this noble simile; besides the parity of circumstances, the savage character

of Antheus suits admirably well with the brutal fury of Agylleus: nor is it a small compliment to little Tydeus, to compare him with Hercules for strength. I fancy Spenser drew the story of Malger at large from this picture. I am the more inclined to think so, because in the combat of Prince Arthur and Pyrrhocles, he translates almost literally from Statius those verses that describe Agylleus after his fall; though it must be owned, he has interwoven a simile that much improves them.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive,
But as a bittoir in an eagle's claw,
That may not hope by flight to 'scape alive,
Still hopes for death, with dread and trembling
awe,
So he now subject to the victor's law
Did not once move, nor upwards cast his eye.

Here end the funeral games, which are put off (as in Virgil) by a prodigy, foreboding that none of the seven captains should return, except Adrastus: As that in Virgil foretold the burning of the ships by the Trojan matrons.

To conclude, whosoever will read the original impartially, will find Statius to be a much better poet than the world imagines. What the translation is, I know not; nor can the notes be extraordinary, when no body has written any thing tolerable before me. The reader may believe or disbelieve them as he pleases; I deliver conjectures, not doctrines. If my present version has the fortune to please, I may perhaps proceed farther: if not, I cannot but think myself happy in reviving, at least, so fine a piece of poetry. I have but just given the sketch of a picture, it remains for others to deepen the strokes, and finish the whole. Whoever can take such pains, will oblige me, as much as the world.

DIVINE POEMS.

DEDICATION.

To the Reverend Mr. Hildrop, Master of Marlborough-School (under whom I had the honour of receiving my education) these Divine Poems are humbly dedicated by his

most obliged,
and obedient Servant,

W. HARTE.

PSALM CIV. PARAPHRASED.

AWAKE, my soul! in hallow'd raptures praise
Th' Almighty God, who in th' empyreal height
Majestic shines, too glorious to behold.
Methinks the broad expansion of the sky
O'er spreads thy throne: in air thy chambers hang
Eternal, and unmov'd. Clouds roll'd on clouds
Thy chariot form; in thund'ring wrapt and fires
Thou walk'st, incumbent on the wings of wind.
Active as flames, all intellect, God forms
Angels of essence pure, whose finer parts
Invisible, and half dissolv'd in light,

Should fleet through worlds of air. Th' Almighty hand

Fix'd earth's eternal basis, and prescrib'd
Its utmost limits to the raging main.

Forth from their deeps a world of waters rose
And delug'd earth. He spoke, the waves obey'd
In peace, subsiding to their ancient springs.
Part murmur headlong down the mountain's sides:
Part through the vales in flow meanders play,
As pleas'd, yet loath to leave the flow'ry scene.

Thither by instinct savage beasts repair
To slake their thirst. Along the margin trees
Wave in the wat'ry gleam, amid whol' boughs

The winged songsters chaunt their Maker's pow'r.

God with prolific dew, and genial rain

Impregnates earth, then crowns the smiling fields

With lively green: the vegetative juice

Flows briskly through the trees; the purple grape

Swells with nectareous wines t' inspire the soul.

With verdant fruits the clust'ring olive bends,

Whose sprightly liquor smooths the shining face.

On Lebanon the sacred cedar waves,

And spiry fir-tree, where the stork conceals

Her clam'rous young. The rocks bare, unadorn'd,

Have ules too: there goats in quest of food

Hang pendulous in air, there rabbits form

Their mazy cells—In constant course the moon

Nocturnal sheds her kindly influence down,

Marks out the circling year, and rules the tides.

In constant regularity the sun

Purples the rosy east, or leaves the skies.

Then awful night o'er all the globe extends

Her sable shades: the woods and deserts ring

With hideous yell, what time the lions roar

And tear their prey; but when the glimm'ring
morn

Dawns o'er the hills, their depredations cease,

And sacred silence reigns. Then painful man

Commences with the sun his early toil,

With him retires to rest O pow'r supreme,

How wonderful thy works! the bounteous earth

Pours from its fruitful surface plants and herbs

Adapt for ev'ry use: its bowels hold

Rich veins of silver, and the golden ore.

Unnumber'd wonders in the deeps appear,

Incredible to thought. There tow'rs of oak

Float o'er the surges; there enormous whales

In awkward gambols play, th' inferior fry

Sportive through groves of shining coral glide.

These with observance due, when hunger calls

Expect their meat from God, who sometimes gives

A just sufficiency, or more profuse

Show'rs down his bounty with a copious hand.

When God withholds his all-sustaining care,

To dust, their former principle, they fall.

Then thy prolific spirit forms anew

Each undecaying species. Mighty God,

How great, how good thy pow'r; that was, and is,

And e'er shall be immutably the same!

Earth at thy look with reverential fear,

Ev'n to the centre shakes: the mountains blaze

Beneath thy touch! Hail awful pow'r of heav'n,

Eternal Three and One! The slaves of vice

Thy vengeance, like a sudden whirlwind's rage,

Sweeps from mankind. My muse, thrice glorious
task!

While my blest eyes behold the cheerful sun,

While life shall animate this mortal frame,

In heavenly flights shall spread a bolder wing,

And sing to him, who gave her first to sing!

PSALM CVII. PARAPHRASED.

MORTALS, rejoice! with raptures introduce

Your grateful songs, and tell what mercies God

Deigns to bestow on man: but chiefly you

The progeny of David, whom the Lord

Selected from each region of the globe

Beneath the Arctic or Antarctic pole:

Or where the purple sun with orient beams

Strikes parallel on earth, or prone descends
T' illumine worlds beyond th' Hesperian main.

With weary feet, and mournful eyes they pass'd

Erroneous through the dreary waste of plains,

Immeas'able: the broad expanse of heav'n

Their canopy, the ground of damp malign

Their bed nocturnal. Thus in wild despair

Anxious they sought some hospitable town,

In shame and bitterness of soul, once more

They recogniz'd the Lord, and trembling cry'd

Have mercy on us! he, the source of mercy,

Kindly revisited his fav'rite race,

Consol'd their woes, and led the weary train

Through barren wilds to the long promis'd land,

Then plac'd 'em there in peaceful habitations.

Chorus.

"O that the sons of men in grateful songs

"Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the

"Lord,

"Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"

He cheers the sad, and bids the famish'd soul

Luxuriant feast till nature craves no more.

He often saves th' imprison'd wretch that lies

Tortur'd in iron chains no more to see

The cheerful light, or breathe the purer air.

(The due reward imperious mortals find,

When swell'd with earthly grandeur they despise

The pow'r supreme) thus Jesse's sacred seed

Elated with the num'rous gifts of heav'n,

Slighted the giver: then the wrathful Lord

Withheld his hand. They impotent to save

Their forfeit lives, in piercing accents cry'd

Help Lord, we die! he soon with aspect mild

Commiserates their anguish, and reliev'd

Those limbs, which sedentary numbness erst

Had cramp'd, when they in doleful shades of death

Sate intolerable—"O then that men

"Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the

"Lord,

"Declare his miracles, and laud his power!"

Man, thoughtless of his end, in anguish reaps

The fruits of folly, and voluptuous life.

Sated with luxury his stomach loaths

Most palatable meats: with heavy pain

His eyes roll slowly; if he drops to rest,

He starts delirious, and still seems to see

Horrible fiends, that tear him from mankind.

His flushing cheeks now glow like flames of fire:

Now chill'd, he trembles with extremes of cold

That shoots, like darts of ice, through every vein.

Ev'n then, when art was conquer'd, pray'rs and

vows

Lenient of anger soon appear'd the Lord,

Whole saving providence restor'd his health,

And snatch'd th' expiring from the jaws of death.

But mostly they who voyage o'er the deeps

Observe the works of God. Sudden, from high

Down pours a rushing storm, more dreadful made

By darkness: save what light the flashing waves

Disclose. The vessel rides sublime in air

High on the surging billows, or again

Precipitous through yawning chasms descends.

Heart-thrilling plaints, and hands up-rear'd to

heav'n

Speak well their anguish, and desires to live.

Shock'd by each burning wave that whirls 'em

round,

They stagger in amaze, like reeling men
 Intoxicated with the fumes of wine.
 Yet when they cry to God, his saving pow'r
 Hushes the winds, and bids the main subside.
 Instead of storms the whisp'ring zephyrs fan
 The silent deep, and wave their pendent sails.
 Then ev'ry heart exults: joyous repose
 Dismisses each terrific thought, when once
 (At heav'n's command) the weary vessel makes
 Her long-expected haven. "O that men
 "Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the
 "Lord,
 "Declare his miracles, and laud his pow'r!"
 To him once more address your songs of praise
 In every temple sacred to his name,
 Or where the reverend senators conven'd
 In council sit. He turns the limpid streams,
 And flow'ry meadows to a dreary waste.
 Where corn has grown, and fragrant roses fill'd
 The skies with odoriferous sweets, he bids
 The baleful aconite uplift its head.
 (The curse of impious nations) and again
 In lonely deserts at his high behests
 Soft-purling rills in sportive mazes glide
 Meander'd through the valleys: there he bids
 The hungry souls increase and multiply.
 His bounteous hand the while pours goodness down
 Ineffable, and guards their num'rous herds.
 Though thousands fall, his mercy still renews
 The never-ending race—When tyrants, proud
 Of arrogated greatness, without law

Unpeople realms, and breathe, but to destroy;
 Then God his high prerogative asserts,
 Resumes his pow'r, and blasts their guilty heads:
 Then raises from the dust the humble soul
 Who meekly bore indignities and woe.

TO MY SOUL.

FROM CHAUCER.

FAR from mankind, my weary soul retire,
 Still follow truth, contentment still desire.
 Who climbs on high, at best his weakness shows,
 Who rolls in riches, all to fortune owes.
 Read well thyself, and mark thy early ways,
 Vain is the muse, and envy waits on praise.
 Wav'ring as winds the breath of fortune blows,
 No pow'r can turn it, and no pray'rs compose.
 Deep in some hermit's solitary cell
 Repose and ease and contemplation dwell.
 Let conscience guide thee in the days of need;
 Judge well thy own, and then thy neighbour's
 deed.

What heav'n bestows with thankful eyes receive;
 First ask thy heart, and then through faith believe.
 Slowly we wander o'er a toilsome way,
 Shadows of life, and pilgrims of a day.
 "Who wrestles in this world, receives a fall;
 "Look up on high, and thank thy God for all!"

FABLES, VISIONS, EMBLEMS, &c.

—DEUS ORA MOVET; SEQUAR ORA MOVENTEM
 RITE DEUM!—

PREFACE.

I SHALL not trouble the public with excuses for venturing to send these Religious Poems into the world; having long since observed, that all apologies made by authors, far from gaining the end proposed, serve only to supply an ill-natured critic with weapons to attack them. This being the case, it shall suffice me to say, that I drew up the present writings for my own private consolation, under a lingering and dangerous state of health, which it has pleased God to make my portion: Nor had I any better opportunity or power of discharging the duties of my profession to mankind. The goodness of my cause may perhaps supply the defects of my poetry; since, in this sense, the very gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim will be better than the vintage of Abiezer. I promise my readers no extraordinary art in composition or style; but flatter myself they will find some nature, some flame, and some truth.

Parables, Fables, Emblematic Visions, &c. are the most ancient method of conveying truth to mankind. Upwards of forty of the finest and most poetical parts of the Old and New Testament are of this cast, and force their way upon the mind and heart irresistibly, though they are written in prose.

From a just sense of this humble simplicity, I have here translated the plainest and least figurative parable that our blessed Saviour has delivered to us, relating only to a few unornamented circumstances in agriculture.

To express such humble allusions with clearness, propriety, and dignity, was, it must be confessed, one of the hardest pieces of poetry I ever yet undertook; nevertheless, I flattered myself that I was in some degree master of one part of the subject, [namely, the culture of land] upon which the parable is founded.

Yet the great and real difficulty still recurred:

Difficile est propriè communia dicere.—

How far I have succeeded in this, or any other particular, is more than I shall take upon me to conjecture. Nor shall it be dissembled, but that I had a great inclination to give a paraphrase (or metaphrase rather) of the xxviiith chapter of Deuteronomy; which, I believe, hath never yet been turned into English verse. It is doubtless one of the noblest pieces of poetry in holy scripture; being at the same time sublime, and yet plain; seemingly familiar, and yet richly diversified.

In this chapter, the change of ideas and events from a state of obedience to a state of disobedience, exhibits a power of language, imagery, and just thinking, which no uninspired writings ever have laid claim to with justice, or ever shall. But, when I came to take a closer view of the precipice and its dangers, my heart trembled, as Job says, and was moved out of its place; I threw down the pencil in despair, and left the undertaking to some abler hand; namely, to some future Milton, Dryden, or Pope.

Upon the whole, I may perhaps venture to persuade myself, that the intention of the present work is commendable, and that the work, when perused, may prove useful (more or less) to my fellow Christians.

Conscious of my own inabilities, and being desirous that the reader may receive some advantage by casting his eyes over these poems, I have added, in a few notes, the most remarkable passages I had an eye to in the holy scriptures, and in the writings of the primitive fathers; they being the only compass and charts which I have made use of in my navigation.

A mixture of pleasing and instructive poetry cannot fail to engage the attention of all rational and serious readers: For, as it is hurtful to drink wine, or water alone; and as wine mingled with water is pleasant, and delighteth the taste; even so speech, finely framed, delighteth the ears of them that read the story.

2 Maccab. ch. ult. v. ult.

CHRIST'S PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp. Psalm xlix. 4.

All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables. Withoutt a parable spake he not unto them. Matth. xiii. 34.

A wise man will hear, and increase learning, and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels: To understand a proverb (a parable) and the interpretation; the words of the wise, and their dark sayings. Prov. i. 5. 6.

INTRODUCTION.

LONG e'er th' Ascrean * bard had learnt to sing,
Or Homer's fingers touch'd the speaking string;
Long e'er the supplemental arts had found
Th' embroid'ry of auxiliary sound;

* Hesiod.

The heav'n-born muse the paths of nature chose:
Emblems and fables her whole mind disclose,
Victorious o'er the soul with energy of prose!

True poetry, like Ophir's gold, endures
All trials, yet its purity secures;
Invert, disjoint it, change its very name,
The essence of the thoughts remains the same.
Something there is, which endless charms afford;

And stamps the majesty of truth on words.

The son of Gideon *, 'midst Cherizim's snow,
Unskill'd in numbers taught the stream to flow,
With conscious pride disdain'd the aids of art,
And pour'd a full conviction on the heart:
His cedar, fig-tree, and the brier convey
The highest notions in the humblest way †.

In Nathan's fable strong and mild conspire,
The suppliant's meekness and the poet's fire:
Till waken'd nature bade the tears to flow,
And David's muse assum'd the voice of woe ‡.

The wise, all-knowing Saviour of mankind
Mix'd ease with strength, and truth with emblem
join'd:

Omniscience, vested with full pow'r to choose,
O'erlooks the strong, nor does the weak refuse §.
Leaves pageantry of means to feeble man,
And builds the noblest, on the plainest plan:
Divine simplicity the work befriends,
And humble causes reach sublimest ends.

True flame of verse, O sanctifying fire || !
Warm not my genius, but my heart inspire!
On my cleans'd lips permit the coals to dwell
Which from thy altar on Isaiah fell ¶ !
Cancel the world's applause; and give thy grace
To me, the meanest of the tuneful race.
Teach me the words of Jesus to impart
With energy of pow'r, but free from art.
Thy emanations light and heat dispense;
The sucklings speech, to children eloquence !—
Like Habakkuk **, I copy, not indite;
Tim'rous like him, I tremble whilst I write!
But Jeremiah with new boldness sung,
When inspiration rush'd upon his tongue ††
The pow'rs of sacred poesy were giv'n
By him, that bears the signature of heav'n ††

PARABLE.

WHEN vernal show'rs and sunshine had unbound
The frozen bosom of the torpid ground,
When breezes from the western world repair
To wake the flow'rs and vivify the air,
Th' industrious peasant left his early bed,
And o'er the fields his seeds for harvest spread.

* Jotham.

† See the whole parable, Judg. ix. 7, 21.

‡ On this occasion David composed the 50th psalm.

§ It is the uniform doctrine of scripture, "That
flight shall perish from the swift, and the strong shall
not strengthen his force, neither shall the mighty de-
liver himself." Amos ii. 14.

|| Rom. xv. 16. 2 Thess. ii. 13. 1 Pet. i. 2.

¶ Isaiah vi. 6.

** Hab. ii. 2.

†† Jer. i. 6, &c. 8, 9.

†† John vi. 27.

With equal hand, and at a distance due,
(Impartially to every narrow view)
The life-sustaining grain he justly sows*.
As was the culture, such was the return;
Of weeds a field, or a grove of corn.
But, where he sows the gift on grateful soils,
Harvests of industry then-gain his soils.
Some seeds by chance on brashy † grounds he sows,

And some the winds on airy head-lands blow:
Foldest they matured, premature of birth,
But put & and taken &, unsluggish & with earth:
Whilst burning suns their vital juice exhal'd,
And, as the seeds decay'd, the bulwark fall'd.
Some seeds he sows on ungrateful lands,
Tough chert-like clays, and hard unyielding sands;
The deep down soil refus'd a mule's care:
The plants were scabby, pinched, pale, and bare.

On another patch a casual portion fell,
Condemn'd in heavy genary to dwell,
And half-bury'd in the matrix of a cell:
While other seeds, less fortunate than they,
Slips—saw'd and sowed on the hard high-way,
From frosts de-cay'd, and to birds a prey.
Here darts with various candles heat,
And changes, the circumference of grain, succeed;
Here winged pupas take their flight stand,
And sparrows bat, the gleaners of the land.

Another portion mock'd the seedman's toil,
Dispers'd upon a rock, but windy soil:
For unknown juices gurg'd the rock-bed o'er;
And pleasures of the ground & no fruit.
Hence, where the life-sustaining grain was sown,
The few now deck appear in moment's hour;
Infinite dillies, organs of the plume;
And hard henlocks, and & with peas now stain.
What sick might spare, the' crowding shows demand;

Exhaust earth's virtue, and perplex the land;
At last, of precious grain a chosen share
Was sown on profitable land with care:
(A cultur'd spot, acquir'd & no more
All previous aids that industry can give;)
The well-cup'd soil with autumn brightness glows,
Mellow'd with mellow air and genial sun:
As harmony of mould, by nature mix'd!
Not light as air, nor as a serpent fix'd:
Just firm enough to embrace the thriving root,
Yet give less expence to the firm root;
Dilating, when disturb'd by labouring hands,
And swelling sweet, when form's refresh the lands.
Scarcely could the reapers' arms the sheaves contain,
And the full garners swell'd with golden grain;
(Unlike the harvests of desolate days.)
One sower sown, one hundred fold reaps:
Rich product, no a bountiful earth;
Nor ought we more to ask, nor more possess!

* "Bless God, who hath given that the true doctrine, namely, the law and the gospel, is necessary for the salvation and labour." CARTER. *How in Lat.* 10.

† Barren lands, in an husbandry-sense, signify lands that are dry, fallow, gravelly, and stony. Such sort of grounds the old Romans call'd *sterni*.

— "Ipsa quædam dicitur *sterni*." VIL. *Georg.* II.

; See *Eccl.* 1. 4. and 5.

The harvest overcomes the sower's toil:
So justice is the seed, so living the soil*.
Man's sower thus the parallel express'd:
The due hath ears to hear, may feel the rest.

NOTES ON THE WORKS.

The gift of knowing is to all men given †;
All know, but few perceive, the will of heaven;
They hear the sound, but miss the fruit convey'd,
And lose the substance, whilst they view the shade.

When specious theories hover round a mind
Which is not really with heaven's command,
The visionary objects float and pass
Transient as figures, gliding o'er a glass:
Each but a momentary vision makes,
And each supplies the place, the last forsakes—
Tempt for ever fond to be employ'd,
(And changing minds ev'n ask to be destroy'd †),
Mark well the infernal snare; and soon supplies
Phantoms of truth, and substances of lies:
Killing the living, he a conquest gains;
And from a little, seeds the power remains.
Reason, man's guardian, by neglect, or sleep
Loses that castle, he was meant to keep.

The seeds upon a fiery surface cast,
Denote the worldly-wile, who think in haste:
Who change, for changing's sake, from right to wrong,

Constant to nothing, and in nothing long;
To-day they hear the word of God with joy,
To-morrow they the word of God deny;
Indifferent, to assist, or to deny:
With zeal they fasten, and with zeal decay.
Such is the seed of wit, who strives with pains
To life that perishes the present gains.
Whenever adverse fortune clouds the way,
When danger threatens, or evils o'ercast the day,
This plant of carnality, with'd at root,
Shakes with the blast, and casts his unripe fruit;
But, when the storms of poverty arise,
And persecution ev'ry virtue tries,
Mindless of God, and trusting to himself,
He stands here a's freightage on a dangerous shelf.
A wreck to learn, and more wreck to hear,
He sinks, the object victim of despair!

The men of power and pomp resemble seeds
Sown on rich earth, but chok'd with thorns and weeds.

Religion strikes them, but they shun the thought;
Behold the profit, and per profit sought.

* *Indolentia calorem præter se.* COLUMELLA.

† "The joy of knowledge is a greater offering than an ignorant trifling, in proportion as a fault, which is capable of no excuse, is more heinous than a fault which admits of a tolerable defence." J. MAX. *Epist.* ad Galat.

"Ignorance will not excuse sin, when it is a sin in itself."

ACT. V.

; He that is idle tempt Satan to set him to work."

CARTER. *How.*

Paul J. Taylor was said to a lady, "Madam, if you do not employ your children, the devil will." The son of David gives also the following advice: "Send thy son to labour, that he be not idle; for idleness breedeth much evil." C. *xxiii.* V. 17.

† "We are all careful about small matters, and negligent in the greatest; of which this is the reason, we know not where true felicity is." ST. HIERON.

Heav'n's high rewards they silently contemn,
And think the present world suffices them.
Meanwhile ambition leads the soul astray,
Far from its natal walk, th' ethereal way;
Int'rest assassins friendship ev'ry hour,
Truth warps to custom, conscience bends to
pow'r,

Till all the cultivating hand receives
Is empty blossom, and death-blasted leaves.
Idiots in judgment; baffled o'er and o'er;
Still the same bait, still circumvented more;
Self-victims of the cunning they adore!
Wise without wisdom, busy to no end;
Man still their foe, and heav'n itself no friend!

The chosen seed, on cultur'd ground, are they
Who humbly tread the evangelic way.
The road to heav'n is uniform and plain:
All other paths are serpentine and vain.
The true disciple takes the word reveal'd,
Nor rushes on the sanctuary conceal'd,
Whilst empty reas'ner's emptiest arts employ;
Nothing they build, and all things they destroy!

The provident of heav'n unlocks his store,
To clothe the naked, and to feed the poor:
To each man gen'rous, and to each man just,
Conscious of a depositary trust.
Patient of censure, yet condemning none:
Placid to all, accountable to one.
Ev'n in prosperity he fears no loss,
Expects a change, and starts not at the cross.
All injuries by patience he surmounts;
All suff'rings God's own med'cines he accounts*:
Studious of good, and penitent for ill,
Still short of grace, yet persevering still;
As just and true as erring nature can,
(For imperfection sets its stamp on man.)
Heav'n marks the saint, her mansions to adorn,
And, having purg'd the chaff, accepts the corn.

* *The Preacher writes beautifully upon this subject.*
Ecclus. ii.

In like manner St. Chrysostom informs us, "That, in proportion as God adds to our tribulation, he adds likewise to our retribution."

THE ASCETIC: OR, THOMAS A KEMPIS.

A VISION.

In omnibus requiem quæsi, et nusquam inveni, nisi in angulis, et libellis.

Symbol. Kempisian.

At nunc, discussa rerum caligine, verum
Aspicias; illo alii rursus jactantur in alto,
At tua securos portus, blandamque quietem
Intravit, non quassa ratis.

STAT. Sylv. L. II.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

AT the end of the XIIth stanza in this poem, I had several inducements for venturing to change the ode into heroic measure. The first was, that I might diversify the doctrinal part from the descriptive. The second was, that our excellent and most learned poet, Cowley, had given me his authority for making this change, in his poem *de Plantis*. But the third and truer reason was, that I found it next to impracticable, to deliver short, unadorned, didactical sentences consistently with the copiousness, irregularity, and enthusiasm peculiar to ode-writing.---Let the reader only make the experiment, and I flatter myself he will join with me in opinion.---Nor have I departed any further than in a metaphor or two from that original simplicity which characterizes my author, however difficult and self-denying such an undertaking might be in a poetical composition. What gave me warning was, that Castalio and Stanhope had both spoiled Thomas à Kempis by attempting to adorn him with flowery language, false elegance, and glaring imagery. And, by the way, to this cause may be attributed the miscarriages of many poets (otherwise confessedly eminent), in their paraphrases of the psalms of David, the book of Job, &c. The grandeur of scriptural sub-

limity, or simplicity, admits of few or no embellishments. George Sandys, in the reign of Charles I seems only to have known this secret.

And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. MARK I. 35.

DEEP in a vale, where cloud-born * Rhyne
Through meads his alpine waters roll'd,
Where pansies mixt with daisies shine,
And asphodels instar'd with gold;
Two forests, skirting round the feet
Of everlasting mountains, meet,
Half-parted by an op'ning glade;
Around Hercynian oaks are seen.---
Larches †, and cypress ever-green,
Unite their hospitable shade.

Impearl'd with dew, the rosy morn
Stood tip-toe * on the mountain's brow;

* *This river takes its rise from one of the highest ice-mountains in Switzerland.*

† *The species of larch-tree here meant is called Sempervirens: the other larches are deciduous foliis.*

* *Tip-toe. Shakspeare.*

Gleams following gleams the heav'n's adorn,
And gild the theatre below :
Nature from needful slumber wakes,
And from her misty eye-balls shakes
The balmy dews of soft repose :
The pious lark with grateful lays
Ascends the skies, and chants the praise
Which man to his Creator owes †.

When lo ! a venerable fire appears,
With sprightly footsteps hast'ning o'er the plain ;
His tresses bore the marks of fourscore years,
Yet free from sickness he, and void of pain :
His eyes with half their youthful clearness shone †.
Still on his cheeks health's tincture gently glow'd,
His aged voice retain'd a manly tone,
His peaceful blood in equal tenor flow'd ;
At length, beneath a beechen shade reclin'd,
He thus pour'd forth to Heav'n the transports of
his mind.

" Come unto me" (Messiah cries.)
" All that are laden and oppress'd :"

† " Before we engage in worldly business, or any common amusements of life, let us be careful to consecrate the first-fruits of the day, and the very beginning of our holy thoughts unto the service of God." ST. BASIL.

† Thomas à Kempis had no manifest infirmities of old age, and retained his eye-sight perfect to the last.

All that I have ever been able to learn in Germany, upon good authority, concerning him, is as follows: he was born at Kempis, or Kempen, a small walled town in the dutchy of Cleves, and diocese of Cologne. His family-name was Hamerlein, which signifies, in the German language, a little hammer. We find also that his parents were named John and Gertrude Hamerlein. He lived chiefly in the monastery of Mount St. Agnes; where his effigy, together with a prospect of the monastery, was engraven on a plate of copper that lies over his body. The said monastery is now called Bergh-Clooster, or, as we might say in English, Hill Cloyster. Many strangers in their travels visit it. Kempis was certainly one of the best and greatest men since the primitive ages. His Book of the Imitation of Christ has seen near forty editions in the original Latin, and above sixty Translations have been made from it into modern languages.

Our author died August the 8th, 1471, aged 92 years.

In the engraving on copper above-mentioned, and lying over his grave, is represented a person respectfully presenting to him a label, on which is written a verse to this effect :

" Oh ! where is Peace ? for Thou its paths hast trod."—

To which Kempis returns another strip of paper, inscribed as follows :

" In poverty, retirement, and with God."

He was a canon regular of Augustins, and superior of Mount St. Agnes' monastery. He composed his treatise On the Imitation of Christ, in the sixty-first year of his age, as appears from a note of his own writing in the library of his convent.

" To thee I come" (my heart replies)
" O Patron of eternal rest !"
" Who walks with me" (rejoins the voice)
" In purest day-light shall rejoice,
" Incapable to err, or fall."
With thee I walk, my gracious God ;
Long I've thy painful footsteps trod,
Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of all * !

Heav'n in my youth bestow'd each good
Of choicer sort : in fertile lands
A decent patrimony stood,
Sufficient for my just demands.
My form was pleasing : health refin'd
My blood ; a deep-discerning mind
Crown'd all the rest ; ---The fav'rite child
Of unaffected eloquence
Plain nature, unscholastic sense---
And once or twice the muses smil'd !

Blest with each boon that simpler minds desire,
Till Heav'n grows weary of their nauseous pray'rs,
I made the nobler option to retire †,
And gave the world to worldlings and their heirs ;
The warrior's laurels, and the statesman's fame,
The vain man's hopes for titles and employ,
The pomp of station, and the rich man's name,
I left for fools to seek, and knaves t' enjoy † ;
An early whisper did its truths impart,
And all the God conceal'd irradiated my heart.

Happy the man who turns to Heav'n,
When on the landscape's verge of green
Old-age appears, to whom 'tis giv'n
To creep in sight, but fly, unseen !
Stealer of marches, subtle foe,
Sinon of stratagem and woe !
Thy fatal blows ah ! who can ward ?
Around the lurks a motely train
Of wants, and fears, and chronic pain,
The hungry Gtroats of thy guard.
(Thus on the flow'r-enamel'd lawn,
Unconscious of the least surprise,
In thoughtless gambols sports the fawn,
Whilst veil'd in grass the tygress lies.
The silent trait'reis crouches low,
Her very lungs surcease to blow :
At length she darts on hunger's wings ;—
Sure of her distance and success,
Where Newton could but only guess,
She never misses, when she springs §.)

* Imitation of Christ, Lib. I. C. i.

† " Solitude is the best school wherein to learn the way to Heaven." ST. JEROM.

" Worldly honours are a trying snare to men of an exalted station ; of course their chief care must be, to put themselves out of the reach of envy by humility." NEPOTIAN.

" The pleasures of this world are only the momentary comforts of the miserable, and not the rewards of the happy." ST. AUGUST.

† *Cetera sollicita speciosa incommoda vita
Permisi stultis querere, habere malis.*

COULEIUS de Plant.

§ This parenthesis was inserted by way of imitating the famous parenthesis in Horace's Ode, which begins

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

More truly wise the man, whose early youth
Is offer'd a free off'ring to the Lord,
A self-addicted votary to truth,
Servant through choice disciple by accord!
Heav'n always did th' unblemish'd turtle choose,
Where health conjoin'd with spirit most abounds.
Heav'n seeks the young, nor does the old refuse,
But youth acquits the debt, which age compounds!
Awkward in time, and sour'd with self-disgrace,
The spendthrift pays his all, and takes the bankrupt's place.

Thus spoke the venerable sage,
Who ne'er imbib'd Mæonian lore,
Who drew no aids from Maro's page,
And yet to nobler flights could soar.
Taught by the Soliméan maid;
With native elegance array'd
He gave his easy thoughts to flow;
The charms which anxious art deny'd
Truth and simplicity supply'd,
Melodious in religious woe.

Poet in sentiment! He feels
The flame; nor seeks from verse's aid!
The veil which artful charms conceals,
To real beauty proves a shade.
When nature's out-lines dubious are,
Verse decks them with a slight cymarr†;
True charms by art in vain are dress'd.
Not icy prose could damp his fire:
Intense the flame and mounting high'r,
Brightly victorious when oppress'd!

By this time morn in all its glory shone;
The sun's chaste kiss absorb'd the virgin dew:
Th' impatient peasant wish'd his labour done,
The cattle to th' umbrageous streams withdrew:
Beneath a cool impenetrable shade,
Quiet, he mus'd. So Jonas safely sat
(When the swift gourd her palmy leaves display'd)
To see the tow'rs of Ninus bow to fate‡.
Th' Ascetic then drew forth a parchment-scroll,
And thus pour'd out to Heav'n th' effusions of his soul.

THE MEDITATION OF THOMAS A KEMPIS.

(1.) 'Tis vanity to wish for length of days;
The art of living well is wise men's praise.
If death, not length of life, engag'd our view,
Life would be happier, and death happier too (a).
Nature foreshows our death: 'tis God's decree;
The king, the insect dies: and so must we.
What's natural, and common to us all,
What necessary—none should evil call.
Check thy fond love of life, and human pride;
Shall man repine at death, when Christ has dy'd?

* "Even from the flower till the grape was ripe, hath my heart delighted in wisdom."
ECCLUS. li. 15.

† A thin covering of the gause, or sarcenet-kind.
DRYD. Cymon & Iphigen.

‡ JONAH, iv. 6.

(a) This and the following passages marked with a note of reference are extracted almost verbatim from Kempis's Book of the Imitation of Christ. Lib. I. C. 1. 2. See also Lib. I. C. 19. 23.

(2.) He that can calmly view the mask of death,
Will never tremble at the face beneath:
Probationer of Heav'n, he starts no more
To see the last sands ebb, than those before*.

(3.) in vain we argue, boast, elude, descant;—
No man is honest that's afraid of want.
No blood of confessors that bosom warms †,
Which starts at hunger, as the worst of harms. (b)

(4.) The man with Christian perseverance fir'd‡,
Check'd but not stopp'd; retarded but not tir'd;
Straiten'd by foes, yet sure of a retreat,
In Heav'n's protection rests securely great §:
Hears ev'ry sharp alarm without dismay;
Midst dangers dauntless, and midst terrors gay;
Indignant of obstruction glows his flame,
And, struggling, mounts to Heav'n, from whence

it came:
Oppress'd it thrives; its own destroyers tires,
And with unceasing fortitude aspires (c).
When man desponds (of human hope bereft,
Patience and Christian heroism are left (d).
Let patience be thy first and last concern;
The hardest task a Christian has to learn ||:
Life's pendulum in th' other world shall make
Advances, on the side it now goes back.

By force, a virtue of celestial kind
Was never storm'd; by art 'tis undermin'd ¶.

(5.) All seek for knowledge. Knowledge is no more
Than this; to know ourselves, and God adore.
Wouldst thou with profit seek, and learn with
Unknown thyself, in solitude remain (e). [gain?—
Virtue retires, but in retirement blooms,
Full of good works, and dying in perfumes **,

* "Death, when compared to life, seems to be a remedy, and not a punishment." ST. MACAR.

On the same point another primitive Christian hath observed, "That the Supreme Being made life short; since, as the troubles of it cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from them." ST. BERNARD.

† "Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed.—Art thou afraid of labour? Pains are productive of a crown.—Art thou hungry? A true confidence in God fears no famine:—for the Supreme Governor of the world beholds thy warfare; and prepares for thee a crown of glory and everlasting rest."—HIERON. in Epist.

(b) L. II. Thom. à Kempis.

‡ Perseverance is an image of eternity." ST. BERNARD.

§ "The greatest safety man can have is to fear nothing but God." SENEC.

"Human fear depresses, the fear of God exhilarates." CASSIAN.

(c) Imitat. of Christ, L. III. C. 5. Ibid. C. 19, No. 1.

(d) Ibid. C. 35. No. 2. Ibid. C. 18. No. 2.

|| See also Caussin's Holy Court, Part I. L. 3. Sect. 32. Fol. 1650.

¶ "True Christian piety was never made a real captive; it may be killed, but cannot be conquered." ST. JEROM.

(e) Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. 20. L. II. C. 10.

** "The retired Christian, in seeking after an

In thy own heart the living waters rise * ;
 Good conscience is the wisdom of the wise (f) !
 Man's only confidence, unmixt with pride,
 Is the firm trust (g) that God is on his side † !
 Like Aaron's rod, the faithful and the just,
 Torn from their tree, shall blossom in the dust.

(6.) God, says the chief of penitents ‡, is one
 Who gives Himself, his Spirit, and his Son.

“ Is hunger irksome ?—Thou by him art fed

“ With quails miraculous, and heav'nly bread.

“ Is thirst oppressive ?—Lift thy eyes, and see

“ Cat'racts of water fall from rocks for thee.

“ Art thou in darkness ?—Uncreated light

“ Is all thy own, and guides thy erring sight.

“ Is nakedness thy lot ?—Yet ne'er repine,

“ The vestments of eternity are thine.

“ Art thou a widow ?—God's thy comfort true.

“ Art thou an orphan ?—He's thy father too.”

(7.) The men of science aim themselves to
 know ||.

And know just what imports them not to know (h).

(Once having miss'd the truth, they farther
 stray :

As men ride fastest who have lost their way) ;

Whilst the poor peasant that with daily care

Improves his lands, and offers heav'n his pray'r,

With conscious boldness may produce his face

Where proud philosophers shall want a place (i).

Philosophy in anxious doubts expires :

Religion trims her lamp, as life retires (k).

True faith, like gold, into the furnace cast,

Maintains its sterling pureness to the last.

*happy life, actually enjoys one ; and possesses that
 already which he only fancies he is pursuing.”*

ST. LUCAS.

* “ Drink waters out of thine own cisterns.
 PROV. v. 15. See also REV. xxii. 1. “ And he
 showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as
 crystal ” See JOHN. vii. 38.

(f) Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. I. C. 6.

(g) Imitat. of Jesus Christ, Lib. II. C. 10.

† “ The only means of obtaining true security
 is to commit all our interests to God, who constantly
 knows, and is ever willing to bestow good things
 on them that ask him as they ought.” CASSIAN.

“ Security is no where but in the love and
 service of God. It is neither in heaven, nor para-
 dise, much less in the present world. In heaven
 the angels fell from the divine presence : In pa-
 radise Adam lost his abode of pleasure : In the
 world Judas fell from the school of our Saviour.”

ST. BERNARD.

‡ St. August. The ten lines marked with in-
 verted commas are a literal translation from him.

|| “ It is good to know much and live well :
 but if we cannot attain both, it is better to desire
 piety than learning ; for knowledge makes no man
 truly happy, nor doth happiness consist in intel-
 lectual acquisitions. The only valuable thing is a
 religious life.” Sti. GREG. Magn. Moral.

And again, “ That only is the best knowledge
 which makes us better.”

(h) Imitat. of Christ.

(i) Ibid.

(k) Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. II. C. 10.

Conscience will ev'ry pious act attest * :

A silent panegyrist, but the best !

(8.) All chastisements for private use are
 giv'n ;

The revelations personal of heav'n (l) † :

But man in misery mistakes his road,

Sighs for lost joys, and never turns to God (m).

Heav'n more than meets her child with sorrows
 try'd ;

Her dove brings olive, e'er the waves subside (n).

Man gives but once, and grudges when we sue ;

Heav'n makes old gifts the precedents for new.

(9.) Afflictions have their use of ev'ry kind ;

At once they humble and exalt the mind :

The ferment of the soul by just degrees

Refines the true clear spirit from the lees (o).

Boast as we will, and argue as we can,

None ever knew the virtues of a man,

Except affliction sifts the flour from bran (p) :

Say, is it much indignities to bear,

When God for thee thy nature deign'd to wear ?

If slander vilifies the good man's name,

It hurts not, but prevents a future shame.

The censure and reproaches of mankind

Are the true Christian mentors of the mind.

No other way humility is gain'd ;

No other way vain-glory is restrain'd.

Nor worse, nor better we, if praise or blame

Lift or depress—The man is still the same (q).

The happy, if they're wise, must all things fear ;

Nor need th' unhappy, if they're good, despair.

(10.) Hard is the talk 'gainst nature's strength
 to strive :

Perfection is the lot of none alive ;

Or grant frail man could tread th' unerring road,

How could we suffer for the sake of God (r) ?

Affliction's ordeal, sharp, but brightly shines ;

Sep'rates the gold, and ev'ry vice calcines.

In adverse fortune, when the storm runs high,

And sickness graves death's image on the eye,

* As in water face answereth to face, so the
 heart of man to man. PROV. xxvii. 19. “ Thou
 canst avoid, sooner or later, whatever molesteth
 thee, except thy own conscience.”

AUGUSTIN. in Psalm xxx.

(l) Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. I. C. 13.

† Job xxxvii. 13. “ It is the work and pro-
 vidence of God's secret counsel, that the days of
 the elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage.
 This present life is the way to our eternal abode :
 God therefore in his secret wisdom afflicts our
 travel with continual trouble, lest the delights of
 our journey might take away the desire of our
 journey's end.” Sti. GREG. Mag.

“ No servant of Christ is without affliction. If
 you expect to be free from persecution, you have
 not yet so much as begun to be a Christian.

ST. AUGUST.

(m) Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. 11.

(n) Imitat. of Christ, *ibid.* See also Gen. viii. 11.

(o) Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. 13.

(p) *Ibid.* Lib. I. C. 16. Lib. III. C. 12. See
 also Amos ix. 3. and Luke xxii. 31.

(q) *Ibid.* L. III. C. 5.

(r) *Ibid.*

Nor wealth, nor rank, nor pow'r, assuage the grief,
Ask God to send thee patience or relief (s).
The infant Moses 'scap'd his watery grave *.

Heav'n half-o'erwhelms the man it means to save!
(11.) Th' ambitious and the covetous desire
More than their worth deserves, or wants require:
Not merely for the profit things may yield,
But ah, their neighbour's pittance maims their
field:

Thus, gain'd by force, or fraudulent design,
The grapes of Naboth yield them blood for wine †.

(12.) Nothing but truth can claim a lasting
date (t);

Time is truth's surest judge, and judges late:
And, for thy guide, be he alone believ'd,
Who never can deceive, nor is deceiv'd ‡!

Thus safe through waves the sons of Is'el trod;
Their better magnet was the lamp of God:
And thus heav'n's star, earth's humble shepherds
led

To their Messiah in his humbler bed.

(13.) Flattery and fame at death the vain forsake,
And other knaves and fools their honours take ||

(14.) Leave not thy mind; nor run a restless
round

In search of science better lost than found.
Still teach thy soul a sober course to try,
And shun the track of singularity!

(15.) Presumptuous flights and sceptical debates
Foretel (Cassandra like) the fall of states.
So Greece and Rome soon moulder'd to decay,
When Epicurus system gain'd the day.

But those who make profaneness stand for wit,
Desp'rate apply the pigeons to their feet:
Bankrupts of sense, and impudently bad;
Their judgment ruin'd, and their fancy mad!

Like Daniel's ¶ Goat in * th' insolence of youth,
Stars they displace, and overturn the truth.

(16.) He, who adopts religions, wrong or right,
Is not a convert, but an hypocrite:

(s) Imitat. of Christ, L. iii. C. 5.

* Exod. ii. 5.

† "Abab's excuse to Naboth, when he said,
Give me thy vineyard that I may make it a garden
of herbs, represents in a lively manner the pre-
tences that avaricious and ambitious men use,
when they want to make new acquisitions. They
lie to their consciences; asking a seeming trifle,
and meaning to obtain something very valuable"

ST AMBROSE.

(t) Imitat. of Jesus Christ, L. I C. 3.

‡ — Neque decipitur, neque decipit unquam.
MANIL.

|| "There is no work that shows more art and
industry than the texture of a spider's web. The
delicate threads are so nicely disposed, and so cu-
riously interwoven one with another, that you
would think it produced by the labour of a celest-
tial being; yet nothing in the event is more fragil
and unsubstantial. A breath of wind tears it to
pieces, and carries it away. Just so are worldly
acquisitions made by men in exalted stations, and
reputedly wise and cunning." ORIGEN.

¶ Dan. viii. 10. 11.

* The prophet here means, by the Goat, the
king of Greece, the region of vain philosophy.

Him, seeming what he is not, man esteems;
God hates him, for he is not what he seems.
The bull-rush thus a specious outside wears,
Smooth as the shining rind the poplar bears:
But strip the cov'ring of its polish'd skin,
And all is unsubstantial sponge within.
When not a whisper breathes upon the trees,
Unmov'd it stands, but bends with every breeze.
It boasts th' ablution of a silver flood,
But feeds on mire, and roots itself in mud.

(17.) Self-love is foolish, criminal, and vain *;
Therefore, O man, such partial views restrain:
And often take this counsel for a rule,
To please one's self is but to please one fool †.

(18.) The alms we give, we keep: The alms
we save

We lose: Possessing only what we gave ‡.
But if vain-glory prompts the tongue to boast,
In vain we strive to give, the gift is lost
Wealth, unbestow'd, is the fool's alchymy;—
Misers have wealth, but taste it not;—and die.

In ev'ry purse that th' avaricious bears,
There's still a rent, which wily Satan tears ||:
A man may mend it, at returning light,
But the arch fiend undarns the work at night.
Useless, O miser, are thy labours found;
And all thy vintage leaks on thirsty ground §.
Chimeric nonsense! Riches unemploy'd
In doing good, are riches unenjoy'd.

The slave who sets his soul on worthless pelf,
Is a mere Dioclesian to himself;
A wretched martyr in a wretched cause;
Alive, unhonour'd; dead, without applause!
Boast not of homage to earth's monarchs giv'n;—
A Paula's ** name is better known in heav'n.

(19.) Riches no more are ours, than are the
waves
Of yonder Rhyne, which our Mount-Agnes ††
laves.

* "He that loveth himself most, hath of all
men the happiness of finding the fewest rivals"

ANON. Vet.

† "He that pleaseth himself, pleaseth a fool."
‡ "The riches which thou treasurest up, are
lost; those which thou charitably bestowest, are
truly thine." ST. AUGUST.

|| Haggai i. 6.

§ ————— Ibi omnis

Effusus labor. ————— VIRG.

** Paula was a Roman lady descended from the
Gracchi and Scipios. Her husband was of the
Julian race. After his decease she gave most of
her possessions to the poor, and retired from Rome
to a solitude at Bethlehem. That incomparable
virgin Eustochium was her daughter. Both their
histories are drawn at large by St. Jerom. and
addressed to Eustochium. Paula has written some
excellent verses on religious subjects.

She built a temple at Emmaus in honour of our
blessed Saviour. Her tomb is at Bethlehem. The
inscription for her and her daughter was written
by St. Jerom.

SANDY'S TRAV. Fol. 135, 139. &c.
†† The name of the monastery where Kempis
resided.

Th' impatient waters no continuance make;
Adopt new owners, and their old forsake.

As those who call for wines, beyond their share,
Refund the draughts which nature cannot bear;
(Whilst bile and gall corroding in their breast
Demand a passage, and admit no rest:)

Just so rapacious misers swell their store;
To di'monds di'monds add, and ore to ore;
They gulp down wealth, and, with heart-piercing
pain,

And clay-cold qualms, discharge the load again.

Death bursts the casket, and the farce is o'er;

(Curst is that wealth, which never eas'd the
poor! [floor.]

Whilst fools and spendthrifts sweep it from the

The gold of Ophir * dazzles their weak eyes,

Turquoises † next their weaker minds surprise,

Rich, deeply azur'd, like Italian skies.

Then are the fiery rubies ‡ to be seen,

And em'ralsds § tinctur'd with the rainbow's green:

Translucent beryl ||, flame-ey'd chrysolite ¶,

And sardonyx ** refresher of the sight;

With these th' empurpled amethyst combines ††,

And opaz ‡‡, vein'd with riv'lets, mildly shines.

All first turns into riot, then to care:—

Whirl'd down th' impetuous torrent, call'd an heir.

(19.) Religion's harbour, like th' Etrurian bay §§,

Secure from storms is land-lock'd ev'ry way.

Safe, 'midst the wreck of worlds, the vessel rides,

Nor minds the absent rage of winds and tides:

Whilst from his prow the pilot, looking down,

Surveys at once God's image and his own |||;

Heav'n's favour smoothes th' expanse, and calm-
ness sleeps

On the clear mirror of the silent deeps (u).

(20.) No man at once two Edens can enjoy ¶¶:

Nor earth and heav'n the self-same mind employ.

* *Gold of Ophir.* See 1 Kings ix. 28. 1 Chron. xxix. 4. 2 Chron. viii. 18. Psalm xlv. 9. Isaiah xiii. 12.

† *Turquoises.* "The true oriental turquoise comes out of the old rock in the mountains of Piriskua, about eighty miles from the town of Moscheda."

HIST. OF GUST. ADOLPH. Vol. II. p. 342.

‡ *Rubies.* "Nazarites, more ruddy than rubies." LAM. iv. 7.

§ *Emeralds.* "A rainbow in sight like an emerald." REV. iv. 3.

|| *Beryl.* DAN. x. 6. REV. xxi. 20.

¶ *Chrysolite.* EZEK. xxviii.

** *Sardonyx.* REV. xxi. 20.

†† *Amethyst.* Exod. xxviii. 19. Ibid. xxxix. 12.

‡‡ *Ezek.* xxviii. 13. and Rev. xxi. 20.

§§ *The port of Leriche, in Tuscany.*

||| *One way to know God is perfectly to know one's self.* HUGO de anima.

Why dost thou wonder, O man, at the height
of the stars, or depth of the sea? Examine ra-
ther thine own soul, and wonder there.

ISIDOR.

(u) *Imitat. of Christ, L. II. C. 1—3.*

¶¶ *It is not only difficult, but impossible to enjoy heaven here and hereafter; or, in other words, to live in pleasure and dissipation, and at the same time attain spiritual happiness. No*

Two diff'rent ways th' unsocial objects draw:

Flesh strives with spirit, nature combats law:

Reason and revelation live at strife,

Though meant for mutual aid, like man and
wife (w).

Religion and the world can ne'er agree:

One eye is sacrific'd, that one may see.

Canals, for pleasure made, with pleasure stray;

But drain at length the middle stream away.

(21.) Life's joys and pomp at distance should
appear,

Possession brings the vulgar dawdling near.

Who can rejoice to tread a devious road,

Led by false views, and serpentine from God (x)?

Would'st thou be vitally with Christ conjoin'd?

Copy his deeds, and imitate his mind (y).

No man can worldly happiness ensure;

Heav'n's consolation all men may procure (z).

(22.) When passions reign with arbitrary sway,

Resistance, not compliance, wins the day (a).

Here av'rice, there ambitious schemes prevail;

Who can quench flames when double winds assail?

Boast as we will, our Christian glories lie

In humble suff'ring, not proud apathy (b).

Submission an eternal crown procures;

Heav'n's hero conquers most, who most endures.—

Like the four cherubs in Ezekiel's dream *.

(What time the prophet slept by Chebar's stream)

The Christian, mov'd by energy divine,

Walks forward still, in one unvarying line †:

Nor wealth, nor pow'r, attract his wand'ring sight;

He swerves not to the left hand, nor the right.

Humbly he eats, and finds the proffer'd scroll

Sweet to the taste, inspiring to the soul ‡.

So when Saul's weary'd son his fasting broke

With honey dropping from Philistian oak,

Returning strength and sprightliness arise,

Glow on his cheeks, and sparkle in his eyes §.

When fortune smiles within doors and without,

Man's heart, well-pleas'd, may think itself devout:

But, when ill days, and nights of pain, succeed,

Let him bear well, and he's devout indeed (c).

(23.) Those who revenge a deed that injures

them,

Copy the very sin, which they condemn ||.

Impiously wand'ring from the Christian road,

They snatch God's own prerogative from God!

man hath passed from one paradise to another
No man hath been the mirror of felicity in both
worlds, nor shone with equal glory in earth and
in heaven. HIERON.

(w) *Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. 24.*

(x) *Ibid. L. I. C. 21.*

(y) *Ibid.*

(z) *Ibid.*

(a) *Ibid. L. I. C. 6.*

(b) *Ibid. L. II. C. 3.*

* See Ezek. i.

† Ezek. i. 12. ‡ *Ibid. iii. 1, 2, 3.*

§ 1 Sam. xiv. 29.

(c) *Imitat. of Christ, L. II. C. 3.*

|| To return one injury for another is to re-
venge like man: Whereas to revenge like God is
to love our enemies. It is a great happiness
not to be able to hurt ones neighbour, nor to
have the power and parts to do mischief. The

Michael in bitterness of strife consign'd
The final verdict to th' unerring mind *. —
From turbulence of anger wisely keep;
The hind who soweth winds, shall whirlwinds
reap †.

(24.) The worldling, temper of himself, pursues
Idols of his own making; idiot's views;
(Unhappy wretch! wrapt up in thin disguise!
Where all that is not impious, is unwise!)
See, how he broods from night to morning's dawn,
On eggs of basilisks, and scorpion-spawn ‡:
And, after all the care he can impart,
His foster'd miscreants sting him to the heart;
Swift through each vein the mystic poisons roll,
Fatal alike to body and to soul §!

(25.) Perfect would be our nature and our joy
If man could ev'ry year one vice destroy (d) ||.
Withdraw thee from the sins that most assail,
And labour where thy virtues least prevail (e).

(26.) False joys elate, and griefs as false con-
The little pismire with an human soul ¶: [troul
Oh, were he like th' unreas'ning ant, who strives
For solid good, and but by instinct lives.

(27.) To wait and not amend a life mispent
Means to confess, but means not to repent:
Tongue-penitents, like him who too much owes,
Run more in debt, and live but to impose.

(28.) Deem not th' unhappy, vicious; nor de-
vote

To sarcasm and contempt the thread-bare coat.
Oft have we seen rich fields of genuine corn
Edg'd round with brambles, and begirt with thorn.
The pow'rs of Zeuxis' pencil are the same,
Enclos'd in gilded, or in fable frame.

(29.) The down that smoothes the great man's
anxious bed,
Was gather'd from a quiet poor man's shed:
Content and peace are found in mean estate,
And Jacob's dreams on Jacob's pillow wait.
So Iseoa's swain, by no vain glories led,
Nurtur'd his herds with leaves, and humbly fed **.

(30.) Good turns of friends we scribble on the
But injuries engrav'd on marble stand ††. [land,

*ingenuity of (what we call) men of the world,
consists in knowing how to injure others, and
revenge ourselves when injured. Whereas, on
the contrary, not to return evil for evil is the
true honour and vital principle of the gospel.*

LEON.

* Jude 9. Zech. iii. 2.

† Hosea viii. 7. Hind is the head servant in
husbandry matters. Chaucer, Dryden, and in the
west of England at present.

‡ Isaiah lix. 4.

§ Matth. x. 28.

(d) Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. xi. L. II. C. xxiii.
|| Instead of standing still, going backward, or
deviating, always add, always proceed: Not to
advance, in some sense is to retire. It is better to
creep in the right way, than fly in the wrong
way. St. AUGUST. in Serm.

(e) Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. xxv.

¶ Man.

** Amos vii. 14.

†† Kempisii dictum commune. Beneficia pul-
veri; si quid mali patimur, marmori insculpi-
mus.

(31.) With pray'rs thy ev'ning close, thy morn
begin;

But heav'n's true Sabbath is to rest from sin.

(32.) An hermit once cry'd out in private pray'r,
"Oh, if I knew that I should persevere!"

An angel's voice reply'd, in placid tone,
"What would'st thou do, if the great truth were
known?"

"Do now *, what thou intendest then to do,
"And everlasting safety shall ensue." (f) —

To choose, implies delay; whilst time devours
The sickly blossoms of preceding hours.
Repentance, well perform'd, confirms the more;
As bones, well set, grow stronger than before.

(33.) When heav'n excites thee to a better way,
Catch the soft summons, and the call obey.

Thus Mary left her solitude and tears,
When Martha whisper'd, Lothy Christ appears (g)!

(34.) The virtues of the world, which most men
move,

Are lay'rs from pride, or graftings on self-love †:
Whatever for itself is not esteem'd,
Proves a false choice, and is not as it seem'd ‡.

(35.) The tract to heav'n is intricate and steep;
Narrow to tread, and difficult to keep:

On either hand sharp precipices lie,
And our steps falter with the swerving eye;
That passage clear'd, a level road remains,
Through quiet valleys and refreshing plains (h).

(36.) Most would buy heav'n without a price
or loss;

They like the paradise, but shun the cross (i).
Many participate of Christ's repast;
Few choose his abstinence, or learn to fast (k).
Few relish Christianity; and most [coast §:
(In private with their Lord would leave their
Thousands may counterfeit th' apparent part;
And thousands may be Gergesenes at heart ||.

* A Christian hath no to-morrow; that is to
say, a Christian should put off no duty till to-
morrow TERTULL.

(f) Imitat. of Christ, L. I. C. 25.

(g) Imitat. of Christ, L. II. C. 28. See John
ii. 28.

† There is a sort of seeming good, which, if
a rational mind loves, it sinneth; inasmuch as
it is an object beneath the consideration of such
a mind. St. AUGUST. de Ver. Relig.

Whatever is not loved on account of its own
intrinsic worth, is not properly loved.

IDEM in Soliloq. L. I. C. 13.

‡ In this life there is no virtue but in loving
that which is truly amiable. To choose this, is
prudence; to be averted from it by no terrifying
circumstances, is fortitude. To be influenced by
no sort of temptation, is temperance; and to be
affected by no ambitious views, is considering
the thing with impartial justice as we ought to
do. IDEM, de Ver. Felicitat. L. II.

(h) Imitat. of Christ, L. II. C. 11. N°. 1.

(i) Ibid.

(k) Ibid.

§ Matth. viii. 34.

|| Ibid.

It is common for man to ask every blessing
that God can bestow, but he rarely desires to
possess God himself. AUGUST. in Psalm lxxvi.

All in Christ's kingdom would the thrones partake;
Few have the faith to suffer for his sake. (l)

His tasteful bread by many mouths is sought;
Few choose to drink his passion's bitter draught. (m)

(l) *Imitat. of Christ*, L. II. C. 2. N^o. 1.

(m) *Ibid.* See also C. 12.

CONTENTMENT, INDUSTRY, AND ACQUIESCENCE UNDER THE DIVINE WILL.

AN ODE.

Written in the Alpine parts of Carniola, 1749.

The wilderness and solitary place shall be glad
for them (the children of the Lord): and the
desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose.
It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even
with joy and singing: The glory of Lebanon
shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel
and Sharon: They shall see the glory of the
Lord, and the excellency of our God.

ISAIAH XXXV. 1, 2.

Why dwells my unoffended eye
On yon blank desert's trackless waste;
All dreary earth, or cheerless sky,
Like ocean wild, and bleak, and vast?
'There Lyfidor's enamour'd reed
Ne'er taught the plains Eudofia's praise:
'There herds were rarely known to feed,
Or birds to sing, or flocks to graze.
Yet does my soul complacence find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind*!

The high arch'd church is lost in sky,
'The base † with thorns and bry'rs is bound;
The yawning fragments nod from high,
With close encircling ivy crown'd:
Heart-thrilling echo multiplies
Voice after voice, creation new!
Beasts, birds obscene, unite their cries:
Graves ope, and spectres frees the view.
Yet nought dismays; and thence we find
'Tis all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Earth's womb, half dead to Ceres' skill,
Can scarce the cake of off'ring give;
Five acres' corn can hardly fill
The peasant's wain, and bid him live.
The starving beldame gleans in vain,
In vain the hungry chough succeeds:
'They curse the unprolific plain,
The scurf-grown moss, and tawdry weeds.
Yet still sufficiency we find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

* To be satisfied is the highest pitch of art
man can arrive to. St. GREGOR. Hom.

† Base for basis. See Zechar. v. 2.

December's Boreas issues forth,
In sullen gloom and horror dress'd,
Charg'd with the nitre of the north,
Abhorr'd by man, by bird, and beast.
All nature's lovely tint embrown'd
Sickens beneath the putrid blast:
Destruction withers up the ground,
Like parchment into embers cast*.
Yet health, and strength, and ease we find:
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Tremble, and yonder Alp behold †,
Where half dead nature gasps below,
Victim of everlasting cold,
Entomb'd alive in endless snow.
The northern side is horror all;
Against the southern Phœbus plays;
In vain th' innoxious glimm'rings fall,
'The frost outlives, out-shines the rays:
Yet consolation still I find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Bless me! how doubly sharp it blows;
From Zemblan and Tartarian coasts!
In sullen silence fall the snows,
The only lustre nature boasts;
The nitrous pow'r with tenfold force
Half petrifies earth's barren womb,
High arch'd cascades suspend their force,
Men freeze alive, and in the tomb.
Yet warmth and happiness we find;
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

* ——— inamabile frigus Adurit. VIRG.
Much to the same purpose is a passage in the Sen
of Sirach:—"It devoureth the mountain, and
burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass
with fire. Chap. xliii. 19. 21.

† A glaciere, or ice-mountain.
Cuncta gelu, canaque æternum grandine tella,
Atque ævi glaciem cobibent: riget ardua montis
Æthenii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.

SIL. ITAL.

Then, in exchange, a month or more
The sun with fierce solstitial gleams
Darting o'er vales his raging pow'r,
Like ray-collecting mirrors, beams.
Torrents and cataracts are dry,
Men seek the scanty shades in vain:
The solar darts like lightning fly,
Transpierce the skull, and scorch the brain.
Yet still no restless heats we find;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

For nature rarely form'd a soil
Where diligence subsistence wants:
Exert but care, nor spare the toil,
And all beyond, th' Almighty grants.
Each earth at length to culture yields,
Each earth its own manure * contains:
Thus the Corycian nurst his fields †,
Heav'n gave th' increase, and he the pains.
Th' industrious peace and plenty find;
All due to thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Scipio fought virtue in his prime,
And, having early gain'd the prize,
Stole from th' ungrateful world in time,
Contented to be low and wise!
He serv'd the state with zeal and force,
And then with dignity retir'd;
Dismounting from th' unruly horse,
To rule himself, as sense requir'd.
Without a sigh, he pow'r resign'd.—
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

When Dioclesian sought repose,
Cloy'd and fatigu'd with nauseous pow'r,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, and rogues devour:
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health,
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And chang'd a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil sooth'd his cares, his blood refin'd—
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

* *Du Hamel; Elem. d'Agricult. Pattullo; Meliorat. des Terres.*

† *Virg. Georg. IV. 127, &c.*

He *, who had rul'd the world, exchang'd
His sceptre for the peasant's spade,
Postponing (as through groves he rang'd)
Court splendour to the rural shade.
Child of his hand, th' engrafted thorn
More than the victor laurel pleas'd:
Heart's ease †, and meadow sweet ‡, adorn
The brow, from civic garlands eas'd.
Fortune, however poor, was kind.—
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

Thus Charles, with justice styl'd the great §
For valour, piety, and laws;
Resign'd two empires to retreat,
And from a throne to shades withdraws;
In vain (to sooth a monarch's pride)
His yoke the willing Persian bore!
In vain the Saracen comply'd,
And fierce Northumbrians stain'd with gore.
One Gallic farm his cares confin'd;
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!

Observant of th' almighty will,
Prescient in faith, and pleas'd with toil,
Abram Chaldea left, to till
The moss-grown Haran's flinty soil ||:
Hydras of thorns absorb'd his gain,
The commonwealth of weeds rebell'd,
But labour tam'd th' ungrateful plain,
And famine was by art repell'd;
Patience made churlish nature kind.—
All, all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Corrector of the mind!

*Formidine nulla;
Quippe in corde Deus.—
Stat. Theb. IV. v. 489.*

* *Dioclesian.*

† *Heart's-ease, viola tricolor: called also by our old poets, love and idleness; Pansy (from the French pensee, or the Italian pensiero:) Three faces under a hood, Herb Trinity, Look up and kiss me, Kiss me at the gate, &c.*

‡ *Spiræa, named also in ancient English poetry, Mead-sweet, Queen of the meads, Bride-wort, &c.*

§ *Charlemagne.*

|| *GEN. xii. 31. NEHEM. ix. 7. JUDITH v. 7. ACTS vii. 2—11.*

THE VISION OF DEATH.

Imperfecta tibi elapsa est, ingrataque vita :
Et nec opinanti Mors ad caput aditit, ante
Quam satur, ac plenus possis discedere rerum. LUCRET.

Mille modis lete miseros Mors una fatigat.
STAT. Theb. IX. v. 280.

ADVERTISEMENT.

As this poem is an imperfect attempt to imitate Dryden's manner, I have of course admitted more triplets and Alexandrine verses than I might otherwise have done. Upon the whole, many good judges have thought (and such was the private opinion of my much honoured friend Elijah Fenton in particular) that Dryden has too many Alexandrines and triplets, and Pope too few. The one by aiming at variety (for his ear was excellent) was betrayed into a careless diffusion; and

the other, by affecting an over scrupulous regularity, fell into sameness and restraint.

We speak this with all due deference to the two capital poets of the last and present century; and say of them, as the successor of Virgil said of Amphiaras and Admetus:

AMBO BONI, CHARIQUE AMBO.—
Theb. vi.

INTRODUCTION.

DRYDEN, forgive the muse that apes thy voice,
Weak to perform, but fortunate in choice.
Who but thyself the mind and ear can please
With strength and softness, energy and ease;
Various of numbers, new in ev'ry strain,
Diffus'd, yet terse, poetical, though plain:
Diversify'd 'midst unison of chime;
Freer than air, yet manacled with rhyme?
Thou mak'st each quarry which thou seek'st thy
prize,
The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies;
Now soaring 'midst the tracts of light and air,
And now the monarch of the woods and lair*.—
Two kingdoms thy united realm compose,
The land of poetry, and land of prose.
Each orphan-muse thy absence inly mourns;
Makes short excursions, and as quick returns:
No more they triumph in their fancy'd bays,
But, crown'd with woodbine dedicate their lays.

Thy thoughts and music change with ev'ry line;
No sameness of a prattling stream is thine,
Which with one unison of murmur flows;
Opiate of inattention and repose!
(So Huron-leeches, when their patient lies
In sev'rish restlessness, with unclos'd eyes,
Apply with gentle strokes their osier rod,
And tap by tap invite the sleepy god †.)

* Layer, lair, and lay, the surface of arable or grass-lands. Chaucer, *Folkingham*, 1610; Dryden. *Laire* also signifies the place where beasts sleep in the fields, and where they leave the mark of their bodies on young corn, grass, &c.

† *Voyages du Baron La Hontan.*

No—'tis thy pow'r (thine only), though in rhyme,

To vary ev'ry pause, and ev'ry chime;
Infinite descant*! sweetly wild and true,
Still shifting, still improving, and still new!—
In quest of classic-plants, and where they grow,
We trace thee, like a lev'ret in the snow.

Of all the pow'rs the human mind can boast,
The pow'rs of poetry are latest lost:
The falling of thy tresses at threescore,
Gave room to make thy laurels show the more †.

This prince of poets, who before us went,
Had a vast income, and profusely spent:
Some have his lands, but none his treasure'd store,
Lands unmanur'd by us, and mortgag'd o'er and o'er!

"About his wreaths the vulgar muses strive,
"And with a touch their wither'd bays revive ‡"
They kiss his tomb, and are enthusiasts made;
So Statius slept, inspir'd by Virgil's shade §.
To Spenser much, to Milton much is due;
But in great Dryden we preserve the two.

* Milton.

† The verses of Robert Waring (a friend of Dr. Donne's) on a poet in the beginning of the last century, may be applied to Dryden:

"Younger with years, with studies fresher grown, [blown]"

"Still in the bud, still blooming, yet full—"

‡ Dryden's prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*.

§ ———— *tenuis ignavo pollice chordas*

*Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum, et magni tumulis accanto ma-*
gistræ. SYLV. Lib. IV.

What muse but his can nature's beauties hit,
Or catch that airy fugitive call'd wit?

From limbs of this great Hercules are fram'd
Whole groups of pigmies, who are verse-men
nam'd:

Each has a little soul he calls his own,
And each enunciates with a human tone:
Alike in shape; unlike in strength and size;
One lives for ages, one just breathes and dies.

O thou, too great to rival or to praise;
Forgive, lamented shade, these duteous lays.
Lee had thy fire, and Congreve had thy wit;
And copyists here and there, some likeness hit;
But none possess'd thy graces and thy ease;
In thee alone 'twas natural to please!

More still I think, and more I wish to say;
But bus'ness calls the muse another way.

In those fair vales by nature form'd to please,
Where Guadalquiver serpentine with ease,
(The richest tract the Andalusians know,
Fertile in herbage, grateful to the plough),
A lovely villa stood (suppose it mine),
Rich without cost, and without labour fine;
Indulgent nature all her beauties brought,
And art withdrew, unask'd for, and unsought.
For lo, th' Iberians by tradition found
That the whole district once was classic ground;
Here Columella first improv'd the plains,
And show'd Ascrean arts to simple swains:
Taught by the Georgic muse the lyre he strung,
And sung what dying Virgil left unsung*.

Fatigu'd with courts, and votary to truth,
Hither I fled, philosopher, and youth:
And, leaving Olivarez to sustain
Th' encumbering falces of ambitious Spain,
(As once rash Phaeton usurp'd a day,
Mistled the seasons, and mistook his way),
I chose to wander in the silent wood,
Or breathe my aspirations to the flood,
Studying the humble science to be good.
From the brute beasts humanity I learn'd,
And in the pansy's life God's providence discern'd.

'Twas now the joyous season of the year:
The sun had reach'd the Twins in bright career;
Nature, awaken'd from six month's repose,
Sprung from her verdant couch; and active rose
Like health refresh'd with wine; she smil'd,
array'd [glad,
With all the charms of sun-shine, stream, and
New drest, and blooming as a bridal maid.

Yet all these charms could never lull to rest
A peevish irksomeness which teaz'd my breast;
The vernal torrent, murmur'ing from afar,
Whisper'd no peace to calm this nervous war;
And Philomel, the syren of the plain,
Sung soporific unisons in vain.
I sought my bed, in hopes relief to find;
But restlessness was mistress of my mind.
My wayward limbs were turn'd, and turn'd in vain,
Yet free from grief was I, and void of pain.
In me, as yet, ambition had no part;
Pride had not sour'd, nor wealth debas'd my heart.

Et quæ

Virgilius nobis post se memoranda reliquit.

COLUM. de Hortis. L. X.

I knew nor public cares, nor private strife;
And love, the blessing, or the curse of life,
Had only hover'd round me like a dream,
Play'd on the surface, not disturb'd the stream.

Yet still I felt, what young men often feel;
(Impossible to tell, or to conceal),
When nothing makes them sick but too much
wealth,

Or wild o'erboiling of ungovern'd health;
Whose grievance is satiety of ease,
Freedom their pain, and plenty their disease.
By night, by day, from pole to pole they run;
Or from the setting seek the rising sun:
No poor deserting soldier makes such haste,
No doves pursu'd by falcons fly so fast;
And when Automedon at length attains
The place he sought for with such cost and pains,
Swift to embrace, and eager to pursue,
He finds he has no earthly thing to do;
Then yawns for sleep, the opium of the mind,
The last dull refuge indolence can find*.

Most men, like David, wayward in extremes,
Languish for Ramah's cisterns, and her streams:
The bev'rage sought for comes; capricious, they
Lothe their own choice, and wish the boon away†.

Such was my state. "O gentle Sleep," I cry'd,
"Why is thy gift to me alone deny'd?
"Mildest of beings, friend to ev'ry clime,
"Where lies my error, what has been my crime?
"Beasts, birds, and cattle feel thy balmy rod;
"The drowsy mountains wave, and seem to nod:
"The torrents cease to chide, the seas to roar,
"And the hush'd waves recline upon the shore."
Perhaps the wretch, whose God is wealth and
care,

Rejects the precious object of my pray'r:
Th' ambitious statesman strives not to partake
Thy blessings, but desires to dream awake:
"The lover rudely thrusts thee from his arms,
"And like Ixion clasps imagin'd charms.
"Thence come to me.—Let others ask for more;
"I ask the slightest influence of thy pow'r:
"Swiftest in flight of all terrestrial things,
"Oh only touch my eyelids with thy wings‡!"

* *Currit agens mannos ad villam hic præcipi-
tanter,*

*Auxilium teclis quasi ferre ardentibus instans.
Oscitat extemplo tetigit cum limina villa,
Aut abit in somnum gravis, atque oblivio quatit.*

LUCRET. L. III. v. 1076.

† See Sandys's *Trav.* p. 137, and 1 Chron. xi.
17, &c.

‡ All the verses in this paragraph marked with
inverted commas are imitated from a famous pas-
sage in Statius, never yet translated into our
language. The original perhaps is as fine a morsel
of poetry as antiquity can boast of.

*Crimine quo merui juvenis placidissime divum,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? Tacet omne pecus, volucresque,
feræque;*

*Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.
Nec trucibus fluviiis idem sonus. Occidit horror
Æquoris, et terris maria acclinata quiescunt.
At nunc heus aliquis longa sub nocte puellæ
Brachia nexa tenens, ultro te Somne repellit.*

So spoke I restless; and, then springing light
From my tir'd bed, walk'd forth in mere despite.
What impulse mov'd my steps I dare not say;
Perhaps some guardian angel mark'd the way.
By this time Phosphor had his lamp withdrawn,
And rising Phœbus glow'd on ev'ry lawn.
The air was gentle (for the month was May),
And ev'ry scene look'd innocent and gay.
In pious matins birds with birds conspire,
Some lead the notes, and some assist the choir.

The goat-herd, gravely pacing with his flocks,
Leads them to heaths and bri'rs, and craggs and
rocks.

Th' impatient mower with an aspect blythe
Surveys the sainfoin-fields*, and whets his scythe.
Ynoisa, Sanchia, Beatrix, prepare
To turn th' Alfalfa-swarths† with anxious care.
(No more for Moorish sarabands they call,
Their castanets hang idle on the wall:)
Alfalfa, whose luxuriant herbage feeds
The lab'ring ox, mild sheep, and fiery steeds:
Which ev'ry summer, ev'ry thirtieth morn,
Is six times reproduc'd, and six times shorn.
The Cembran pine-trees‡ form an awful shade,
And their rich balm perfumes the neighb'ring
glade;

(Whilst humbler olives, intermix'd between,
Had chang'd their fruit to filamotte from green:)
The Punic granate§ op'd its rose-like flow'rs;
The orange breath'd its aromatic pow'rs.

Wand'ring still on, at length my eyes survey'd
A painted seat, beneath a larch-tree's shade.
I sat, and try'd to dose, but slumber fled;
I then essay'd a book, and thus I read ||:

" Suppose, O man, great nature's voice should
call

To thee, or me, or any of us all;
What dost thou, mean, ungrateful wretch! thou
vain,

Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain?
If all the bounteous blessings I could give
Thou hadst enjoy'd; if thou hadst known to
live, [live;]
(And pleasure not leak'd through thee like a

*Inde veni. Nec te totas infundere pennas
Luminibus compello meis (hoc turba precatur
Latior); extremo me tange cacumine virgæ
Sufficit; aut leviter suspensio poplite transi.*

SYLV. L. V.

* The best species of this grass, hitherto known,
is in Andalusia.

† Alfalfa (from the old Arabian word alfalfa-
fat) Lucerne-grass. At present the Spaniards
call it also Ervaye.

‡ A sort of ever-green laryx: Pinus Cembra.
This beautiful tree grows wild on the Spanish
Appenines, and is raised by culture in less moun-
tainous places. What name the natives give it
I have forgotten; but the French in the Briançois
call it meleze, and the Italians in the bishoprick
of Trente, in Fiume, &c. give it the name of
cirmoli, not lariché.

§ The Pomegranate.

|| The Spanish author introduces the following
passages from Lucretius.

Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous
feast, [thy rest?

Cramm'd to the throat with life, and rise and take
But, if my blessings thou hast thrown away,
If indigested joys pass'd through and would not
stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?

If life be grown a load, a real ill,
And I would all thy cares and labours end,
Lay down thy burthen, fool! and know thy friend.
To please thee, I have empty'd all my store,
I can invent and can supply no more:
But run the round again; the round I ran be-
fore.

Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,
Yet still the self-same scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.

What can we plead against so just a bill?

We stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.

But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
Should beg of nature to prolong his date,
She speaks aloud to him, with more disdain;
Be still, thou martyr-fool, thou covetous of pain.

But if an old decrepid sot lament;

What, thou! she cries, who hast outliv'd content?

Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?—

But this is still th' effect of wishing more!

Unsatisfy'd with all that nature brings,

Loathing the present, liking absent things.

From hence it comes, thy vain desires at strife

Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy life;

And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight

E'er thou hast gorg'd thy soul and senses with
delight.

Now leave those joys, unsuited to thy age,
To a fresh comer, and resign the stage. [thy head.

" Meantime, when thoughts of death disturb

Consider, Ancus, great and good, is dead:

Ancus, thy better far, was born to die;

And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?*

Charm'd with these lines of reason and good
sense,

(No matter who the author was, nor whence),

I stopp'd, and into contemplation fell;

Amaz'd an impious wit should think so well;

Who often (to his own and reader's cost)

To show the atheist, half the poet lost.

(Knowing too much, makes many a muse unfit;

'Tis not the bloom, but plethora of wit.—)

At length a drowsiness arrested thought,

And sleep (as is her custom) came unsought.

Now listen to the purport of my tale.

Methought I wander'd in a fairy vale:

Replete with people of each sex and age;

Good, bad, great, small, the foolish, and the
sage:

Whilst on the ground promiscuously were laid

Stars, mitres, rags, the sceptre, and the spade.

At length a haughty dame approach'd my view;

Whom by no single attribute I knew;

For all that painters feign, and bards devize,

Is mere mock-imag'ry, and artful lyes.

Boldly she look'd, like one of high degree;

Yet never seem'd to cast a glance on me;

* Lucret. L. III. translated by Dryden

At which I inly joy'd; for truth to say,
I felt an unknown awe, and some dismay.
She pass'd me: her side-face was smooth and fair;
(Much as fine women, turn'd of forty, are):
When, turning short, and unperceiv'd by me,
She grasp'd my throat, and spoke with stern au-
thority:

"Him whom I seek, art thou! Thy race is run:
"My journey's ended, and thy business done.
"Surrender up to me thy captive-breath,
"My pow'r is nature's pow'r, my name is
Death!"

Have you e'er seen th' affrighted peasant grasp
(Searching for flow'rs or fruits) th' envenom'd asp?
Or have you ever felt th' impetuous shock,
When the swift vessel splits upon a rock?
Or mark'd a face with horror overspread,
When the third apoplex invades the head?
Then form some image of my ghastly fright,
Fear stopp'd my voice, and terror dimm'd my
fight:

My heart flew from its place * in consternation,
And nature felt a short annihilation: [eyes
Then—with a plunge—I sobb'd;—and with faint
Look'd upwards, to the ruler of the skies †.

At length—recov'ring—in a broken tone—
Princess—I cry'd,—Thy pris'ner is undone.—
Despair and misery succeed to fear:—

Oh had I known thy presence was so near!

Abrupt th' inexorable pow'r reply'd, [side:]
(Then turn'd her face, and show'd the hideous
Fool! 'tis too late to wish, too late to pray:
Thou hadst the means, but not the will to pay;
Each day of human life is warning-day.
The present point of time is all thou hast,
The future doubtful, and the former past!
Yet, as I read contrition in thy eyes,
And thy breast heaves with terror and surprize,
(I, who as yet was never known to show
False pity to premeditated woe)

Will graciously explain great nature's laws,
And hear thy sophisms in so plain a cause.
There is a reason, (which to time I leave)
Why I give thee alone this short reprieve ‡.
Banish thy fears, urge all thy wit can find,
Suppose me what I am, suppose thyself mankind!

She spoke, and led me by a private way,
Where a small winding path half-printed lay:
Then turning short, an avenue we 'spy'd,
Long, smoothly pav'd, magnificently wide.
Dark cypresses the skirting sides adorn'd,
And gloomy yew-trees, which for ever mourn'd:
Whilst, on the margin of the beaten road,
Its pallid bloom sick-smelling henbane show'd;
Next emblematic rosemary appear'd,
And lurid hemlock its stain'd stalks uprear'd,
(God's signature to man in evil hour!—)
Nor were the night-shades wanting, nor the
pow'r

Of thorn'd Stramonium, nor the sickly flow'r

Of cloying mandrakes; the deceitful root
Of the monk's fraudulent cowl *, and Plinian fruit †.
Hypericon was ‡ there, the god of war,
Pierc'd through with wounds, and seam'd with
many a scar:

Add pale nymphaea § with her clay-cold breath;
And poppies which suborn the sleep of death.

This avenue (mysterious to relate)
Surpris'd me much, and warn'd me of my fate.
Its length at first approach enormous seem'd;
Full half a thousand stadia || as I deem'd:
But then the road was smooth and fair to see:

(With such insensible declivity)
That what men thought a tedious course to run,
Was finish'd oft the hour it first begun.

Sudden, arriving at a palace-gate,
I saw a spectre in the portal wait:
An ill-shap'd monster, hideous to be seen;
She seem'd, methought, the mother of the queen ¶.

Opening their valves, self-mov'd on either
side,

The adamantine doors expanded wide:
When death commands they close, when death
commands divide.

Then quick we enter'd a magnificent hall,
Where groups of trophies over-spread the wall.
In fable scrawls I Nero's name perus'd,
And Herod's, with a sanguine stain suffus'd;
While Numa's name adorn'd a radiant place,
And that of Titus deck'd a milk-white space.

Now, cry'd the Pow'r of Death, survey me
well:

Thy shame, remorse, and disappointment tell;
Why dost thou tremble still, and whence thy
dread?

Why shake thy lips, and why thy colour fled?
Speak, vassal, recognize thy sov'reign queen:
Hast thou ne'er seen me? Know'st thou not me,
seen?

"Liege-mistress, whom the greatest kings adore,
I own my homage, and confess thy pow'r.
Alone, that sov'reignty on earth is thine,
Which justly proves its claim to right divine:
Thine is the old hereditary sway,
Which mortals ought, and mortals must obey.
But, empress, thou hast not the form I deem'd:
Velasquez † painted lies, and Camoens ‡ dream'd:
I thought to meet, (as late as heav'n might grant!)
A skeleton, ferocious, tall, and gaunt;

* *Napellus*; monk's-hood, friar's-cowl; the most
dangerous sort of aconite.

† *Amomum Plinii*.

‡ *St. John's Wort*. See *Gondibert*, L. I. Canto 6.
This plant is called by us the herb of war, not merely
because its juice is of a bloody colour, but because it is one
of the principal vulnerary herbs used in making the fa-
mous arquebuse water.—And again, as its leaves are
full of little punctures and holes, it is named by Latin
writers *Porosa*, and *Perfoliata*: the French call it
Mille Pertuis, and the Italians *Perforata*.

§ *Water-lily*.

|| About threescore and ten miles: emblematical of the
Psalmist's duration of human life.

¶ *Sin*.

† Two Spaniards, the one a famous painter, and
the other a celebrated poet.

* *Job xxxvii. 1.*

† *From Statius.*

Stabat anbelata metu, solum natura tonantem

Respicens——— *Achil. I. ver. 487.*

‡ The reason is, that what here happens is a vision,
and not a reality.

Whose loose teeth in their naked sockets shook,
And grinn'd terrific, a Sardonian look *.
I thought, besides, thy right-hand aim'd a dart,
Resistless, to transpierce the human heart,
And that thy likeness of a head sustain'd
A regal crown †: but all was false, or feign'd.

" I see thee now, delusive as thou art,
Without one symbol to alarm the heart:
Not ev'n upon thy flowing vest is shown
An emblematic dart, or charnal-bone;
I rather see it, glorious to behold,
With rubies edg'd, and purpled o'er with gold:
Gay annual flow'rs adorn each vacant space,
Of short-liv'd beauty, and uncertain grace.—
Artificer of fraud and deep disguise!
Prompt to perform, ingenious to surprize:
In ev'ry light (as far as man can see
By thy consent) supreme hypocrisy!
Punish thy hopelefs captive if he lies.—
Instead of a scalp'd skull, and empty eyes,
Bones without flesh, and (as we all suppose)
Vacuity of lips, and cheeks, and nose,
(So dextrous is thy sorcery and care!)
I see a woman tolerably fair.

" Instead of sable robes and mournful geer, }
Cameleon-like, a thousand garbs you wear, }
Nor bear the black and solemn thrice a year;
Drest in gay robes, whose shifting colours show
The varying glories of the show'ry bow,
Glowing with waves of gold; sea-tinctur'd green,
Rich azure, and the bloomy grideline ‡.

" Thus in appearances you cheat us all,
Plan our disgraces, and contrive our fall;
Something you show, that ev'ry fool may hit,
With mirth you treat, and bait that mirth with
wit:

False hopes, the loves and graces of your train,
(Pimps to the great, th' ambitious, and the vain,)
Summon your guests, and in attendance wait;
While you, like eastern queens, conceal'd in state,
O'erlook the whole: th' audacious jest refine,
Smile on the feast §, and sparkle in the wine.
Arachne thus in ambush'd covert lies;
Wits, atheists, jobbers, statesmen, are the flies.
Doom'd to be lost, they dream of no deceit,
And, fond of rum, overlook the cheat;
Pride stands for joy, and riches for delight:—
Weak men love weakness, in their own despite;
And, finding in their native funds no ease,
Assume the garb of fools, and hope to please.—
Wretches, when sick of life, for ratbane call:
*Twere worth our while to give them foolbane all:
Since by degrees each misconceiving elf
Is ruin'd, not by nature, but himself.

* According to the ancients the herba fardoa, or apium risus, (by some supposed to be the water crow-foot) brought on, after being eaten, such horrid convulsions, that the party died grinning, through the extremity of agony.

† Milton's *Paradise Lost*, L. II. v. 672.

‡ Dryden's *Flower and Leaf*. "Bright crimson and pure white, sweetly mixed in waves and melting one into the other, make the colour which our ancient poets called grideline."

§ In speculis mors atra sedet, dominique silentis
Adnumerat populos.—

Stat. Theb. L. IV. v. 527.

" Too late I see thy fraudulent face entire:
One half halfmimics health; halfmeans desire;
And, though true youth and nature have no part,
Yet paint enlivens it, and wiles, and art;
Colours laid on with a true harlot-grace;
They only show themselves, and hide the face.
The other half is hideous to behold,
Ugly as grandame-apes, and full as old.
There time has spent the fury of his course,
And plough'd and harrow'd with repeated force:
One blinking eye with scalding rheum suffus'd,
A leg contracted, and an arm difus'd;
An half-liv'd emblem, fit for man to see;
An hemiplegia of deformity!

" But, princess, to thy cunning be it known, }
This emblematic side is rarely shown; }
Man would start back if wedded to the crone. }
Side-long it is your custom to advance,
Show the fair half, and hide the foul, askance;
And, like a vet'ran tempter, cast an eye
Of glancing blandishment in passing by.

" By stealing side-ways with a silent pace,
Man rarely sees the moral of your face:
And (what's the dang'rous frenzy of the whim)
Concludes, you've no immediate call for him.
Adjoin to this, your necromantic pow'r,
Contracting half an age to half an hour.
Just so the cyphers from the unit fled,
When Malicorn the demon's contract read *.
The unit in the foremost column stood,
And the two cyphers were obscur'd with blood †.

" Two other mistress-arts you make your own;
To Circe and Urganda arts unknown:
When men look on you, and your steps survey,
You seem to glide afloat another way:
But the first moment they withdraw their eye,
Swift you take wing, and like a vulture fly,
Which snuffs the distant quarry in the wind,
And marks the carcase she is sure to find.—
The next deception is more wondrous still;
O grand artificer of fraud and ill!
When the sick man up-lifts the fash t' inhale
Th' enlivening breezes of the western gale,
To snatch one glimpse of ease from flow'ry fields,
And (fancying) taste the joy which nature
yields;
Far as the landscape's verge admits his view,
He sees a phantom, and concludes it you.
A gleam of courage then relieves his breast,
Be calm my soul, he cries, and take thy rest ‡:
When at that moment, dreadful to relate,
(For all but he that ought observe his fate),

* *D. of Guise, a Tragedy.* Dryden.

† Malicorn was an astrologer advanced in years, but, being ambitious of making a great figure in this world, made over his soul to Satan, upon condition that he enjoyed earthly grandeur for 100 years more. The contract was written, signed and sealed in due form, when lo, at the expiration of one year, the evil spirit entered Malicorn's chamber, preceded by thunder and lightning, and demanded him as his forfeit. The astrologer was exceedingly terrified, and, after making many remonstrances, insisted on seeing the original contract; but the cyphers in number 100 were written with evanescent ink, and the figure 1 only remained legible. The moral of this fiction is incomparable. See *Act V. Sc. 5.*

‡ LUKE xii. 13.

The wife, the son, the friend perceive thee stand
Behind his curtains with up-lifted hand,
Thee, real thee! to drive the deadly dart,
And at one sudden stroke transpierce the heart!"

"Culprit, thou hast thy piteous story told,
As trite as Priam's tale, and twice as old,
Reply'd the Queen: painters and bards, 'tis true,
Have neither lung me right, nor justly drew:
I am not the gaunt spectre they devise [eyes.—
With chop-fall'n mouth, and with extinguish'd
Whether enlighten'd with a heavenly ray,
Or whether thou hast better guess'd than they,
I say not; yet thus much I must confess,
Thy knowledge is superior, or thy guess.
I own the fei, n'd retreat, th' oblique advance,
The flight I take unseen, th' illusive glance,
The blandishments of artificial grace,
The sound, the palsy'd limbs, and double face.
All I contend for (there the question lies)
Is this; let men but look through wisdom's eyes,
And death ne'er takes them by a false surprise."

"Did not thy Maker, when he gave thee birth,
Create thee out of perishable earth?
Where hot, and cold, the rough, and lenient fight,
The hard, and soft, the heavy, and the light:
Whilst ev'ry atom fretted to decay
The heterogeneous lump of jarring clay?—
Was not just death entail'd on thee and all,
(Such the decree of heav'n) in Adam's fall?
The parent-plant receiv'd a taint at root,
Hence the weak branches, hence the sickly fruit."

"Thus with spring's genial balm and sunshine
The annual flowret lifts its tender head, [fed
In summer blooming, and at winter dead;
Nay, if by chance a lasting plant be found,
Whose roots pierce deep th' inhospitable ground;
Whose verdant leaves (life's common autumn past)
Bid fair t' outlive the bitter wintry blast,
And green old age predicts a vernal shoot;—
I lend my hand to pluck both branch and root.—
Man is no more perennial than a flow'r;
Some may live years, some months, and some an
hour."

When first thou gav'st the promise of a man,
When th' embryon-speck of entity began,
Was not the plastic atom at a strife,
'Twixt death ambiguous and a twilight life,
Struggling with dubious shade and dubious light,
Like the moon's orb; whilst nations in affright
Hope for new day, but fear eternal night?

When motionless the half-form'd fœtus lay,
And doubtful life just gleam'd a glimm'ring ray,
When nature bade the vital tide to roll,
I cloth'd with crust of flesh that gem the soul;
My mortal dart th' immortal stream defil'd,
And the fire's frailties flow'd into the child.
The very milk his pious mother gave
Turn'd poison, and but nurs'd him for the grave*.
In ev'ry atom that his frame compos'd
I weak to strong, unsound to sound oppos'd.
Cruel, and proud of a deputed reign,
I ting'd the limpid stream with gloomy pain;

* Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth,
what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what
thou shalt be after death. Thou wast made of an im-
pure substance, and clothed and nourished in thy mother's
blood.

ST. AUGUST.

Nor yet contented, in the current threw
Discolour'd sickness of each dismal hue.
Thus from the source which first life's waters

gave,
Till their last final home the ocean-grave,
Infection blends itself in ev'ry wave;
Marasmus, atrophy, the gout, and stone;
Fruits of our parent's folly, and our own!
"To live in health and ease you idly feign;
Man's sprightliest days are intermitting pain.
Changing for worse, and never warn'd by ill,
Still the same bait, the same deception still!
Youth has new times for change, and may com-
Age ventures all upon a losing hand. [mand;
The liberty you boast of is a cheat:
Licentiousness lurks under the deceit.

Plenty of means you have and pow'r to choose;
Yet still you take the bad, the good refuse.
The freedom of the tempests you enjoy,
Born to o'erturn, and braving to destroy.
These injure not themselves the reasoning elf
Injures alike both others and himself.
Sour'd in his liveliest hours, infirm when strong,
Unsure at safest, and but short when long."

"Hast thou with anxious care and strictest
thought
Made that nice estimate of time you ought?
Time, like the precious di'mond, should be
weigh'd:

Caracts, not pounds, must in the scale be laid,
Know'st thou the value of a year, a day,
An hour, a moment, idly thrown away?
Then had thy life been blessedly employ'd,
And all thy minutes sensibly enjoy'd!
What are they now, and whither are they flown?
Th' immortal pain subsists, the mortal pleasure's
gone!

Canst thou recall them?—Impotent and vain!
Or have they promis'd to return again?
Call (if thou canst) the winged arrow back,
Which lately cut through air its viewless track;
Or bid the cataract ascend its source, [course;
Which pour'd from Alpine heights its furious
Ah no—Time's vanish'd! and you only find
A cold, unsatisfying scent behind!

"Foe to delays, economist of time,
Thrice happy Titus, virtuous in thy prime!
In whom the noon-day—or the setting sun
Ne'er saw a work of goodness left undone.—
Old age compounds, or (more provoking yet)
Sends a small gift, when heav'n expects the debt.
Bring not the leavings of thy faint desires
To Him who gives the best, and best requires;
Man mocks his Maker, and derides his law:
Satan has the full ears, and God the straw."

"Behold the wretch, who long has health en-
joy'd,
With gold unsated, and with pow'r uncloy'd;
Salmoncus-like, to fancy'd greatness rais'd,
With slaves surrounded, and by flatterers prais'd:
See him against his nature vainly strive,
The busiest, pertest, proudest thing alive!
(As if beyond the patriarchal date
Exceptive mercy had prolong'd his fate).
When lo, behind the variegated cloud,
Enwrapt in mists, and muffled in a shroud,
The dissolution of old age comes on,
Gouts, palfies, asthmas, jaundice, and the stone;

An hungry, merciless, insatiate band,
Eager as Croats for death's last command!
Which still repeat their mercenary strain,
Lead us, to add the living to the slain. [well:]

"Then mark the worldling, and explore him
His grief, his shame, and self-conviction tell;
Weak were my joys, he cries, and short their stay:
Pride mark'd the race, and folly pick'd the way.
Can I revoke my misdirected pow'r? [hour?]
Where's my lost hope, and where the vanish'd
Curst be that greatness which blind fortune lent;
Curst be that wealth which sprung not from content!

Still, still, my conscious memory prevails;
And understanding paints where mem'ry fails!

"Allow me next with confidence to say,
(As safely with the strictest truth I may;)
Why dost thou, idiot, senselessly complain,
(Fond of more life, and covetous of pain,)
That I, a tyrant, seize thee by surprize?—
Flames, as she spoke, shot flashing from her eyes.
Dotard! I gave the warning ev'ry hour;
Announc'd my presence, and proclaim'd my pow'r.
One only business in the world was thine,
Born but to die! 'T' exact the payment mine.

If, atheist-like, you blame the just decree,
Attack thy maker, but exculpate me!
Mortality's coeval with thy breath;
Life is a chain of links which lead to death.
Sleep—wake—run—creep—alike to death you
move;

Death's in thy meat, thy wine, thy sleep, thy love.
Know'st thou not me, my warnings, and alarms?
Thou who so oft hast slumber'd in my arms!
For ever seeing, canst thou nought descry?
Dead ev'ry night, and yet untaught to die?

"How dar'st thou give thy impious murmurs
Thyself a breathing, speaking monument? [vent,

No death is sudden to a wretch like thee,
The emblem of his own mortality!
Above, beneath, within thee, and without,
All things foreshow the stroke, and clear the
The very apoplex, thy swiftest foe, [doubt.
Forewarns his coming; and approaches flow;
Sudden confusions interrupt thy brain, [pain;
Swift through thy temples shoots the previous
Suspicion follows, and misgiving fear.—
Death always speaks, if man would strive to hear.

"Acquit me then of fraudulent surprize:
Leave sophistry to wits; be truly wise;
For, as the cedar falls, it ever lies*!
Start not at what we call our latest breath;
The morning of man's real life is death†."

So spake the pow'r, who never felt controul.
Fear smote my heart, and conscience stung my
soul;

Remorse, vexation, shame, and anger strive.—
I wak'd:—and (to my joy) I wak'd alive.
Never was human transport more sincere;—
And the best men may find instruction here.

MORAL.

Who puts off death to the last moments driv'n,
Is near the grave, but very far from heav'n‡.
He who repents, and gains the wish'd reprieve,
Was fit to die, and is more fit to live.
Choose a good convoy in an hostile course;
Right foresight never makes a danger worse.

* ECCLES. xi. 3.

† ——— Steriles transmissimus annos;
Hæc ævi mihi prima dies: hæc limina vitæ.

STAT. SYLV. L. 4.

‡ A saying of pious Jeremy Taylor.

THE COURTIER AND PRINCE:

A FABLE.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of
man, in whom there is no help.

PSALM cxlvi. 3.

Now behold, thou trustest upon the staff of a
bruised reed—on which if a man lean, it will go
through his hand and pierce it: so is Pharaoh,
king of Egypt, unto all that trust in him.

2 KINGS, xviii. 21.

With diffidence, O muse, awake the string;
Proba*, herself a muse, commands to sing:

* A Roman young lady of quality and a Christian
convert. She afterwards married Adelpbus, who was
a proconsul in the reign of Honorius and Theodosius jun.
She composed an history of the Old and New Testament
in verse. Her epitaph on her husband is much admired.
Both pieces were printed at Francfort in 1541.

Her name at length was Proba Valeria Falconia.

Dyest thyself of thy pretended bays, [lays:
And crown'd with short-liv'd flow'rs present thy
From female archives stol'n, a tale disclose,
Verse tortur'd into rhymes from honest prose.
Short fables may with double grace be told;
So smallest glasses sweetest essence hold.

Antonia somewhere* does a tale report,
Of no small use to rising men at court:
(Who seek promotion in the worldly road,
And make their titles and their wealth their god);
Antonia! who the hermit's story fram'd†:

A tale to prose-men known‡, by verse-men
fam'd||.

* *Traité sur la piété solide. Epit. xx. par Madame
Antoinette de Bourignon.*

† *Epit. de Bourignon. Partie Seconde, Epit. xvii.*

‡ *Dr. Patrick's Parable of the Pilgrim.*

|| *Parnelle's Hermit.*

A courtier of the lucky thriving sort,
 Rose like a meteor, and eclips'd the court;
 By chance or cunning ev'ry storm outbraves:
 Topmost he rode, midst shoals of fools and
 knaves,
 Triumphant, like an eygre*, o'er the waves:
 Casually lucky, fortunately great,
 Ten times his planet overcame his fate.
 Riches flow'd in; and accidents were kind;
 Health join'd her opium to delude the mind†;
 Whilst pride was gratify'd in ev'ry view,
 And pow'r had scarce an object to pursue;
 Cramm'd to the throat with happiness and ease,
 Till nature's self could do no more to please.—
 Vain-glorious mortal, to profusion blest!
 And almost by prosperity distressed!
 Whilst poets, the worst pandars of the age,
 Hymn'd his no-virtues in each flatt'ring page:
 True parasitic plants‡, which only grow
 Upon their patron-trees, like misseito:
 So pella-mountain on the flax appears,
 And thyme, th' epithimy§, (her bastard) rears;
 Just so th' agaric from the larix springs,
 And fav'rites fatten on perspiring kings.—
 More might be said; but this we leave untold,
 That better things their proper place may hold.
 Our mirror of good luck, whom Chance had
 claim'd

As her own offspring, was Amariel nam'd.
 At his first horoscope the goddesses smil'd,
 And wrapp'd in her own mantle her own child;
 Then, as a wit upon th' occasion said
 (Not less a wit, we hope, for being dead),
 "Gave him her blessing, put him in a way,
 "Set up the farce, and laugh'd at her own play."
 Fortune, the mistress of the young and bold,
 Espous'd him early, but caress'd him old;
 Dutious and faithful as an Indian wife,
 She made appearance to be true for life:

* The tenth wave, when rivers are swollen by floods,
 or agitated by storms, is called in some parts of England
 an eygre. See DRYDEN's Threnod. August.

† Prosperous health and uninterrupted ease are often
 the occasion of some fatal misfortunes. Thus a long peace
 makes men unguarded, and sometimes unmindful, in mat-
 ters of war: It being observed, that the most signal over-
 throw is usually given us, when an unexpected enemy
 surpriseth us in the deep sleep of peace and security."

ST. GREGOR, the Great.

‡ Parasitical plants, according to the language of
 botanists, will not grow in the common matrix of the
 earth; but their seeds, being dispersed by winds, take root
 in the excrementitious parts of a decayed tree, or arise as
 an excrescence from the exsudations of some tree or plant.
 Thus the dodder (*cuscuta*) formerly called pella-moun-
 tain, grows usually on flax; and therefore the Italian
 peasant calls it *podagra di linio*.

§ The Arabians and Italians (imitating the Greek
 word ἐπιθιμία) call this adscititious plant *esitimo*
 and *epithimio*; but very few of our English botanists
 make mention of it. As far as I have hitherto seen,
 only one of our herbalists has touched upon it, namely
 Peter Treveris, who flourished about the reign of Henry
 VII. He calls it *epithimy*. For my own part, not
 caring to invent new words in poetry, I have thought
 proper to retain the word which he (Treveris) has used,
 as it is well-sounding, and not inelegant.

And kept her love alive and like to last,
 Beyond the date her Pompey was disgrac'd.
 But nothing certain (as the wise man* found)
 Is to be deem'd on sublunary ground.

Join'd to good fortune, 'twas our courtier's lot
 To serve a prince who ne'er his friends forgot:
 Humane, discreet, compassionate, and brave;
 Not milder when he lov'd, than when forgave.
 Gen'rous of promise, punctual in the deed;
 Grac'd with more candor than most monarchs
 A milkiness of blood his heart possess'd; [need.
 With grief he punish'd, and with transport
 blest'd†.

As noblest metals are most ductile found,
 Great souls with mild compassion most abound.
 The golden eye with soft complacence takes
 Each speaking lineament th' engraver makes,
 And wears a faithful image for mankind,
 True to the features, truer to the mind:
 Whilst stubborn iron (like a barren soil
 To lab'ring hinds) eludes the artist's toil;
 To ev'ry stroke ungrateful and unjust,
 Corrodes itself, or hardens into rust.

Good-nature, in the language from above‡,
 Is universal charity and love:
 Patient of wrongs, and enemy to strife;
 Basis of virtue, and the staff of life!
 Whilst av'rice, private censure, public rage,
 Are th' old man's hobby-horse, and crutch of age,
 Party conducts us to the meanest ends;
 Party made Herod and a Pilate friends§.

Scorn'd be the bard, and banish'd ev'n from
 schools,
 Who first immortaliz'd man-killing fools;
 Blockheads in council, bloody in command:
 Warriors—not of the head, but of the hand;
 True brethren of the iron-pated Swede||:
 They fight like Ajax, and like Ajax read.

Of all the great and harmless things below,
 Only an elephant is truly so.
 (Thus writes a wit¶, well-known a cent'ry past;
 Forgotten now; yet still his fame shall last).
 Kings have their follies; statesmen have their
 arts;
 Wealth spoils the great; beauty ensnares our
 hearts;
 And wits are doubly dup'd by having parts.
 Some have ten times the parts they ought to use;
 "A great wit's greatest work is to refuse‡!"
 Never, O bards, the warning voice despise;—
 To add is dang'rous, to retrench is wise.
 Poets, instead of saying what they could,
 Must only say the very thing they should.
 This mighty ΕΤΡΗΚΑ reserv'd for few,
 Virgil and Boileau, Pope and Dryden knew.
 (Thus by the way.) Now, Muse, resume thy
 course;

There is no wand'rer like the poet's horse:

* Son of Sirach.

† "Bountifulness is a most beautiful garden, and mer-
 cifulness endureth for ever." ECCLES.

‡ EUDOXIA. MATTH. ii. 14.

§ LUKE xxii. 12.

|| Demir-bash, or iron-headed: A name given by the
 Turks to Charles XII. of Sweden.

¶ Dr. Donne's Letters in Prose, 12mo, Lond. 1591.

‡ Sir John Birkenhead's Epistle to Cartwright, 1638.

Who quits the solid road, and well-beat lanes,
(Sick of his track, and punish'd for his pains),
To mimic galloping on green-swarth plains.
So, in the daily work she labours at,
The swallow toils, and rises with a gnat.—

It chanc'd as through his groves our monarch
stray'd,

T' enjoy the coolness of a summer shade,
Wrapt up in virtuous schemes of means and ends,
To reconcile his foes or bless his friends,
He spy'd a figure, which by shape he knew,
In a lone grotto half-conceal'd from view:
Thither the prudent wanderer had retir'd,
As modesty and well-bred sense requir'd:
Studious of manners, fearful to intrude
On precious hours of royal solitude.

Amariel, cry'd the Prince, I know thee well,
Invelop'd in the umbrage of a cell:

I like thy modesty, with manners fraught;
But, as my spirits ask a pause from thought,
Walk with thy master, and with him inhale
The cooling freshness of the western gale.

Amariel, added he, and gently smil'd,
This grove's my kingdom, and each tree my child:
(Forgive the vanity, which thus compares
Myself to Cyrus, and his rural cares)*;
My ready pencil sketch'd the first design,
These eyes adjusted ev'ry space and line;
These hands have fixt th' inoculated shoots,
Train'd the loose branches, and reform'd the roots.
Happy the monarch of the town and field,
Where vice to laws, and weeds to culture yield!

My human realms a ten-fold care demand;
Reluctant is the staple† of the land:
Sour are the juices, churlish is the soil,
Of rule impatient, and averse to toil.
In vain I cherish, and in vain replace; [face.
Th' ungrateful branch flies back, and wounds my
Courtiers are like th' hyena, never tame;
No bounties fix them, and no arts reclaim:
Frontless they run the muck‡ through thick and
thin;

Not poorer, if they lose;—and they may win.
Patriots of their own int'rest, right or wrong:
Foes to the feeble, flatt'ers to the strong.
Stiff complaisance thro' their best homage spreads,
So turn-soles§ court the sun with 'wry-neck'd
heads.

True as a dial, when their patrons shine;
But blank, if the said patrons pow'r resign.
Like good Sir Martin||, when he lost his man,
They grieve—and get another as they can.
Yet, (though small real comfort is enjoy'd
Where man the ruler is, and men employ'd),
Of all my friends and servants, you alone
Have pleas'd me best, and most reliev'd the throne.

* XENOPHONT. *Oeconomic.* C. iv. &c.

† The staple of the soil, in a husbandry-sense, is the upper earth, which lies within the reach of the plough and influence of the atmosphere.

Thus we call wool, with relation to England, a staple commodity.

‡ Dryden's *Hind and Panther*.

§ The *Heliotrope*, or sun-flower, called by the Italians, *orologio dei cortegiani*.

|| Sir Martin Marr-all, in a comedy of Dryden's writing.

Whatever then my bounty can provide;
Whatever by my friendship be supply'd;
As far as faith can bind, or speech can say,
Ask, and I meet thy wishes half the way.

The servant bow'd, and gratitude express'd;
Such gratitude as dwells in courtier's breast:
Pleas'd to the height of transport he retir'd;
His fears were calm'd, and his ambition fir'd.
Unhappy man, in both his objects wrong;
The weak he trusted, and forgot the strong!

Six years were past, when lo, by slow degrees,
A fever did his limbs and spirits seize:
Advancing gently, no alarm it makes,
(Like murr'ring Indians gliding through the
brakes:)

But, having mark'd her sure approaches well,
She storms, and nothing can her force repell.
Instant, a liquid fire inflames the blood,
Whilst spasms impede the self-refining flood:
Petechial spots th' approach of death proclaim,
Redd'ning like comets with vindictive flame;
Whilst wand'ring talk, and moppings wild, pre-
sage

Moon-struck illusion, and conclude in rage.
Inevitable death alarms the heart;
Nature stands by, and bids her aim the dart.

The sick man, stupify'd with fear and woe,
Had hardly words to speak, or tears to flow;
At length in broken sounds was heard to cry,
Grant me to see my master, ere I die.

The master came. Ah, prince, Amariel said,
Now keep thy promise, and extend thy aid;
Unfurl my tangled thread of human breath,
And call me back one year, before my death.

The prince (for he was wise, and good withall),
Stood like a statue, mortiz'd to the wall:

At length, recov'ring from amazement, broke
An awful silence, and thus gravely spoke:
Amariel, sure thy pangs disturb thy brain:
The boon you ask is blasphemous and vain:
Am I a god, to alter death's decree?
That's the prerogative of heav'n, not me!

Then, cried Amariel, with a hasty tone,
Gain me a week, three days, or gain me one.

Impossible again! the prince reply'd;
Sure thy disease to madness is ally'd:
Ask me for riches—freely I resign
A third or half, and bid thee make them thine.
Whate'er the world can human greatness call,
Pow'r, rank, grants, titles, I'll bestow them all.
Then die in peace, or with contentment live,
Nor ask a gift no mortal pow'r can give.

With eyes that flash'd with eagerness and fire
The sick man then propos'd a new desire:

“As deaths dread tyranny has no controul,
“Can you ensure the safety of my soul?”

Anxious and doubtful for my future state,
I read the danger, but I read too late.

The prince stood mute; compassion and amaze
Tore his divided heart ten thousand ways:
And, having rightly weigh'd the sick man's pray'r,
Thus he replied in sorrow and despair:

“Salvation of the soul by grace is giv'n;—

“Unalienable is the grace of Heav'n.

“I tremble at the rash request you make,

“Which is not mine to grant, or yours to take.”

Amariel then, with disappointment spent,
Turn'd from his prince in mournful discontent.

And, lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,
Thus in a flood of tears obtests the skies:

"Wretch that I am, unworthy of my breath;
"Deceiv'd when living, and deceiv'd in death!
"Why did I waste my strength, my cares, my
fame

"To serve a master—master but in name?
"An ethnic idol, for delusion made;
"Eyes without sight, protection without aid?
"Unable to bestow the good we want,
"And ready, what avails us not, to grant!
"Deceitful, impotent, unuseful pow'r;
"Which can give di'monds, but not give an hour!
"At Rimmon's shrine no longer will I bow,
"But thus to th' all-pow'rful King address my
"vow:

"O thou, the only great, and good, and wise,
"Ruler of earth, and monarch of the skies;
"Thou whom th' intents of virtuous actions please;
"Whose laws are freedom, and whose service
"ease*:

"Whose mercy waits th' offender to the grave,
"Willing to hear; omnipotent to save!
"Who ne'er forgot one meritorious deed,
"Nor left a servant in the hour of need.
"To mercy and to equity inclin'd;
"Who mind'st the heart and tenor of the mind†.
"Forgive my error, and my life restore;
"Thee will I serve alone, and thee adore!
"Farewell earth's deities and idols all!

"Moloch and Mammon, Chion‡, Dagon, Baal:
"Whose Chemarims § tread their fantastic rounds
"O'er Aven's || plains, and dance to Tyrian sounds.
"Hence false Astarte ¶, who the world suborns;
"Life's lambent meteor gliss'ring round her horns.
"Let Thammuz moan his self inflicted pain,
"And Sidon's stream run purple to the main.
"No star of Remphan ** shall attract my sight,
"Shorn of its beams, and gleaning sickly light:
"Malignant orb! which tempts bewilder'd swains
"To gulfs, to quicksands, and waste trackless
"plains!

"By thee the false Achitophel was led; [bed.
"And Haman †† dy'd aloft, and made a cloud his
"From worldly hopes and false dependance
"freed,

"I'll seek no safety from a splinter'd reed;
"Which causes those to fall, who wish to stand;
"Or, if it aids the steps, gangrenes the hand ††.
"How vain is all the chemic wealth of pow'r!
"Sought for an age, and squander'd in an hour;
"Full late we learn, in sickness, pains, and woe,
"What in high health 'twas possible to know.

* *Idicero servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus.*

CICERO.

† *Bishop Jer. Taylor.*

‡ *Chion, probably from ΚΥΩΝ: Qu. if not Anubis.*

See also AMOS v. 26. I KINGS xi. 32.

§ *For the Chemarims of Baal see HOSEA x. 5. in
Marg. 2 KINGS. xxiii. 5.*

|| *Aven. HOSEA x. 8. Plains of Aven. AMOS
i. 5.*

¶ *Perhaps the same as Astaroth, or Venus, the
Goddess of the Sidonians.*

** ACTS viii. 43.

†† ESTHER vii. 9.

†† ISAIAH xxxvi. 6.

"Two ages may have two Elishas seen;
"Groups of Gehazis* choke the space between:
"Who live unthinking and obdurate die,
"Nor heed their own or children's leprosy †.
"Sin-born and blind! Who change, protest, and
"fwear,

"With the same ease they draw the vital air.
"Proud of the wit, and heedless of the sin,
"They strip, and sell the Christian to the skin ‡.
"Charms irresistible the dupes behold
"In vineyards, farms, and all compelling gold.
"Others (still weaker) set their truth to sale
"For a mere sound, and cut of heav'n's entail:
"Whilst he, who never fails his imp's, supplies
"Prompt treachery, and fresh created lies.—
"Time-servers are at ev'ry man's command
"For loaves and fish on Dalmanthua's strand §."

He spoke: And, with a flood of tears oppress'd
Gave anguish vent, and felt a moment's rest.

Heav'n with compassion heard the sick man
grieve;

And Hezekiah gain'd the wish'd reprove ||.
Once more his blood with equal pulses flow'd
And health's contentment on his visage glow'd.
Places and honours he with joy resign'd;
(Peace-offerings to procure a tranquil mind ¶!)
Gave all his riches to the sick and poor,
And made one patriarch-farm his only store.
To groves and brooks our new Elijah ran,
Far from the monster world, and traitor man.
Thus he surviv'd the tempest of the day,
And ev'ning sunshine shot a glorious ray.
Diseases, sickness, disappointments, sorrow,
All lend us comfort, whilst they seem to borrow.

Here I might paint him in a life retir'd,
Ennobled by the virtues he acquir'd;
But the true transports of the wise and good
Are best by implication understood;
Except the muse with Dryden's strength could
soar:—

Me, humble prudence whispers ** to give o'er.
A safe retreat; plann'd and perform'd with care;
Stands for a vict'ry in poetic war.
So when the warbling lark has mounted high
With up-right flight, and gain'd upon the sky,
Grown giddy, she contracts her flick'ring
wings:

Thrills her descending course in spiral rings,
Less'ning her voice; but to the ground she
sings:

Resolving, on a more auspicious day,
Higher to mount, and chaunt a better lay ††.

* 2 KINGS v. 20.

† *Ibid. ult.*

‡ "They pull off the robe with the garment." MIC.
ii. 8.

§ MARK viii. 10.

|| 2 KINGS xx.

¶ *Tranquil mind. SHAKES.*

** *Me, mea Calliope, cura levigare vagantem,
Jam revocat, parvoque jubet decurrere gyro.*

COLUMEL. de Hortis, L. 10.

†† ——— *nostra fatiscit,*

Laxaturq. chelys: viris instigat, alitq.

Tempestiva quies; major post otia virtus.

SYLV. L. 4.

How few can still their readers mind engage?—
One Pope is the slow child-birth of one age.
Others write verses, but they write unblest;
Some few good lines stand sponsors for the rest:
They miss wit's depth, and on the surface skim;
(He who seeks pearls, must dive, as well as swim.)
Bad bards, worse critics—Thus we multiply
Poems and rules, but write no poetry.
Ev'n Pope, like Charlemagne, with all his fire
Made Palladine—but not an host entire*.
Far as its pow'rs could go, thy genius went:
Good sense still kept thee in thy own extent†.

* *An answer made by Boccace, when it was objected to him, that some of his novels had not the spirit of the rest.*

† *Amongst Mr. Pope's great intellectual abilities, good sense was his most distinguishing character: For he knew precisely, and as it were by a sort of intuition, what he had power to do, and what he could not do.*

He often used to say, that for ten years together he firmly resisted the importunity of friends and flatterers, when they solicited him to undertake a translation of Virgil after Dryden. Nor did he ever mistake the extent of his talents, but in the following trivial instance; and that was, when he writ his Ode to Music on St. Cecilia's day, induced perhaps by a secret ambition of rivalling the inimitable Dryden. In which case, if he hath not exceeded the original (for there is always some advantage in

Rare wisdom! both t' enjoy and know thy store;—

Most wits, like misers, always covet more.
Leave me, lov'd bard, instructor of my youth,
Leave me the sounds of verse, and voice of truth;
So when Elias dropp'd his mantle, ran
Elisba, and a prophet's life began*.

Add, that the muses, nurs'd in various climes,
Yield diff'rent produce, and at diff'rent times.
Italian plants, in nature's hot-bed plac'd,
Bear fruits in spring, and riot into waste.
French flow'rs less early (and yet early), blow:
Their pertness is a green-house from the snow.
Cold northern wits demand a longer date;
Our genius, like our climate, ripens late.
The fancy's solstice is at forty o'er,
The tropic of our judgment sees threescore.
Thus summer codlings yield a poignant draught,
Which frisks the palate, but ne'er warms the thought:

Rough cackagées (four months behind them cast),
Take all bad weather, and through autumn last:
Mellow'd from wild austerity, at length
They taste like nectar, and adopt its strength

writing first), he hath at least surpassed (and perhaps ever will surpass) those that come after him, and attempt to make the same experiment.

* 2 KINGS ii.

THE ENCHANTED REGION; OR, MISTAKEN PLEASURES.

The mistress of witchcrafts. NAHUM iii. 4.

Draw near hither, ye sons of the forcerers. ISAIAH lvii. 3.

According to their pasture, so were they filled;
they were filled, and their heart was exalted:
Therefore have they forgotten ME.

HOSEA xiii. 6.

EMPTY, illusory life,
Pregnant with fraud, in mischiefs rife*;
Form'd t' ensnare us, and deceive us:
Nahum's enchantress! which beguiles
With all her harlotry of wiles!
First she loves, and then she leaves us!

Erring happiness beguiles
The wretch that strays o'er Circe's isles;

* *"Art thou arrived to maturity of life? Look back and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the senseless dissipation of thy infancy! — Look forward and thou shalt behold the insincerity of the world and cares of life, the diseases of thy body and the troubles of thy mind."*

HANON. VET.

"In this world death is everywhere, grief everywhere, and desolation everywhere. The world flirts us, and yet we follow it: It falleth, and we adhere to it, fall with it, and attempt to enjoy it falling."

St. GREGOR. HOM.

All things smile, and all annoy him;
The rose has thorns, the doves can bite;
Riot is a fatigue till night,
Sleep an opium to destroy him.

Louring in the groves of death
Yew trees breathe funeral breath,
Brambles and thorns perplex the shade;
Asphaltic waters creep and rest;
Birds in gaudy plumage drest,
Scream unmeaning through the glade*.

Earth fallacious herbage † yields,
And deep in grass its influence shields;
Acrid juices, scent annoying;
Corrosive crow-feet choke the plains,
And hemlock strip'd with lurid stains,
And lucious mandrakes, life-destroying.

Gaudy bella-donna ‖ blowing,
Or with glossy berries glowing,
Lures th' unwise to tempt their doom:

* *It is remarkable that birds adorned with rich plumage, as peacocks, parrots, &c. have, generally speaking, unmusical voices.*

† ————— fallax herba veneni. VIRG.

‡ *The bella-donna lily, or deadly night-shade. (Attrapa Linnei.)*

Love's apple * masks the fruit of death;
Sick henbane murders with her breath,
Aëtea † with an harlot's bloom.

One plant ‡ alone is wrapt in shade;
Few eyes its privacy invade;
Plant of joy, of life, and health!
More than the fabled lotos fam'd,
Which (tasted once) mankind reclaim'd
From parents, country, pow'r, and wealth §.

On yonder Alp I see it rise,
Aspiring to congenial skies,
But cover'd half with ivy-walls; —
There, where Eusebio || rais'd a shrine,
Snatch'd from the gulf by pow'r divine,
Where Reiga's tumbling torrent falls ¶.

Compar'd with thee, how dimly shows
Poor Anacreon's lifeless rose?
What is Homer's plant ** to thee? —
In vain the Mantuan poet try'd
To paint Amellus' starry †† pride,
Emblem of wit's futility!

Men saw, alas, and knew not thee,
Mystic evangelic tree!
Thou hadst no charms for paynim-eyes;
Till, guided by the lamp of heav'n,
To chaste Urania pow'r was giv'n
To see, t' admire, and moralize.

All-beauteous flow'r, whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows

* *Amomum Plinii.*

† *Aëtea; Herb Christopher.*

‡ *The passion flower.*

§ *See Homer's Odyssey L. ix. 94. &c.*

|| *The Baron de Bottoni.*

¶ *This alludes to a well-known fact in the duchy of Carniola, where the present ode was written.*

About the year 1675, a nobleman was riding at night upon a road which goes near the edge of the precipice here mentioned. Mistaking his way (and that for a few steps only) his horse stopped short, and refused to go on; upon which the rider, who, in all probability was heated with liquor (otherwise he ought to have known the precipice better, it being not far from his own castle), lost both his temper and prudence, and spurred the horse with great anger; upon which the poor beast took a desperate leap, intending, as was imagined, to have reached another angle of the precipice on the same side which the road lay. The horse fell directly into the torrent, two or three hundred feet beneath, and was hurried away with such rapidity that the body was never found. The nobleman was discovered next day in an opening of the rock, about half-way down, where a few bushes grew; and as the saddle was found not far from him, it was supposed that the horse, by the violence of the effort he made, burst the saddle-girths. The rider lived many years after this wonderful escape, and, out of gratitude to God, erected a beautiful chapel on the edge of the precipice, dedicated (if I mistake not) to St. Anthony of Padua.

I made a drawing of the chapel, precipice, torrent, and nobleman's castle; of which a copy was taken afterwards by the celebrated draftsman Visentini, at Venice, in 1750.

** *Molly. HOMER'S ODYSSEY, L. XI. 305.*

†† *After Atticus, or (purple Italian) star-wort.*

GEORG. IV. 271.

Ray-like effulgence. Next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an impurpled blue,
And streak'd with young Pomona's green *.

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold),
A radiant cross its form expands; —
Its opening arms appear t' embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuge of all men in all lands!

Grant me, kind heav'n, in prosp'rous hour
To pluck this consecrated flow'r,
And wear it thankful on my breast;
Then shall my steps securely stray,
No pleasures shall pervert my way †,
No joys seduce, no cares molest.

Like Tobit (when the hand, approv'd
By heav'n, th' obstructing films remov'd ‡)
I now see objects as I ought:
Ambition's ** hideous; pleasure vain
Av'rice ** is but a blockhead's gain,
Possessing all, bestowing nought.

Passions and frauds surround us all,
Their empire is reciprocal:
Shun their blandishments and wiles;
Riches but serve to steel the heart;
Want has its meanness and its art;
Health betrays, and strength beguiles.

In highest stations snares misguide;
Midst solitude they nurture pride,
Breeding vanity in knowledge;
A poison in delicious meat,
Midst wines a fraud, midst mirth a cheat,
In courts, in cabinet, and college.

The toils are fixt, the sportsmen keen:
Abroad unsafe, betray'd within,
Whither, O mortal! art thou flying?
Thy resolutions oft are snares,
Thy doubts, petitions, gifts, and pray'rs; —
Alas, there may be snares in dying!

* Alluding to that particular species of green called by the French *pomme-verte*, or *apple-green*.

† "My heart is a vain and wandering heart, whenever it is led by its own determinations. It is busy to no purpose, and occupied to no end, whenever it is not guided by divine influence: It seeketh rest and findeth none: It agreeth not with itself: It alters resolutions, changeth judgment, frames new thoughts, and suppresses old ones; pulls down every thing, and rebuildeth nothing; in short, it never continueth in the same state."

St. BERNARD. *Meditat.*

"Seest thou the luminary of the greater world in the highest pitch of meridian glory; where it continueth not, but descends in the same proportion as it ascended? Look next and consider if the light of this lower world is more permanent? Continuance is the child of eternity, and not of time."

Ex. VET. ASCET.

‡ TOBIT iii. 17.

** "All vices wax old by age: Covetousness (and ambition) alone grow young."

E. VET. ASCET.

Deceiving none, by none ensnar'd,
O Paraclete *, be thou my guard,
Patron of ev'ry just endeavour!

* ΠΑΡΑΚΛΗΤΟΣ: *The Comforter; the Holy Spirit.* JOHN xiv. 16—26.

Dryden first introduced the word Paraclete into the English language, in his translation of the hymn Veni Creator Spiritus: as also in his Britannia Rediviva:

The cross of Christ is man's reward *:
No heights obstruct, no depths retard;
Christian joys are joys for ever!

"Last solemn sabbath saw the church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend.

But when his wond'rous octave roll'd again."—

* ROM. viii. 39.

EULOGIUS: OR, THE CHARITABLE MASON.

AN HISTORICAL FABLE:

Taken from the Greek of Paulus Syllogus, Lib. III.

Nos, vilis turba, caducis
Deservire bonis, semperq; optare parati,
Spargimur in casus. STAT. Sylvæ. L. II.

God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.
DRYD. Palam. & Arc.

GIVE me neither poverty nor riches; feed me
with food convenient for me: Lest I be full and
deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I
be poor and steal, and take the name of my
God in vain. AGUR'S Prayer.
Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

INTRODUCTION.

PERMIT me, Stanhope *, as I form'd thy youth
To classic taste and philosophic truth,
Once more, thy kind attention to engage,
And, dying, leave thee comfort for old age;
This hist'ry may eternal truths suggest:—
I've seen thee learn'd, and would leave thee blest!
One grain of piety avails us more
Than Prussia's laurels, or Potosi's store.
How blindly to our misery we run;
Dup'd by false hopes, and by our pray'rs undone!
We want, we wish; we change, we change agen;
Yet know not how to ask, nor what, nor when.
Just so, misled by liquor, drunkards stray,
They know they have a road, but miss their way;
Th' existence of their home admits no doubt;
Th' uncertainty—is where to find it out†.

Zimri ask'd wealth, and wealth o'erturn'd his
parts.—
Parents for children pray, which break their hearts.
Contractors, agio-men, for villas sigh;
To-day they purchase, and to morrow die.

* Philip Stanhope, Esq. late member of parliament
for St. Germain's in Cornwall, and at present envoy ex-
traordinary to the Court of Dresden and the circle of
Lower Saxony, &c.

† *Væ tempori illi quando non Deum cognovimus!*
AUGUST. Soliloq. C. 31.

Six cubic feet of earth are all their lot *;
Mourn'd with hypocrisy, with ease forgot.
Their Christian-heirs the pagan-rites employ,
And give the fun'ral ilicet with joy.
Lelio † would be th' Angelic ‡ of a school;
Kneels down a wit, and rises up a fool.
Weak hands affect to hold the statesman's
scale:

As well the shrimp might emulate a whale.—
Clamb'ring, with stars averse, to fortune's height
Ambitious Omri rose, and dropp'd down-right. }
His paunch too heavy, and his head too light. }
Like fall'n Salmoneus, he perceiv'd, at length,
The mean hypocrisy of boasted strength:
To deal like Dennis his vain thunder round,
And imitate inimitable sound.—
Both ways deceitful is the wine of pow'r,
When new, 'tis heady, and, when old, 'tis sow'r.
Ianthé pray'd for beauty; luckless maid!—
An idiot-mind th' angelic form betray'd.
Nature profusely deck'd the out-side pile,
But starv'd the poor inhabitant the while.

* "*Hic tibi mortis erunt metæ; Domus alta sub Ida,
Lyrnessi domus alta;—Solo Laurente sepulchrum.*
VIRG. *Æneid.* XII.

"A small space of ground after death contains both
rich and poor. Nature produceth us all alike, and makes
no distinction at death. Open the grave, view the dead
bodies, move the ashes, you will find no difference between
the patrician and the peasant, except thus far; that by
the magnificence of the tomb of the former, you may per-
ceive he had much more to resign and lose than the latter."

ST. AMBROSE.

† Late Lord B***.

‡ Doctor Angelicus.

D'Avenant implor'd the muses for a tongue:
The muses lent him theirs. He sweetly sung;
And—(but for Milton *) had more sweetly
† swung.

Learn hence, he cry'd, "my merry brethren all †,"
Tyburn's agáric stanches wit, and gall.

Others mount Pegasus, but lose their feat:
And break their necks, before they end the heat.
Libanius try'd the streams of eloquence,
But plummet-deep he sunk, unbuoy'd with sense.
Soncinas § ask'd the knack of plotting treason
"Against the crown and dignity of reason ||."
By his own art th' artificer was try'd,
And lawyers beat him on the quibbling side.
Now hasten, poet, to begin thy song:

"A tale," says Prior, "ne'er should be too long."
Ill-judging is the bard, who slackens his pace
And seeks for flow'rs, when he should run the
race;

Or, wand'ring to enchanted castles, sleeps
On beds of down; or Cupid's vigils keeps;
Whilst the main action is by pleasures crost,
And the first purport of th' adventure lost.
Great wits may scorn the dry poetic law;
Nor from the critic, but from nature, draw;
Each seeming trip, and each digressive start,
Displays their ease the more, and deep-plann'd
art:

(All study'd blandishments t' allure the heart.)
Like Sanuel's ¶ stream, gliding through flow'ry
plains,

Th' effects are seen: The source unknown remains.

In ancient times, scarce talk'd of, and less known,
When pious Justin ** fill'd the eastern throne,
In a small dorp †† till then for nothing fam'd,
And by the neighb'ring swains Thebais nam'd,
Eulogius liv'd: an humble mason he;
In nothing rich, but virtuous poverty.
From noise and riot he devoutly kept,
Sigh'd with the sick, and with the mourner wept;
Half his earn'd pittance to poor neighbours went.
They had his alms, and he had his content.
Still from his little he could something spare
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare.

* Milton interceded, and saved Davenant, when he was
a state-prisoner at Corwe's castle in the Isle of Wight, anno
1650: Davenant, in return, preserved Milton at the
Restoration.

† Alluding to a passage in Dryden: "A man may be
capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a
plain piece of work, bare banging; but, to make a ma-
llefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband."

DEDICATION to Juvenal.

‡ From an Old Poem. § A Spanish Casuist.

|| Logic: So defined by our venerable poet Francis
Quarles, 1638.

¶ Alluding to his famous inscription:

Quæ dat aquas saxo latet hospita nympha sub imo;
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis.

SANTOL. Poem.

** About the year DXXVI.

†† Dorp, a village, or more properly an hamlet.

DRYDEN.

It is a German word, and adopted by our best writers
in the beginning and middle of the last century.

He gave, whilst aught he had, and knew no bounds;
The poor man's drachma stood for rich men's
pounds,

He learnt with patience, and with meekness taught
His life was but the comment of his thought.

Hence, ye vain-glorious Shaftesburys, allow
That men had more religion then than now.
Whether they nearer liv'd to the blest times
When man's Redeemer bled for human crimes;
Whether the hermits of the desert fraught
With living practice, by example taught;
Or whether, with transmissive virtues fir'd,
(Which Chrysostoms all-eloquent inspir'd,)
They caught the sacred flame—I spare to say.
Religion's sun still shot an ev'ning-ray.

On the south aspect of a sloping hill,
Whose skirts meand'ring Peneus washes still,
Our pious lab'rer pass'd his youthful days
In peace and charity, in pray'r and praise.
No theatres or oaks around him rise, [skies;
Whose roots earth's centre touch, whose head the
No stately larch-tree there expands a shade
O'er half a rood * of Larissæan glade:
No lofty poplars catch the murmur'ing breeze,
Which loit'ring whispers on the cloud-capp'd trees;
Such imagin'ry of greatness ill became

A nameless dwelling, and an unknown name!
Instead of forest-monarchs, and their train,
The unambitious rose bedeck'd the plain:
Trifoliate cytusus restrain'd its boughs
For humble sheep to crop, and goats to browse.
On skirting heights thick stood the clust'ring vine
And here and there the sweet-leav'd eglantine;
One liliac only, with a statelier grace,
Presum'd to claim the oak's and cedar's place,
And, looking round him with a monarch's care,
Spread his exalted boughs to wave in air.

This spot, for dwelling fit, Eulogius chose,
And in a month a decent home-stall rose,
Something, between a cottage and a cell.—
Yet virtue here could sleep, and peace could dwell,
From living stone (but not of Parian rocks),
He chipp'd his pavement, and he squar'd his blocks:
And then, without the aid of neighbours' art,
Perform'd the carpenter's and glazier's part.
The site was neither granted him, nor giv'n;
'Twas nature's; and the ground-rent due to
heav'n.

Wife he had none: Nor had he love to spare;
An aged mother wanted all his care.

They thank'd their Maker for a pittance sent,
Supp'd on a turnip, slept upon content.

Four rooms, above, below, this mansion grac'd,
With white-wash deck, and river-sand o'er-cast:
The first, (forgive my verse if too diffuse,)
Perform'd the kitchen's and the parlour's use:
The second, better bolted and immur'd,
From wolves his out-door family secur'd:
(For he had twice three kids, besides their dams;
A cow, a spaniel, and two fav'rite lambs:)
A third, with herbs perfum'd, and rushes spread,
Held, for his mother's use, a feather'd bed:
Two moss-matresses in the fourth were shown;
One for himself, for friends and pilgrims one.

* See the note to page 880.

A ground-plot square five hives of bees contains;
Emblems of industry and virtuous gains *!
Pilaster's jas'mines 'twixt the windows grew,
With lavender beneath, and sage and rue.
Pulse of all kinds diffus'd their od'rous powers,
When nature pencils butterflies † on flow'rs:
Nor were the cole-worts wanting, nor the root
Which after-ages call Hybernian fruit.
There, at a wish, much chamomile was had;
(The conscience of man's stomach good or bad;)
Spoon-wort ‡ was there, scorbutics to supply;
And centaury to clear the jaundic'd eye;
And that §, which on the baptist's vigil sends
To nymphs and swains the vision of their friends.
Else physical and kitchen-plants alone
His skill acknowledge, and his culture own.
Each herb he knew, that works or good or ill,
More learn'd than Mesva ||, half as learn'd as
Hill;

For great the man, and useful, without doubt,
Who seasons pottage—or expels the gout;
Whose science keeps life in, and keeps death out!

No flesh from market-towns our peasant sought;
He rear'd his frugal meat, but never bought:
A kid sometimes for festivals he slew;
The choicer part was his sick neighbour's due:
Two bacon-flitches made his Sunday's cheer;
Some the poor had, and some out-liv'd the year:
For roots and herbage, (rais'd at hours to spare),
With humble milk, compos'd his usual fare.
(The poor man then was rich, and liv'd with glee;
Each barley-head untaxt, and day-light free:)
All had a part in all the rest could spare,
The common water ¶, and the common air **.

Meanwhile God's blessings made Eulogius thrive,
The happiest, most contented man alive.
His conscience cheer'd him with a life well-spent,
His prudence a superfluous something lent,
Which made the poor who took, and poor who
gave, content.

Alternate were his labours and his rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.
Such kindness left men nothing to require,
Prevented wishing, and out-ran desire.
He sought, not to prolong poor lives, but save:
And that which others lend, he always gave.
Us'ry, a canker in fair virtue's rose,
Corrodes, and blasts the blossom e'er it blows:

* "Nullus, cum per calum licuit, otio perit dies."

PLIN. Hist. Natural. L. I.

† All leguminous plants are, as the learned say, papilionaceous, or bear butterflied flowers.

‡ Cochlearia, Spoon-wort is the old English word for scurvy-grass.

§ In imitation of Virgil:

"Conon, & quis fuit alter

"Descripsit radio? &c."

|| An Arabian physician, well skilled in botany.

¶ "Quid prohibetis aquas? Usus communis aquarum est."

OVID. Met.

** "Et cunctis undamque auramque patentem."

VIRG. Æn. vii.

But Ovid is still more explicit. Met. I.

"Campum

"Communemq; prius, ceu lumina solis, & auræ."

So fierce, O lucre, and so keen thy edge:—
Thou tak'st the poor man's mill-stones for a
pledge *!

Eusebius, hermit of a neighb'ring cell,
His brother Christian mark'd, and knew him well:
With zeal unenvying, and with transport fir'd,
Beheld him, prais'd him, lov'd him, and admir'd.
Convinc'd, that noiseless piety might dwell
In secular retreats, and flourish well;
And that Heaven's king (so greater a master he)
Had servants ev'rywhere, of each degree.

"All-gracious pow'r," he cries, "for forty years
"I've liv'd an anchorete in pray'rs and tears:
"Yon' spring, which bubbles from the mountain's
"Has all the luxury of thirst supply'd: ["side,
"The roots of thistles have my hunger fed,
"Two roods † of cultur'd barley give me bread,
"A rock my pillow, and green moss my bed. }
"The midnight-clock attests my fervent pray'rs,
"The rising sun my orisons declares,
"The live-long day my aspirations knows,
"And with the setting sun my vespers close!
"Thy truth, my hope: Thy providence my guard:
"Thy grace, my strength: Thy heav'n, my last
"reward!"

"But, self-devoted from the prime of youth
"To life sequester'd, and ascetic truth,
"With fasting mortify'd, worn out with tears,
"And bent beneath the load of sev'nty years,
"Nothing from my industry can gain
"To ease the poor man's wants, or sick man's pain:
"My garden takes up half my daily care,
"And my field asks the minutes I can spare;
"While blest Eulogius from his pittance gives
"The better half, and in true practice lives.
"Heav'n is but cheaply serv'd with words and show,
"I want that glorious virtue—To bestow!
"True Christianity depends on fact:
"Religion is not theory, but act.
"Men, seraphs, all, Eulogius' praise proclaim,
"Who lends both sight and feet to blind and lame:
"Who soothes th' asperity of hunger's sighs,
"And dissipates the tear from mournful eyes;
"Pilgrims or wand'ring angels entertains;
"Like pious Abraham on Mamre's plains.
"Ev'n to brute beasts his righteous care extends ‡,
"He feels their suff'rings, and their wants be-
"friends;

"From one small source so many bounties spring,
"We lose the peasant, and suppose a king;
"A king of heav'n's own stamp, not vulgar make;
"Blessed in giving, and averse to take! [live,
"Not such my pow'r! Half-useless doom'd to
"Pray'rs and advice are all I have to give:
"But all, whate'er my means or strength deny,
"The virtues of Eulogius can supply.
"Each, in the compass of his pow'r, he serves;
"Nor ever from his gen'rous purpose swerves:
"Ev'n enemies to his protection run,
"Sure of his light, as of the rising sun.

* "No man shall take the nether or upper mill-stone to pledge; for he taketh a man's life to pledge."

Deut. xxiv. 6.

† Two roods, i. e. half an acre.

‡ "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

Prov. xii. 10.

"What pity is it that so great a soul,
 "An heart so bountiful, should feel controul?
 "Warm in itself, by icy fortune damp't,
 "And in the effort of exertion cramp't;
 "Beneficent to all men, just, and true:
 "As nature bounteous, and impartial too.
 "Thus sometimes have I seen an angel's mind
 "In a weak body wretchedly confin'd:
 "A mind, O Constantine, which from thy throne
 "Can take no honours, and yet add her own!

"Then hear me, gracious Heav'n, and grant
 "my pray'r;

"Make yonder man the fav'rite of thy care:
 "Nourish the plant with thy celestial dew,
 "Like manna let it fall, and still be new:
 "Expand the blossoms of his gen'rous mind,
 "Till the rich odour reaches half mankind.
 "Give him Bizantium's wealth, which uselefs
 "Sicilian plenty, and the Indian mines; [shines,
 "Instead of Peneus, let Pactolus lave
 "His garden's precincts with a golden wave;
 "Then may his soul its free-born range enjoy,
 "Give deed to will, and ev'ry pow'r employ:
 "In him the sick a second Luke shall find;
 "Orphans and widows, to his care consign'd,
 "Shall bless the father, and the husband kind:
 "Just steward of the bounty he receiv'd,
 "And dying poorer than the poor reliev'd!"

So pray'd he, whilst an angel's voice from high
 Bade him surcease to importune the sky:
 Fate stopp'd his ears in an ill-omen'd day,
 And the winds bore the warning sounds away;
 Wild indistinction did their place supply;
 Half heard, half lost, th' imperfect accents die.
 Little fore-saw he that th' Almighty pow'r,
 Who feeds the faithful at his chosen hour,
 Consults not taste, but wholesomeness of food,
 Nor means to please their sense, but do them good.
 Great was the miracle, and fitter too,
 When draughts from Cherith's brook Elijah drew*:
 And wing'd purveyors his sharp hunger fed
 With frugal scraps of flesh, and massin-bread†.
 On quails the humble prophet's pride might swell,
 And high fed lux'ry prompt him to rebell.

* 1 Kings xvii. 4. &c.

† *Massin bread*, i. e. *miscellaneous*, or *miscellaneous bread*, an ancient English word, given to a plain sort of household bread. When people in a middling station used it, they generally mixed two gallons of oats and rye, with six gallons of wheat. The poorer people mixed in equal quantities wheat, barley, oats, rye, buck-wheat, pulse, &c. But such is the luxury of the present age (even among the poor), that not only the thing, but the very name is forgotten; and a preference given to a whiter, but more unwholesome sort of bread, if alum enters into the composition; which, indeed, cannot be concealed.

One of the first cares of a prime-minister (who ought also to be considered as proveditor-general of a kingdom), is to see the people supplied with bread, and of an wholesome nature, at as reasonable price as possible.

Hence the great Gustavus used to say, "That it required more talents to feed a large army in the field, upon easy terms, in times of war, than to conduct the fighting part."

VOL. IX.

Nor dreamt our anchorite, that, if his friend
 Should reach, O virtuous poverty! thy end,
 That conscience and religion soon might fly
 To some forsaken clime and distant sky.

Ign'rant of happiness, and blind to ruin,
 How oft are our petitions our undoing!

Jephtha, with greater sense of vict'ry fir'd,
 Made a rash vow, and thought the vow inspir'd:
 In piety the first, his daughter ran,
 To hail with duteous voice the conqu'ring man:
 Well-meaning, but unconscious of her doom,
 She sought a blessing, and she found a tomb*!

The pow'r supreme (my author so declares),
 Heard with concern the erring hermit's pray'rs:
 Heard disapproving; but at length inclin'd
 To give a living lesson to mankind;
 That men thence forward should submissive live;
 And leave omniscience the free pow'r to give.—
 For wealth or poverty, on man bestow'd,
 Alike are blessings from the hand of God!
 How often is the soul ensnar'd by health?
 How poor in virtue is the man of wealth?

The hermit's pray'r permitted, not approv'd;
 Soon in an higher sphere Eulogius mov'd:
 Each sluice of affluent fortune open'd soon,
 And wealth flow'd in at morning, night, and noon.

One day, in turning some uncultur'd ground,
 (In hopes a free-stone quarry might be found),
 His mattock met resistance, and behold
 A casket burst, with di'monds fill'd, and gold.
 He cram'd his pockets with the precious store,
 And ev'ry night review'd it o'er and o'er;
 Till a gay conscious pride, unknown as yet,
 Touch'd a vain heart, and taught it to forget:
 And, what still more his flagg'ring virtue try'd,
 His mother, tut'rels of that virtue, dy'd.

A neighb'ring matron, not unknown to fame
 (Historians give her Teraminta's name),
 The parent of the needy and distress'd,
 With large demesnes and well sav'd treasure
 blest;

(For like th' Egyptian prince † she hoarded store
 To feed at periodic dearths the poor);
 This matron, whiten'd with good works and age,
 Approach'd the sabbath of her pilgrimage;
 Her spirit to himself th' Almighty drew;—
 Breath'd on th' alembic, and exhal'd the dew.
 In souls prepar'd, the passage is a breath
 From time t' eternity, from life to death‡.
 But first, to make the poor her future care,
 She left the good Eulogius for her heir.

Who but Eulogius now exults for joy?
 New thoughts, new hopes, new views his mind
 employ.

Pride push'd forth buds at ev'ry branching shoot,
 And virtue shrunk almost beneath the root.

* Judges xi. 31.

† Gen. xli. 35. &c.

‡ The time in which we now live is borrowed from the space of our existence: What is past is dead and vanished; what remaineth is daily made less and less; insomuch that the whole time of our life is nothing but a passage to death."

ST. AUGUST. de Civitat. Dei, X.

3 K

High rais'd on fortune's hill, new Alps he spies,
O'ershoots the valley which beneath him lies,
Forgets the depths between, and travels with
his eyes.

The tempter saw the danger in a trice,
(For the man slider'd upon fortune's ice):
And, having found a corpse half dead, half warm,
Reviv'd it, and assum'd a courtier's form:
Swift to Thebais urg'd his airy flight;
And measur'd half the globe in half a night.

With flowing manners exquisitely feign'd,
And accent soft, he soon admission gain'd:
Survey'd each out-work well, and mark'd apart
Each winding avenue that reach'd the heart;
Displaying, like th' illusive fiend of old,
Thrones deckt with gems, and realms of living
Bad spirits oft intrude upon the good; [gold *,
Adonis' grot near Christ's presepio stood †.

Th' artificer of fraud (though here he fail'd),
Strait chang'd approaches, and the ear assail'd;
This only chink accessible he finds;

For flatt'ry's oil pervades ev'n virtuous minds.

Virtue, like towns well fortify'd by art,

Has (spite of foresight) one deficient part.

With lenient artifice, and fluent tongue.
(For on his lips the dews of Hybla hung),
Libanius like †, he play'd the sophist's part,
And by soft marches stole upon the heart:
Maintain'd that station gave new birth to sense,
And call'd forth manners, courage, eloquence:
Then touch'd with spritely dashes here and there,
(Correctly strong, yet seeming void of care),
The master-topic, which may most men move,
The charms of beauty and the joys of love!

Eulogius falter'd at the first alarms,
And soon the 'waken'd passions buzz'd to arms;
Nature the clam'rous bell of discord rung,
And vices from dark caverns swift up sprung.
So, when hell's monarch did his summons make,
The slumb'ring demons started from the lake.

Eulogius saw with pride, or seem'd to see,
(Not yet in act, but in the pow'r to be),
Great merit lurking dormant in his mind:
He had been negligent—but nature kind:
Till by degrees the vain, deluded elf,
Grew out of humour with his former self.
He thought his cottage small, and built in haste;
It had convenience, but it wanted taste.

His mien was awkward; graces he had none;
Provincial were his notions and his tone;
His manners emblems of his own rough stone.

Then, slavish copyist of his copying friend,
He ap'd him without skill, and without end:
Lariffa's gutturals convuls'd his throat;
He smooch'd his voice to the Bizantine note.

With courtly suppleness unfurl'd his face;
Or screw'd it to the *bonno mine* of grimace;
With dignity he sneez'd, and cough'd with
grace.

The pious mason once, had time no more
To mark the wants and mis'ry of the poor;
Suspicious thoughts his pensive mind employ,
A fullen gratitude, and clouded joy.
In days of poverty his heart was light:
He sung his hymns at morning, noon, and night.
Want sharpens poetry, and grief adorns;
The spink * chaunts sweetest in a hedge of thorns †.
Tir'd of an house too little for his pride,
Tir'd of himself, and country friends beside,
He sometimes thought to build a mansion fit
For state, and people it with men of wit;
Knowing (by fame) small poets, small musicians,
Small painters, and still smaller politicians;
Nor was the fee of ten score minæ wanting,
To purchase taste in building and in planting.

A critic too he was, and rul'd the stage;
The fashionable judgment ‡ of his age:
When Crito once a panegyric show'd,
He beat him with a staff § of his own ode.
Ah what, he cry'd, are Pindar's flights to me?
I love soft home made sing-song, duty free.
Write me the style that lords and ladies speak;
Or give me pastorals on Doric Greek:
I read not for instruction, but for ease;
The opium of the pen is sure to please: [bright;
Where limpid streams are clear, and sunshine
Where woos and coos, and loves and doves unite:
Where simply married epithets are seen,
With gentle Hyphen keeping peace between,
Whipt cream; unfortify'd with wine or sense!
Froth'd by the flattern muse, indifference;
And deck'd (as after ages more shall see)
With poor hedge-flow'rs, y-clept simplicity!
Pert, and yet dull; tawdry and mean withall;
Fools for the future with it nature call.

He learnt his whims, and high flown notions
too,
Such as fine men adopt, and fine men rue:
(Mere singularity the point in view.)
Julian with him was statesman, bard and wit;
Julian, who ten times mis'd, and one time hit;
Who reason'd blindly, and more blindly writ.
Julian, who lov'd each sober mind to shock;
Who laugh'd at God, and offer'd to a cock.

He learn'd no small regard for Arius too:
And hinted what—nor he, nor Arius knew.
But most (as did his pregnant parts become)
He lov'd th' old pageantry of pagan Rome.
Pompous idolatry with him was fashion;
Nay, he once dream'd of transubstantiation.—

* Matth. v. 8.

† See Sandys's *Travels into the Holy Land*, fol. p. 138.

Presepio is an Italian word, taken from the Latin, and signifies a stable or manger. It is now become a term of art, and denotes any picture, drawing, or print, where Christ is represented as born in a stable, or lying in the manger.

‡ A famous Greek rhetorician in the fourth century, whose orations are still extant.

* Spink, the old poetical name for finches of every sort. See *Country Farm*, by Surfleet and Markham, folio, printed in 1616.

† Sic Orig.

‡ Critics in the reign of Charles II. called themselves judgments. Hence Dryden says,

—“A brother judgment spare,

“He is, like you, a very wolf, or bear.”

§ Staff, i. e. Stanza. See *Shakspeare*, *Cowley*, and *Dryden's Rival Ladies*, Act 1. Scene 2.

EULOGIUS: OR, THE CHARITABLE MASON.

883

Now, muse, return, and tread thy course again;
I only tell the story of a swain.

Pirasmus (for that name the demon bore
Who nurs'd our spark in fashionable lore)
Lik'd well this wayward vanity of mind,
But thought a country stage a niche confin'd;
Too cold for lux'ry, nor to folly kind:
Bizantium's hot-bed better serv'd his use,
The soil less stubborn, and more rank the juice.
My Lord, he cries, (with looks and tone compos'd,

Whilst he the mischief of his soul disclos'd).
Forgive me, if that title I afford
To one, whom nature meant to be a lord;
How ill mean neighbourhood your genius suits?
To live like Adam midst an herd of brutes!
Leave the mere country to mere country swains,
And dwell where life in all life's glory reigns.

At six hours distance from Bizantium's walls,
(Where Bosphorus into the Euxine falls)
In a gay district, call'd th' Elysian vale*,
A furnish'd villa stands, propos'd for sale:
Thither, for summer shade, the great resort;
Each nymph a goddess, and each house a court:
Be master of the happier Lares there,
And taste life's grandeur in a rural air.

He spoke. Eulogius readily agreed,
And sign'd with eager joy the purchase deed.
Div'd in the Theban vales an home-spun swain,
And rose a tawdry sop in Asia's plain.
Dame nature gave him comeliness and health,
And fortune (for a passport) gave him wealth.
The beaux extoll'd him, the conquers approv'd:
For a rich coxcomb is by instinct lov'd.

Swift Atalanta (as the story's told†)
Felt her feet bird-lim'd to the earth with gold:
The youth ‡ had wealth, with no unpleasing face;
That, and the golden apples, won the race.
Had he been swifter than the swiftest wind,
And a poor wit—He still had sigh'd behind.—

Here Satan vanish'd:—He had fresh commands—

And knew his pupil was in able hands.
And now, the treasure found, and matron's store,
Sought other objects than the tatter'd poor;
Part to humiliated Apicius went,
A part to gaming confessors was lent,
And part, O virtuous Thais, paint thy rent.
Poor folks have leisure hours to fast and pray;
Our rich man's bus'ness lay another way:
No farther intercourse with heav'n had he,
But left good works to men of low degree:
Warm as himself pronounc'd each ragged man,
And bade distress to prosper as it can:
Till, grown obdurate by mere dint of time,
He deem'd all poor men rogues, and want a crime§.

By chance he ancient amities forgot,
Or else expung'd them with one wilful blot:
Nor knew he God nor man, nor faith nor friends,
But for bye purposes and worldly ends.
No single circumstance his mind dismay'd,
But his low extract, and once humble trade;
These thoughts he strove to bury in expence,
Rich meats, rich wines, and vain magnificence:
Weak as the Roman chief, who strove to hide
His father's cot (and once his father's pride),
By casing a low shed of rural mold
With marble walls, and roof adorn'd with gold*,

Who but Eulogius now is prais'd and known,
The very *ignus fatuus* of the town?
Our ready scholar in a single year
Could he, forget, swear, flatter, and forswear†.
Rough to the tim'rous, timid with the brave;
Midst wits a witling, and with knaves a knave.

Fame, not contented with her broad highway,
Delights for change, through private paths to stray;
And, wand'ring to the hermit's distant cell,
Vouchsaf'd Eulogius' history to tell.

At night a dream confirm'd the hermit more;
He started, scream'd, and sweat from every pore.
He dream'd that on his throne th' Almighty sat
In th' awful valley of Jehoshaphat‡.
Where, underneath a spreading cedar's shade,
He spy'd his friend on beds of roses laid;
Round him a crowd of threat'ning furies stands,
With instruments of vengeance in their hands.

The Judge Supreme soon cast a stedfast eye,
(Stern, yet attemper'd, with benignity),
On the rash hermit, who with impious pray'r
Had been the sponsor of another's care.

"Wretch, thou art lost in part, and in the whole!
"Is this the mortgage for thy brother's soul?"

An apoplex of dread Eusebius shook:
Despairing Judas glar'd in all his look.
Trembling he fell before th' Almighty throne;
Importunate as Abraham § t' atone
For others crimes: O Power Supreme said he,
Grant me once more, th' ungrateful wretch to see:
Suspend thy doom till then: on Christian ground
No graceless monster, like my friend, is found.

He spoke, and wak'd aghast: He tore his hair,
And rent his sackcloth garments in despair;
Walk'd to Constantinople, and inquir'd
Of all he met; at length the house desir'd

your horses champ upon bridles whose bits are gilt with gold, the people die with hunger:—whereas one of your diamonds might save the lives of an hundred families."

* Sic Orig.

† These who are accustomed to swear often, may sometimes by chance, happen to forswear: as he that indulges his tongue in talking frequently speaks that which he blushes for in silence.

ST. CHRYSOST.

Again, St. Jerom adds, Let thy tongue be a stranger to lying and swearing; on the contrary, let the love of truth be so strongly in thee, that thou countest whatever thou sayest to be sealed with an oath.

‡ Joel iii. 12.

§ Gen. xviii. 23.—33.

* Sic Orig.

† Ovid. Met. L. x. 666.

‡ Hippomenes.

§ Why dost thou doat on the image of a king stamped on coin, and despiseth the image of God that shines in human nature? ST. AUGUST.

Minutius Felix addresses himself very pathetically to great and opulent men devoid of charity and almsgiving

"A man," says he, "asks bread of you.—Whilst

By chance he found, but no admission gain'd;
A Thracian slave the porter's place maintain'd,
(Sworn foe to thread-bare suppliants), and with
pride

His master's presence, nay, his name, deny'd.

There walk'd Eusebius at the dawn of light,
There walk'd at noon, and there he walk'd at
night.

In vain.—At length, by providence's care,
He found the door unclos'd, nor servants near.

He enter'd, and through sev'ral rooms of state
Pass'd gently; in the last Eulogius sat.

Old man, good morrow, the gay courtier cry'd;
God give you grace, my son, the fire reply'd;
And then, in terms as moving and as strong,
As clear, as ever fell from angel's tongue,
Besought, reprov'd, exhorted, and condemn'd:—
Eulogius knew him, and, though known condemn'd.

The hermit then assum'd a bolder tone;
His rage was kindled, and his patience gone.

Without respect to titles or to place,
I call thee (adds he) miscreant to thy face.

My pray'rs drew down heav'n's bounty on thy
And in an evil hour my wishes sped. [head,

Ingratitude's black curse thy steps attend,
Mentor to God, and faithless to thy friend!

With all the rage of an insulted man
The courtier call'd his slaves, who swiftly ran;

"Androtion, Geta, seize this aged fool,

"See him well scourg'd, and send him back to
"school.

"Teach the Old Chronicle, in future times

"To bear no mem'ry but of poor rogues' crimes."

The hermit took the chastisement, and went
Back to Thebais full of discontent;

Saw his once-impious rashness more and more,
And, victim to convinc'd contrition, bore
With Christian thankfulness the marks he wore. }

And then on bended knees with tears and sighs
He thus invok'd the Ruler of the skies:

"My late request, All-gracious Power forgive!

"And—that yon miscreant may repent, and live,

"Give him that poverty which suits him best,

"And leave disgrace and grief to work the rest."

So pray'd the hermit, and with reason pray'd.—

Some plants the sunshine ask, and some the shade.
At night the nure-trees spread, but check their
bloom

At morn, and lose their verdure and perfume.

The virtues of most men will only blow,

Like coy auriculas, in Alpine snow*:

Transplant them to the equinoctial line,

Their vigour sickens, and their tints decline.—

Heav'n to its predilected children grants

The middle space 'twixt opulence and wants.

Meanwhile Eulogius, unabash'd and gay,

Pursu'd his courtly tract without dismay: }

Remorse was hood-wink'd, conscience charm'd
away.

Reason the felon of herself was made,

And nature's substance hid by nature's shade!

Our fine man, now completed, quickly found
Congenial friends in Asiatic ground.

* This flower was first discovered under the
snow, at the foot of some ice mountains amongst the
Alps.

Th' advent'rous pilot in a single year
Learn'd his state cock-boat dext'rously to steer;
Versatile, and sharp-piercing like a screw,
Made good the old passage, and still forc'd a new:
For, just as int'rest whistled on his mind,
He Anatolians left, or Thracians join'd;
Caught ev'ry breeze, and sail'd with every tide;
But still was mindful of the leeward side:
Still mark'd the pinnacle of fortune's height,
And bark'd—to be made turnspit of the state.

By other arts he learns the knack to thrive;
The most obsequious parasite alive:
Chameleon of the court, and country too;
Pays Cesar's tax, but gives the mob their due;
And makes it, in his conscience, the same thing
To crown a tribune, or behead a king:
All things to all men;—and (himself to please)
Assimulates* each colour which he sees.

If patriots pay him, willow-wreaths he bears,
And coats of filamotte† complexion wears;

If statesmen pay him better, a fresh hue
Brightens his garb; more brilliant as more new; }
Court-turquoise, and indelible of blue.

Thus weather-cocks by ev'ry wind are blown,
And int'rest oils a motion, not their own.

How strangely crowds misplace things, and mis-
call

Madness in one is liberty in all!

On less important days, he pass'd his time
In virtuoso-ship, and crambo-rhyme:

In gaming, jobbing, fiddling, painting, drinking,
And ev'ry art of using time, but thinking.

He gives the dinners of each upstart man,
As costly, and luxurious, as he can;

Then weds an heiress of suburban mold,
Ugly as apes, but well endow'd with gold;

There fortune gave him his full dose of strife.
A scolding woman, and a jealous wife!

T' increase this load, some sycophant report
Destroy'd his int'rest and good grace at court.

At this one stroke the man look'd dead in law:

His flatt'ers scamper, and his friends withdraw ‡.
Some men (as holy writ foretelleth right)

Have one way's entrance, but have sev'n ways
flight§.

"I never lik'd the wretch," says one: another
Opines in the same || language with his brother:

A third, with mystic shrug and winking eye,
Suspects him for a dervise and a spy.

* "*Protinus assimulat tetigit quoscunque co-
lores.*" OVID. Met. XV. 411.

† Fillamotte (Dryden) is that "clouded mix-
ture of crimson, yellow, and umber colours, which
are seen in the beginning of winter on a falling
leaf." Filamotte, quasi *feuille morte*. Thus
Isabella colour denotes a certain grave colour
worn by the Infanta Isabella Clara, Eugenia,
Arch-duchess of Austria, &c, 1623. For grideline,
see the Vision of Death.

‡ "A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and
an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity."

ECCLUS. xii.

§ DEUT. xxviii. 7.

|| Opines, i. e. given his opinion. Mr. Pope,
from the French.

"Pray, Sir, the crime?"---The monarch frown'd
—No more,

The fellow's guilty, and his bus'ness o'er*.
And now (to shorten my disastrous tale)
Storms of affronts pour'd in as thick as hail.
Each scheme for safety mischievously sped,
And the drawn sword hung o'er him by a thread.
Child he had none. His wife with sorrow dy'd;
Few women can survive the loss of pride.

Meanwhile the demon, who was absent far,
(Engag'd in no less work than civil war)
Perceiv'd th' approaching wreck; and, in a trice
Appearing, gave both comfort and advice.

"Great geniuses," he cry'd, "must ne'er des-
pair;

"The wife and brave usurp on fortune's care!

"The unexhausted funds of human wit

"Oft miss one object, and another hit:

"The man of courts, who trusts to one poor hole,

"Is a low foolish fool †, and has no soul:

"Disgraces my respected patronage, [age †!

"And, gaining Heav'n, becomes the jest of th'

"Court-loyalty is a precarious thing: [king,

"When the king's trump, time-servers serve the

"But, when he's out of luck, they shift their sail,

"And popularity's the fav'rite gale:

"Vain popularity! which fancy shrouds,

"Like Juno's shade, in party-colour'd clouds.

"Each man will go a mile to see you crown'd

"With civic wreaths, till earth and skies re-

"sound;

"And each man will go two to see you drown'd.

"Whoever hopes in dang'rous times to rise,

"Must learn to shoot swift fortune as she flies:

"Capricious phantom! never at a stay;

"Just seen, and lost; when nearest, far away!

"But, to be brief, (and mark my judgment

"well);

"Your fortune's totter'd, when old Justin fell;

—————*Nunquam, si quid mihi credis,
amavi* [ne? Quisquam

Huncce hominem. Sed quo cecidit sub crimi-

Delator? Quibus indiciis, quo teste probavit?

Nil horum. Verbosa, et grandis epistola venit

A Capreis. Bene habet, nil plus interrogo.-----

JUVEN. Sat. X. 68.

To such sort of worldly connections may be ap-
plied the golden saying of St. Chrysostom, "meum
and tuum are almost incomptable words."

ORAT. in PHILAGON.

† "A fool in his folly."

PROV. of SOLOM. xvii. 12.

‡ The son of Sirach, in opposition to these false
and dangerous notions, justly remarks: "Ob-
serve the opportunity, and beware of evil: be not
ashamed when it concerneth thy soul."

ECCLUS. iv. 20.

Isaiah's advice is very noble: "Fear not the
reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their re-
vilings; for the moth shall eat them up as a gar-
ment, and the worms shall eat them like wool;
but my salvation shall be for ever." Ch. li. 7, 8.

"I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Why
shouldest thou be afraid of a man that shall die,
and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, who stretcheth
forth the heavens?" Ibid. 12, 13.

"His successor", as you and all men know,

"Is kind, when friend; and unappeas'd, when foe;

"Some sly court-vermin, wriggling in his ear,

"Has whisper'd, what predicts your ruin near:

"Then cast thy die of fortune all at once;

"Learn to be any thing but dupe or dunce.

"Fortune assists the brave. Plunge boldly in;

"T' attempt, and fail, is a poor ineaking sin.

"Hypatius (with pretensions not the worst)

"Affects the throne: be thou to join the first:

"'Tis not a crime too worldly-wise to be;—

"Or (if it is) discharge the crime on me."

Thus weak Eulogius, by false greatness aw'd,
Listen'd---unto th' artificer of fraud:

The doctrine came not from th' all-righteous
When Satan tells a lie, 'tis all his own † [throne:

He spoke, and vanish'd. Swift Eulogius fled,

And to the Emulous of empire sped.

Here, were it not too long I might declare

The motives and successes of the war,

The prowess of the knights, their martial deeds,

Their swords, their shields, their surcoats ‡ and

their steeds;

Till Belisarius at a single blow

Suppress'd the faction and repell'd the foe.

By a quick death the traitors he reliev'd;

Condemn'd, if taken; furnish'd, if repriev'd.

Now see Eulogius (who had all betray'd

Whate'er he knew) in loathsome dungeon laid

A pris'ner, first of war, and then of state:

Rebel and traitor ask a double fate!

But good Justinian, whose exalted mind

(In spite of what Piræmus urg'd, inclin'd

To mercy, soon the forfeit-life forgave,

And freed it from the shackles of a slave.

Then spoke with mild, but in majestic strain,

Repent, and haste thee to Larissa's plain,

Or wander through the world, another Cain.

Thy lands and goods shall be the poor man's lot,

Or feed the orphans, you've so long forgot.

Forlorn, helpless, recogniz'd by none,

Proscrib'd Eulogius left th' unprop'ious town:

For succour at a thousand doors he knock'd;

Each heart was harden'd, and each door was

lock'd.

A pilgrim's staff he bore, of humble thorn;

Pervious to winds his coat, and sadly torn:

Shoes he had none: a beggar gave a pair,

Who saw feet poorer than his own, and bare.

He drank the stream, on dew-berries he fed,

And wildings harsh supply'd the place of bread;

Thus homeward urg'd his solitary way;

(Four years had he been absent to a day.)

Fame through Thebais his arrival spread,

Half his old friends reproach'd him, and half fled:

Of help and common countenance bereft,

No creature own'd him, but a dog he left.

Compunction touch'd his soul, and, wiser made

By bitter suff'rings, he resum'd his trade: [pelf,

Thank'd Heav'n for want of pow'r and want of

That he had lost the world, and found himself.

Conscience and charity reviv'd their part,

And true humility enrich'd the heart,

* Justinian.

† JOHN viii. 44.

‡ Surcoat, an upper garment of defence.

DRYDEN.

3 K iij

While grace celestial with enliv'ning ray
Beam'd forth, to gild the ev'ning of his day.
His neighbours mark'd the change, and each man
strove

By slow degrees t' applaud him, and to love.
So Peter, when his tim'rous guilt was o'er,
Emerg'd, and stood twice firmer than before *.
Eusebius, who had long in silence mourn'd,
Rejoic'd to hear the prodigal return'd:
And, with the eagerness of feeble age,
Made haste t' express his joy and griefs assuage.

"My son," he cry'd, "once more contemplate
me:

"Behold th' unhappy wretch that ruin'd thee;
"My ill-judg'd pray'rs (in luckless moments sped)
"Brought down the curse of riches on thy head.
"No language can express one single part
"Of what I felt, and what still racks my heart.
"Vainly I thought, that, to increase thy store,
"Was to increase Heav'n's manna for the poor.
"Man's virtue cannot go beyond its length;
"God's gifts are still proportion'd to our strength.
"The Scripture-widow † gives her well-sav'd
mite
"With affluent joy, nor fears to suffer by't:
"Whilst Dives' heaps (the barter of his soul)
"Lie buried in some base inglorious hole,
"Or on the wings of pomp and luxury fly,
"Accurst by Heav'n, and dead to charity ‡!
"The charitable few are chiefly they
"Whom fortune places in the middle way §;

* See LUKE xxii. 55---62.

"Peter stood more firmly, after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell." ST. AMBROSE.

† LUKE. xxi. 2. 2. COR. viii. 12.

‡ "God is not honoured with our expending that money which is bedew'd with the tears of the oppressed." ST. CHRYSOST.

§ The truly charitable man (who happens to be neither rich nor poor), is well painted by an ancient classic. I quote the verses, because I never saw them quoted:

"Cujus [semper
"Non frontem vertère minæ; sed candida
Gaudia, & in vultu curarum ignara volup-
tas.

"Just rich enough, with economic care,
"To save a pittance, and a pittance spare:
"Just poor enough to feel the poor man's moan,
"Or share those suff'rings which may prove their
"Great riches, with insinuating art, [own!—
"Debase the man, and petrify the heart.
"Let the false friend, like Satan, be withstood,
"Who wishes us more wealth---to do more good!
"To this great trial some are equal found;
"Most in th' unnavigable stream are drown'd*."
He spoke: and, with a flood of tears oppress'd,
Left his Eulogius to divine the rest. [smil'd)
"Father," he cry'd, (and with complacence
"Heav'n's trials have at length reclaim'd its child.
"Omniscience only can our wants foreknow,
"And all-beneficence will best bestow.
"Some few God's bounty on the poor employ:
"There are---whom to promote, is to destroy!
"Rough, thorny, barren, is pale virtue's road;
"And poisons are true cures when giv'n by God.
"Spontaneous I resign, with full accord,
"The empty nothings wealth and pow'r afford;
"My mind's my all, by Heav'n's free grace re-
stor'd.
"O Pow'r Supreme! unsearchable thy views!
"Omniscient, or to give, or to refuse!
"Grant me, as I begun, to end my days
"In acts of humble charity and praise;
"In thy own paths my journey let me run,
"And, as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done!"
Thus he maintain'd Almighty Wisdom's cause.
The sun shone forth---The hermit pleas'd with-
draws--
And nature wore an aspect of applause.

*Non tibi sepositas infelix strangulat arca
Divitias; avidæve animum dispendia tor-
quent*

*Fœnoris expositi census; sed docta fruendi
Temperies," &c.*

* Hugo, in his excellent treatise *De Anima*, makes the following remark upon greatness and ambition:

"The human heart is a small thing, and yet desireth great matters. It is barely sufficient for a kite's dinner, and yet the whole world sufficeth it not."

MACARIUS: OR, THE CONFESSOR.

Da vocem magno, Pater, ingeniumque dolori.

STAT. Epiced. Patris.

AN EPISTLE TO THE REV. DR. ROBERT
HORT,

CANON OF WINDSOR.

ALL sober poets with thy bard * agree,
Who sung, "That truth was truest poetry."---
Alike to me, and the deceas'd, a friend;
O Hort, to these my pious strains attend.

* COWLEY. *See his Davideis.*

Thou knew'st the man; and thy good sense is
such,
I dare not say too little, or too much.---
Under his eye the self-same views combin'd
Our studies, and one horoscope conjoin'd.
He check'd th' impatient wand'rings of our
youth,
And grafted on our fancy facts and truth.
Together we amus'd our youthful prime,
Days seem'd but hours, and time improv'd on time:

Mindless of cares (and how they pass'd or came),
Our sports, our labours, and our rest the same *.

See'st thou yon' yews, by pensive nature made
For tears, and grief, and melancholy shade;
Wide o'er the church they spread an awful light,
Than day more serious, half-compos'd as night,
(There, where the winding Kennet gently laves
Britannia's Lombardy † with silver waves);
There sleeps Macarius, foe to pomp and pride;
Who liv'd contented, and contented dy'd.

Say, shall the lamp where Tullia was entomb'd,
Burn twice sev'n ages, and be unconsum'd?
And not one verse be sacred to a name
Endear'd by virtuous deeds and silent fame?
True fame demands not panegyric aid;
The fun'ral torch burns brightest in the shade;
Too fast it blazes, fann'd by public air;—
Thus blossoms fall, before their tree can bear.
True fame, like porcel'ain earth, for years must lay
Bury'd, and mix'd with elemental clay ‡.

His younger days were not in trifling spent,
For pious Hall § a kind inspection lent:
He show'd him what to seek, and what to
shun:—

Harcourt § with him the thorny journey run,
Companion of his studies; and a friend
Sincere in youth, and steadfast to the end.

Courts and the world he knew, but not admir'd;
He travell'd through them wisely, and retir'd:
Giving to solitude and heav'nly care
Those moments which the worldling cannot spare,
Thus, half a century, his course he run
Of pray'r and praises, daily, like the sun:
Happy! Who truth invariably pursues,
And well-earn'd fame by better fame renews ¶!

His books, like friends were chosen, few and
good;
Constantly us'd and truly understood.
The Sacred Scriptures were his chief delight **;
Talk of the day, and vision of the night:

* These eight lines are imitated from a famous
passage in *Persius*, Sat. V. too well known to be
reprinted. It begins—

"Geminos horoscope" &c.

† Berkshire.

‡ It is reported that the Chinese beat and mix
thoroughly together the composition that makes
porcelain, and then bury it in a deep bed of clay
for an hundred years. See Dr. Donne's letters.
See also the discovery of *Hidden Treasure*, 4to,
London 1656, p. 89; (a very scarce and curious
work, by the famous Gabriel Plattes.)

§ Mr. John Hall, master of Pembroke College,
Oxford, in 1667, and Rector of St. Aldate's in the
same university. Created D. D. in 1669; elect-
Margaret Professor in 1676; and consecrated
Bishop of Bristol the 12th of June, 1691. All
which preferments he enjoyed together.

§ Mr. Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chan-
cellor Harcourt, offered him a Bishoprick from
Queen Anne, many years after the Revolution;
but the favour was declined with grateful ac-
knowledgements.

¶ *Wisd. of Sol.* xiii. 1.

** He employed ten or twelve hours a-day in
study, without any interruption (but that of ca-

Truth's second sources he with care survey'd,
And walk'd with Hermas in the rural shade *.
Cyprian with awful gravity he sought;
And true simplicity Ignatius brought;
Lively Minucius did his hours beguile;
Lactantius charm'd with elegance of style;
But mostly Chrysostom engag'd his mind:
Great without labour, without art refin'd!
Now see his gentle elocution flows,
Soft as the flakes of heav'n-descending snows;

Now see him, like th' impetuous torrent, roll;
Pure in his diction, purer in his soul:
By few men equall'd, and surpass'd by none;
A Tully and Demosthenes in one †!

Something at cheerful intervals was due
To Roman classics, and Athenian too.
Plato with raptures did his soul inspire;
Plotinus fann'd the Academic ‡ fire.

Then came the Stagyrte;—whose excellence
Beams forth in clearness, brevity, and sense!

Next, for amusement's sake, he turn'd his eyes
To them, whom we despoil, and then despise:
Foremost of these, unrivall'd Shakspeare
stands;

With Hooker, Raleigh, Chillingworth, and
Sands §;—

(For in those days "were giants in our lands!")

suat sickness), for fifty years successively. His
principal business was in referring every difficult
part of Scripture to those particular passages in the
Fathers, and eminent modern divines, who had
explained them expressly or occasionally.

* Alluding to a work intitled the *Shepherd of
Hermas*. Hermas was contemporary with some
of the Apostles.

† In order to judge a little of these two asser-
tions, be pleas'd only to read St. Chrysostom's Ho-
mily on St. Matthew; and his *Oration* to the
People of Antioch ΠΕΡΙ ΑΝΑΠΑΝΤΩΝ.

See also Ferrarius de *Concione Veterum*, and
the *Eloquence Cretienne* of M. Giffert: The last
of which works was a favourite book with the
late Lord Somers, and wrought a great effect on
his future way of thinking.

This anecdote was imparted to me by the late
Mr. Elijah Fenton, as matter of fact, on his own
knowledge.

‡ Academic is used in the Horatian sense of the
word:

"Atque inter sylvas Academi querere verum."

§ Edwyn Sandys, Archbishop of York, was one
of the first eminent Reformers, not only of our
holy religion (which almost every person knows),
but of our language (which circumstance few per-
sons are apprized of). His sermons (the time
when he preached them being duly considered), may
be looked upon as a masterpiece of eloquence and
fine writing. They were chiefly preached between
the years 1550 and 1575.

His son George (and here let me be understood
to refer chiefly to his *Paraphrase on Job*) knew
the true harmony of the English Heroic Couplet
long before Denham and Waller took up the pen;
and preserved that harmony more uniformly. Va-
riety perhaps was wanting; which Dryden af-
terwards supplied, but not till he came to the for-

Thus, like the bee, he suck'd from ev'ry flow'r,
And hour surpass'd the predecessor-hour.
Latimer's father * was his type of yore;
Little he had, but something for the poor:
And oft on better days the board was spread
With wholesome meat and hospitable bread.
Poor in himself, men poorer he reliev'd,
And gave the charities he had receiv'd.

The midnight-lamp, in crystal case enclos'd,
Beams bright; nor is to winds nor rains expos'd:
A watch-tow'r to the wand'ers of mankind;
Forlorn, belated, and with passions blind †,
Who tread the foolish round their fathers trod,
And, 'midst life's errors, hit on death's by-road ‡.

'Midst racking pains § his mind was calm
and ev'n;
Patience and cheerfulness to him were giv'n;
Patience! the choicest gift on this side Heav'n!
His strength of parts surviv'd the sev'n'tieth year,
And then, like northern fruits, left off to bear;
Nought but a Vestal fire such heat contains;
Age seldom boasts so prodigal remains ||.
Some few beyond life's usual date are cast:
Prime clusters of the grape ¶ till winter last.
To these a sacred preference is giv'n:
Each shaft is polish'd, and th' employer Heav'n **.
Jeffries (if that were possible) restrain'd
His fury, when you mournfully complain'd ††.

ty-fifth year of his age; namely, till the time
he published *Aurengzebe*.

* Bishop Hugh Latimer (whom I quote only by
memory, not having the original at hand) says, in
one of his sermons preached at St. Paul's Cross,
about the year —, "that though his father
" possessed no more than 40 acres of free land, or
" thereabouts, yet he had always something to
" give to the poor, and now and then entertained
" his friends; — that he portioned out three daugh-
" ters at 5 l. a-piece, and bred up a son at the
" university; otherwise," adds he, "I should
" not have had the honour of appearing in this
" pulpit before the King's majesty."

Note, The original edition says 4 acres, which
must be an error of the press, instead of 40 acres.
Old Latimer lived in good repute about the year
1470, in which year his son Hugh was born.

† Palantesque homines passim, ac rationis egen-
tes,

Despectare procul.

OVID. MET.

*Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina Sapientum templum serena,
Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quaerere vitæ.*

LUCRET. L. II. 6.

‡ Wisdom of Solomon, i. 12.

§ In the last years of his life Macarius was
grievously afflicted with nephritic pains.

|| ——— "Cui vix certaverit ulla

*Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per
annos."*

VIRG. Georg. 2.

¶ 2 Esdras xii. 42.

** Isaiah xlix. 2.

†† When Judge Jeffries came to Taunton-as-
sises, in the year 1685, to execute his commission

And Kirk's barbarians, hard as harden'd steel,
Forgot their Lybia, and vouchsaf'd to feel.

When crowns were doubtful, and when num-
bers steer'd

As honour prompted, or self-int'rest veer'd;
(Times! when the wisest of mankind might err,
And, lost in shadows, wrong or right, prefer);
The tempter, in a vapour's form *, arose,
And o'er his eyes a dubious twilight throws,
To lead him, puzzling, o'er fallacious ground,
Suborn his passions, and his sense confound:
Pomp to foretaste, and mitres pre-descry;
(For mists at once enlarge and multiply):
Our hero paus'd—and, weighing either side,
Took poverty; and conscience for his guide:
For he, who thinks he suffers for his God,
Deserves a pardon, though he feels the rod.
Yet blam'd he none: (Himself in honour clear);
That were a crime had cost his virtue dear:
Thus all he lov'd; and party he had none,
Except with charity, and Heav'n alone.

In his own friends some frailties he allow'd;
These were too singular, and those too proud.
Rare spirit! In the midst of party-flame,
To think well-meaning men are half the same!

B—— sometimes would to thy cottage tend;
An artful enemy, but seeming friend:

Conscious of having plann'd thy worldly fate †,
He could not love thee, and he durst not hate.
But then seraphic Ken was all thy own;
And he ‡, who long declin'd Ken's vacant throne,
Begging with earnest zeal to be deny'd;—
By worldlings laugh'd at, and by fools decry'd:
Dodwell was thine, the humble and resign'd;
Nelson, with Christian elegance of mind;

upon the unfortunate people concerned in Mon-
mouth's rebellion, the person here spoken of, being
minister of St. Mary Magdalen's Church at Taun-
ton, waited on him in private, and remonstrated
much against his severities. The judge listened to
him calmly, and with some attention; and, though
he had never seen him before, advanced him in a
few months to a Prebendal Stall in the Cathedral
Church of Bristol.

* See Sandys's Paraphrase on Job, where Sa-
tan arises in form of an exhalation.

† Bishop Ken used to say, that King William
and Queen Mary would gladly have permitted
the nonjuring bishops and clergy (who had just
before signalized themselves in a steady opposition
to popery) to have enjoyed their preferments till
death, upon their parole of honour given, that
they would never disturb the government; which
favour would have been thankfully accepted of,
and complied with, by the aforesaid bishops, &c.;
but somebody here alluded to (at least as Maca-
rius thought) traversed their majesties gracious
intentions. In proof of this, Bishop Ken perform-
ed the funeral service over Mr. Kettlewell in the
year 1695, and prayed for King William and
Queen Mary.

‡ Dr. George Hooper. N. B. It must here also
be remembered, that Dr. Beveridge refused to
succeed Bishop Ken in 1691, and then the offer
was made to R. Kider, D. D.

And he *, whose tranquil mildness from afar
Spoke him a distant, but a brilliant star.
These all forsook their homes---Nor sigh'd nor
wept;—

Mammon they freely gave, but God they kept.
Ah, look on honours with Macarius' eyes,
Snares to the good, and dangers to the wise!

In silence for himself, for friends in tears,
He wander'd o'er the desert forty † years.
The cloud and pillar (or by night or day)
Reviv'd his heart, and ascertain'd the way ‡.
His sandals fail'd not; and his robes untorn,
Escap'd the bramble and entangling thorn §.
Heav'n purify'd for him th' embitter'd well ||,
And manna from aerial regions fell ¶.

At length, near peaceful Pisgah ** he retir'd,
And found that rest his pilgrimage requir'd:
Where, as from toils he silently withdrew,
Half Palestina †† open'd on his view:
Go, pious hermit, groves and mountains cry'd;
Enter, thou faithful servant, Heav'n reply'd.

Mild as a babe reclines himself to rest,
And smiling sleeps upon the mother's breast,
Tranquil, and with a patriarch's hopes, he gave
His soul to Heav'n, his body to the grave;
And with such gentleness resign'd his breath,
That 'twas a soft extinction, and not death.
Happy! who thus, by unperceiv'd decay,
Absent themselves from life, and steal away §§.

* Mr. John Kettlewell, Vicar of Colehill in Warwickshire.

† See Exodus passim. Psalm xcvi. 10. Hebrews iii. 17.

‡ Exod. xiii. 21.

§ Deut. viii. 4.

|| Waters of Marah. Exod. xv. 23---25.

¶ Ibid. xvi. 15 and 35.

** Deut. xxxiv. 1.

†† Palestina is the scripture-word for Palestine. Isaiah twice, xiv. 29, 31. Exod. xv. 14.

§§ Macarius (who was born the 28th of October 1650) was dispossessed of his preferments in 1691, and remained deprived till the time of his

Accept this verse, to make thy mem'ry live,
Lamented shade!---'Tis all thy son can give.
Better to own the debt we cannot pay,
Than with false gold thy fun'ral rites defray.
Vainly my muse is anxious to procure
Gifts unavailing, empty sepulture *;
As vainly she expands her flutt'ring wings:
She is no swan, nor, as she dies, she sings.
He, that would brighten ancient diamonds, must
Clear and repolish them with diamond-dust:
That task is not for me: The Muses lore
Is lost;---For Pope and Dryden are no more!

O Pope! too great to copy, or to praise;
(Whom envy sinks not, nor encomiums raise); }
Forgive this grateful tribute of my lays,
Milton alone could Eden lost regain;
And only thou portray Messiah's reign.
O early lost! with ev'ry grace adorn'd!
By me (so Heav'n's ordain it) always mourn'd.
By thee the good Macarius was approv'd:
Whom Fenton honour'd, and Philotheus lov'd †.
My first, my latest bread, I owe to thee:
Thou, and thy friends, preserv'd my muse and me.
By proxy, from a gen'rous kindred spread,
Thy Cragg's bounty fell upon my head ‡:
Thy Mordaunt's § kindness did my youth engage,
And thy own Chesterfield protects my age.

death, which happened in February 1735; and (which is remarkable enough) the bishops Kidder, Hooper, and Wynne, all contrived that Macarius should receive the little profits from his prebend of Wells as long as he lived. A circumstance to their honour as well as his.

* "Hunc saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani

"Munere.

VIRG.

† Philotheus, Bishop Ken.

‡ The late Mrs. Nugent—and Edward Eliot of Port-Eliot, Esq. &c. &c.

§ Charles late Earl of Peterborough, General in Spain, &c.

BOETIUS; OR, THE UPRIGHT STATESMAN.

A SUPPOSED EPISTLE FROM BOETIUS TO HIS WIFE RUSTICIANA.

Pectore magno
Spemque metumque domat, vitio sublimior omni;
Exemptus fatis; indignanterque repellit
Fortunam; dubio quem non in turbine rerum
Depréndit suprema dies, sed abire paratum,
Ac plenum vitæ.

STAT. SYLV. Lib. I.

ARGUMENT.

BOETIUS flourished in the former part of the sixth century. He was descended from the Manlian family, and was one of the first persons of Rome in fortunes and dignity. He received his edu-

cation at Athens; after which he was thrice consul, and always renowned for his eloquence in the senate. He was upon all occasions inflexibly honest and veracious.

His book, intituled the Consolation of Philosophy, may be looked upon as a master-piece of fine writing. The poetry of it is equal to most compositions in the Augustan age; and that even in the classical purity of style: but something, which manifests the declension of the Roman language, may be discovered in the prose part.

In his prose writings he made Aristotle his model; and, like him, is always clear, though concise: leaving an infinite fund for the mind of the reader to work upon. Many works pass under his name: some are genuine; and some are looked upon as supposititious.

This book of Philosophical Consolation (from which a large part of the present epistle is extracted) has been universally admired in all ages, in so much that there are many more fine manuscripts extant of it, than of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, all taken together. The work we here speak of has been the particular delight and study of princes and good politicians. Chaucer translated it into our language, and afterwards it was translated by Queen Elizabeth, &c.

Boetius had two wives: The first was Helpes a Sicilian*, whose conjugal affection is celebrated by him in an epitaph still extant. His second wife (to whom the following letter is supposed to be addressed) was Rusticiana, the daughter of Symmachus, a Roman senator and consul; one of the most virtuous, learned, and amiable persons of that age. As to Rusticiana, historians give her all perfections of mind and body. By her Boetius had several children: and two of his sons, when young, had the honour to be publicly carried to the senate-house in a consular chair, by way of extraordinary compliment to their father.

When Theodoric the Goth made himself master of the kingdom of Italy, he wisely made choice of Boetius to be the director of his councils, and governed for many years, to the universal satisfaction of his subjects. From a principle of self-interest, he had long concealed his inclination for Arianism; but a series of prosperous government made him ambitious, self-confident, and jealous of Boetius's glory. In addition to this, the Gothic chieftains that belonged to him were uneasy to see all power in

* Edward Philips, who writ one of the best accounts we have of the Poets, ancient and modern, says, some authors assert that Helpes was daughter of a Sicilian king, and that she writ hymns in honour of the Apostles, after she embraced Christianity.

Philips's authority carries weight with it: For Milton was the instructor of his youthful studies, and afterwards revised the work we here allude to; Philips's mother being Milton's sister.

Philips's book was published in 12mo, 1665, and intituled, Theatrum Poetarum. One Winstanley, a barber, transcribed the lives of the English Poets from our author's work, almost verbatim, and published them in 1687. A most notorious plagiarism; it being but 22 years after the Theatrum Poetarum was published.

the hands of a Roman; and one of them in particular, named Trigilla, having gained a new and great ascendancy over the king, contrived our statesman's ruin, by suborning false witnesses, and devising treasonable letters between him and Justin, emperor of the East.

Boetius was first banished to Pavia, and, after four years confinement, privately executed in prison. His father-in-law, Symmachus, incurred the same fate. Theodoric soon afterwards died with remorse, under all the agonies of a disturbed mind.

It has been looked upon by many good Christians as no small misfortune, that Boetius, in his Consolation, has not derived his arguments from divine wisdom, as well as prophane philosophy. One may perceive here and there several hints taken from Scripture, but nothing, as I remember, *in totidem verbis*: Yet his general belief of Christianity has never been suspected, nor even his orthodoxy; for he writ an express treatise on the consubstantiality of the Trinity, which is still preserved, and looked upon to be genuine.

These circumstances induced me to conclude this Epistle in a manner not unworthy of our philosopher, and highly agreeable to his imitator.

It has often been thought, that a Second Part added to Boetius's Consolation, written in the same manner of a Vision, and consisting of verse and prose interchangeably, where Divine Wisdom is introduced as the speaker and comforter, would afford us one of the finest and most instructive works that could be composed. The Sieur de Ceriziers, almoner to Louis the XIIIth, made an attempt of this kind about the year 1636, and executed it with some degree of success.

Boetius was commented upon by no less a person than Thomas Aquinas, who was one of the clearest and purest writers of his time. This shews the esteem in which the scholastic ages held him.

In our country, King Alfred was the first who translated the Consolation of Philosophy; and this translation is still extant. Chaucer, as we have already hinted, gave us another version; and a third, I think, was published by the Monks of Tavistock, at the second press that was established in England. A fourth translation was made (as some say) by Queen Elizabeth; and one or two more preceded the version published by Lord Preston.

I have nothing farther to add, but that my worthy friend, to whom this elegy is addressed, will be pleased to bear in memory these beautiful verses of antiquity; which may be applied (not improperly) both to him and me.

Nos facta aliena canendo
Vergimur in senium; propriis tu pulcher ab
annis

Ipse canenda geres, patriæque exempla parabis;
Pescit avus: præstatque domi novisse trium-
phos.—

Jamque vale, & penitus noti tibi Vatis amorem
Corde exire veta.—

And it came to pass from the time that he (Potiphar) had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all he had in the house, and in the field.

GENESIS xxxix. 5.

INTRODUCTION.

THE man, that's truly read in virtue's laws,
Improves from censure, and distrusts applause.
Firm in his hope, he yields not to despair *;
The cube revers'd is still erect and square †.

Eliot ‡, to whom kind nature did impart
The coolest head, and yet the warmest heart:
Blest in thy nuptials, blest in thy retreat,
Privately good, and amiably great;
Accept with candour these spontaneous lays,
And grant me pardon, for I ask not praise:—
In proof the Muse true oracles recites,
Hear what Boetius to his consort writes.
Mark well the man, and Heav'n thy labour
blest;—

In all be like him, but unhappiness!
Thus he aspir'd on meditation's wings,
And, to the best of comforts, thus he sings:

RUSTICIANA, loveliest of thy kind,
Most in my eyes, and ever in my mind;
Exil'd from all the joys the world can give,
And---(for my greater grief!) allow'd to live:
(By him §, I train'd to glory, basely left);
Of all things, but my innocence, bereft:
Patrician, consul, statesman but in name;
Of honour plunder'd, and proscrib'd in fame:
(Betray'd by men my patronage had fed,
And curs'd by lips to which I gave their bread);
To thee I breathe my elegies of woe;
For thee, and chiefly thee, my sorrows flow:
Joint-partner of my life, my heart's relief;
Alike partaker of my joys or grief!

All-bounteous God, how gracious was the care
To mix thy antidote with my despair!
Rusticiana lives to smooth my death,
And waft with sighs to Heav'n my parting breath.
Hence hope and fortitude inspire my breast:
Be her's the earthly part, and thine the rest!
Still I am happy, human and divine;
Th' assistant angel she, th' assistance thine.

O wife, more gentle than the western breeze,
Which (loth to part) dwells whisp'ring on the
trees:
Chaste as the lamb th' indulgent pastor leads
To living streams through Sharon's flow'ry
meads;

* "The fortitude of a just man consists in con-
temning the flatteries of prosperity, and over-
coming the fears of poverty."

Sti. GREGOR. Moral. L. viii.

† "Compositus, semperque suus."

STAT. Sylva, L. ii.

‡ Edward Eliot, Esq. of Port-Eliot.

§ The Emperor Theodoric.

Mild as the voice of comfort to despair;
Fair as the spring, and yet more true than fair *;
Delightful, as the all-enlivening sun;
Brighter than rills, that glitter as they run,
And mark thee spotless;—air thy purity
Denotes, thy clearness fire, and earth thy con-
stancy †.

Weep not to read these melancholy strains:
Change courts for cells, and coronets for
chains.—

No greatness can be lost, where God remains!

Say, what avails me, that I boast the fame
And deathless honours of the Manlian name;
Th' unsoil'd succession of renown'd descent,
Equal to time's historical extent ‡?

One of my ancestors receiv'd his doom
There, where he sav'd the liberties of Rome!
Did not another plunge into the wave
The Gaulish champion, and his country save?
Did not a third (and harder was his fate)
Make his own child a victim for the state?
And did not I my wealth and life consume,
To bless at once Theodoric and Rome?—
But all is cancell'd and forgotten since;
Past merits were reproaches to my prince!

As my own glory serv'd to ruin me,
Thy birth from Symmachus avails not thee:
Thy meekness, prudence, beauty, innocence,
Thy knowledge, and thy virtues, gave offence.
When excellence is eminent, like thine,
Our eyes are dazzled with too bright a shrine;
Death must the medium give, that makes it
mildly shine.

What visionary hope the wretch beguiles,
Who founds his confidence on Princes smiles?
True to their int'rest, mindless of their trust,
Convenient is the regal term for just.
The plant, my cultivating hands had made
A spreading tree, oppress'd me with its shade;
Ambition push'd forth many a vig'rous shoot,
And rancid jealousy manur'd the root:
Ingratitude a willing heart misled,
And sycophants the growing mischief fed,

* "Quis te felicissimum conjugis pudore non
"prædicavit?"

PHILOSOPHÆ Verba ad BOETIUM.
De Consolat. L. II. Prof. 3.

"Vivit Uxor ingenio modesta, pudicitia pudore
præcellens, et, ut omnes ejus dotes breviter in-
cludam, Patri (Symmacho) similis. Vivit in-
quam, tibi que tantum, vita huius exosa, spiri-
tum servat. Quoque uno felicitatem minui tu-
am vel ipsa concesserim, tui desiderio lachrymis
ac dolore tabescit."

Ejusd. Verba. Ibid Prof. 4. Edit.
Juntarum 1521.

† This passage was written in imitation of
Ovid's famous description of Galatea, MET. L.
XIII. and improved by an hint taken from Dr.
Donne's Poems, Page 96, 12mo.

‡ "Quod si quid in nobilitate bonum, id solum
esse arbitror, ut imposita nobilibus necessitudo vi-
deatur, ne a majorum virtute degenerent."

L. III. Prof. 6.

Till th' Arian sophist * crept through all restraint;

The tempter ply'd him, and there split the faint.
Th' assassin-hand which Odoacer slew,
Once more, distain'd with blood, appear'd to view:
Not foe by foe in hostile fields oppress'd,
But friend with friend, th' inviter and the guest †.

And O, how weak my skill, how vain my toils,
To sow religion's seeds in courtly soils!

The few surviving plants that fix'd their root,
O'ercharg'd with specious herbage, bore no fruit,
Gorg'd to satiety with unctuous juice
From a fat earth, and form'd for bulk, not use;
Till all the cultivating hand receives
Is steril plenty of luxuriant leaves ‡.

Or, where we sow'd the grain of life, succeeds
A copious harvest of pernicious weeds.

Where corn once stood, th' insatiate thistle
stands,

And deleterious hemlock choaks the lands.

If errors purely human are forgiv'n,
I dare present my last appeal to Heav'n.
Religion and clear honesty, combin'd,
Made up the short full system of my mind.
Nicely I mark'd the quicksands of the state,
The crown's encroachments, and the people's
hate:

Fore-warn'd my prince of arbitrary sway,
And taught his subjects willingly t' obey:
Thus ev'ry thing conspir'd to one great end,
The nation was my child, the king my friend.
Both still I serv'd with uniform intent,
The good of both, with equal fervour meant;
And, wherefoe'er th' infraction first arose,
Still judg'd th' aggressors man's and nature's foes.

Monarchs, sometimes, discard, through fear or
hate,

Those whose good sense and virtues poise the state:
So mariners, when storms the ocean sweep,
Commit their guardian-ballast to the deep.

Methinks, in these my solitudes, I hear
Tricilla whisp'ring in the tyrant's ear §,
Assert the glories which are all thy own;
And lop the branch that overshades the throne;
When he and malice know, I taught no more
Than ev'ry righteous statesman taught before.
I show'd my prince ||—"The first of regal arts
Was to reign monarch of the people's hearts:

* Theodoric in his heart was strongly inclined
to Arianism.

† Odoacer and Theodoric had divided, by agree-
ment, the kingdom of Italy between them. The
latter invited the former to a banquet, and killed
him with his own hand.

‡ "nescia falcis

"Sylva comam tollit, fructumque expirat in
"umbras."

STAT. Sylv.

§ L. I. Prof. 4.

|| The precepts of government, comprised in the
following lines, and recommended by Boetius, are
extracted almost verbatim from Cassiodorus's Letters.
Cassiodorus was secretary to Theodoric and Atha-
laric, kings of the Goths. He was a statesman

(Swift to encourage, eager to redress,
The steward of a nation's happiness);
Taught him, each gift he gave, by truth to scan;
T' adapt the man to place, not place to man;
To guard the public wealth with anxious care,
Studious of peace, but still prepar'd for war:
Taught him, that princes of celestial kind,
Like Numa, cultivate the field and mind *:
Warn'd him 'gainst pow'r, which suffers no con-
troul;

But mostly that, which persecutes the soul:
Then by examples, or from reason, show'd,
That none are true to man who're false to God †;
And that our lives, except by freedom blest,
Are a dull passive slavery at best."

Hence righteous kings of softer clay are made;
Not for their subjects mis'ry, but their aid ‡.
True liberty, by pious monarchs giv'n,
Is emblematic manna rain'd from heav'n:
Without it, ev'ry appetite is pall'd,
The body fetter'd, and the mind enthrall'd §.

Thus when by chance some rustic hand invades
The nightingale's recess in poplar shades,
And bears the pris'ner with offensive care
To Nero's house of gold, and Nero's fare;
Th' aerial chorister, no longer free,
Wails and detests man's civil cruelty:
Still dumb th' imprison'd sylvan bard remains;
(Your humanbards make music with their chains);
And when from his exalted cage he sees
The hills, the dales, the lawns, the streams, the
trees,

He looks on courtly food with loathing eyes,
And sighs for liberty, and worms, and flies ||.

of great genius, and an author of wonderful in-
vention.

An ancient writer of the Church has justly
marked out the difference betwixt a king and a ty-
rant: "They have both," (says he), "absolute
power, and abundance of people under their
command; but exert their authority and power
in a very different manner: For the former
seeks only the good of those whom he governs,
and hazards all, even his life, that they may
live in peace and safety." He then gives the
contrast of their characters in more full detail.

SYNESIUS, Bishop of Cyrene to the Emperor
Arcadius.

* OVID. Met. XV. v. 482.

† A saying of Constantius Chlorus, the father
of Constantine the Great.

‡ The character of a just and pious prince is
finely marked by Isaiah, xvi. 5. "In mercy shall
the throne be establish'd, and he shall sit upon
it in truth, in the tabernacle of David; judging
and seeking judgment, and hastening righteous-
ness."

§ Much to this purpose is a passage in the Son of
Sirach:—"As long as thou livest, and hast breath
in thee, give not thyself over to any. In all thy
works keep to thyself the pre-eminence, and
leave not a stain in thine honour."

ECCLUS. xxxiii.

|| "Quæ canit altis garrula ramis
Ales, cavea clauditur antro.

Such truths my crimes! But Charity's soft veil
Shall shade the hateful remnant of the tale.
The daughter of a Symmachus * disdains
Vindictive plaints and acrimonious strains;
Make the solemnity of grief appear
Magnificently dumb, without a tear!
Brave as our sex, and as thy own resign'd;
Unconquer'd, like thy beauty, be thy mind!—
Wretch that I was, how dar'd I to complain?
Heav'n's chastisements are never dealt in vain!
In something, or my pride or frailty err'd,
And my just doom was certain, though deferr'd.
The mists of twilight-sunshine, and esteem,
Made me not greater grow, but greater seem.
When I the paths of human grandeur trod,
Might not my alien-heart diverge from God?
Might I not raise my kinsfolk and my friends
From private reasons, and for private ends;
Exclusive of the better few, who stay
Far from the solar walk, and court's high-way †?
Might I not swell too much on earthly pow'r,
Man's idiot-play-thing, gewgaw of an hour?
Or might nor false compliance, flatt'ry, art,
Unhinge my truth, unchristianize my heart?
Why nam'd I in these lines my wealth, my
race,

The consul's station, or the statesman's place;
The confidence I gain'd, the trusts I bore?—
See, my heart sickens to review them more!
Boast as we will, dissemble as we can,
A pious peasant is the greater man.

How hard the contest, and how sharp the strife,
To part the great from pageantry of life!
To wean the bearded infant from his toys,
Vain hopes, vain honours, and still vainer joys!
See the proud demigod in triumph sit,
With nauseous incense choak'd, and hireling-wit;
Hymn'd by a chorus of self-serving tools,
The Nisroch || of his knaves, and calf ¶ of fools!—
I'll dwell no longer on this angry theme ** ;—
But sketch the moral picture of a dream ††.

*Huic licet illita pocula melle
Largasque dapes dulci studio
Ludens hominum cura ministrat;
Si tamen alto saliens tectis
Nemorum gratas viderit umbras,
Sparsus pedibus proterit escas;
Sylvas tantum maesta requirit."*

BOET. de Consolat. L. III. Metr. 2.

* "Pretiosissimum generis humani decus, Symmachus pater;

Vir totus ex sapientia, virtutibusque factus."

BOET. de Consolat. L. II. Prof. 4.

"Saper Symmachus, sanctus, atque actu ipso reverendus."

Ibid. L. I. Prof. 4.

† "In choosing men who are to discharge the highest offices, the safest conduct is to take the man who goes out of his way in order to decline it, and not the man who intrudes boldly for it,"

ST. BERNARD.

|| 2 Kings xix. 37.

¶ Exod. xxxii. 4. I Kings xii. 28.

** "De sceleribus ac fraudibus delatorum recte tu quidem strictim attingendum putasti, quod ea melius uberiusque recognoscendis omnia vulgi celebrentur."

PHILOSOPHIA loquitur, L. I. Prof. 5.

†† What follows is extracted from the Philosophical Consolation of Boetius.

One night, with grief o'ercharg'd, with cares oppress'd,

Like a sick child, I moan'd myself to rest:

When lo, a figure of celestial mien,

(Known indistinctly once, and faintly seen)

Approach'd me; fair and graceful as a queen.

Now, (strange to tell)! she seem'd of human size,
And now, her form august half reach'd the skies *.

Sweet-smiling, with an accent, soft she said,

"Is this Boetius? Or Boetius' shade?"

"What sudden stroke of unexpected woe

"Congeals thy tears, and wants the pow'r to
"flow?"

"Incapable of comfort or relief,

"See a dumb image petrify'd with grief!

"Th' impetuous storm arose not by degrees,

"But bursts like hurricanes on Adria's seas †."

She spoke, and to my throbbing heart apply'd

Her tender hand: "My son, my son," she cry'd,

"Med'cines, and not complaints, thy pangs must
"ease;

"False greatness, and false pride, are thy disease."

Then with her other hand she touch'd my eyes ‡,

Soft, as when Zephyr's breath o'er roses flies:

Instant my sense return'd, restor'd and whole,

To repossess its empire of the soul.

So, when o'er Phœbus low-hung clouds prevail,

Sleep on each hill, and sadden ev'ry dale;

Sudden, up-springing from the north, invades

A purging wind, which first disturbs the shades;

Thins the black phalanx; till, with fury driv'n,

Swift disappears the flying wreck of heav'n:

To its own native blue the sky refines,

And the sun's orb with double radiance shines §.

The dame celestial mark'd with glad surprise

Recover'd reason lab'ring in my eyes,

And, kindly smiling, said, or seem'd to say:

"At length, my son, the intellectual ray

"Just gleams the hopeful promise of a day.

"Patients like thee must cautiously be fed

"With milk diluted, and innoxious bread:

"Permit me then, in gentlest strains, to give

"Rules to die happy, and contented live;

"And, when thy stomach can strong food digest,

"My prudence shall administer the rest ||.

"I never leave my children on the road,

"But lead each pilgrim to his blest abode ¶.

"Suffice it first this wholesome truth t' impart;

"Coy Fortune's absence stings thee to the heart:

"A willing mistress to the young and bold,

"But scornful of the tim'rous and the old:

* L. I. Prof. 1. De Consolat. Philosoph.

† De Consolat. Philosoph. L. I. Prof. 2.

‡ L. I. Prof. 2.

§ "Tunc me discussa liquerunt nocte tenebræ,
Luminibusque prior rediit vigor.

Ut cum præcipiti glomerantur sidera Coræ

Nimbosisque polus stetit imbribus:

Sol latet, ac nondum calo venientibus astris

Desuper in terram nox funditur.

Hanc, si Threicio Boreas emissus ab antro

Verberet, & clausum referat diem;

Emicat & subito vibratus lumine Phæbus,

Mirantes oculos radiis ferit."

L. I. Metr. 3.

|| L. I. Prof. 2.

¶ L. I. Prof. 3.

" Mere lust of change compell'd her to cashier
 " Her best lov'd Pompey in his fiftieth year.
 " The frowns of a capricious jilt you mourn,
 " Who's thine, or mine, and ev'ry man's by turn :
 " Were Fortune constant, she's no more the same,
 " But, chang'd in species, takes another name.
 " Say, when that prodigy * of falsehood smil'd,
 " And all the forcerers thy heart beguil'd ;
 " When ev'ry joy that full possession gave
 " Rose to the highest relish man can crave ;
 " Wast thou then happy to thy soul's desire ?—
 " Something to seek, and something to require,
 " Still, still perplex'd thee, unforeseen before.—
 " Thy draughts were mighty, but thy dropſy
 " more †. [then ?
 " 'Tis granted, fortune's vanish'd—and what
 " Thou'rt still as truly rich as all good men :
 " Thy minds thy own (if that be calm and ev'n) ;
 " Thy faith in providence, thy funds in heav'n.
 " The Indian only took her jingling bells,
 " Her rags of silk, and trumpery of shells :
 " Virtue's a plunder of a cumb'rous make
 " She cannot, and she does not choose to take ‡.
 " Accept th' inconstant, if she deigns to stay ;
 " And, if she leaves thee, speed her on the way ;
 " For where's the difference, mighty reas'ner,
 " say,
 " When man by death of all things is bereft,
 " If he leaves fortune, or by fortune's left § ?
 " Fortune to Galba's door the diadem brought ;
 " The door was clos'd and other sons she sought :
 " Fortune's a woman, over fond or blind ;
 " A step dame now, and now a mother kind.
 " Eschew the lust of pow'r, and pride of life ;
 " One jarring mass of counter-working strife !
 " Vain hopes, which only idiot minds employ ;
 " And fancy builds, for fancy to destroy !
 " All must be wretched who expect too much ;
 " Life's chemic gold proves recreant to the touch.
 " The man who fears, nor hopes for earthly
 " things,
 " Disarms the tyrant, and looks down on kings :
 " Whilst the depending, craving, flatt'ring slave
 " Makes his own chain that drags him to the
 " grave ||."

The goddess now, with mild and sober grace
 Inclining, look'd me stedfast in the face.

" Thy exile next sits heavy on thy mind ;
 " Thy pomp, thy wealth, thy villas, left behind.
 " Ah, quit these nothings to the hungry tribe ;
 " States cannot banish thee ; they may proscribe.
 " The good man's country is in ev'ry clime,
 " His God in ev'ry place, at ev'ry time ;

* *Intelligo multiformes illius prodigii fucos.*

L. II. Prof. 1.

† " *Largis cum potius muneribus fluens
Sitis ardescit habendi.*" L. II. Metr. 2.

‡ L. II. Prof. 1.

§ *Quid igitur referre putes, tunc illam moriendo
deseras, an te illa fugiendo ?* Lib. II. Prof. 3.

|| *Quisquis composito serenus auro
Nec speres aliquid, nec extimescas,
Exarmaveris impotentis iram.
At quisques trepidus pavet, vel optat,
Nescit, qua valeat trahi, catenam.*

BOET. L. I.

" In civiliz'd, or in barbarian lands,
 " Wherever virtue breathes, an altar stands *.
 " A farther weakness in thy heart I read :
 " Thy prison shocks thee with unusual dread :
 " Dark solitude thy wav'ring mind appalls,
 " Damp floors, and low hung roofs, and naked
 " walls.
 " Yet here the mind of Socrates could soar ;
 " And, being less than man, he rose to more.
 " Wish not to see new hosts of clients wait
 " In rows submissive through vast rooms of state ;
 " Nor, on the litter of coarse rushes spread,
 " Lament the absence of thy downy bed :
 " Nor grieve thou, that thy plunder'd books af-
 " No consolation to their exil'd lord : " [ford
 " Read thy own heart † ; its motions nicely scan ;
 " There's a sufficient library for man ‡.
 " And yet a nobler volume still remains ;
 " The book of providence all truths contains :
 " For ever useful, and forever clear,
 " To all men open, and to all men near :
 " By tyrants unsuppress'd, untouch'd by fire ;
 " Old as mankind, and with mankind t' expire §.
 " Next, what aggrieves thee most, is loss of fame,
 " And the chaste pride of a once spotless name :
 " But mark, my son, the truths I shall impart,
 " And give them on the tablets of thy heart :
 " The first keen stroke th' unfortunate shall find,
 " Is losing the opinion of mankind || :
 " Slander and accusation take their rise
 " From thy declining fortunes, not thy vice.
 " How rarely is a poor man highly deem'd ;
 " Or a rich upstart villain disesteem'd ?—
 " From chilly shades the gnats of fortune run
 " To buz in heat, and twinkle in the sun ;
 " Till heav'n (at heav'n's appointed season
 " kind,) [wind,
 " Sweeps off th' Egyptian plague with such a
 " That not one blood-sucker is left behind.
 " Boast not, nor grieve at good or evil fame ¶ :
 " Be true to God, and thou art still the same.
 " Man cannot give thee virtues thou hast not,
 " Nor steal the virtues thou hast truly got.
 " And what's th' applause of learning or of wit ?
 " Critis unwrite whate'er the author writ :

* L. I. Prof. 5. BOETIUS.—

— *Ubique virtus ;
Hic, puto, templum est.*

Jac. BALDE Oda.

Heav'n, to men well dispos'd, is ev'ry where.

Dr. DONNE.

† There are two lessons which God instills every day into the faithful : The one is, to see their own faults : The other is, to comprehend the Divine goodness.

THOM. A KEMP.

‡ The best looking glass wherein to see thy God, is perfectly to see thyself.

HUGO de Anima.

§ L. I. Prof. 4. BOETIUS.

|| At vero hic etiam nostris malis cumulus accedit, quod existimatio plurimorum non rerum merita, sed fortuna spectat eventum : eaque tantum judicat esse provisam, quae felicitas commendaverit. Quo fit, ut existimatio bona, prima omnium deferat infelices. BOETIUS, Ibid.

¶ Si vis beatus esse, cogi a hoc primum, contemnere et contemni, nondum es felix, si te turba non deriserit.

ANTISTHENES Dictum.

" To a new fate this second life must yield,
 " And death will twice be master of the field *.
 " Nor grieve, nor murmur, nor indulge despair,
 " To see the villain cloth'd, and good man bare ;
 " To see impiety with pomp —enthron'd ;
 " Virtue unsought for, honesty unown'd :)
 " Heav'n's dispensations no man can explore ;
 " In this, to fathom God, is to be more !
 " Mere man but guesses the divine decree ;
 " The most the Stagyrte himself could see,
 " Was the faint glimm'ring of contingency. }
 " Yet deem not rich men happy, nor the poor
 " Unprosp'rous; wait th' event, and judge no
 " more.
 " True safety to heav'n's children must belong :
 " With God the rich are weak, the poor are strong.
 " Th' irrevocable sanction stands prepar'd ;
 " Vice has its curse, and virtue its reward †.
 " Conscience, man's centinel, forbids to stray,
 " Nor shows us the great gulph for heav'n's high
 " way.
 " To serve the great, and aggrandise our pride,
 " We barter honour, and our faith beside ;
 " Mindless of future bliss, and heav'nly fame,
 " We strip and sell the Christian to the name.
 " Ambition, like the sea, by tempests tost,
 " Still makes new conquests for old conquests lost :
 " Court favours lie above the common road
 " By modesty and humble virtue trod ;
 " Like trees on precipices, they display
 " Fair fruit, which none can reach but birds of
 " prey.
 " All men from want, as from contagion, fly ; }
 " They weary earth, and importune the sky ; }
 " Gain riches, and yet 'scape not poverty : }
 " The once mean soul preserves its earthly part,
 " The beggar's flatt'ry, and the beggar's heart.
 " In spite of titles, glory, kindred, self,
 " Lov'st thou an object better than thyself ?
 " You answer, no. — If that, my son, be true,
 " Then give to God the thanks to God are due.
 " No man is crown'd the fav'rite of the skies
 " Till Heav'n his faith by sharp affliction tries :
 " Nor chains, disgrace, nor tyrants can controul
 " Th' ability to save th' immortal soul.
 " How oft did Seneca deplore his fate,
 " Debarr'd that recollection which you hate ?
 " How often did Papinian waste his breath

* Cum sera vobis rapiet hoc etiam dies,
 Jam vos secunda mors manet.

BOETIUS, L. II. Metr. 7.

† Si ea quæ paulo ante conclusa sunt, inconcussa sequantur, ipso, de cujus nunc regno loquimur, Auctore cognosces, semper quidem potentes bonos esse malos vero abjectos semper & imbecilles; nec sine pæna unquam esse vitia, nec sine præmio virtutes; bonis felicia, malis semper infortunata contingere.

BOETIUS L. IV. Prof. I. De Consolat. Philosoph.

" Qui semina virtutis, fama raccoglie"

" T' implore, like your's, a pausing time for death *?—

" Place in thy sight Heav'n's confessors resign'd,
 " And suffer with humility of mind :
 " As thy prosperities pass'd swift away,
 " Just to thy grief shall make a transient stay †
 " Thy life's last hour (nor is it far from thee)
 " Is the last hour of human misery.
 " Extremes of grief or joy are rarely giv'n,
 " And last as rarely, by the will of Heav'n." }
 So spake philosophy, and upwards flew,
 Inspiring confidence as she withdrew.

Here let my just resentments cease to flow,
 Here let me close my elegies of woe.

Rusticiana, fairest of the fair,
 My present object, and my future care ;
 Be mindful of my children, and thy vows :—
 And ('gainst thy judgment) O defend thy spouse,
 My children are my other self to thee :—
 Heav'n you distrust if you lament for me.

Weep not my fate: is man to be deplor'd,
 From a dark prison to free air restor'd ?
 Admir'd by friends, and envy'd by my foes,
 I die, when glory to the highest rose.
 I've mounted to the summit of a ball ;
 If I go further, I descend, or fall.

Hail death, thou lenient cordial of relief ;
 Preventive of my shame and of my grief !
 Kind nature crops me in full virtue's bloom †,
 Not left to shrink and wither for the tomb.
 Shed not a tear, but vindicate thy pow'r,
 Enrich'd like Egypt's soil without a show'r.
 Fortune, which gave too much, did soon repine,
 There was no Solstice in a course like mine.
 With calmness I my bleeding death behold ;
 Suns set in crimson streams to rise in gold.

Farewell, and may Heav'n's bounty heap on thee,

(As more deserving) what it takes from me § !—
 That peace, which made thy social virtues shine, }
 The peace of conscience, and the peace divine, }
 Be ever, O thou best of women, thine !

Forgive, Almighty Pow'r, this worldly part ;
 These last convulsions of an husband's heart :
 Give us thy self; and teach our minds to see
 The Saviour and the Paraclete in thee !

* Boet. L. III. Prof. 5.

† " Quod si idcirco te fortunatum esse non existimas, quoniam quæ tunc læta videbantur, abierunt: non est quod te miserum putes, quoniam, quæ nunc creduntur mæsta, prætereunt."

IDEM. L. II. PROS. 3.

‡ " Raperis. non indigus ævi,
 Non nimius." STAT.

§ " Pars animæ victura meæ, cui linquere possem,
 O Utinam! quos dura mihi rapit Atropos annos." STAT. Sylv.

RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY,

AN EMBLEMATICAL ELEGY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is to be hoped the reader will pardon me, if I take the liberty of prefixing to this elegy a slight advertisement, instead of inserting what might seem too long for a note in the body of the poem.

Having ventured (and I am sure it is *licentia sumpta prudenter* *) to introduce three or four new expressions in a volume of near five thousand lines, and one, namely, dew-ting'd ray, in the 279th page of the present elegy, I thought myself obliged to make some apology on that subject; since all innovations in poets like me, (who can only pretend to a certain degree of mediocrity) are more or less of an affected cast, and rarely to be excused; inasmuch as we have the vanity to teach others what we do not thoroughly understand ourselves.

And here permit me to call that language of ours Classical English, which is to be found in a few chosen writers inclusively, from the times of Spencer till the death of Mr. Pope; for false refinements, after a language has arisen to a certain degree of perfection, give reasons to suspect that a language is upon the decline. The same circumstances have happened formerly, and the event has been almost invariably the same. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace: and yet the former was, if one may so speak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

I have known some of my contemporary Poets (and those not very voluminous writers) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope devised only about threescore words between them; many of which were compound epithets: But most of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being chosen and raised from excellent offsets †. —Indeed the former author revived also a great number of ancient words and expressions; and this he did (beginning at Chaucer) with so much delicacy of choice, and in a manner so comprehensive, that he left the latter author (who was in that point equally judicious and sagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

* HORAT.

† I must here make one exception. Dryden showed some weakness, in anglicizing common French words, and those not over elegant, when at the same time we had synonymous words of our own growth. Thus, for example, he introduced *levée, couchée, boutefeu, fimagres, fraîcheur, levé, couché, boutefeu, fimagres, fraîcheur, fongue, &c.* Nor was he more lucky in the Italian *faliaré*

—“his shield

Was falsify'd, and round with jav'lin's fill'd.”
DRYDEN'S *Virg.*

Some few of Dryden's revived words I have presumed to continue; of which take the following instances; as *gridelien, filamot, and carmine*, (with reference to colours, and mixtures of colours;) *cy-mar, eygre, trine, ETPHKA, Paraclete, panoply, rood, dorp, eglantine, orijons, aspirations, &c.* I mention this, lest any one should be angry with me, or pleased with me in particular places, where I discover neither boldness nor invention. —I owe also to Fenton the participle *meander'd*; and to Sir W. Davenant the Latinism of *funeral Illicet*.

As to compound epithets, those *ambitiosse ornamenta* * of modern poetry, Dryden has devised a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but those few are exquisitely beautiful. Mr. Pope seized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own polishing.

Compound epithets first came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakspeare and Ben. Johnson both ridiculed the ostentatious and immoderate use of them, in their prologues to *Troilus and Cressida*, and to *Every Man in his Humour*. By the above named prologues it also appears, that Bombast grew fashionable about the same era. Now in both instances an affected taste is the same as a false taste. The author of *Hieronimo* (who, as I may venture to assure the reader, was one John Smith †) first led up the dance. Then came the bold and self-sufficient translator of *Du Bartas* ‡, who broke down all the flood-gates of the true stream of eloquence (which formerly preserved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks) and like, the rat in the low country dikes, mischievously or wantonly deluged the whole land.

Of innovated phrases and words; of words revived; of compound epithets, &c. I may one day or other say more, in a distinct criticism on Dryden's poetry. It shall therefore only suffice to observe here, that our two great poetical masters never thought that the interposition of an hyphen, without just grounds and reasons, made a compound epithet. On the contrary, it was their opinion, (and to this opinion their practice was conformable) that such union should only be made between two nouns, as *patriot-king, idiot-laugh, &c.* —or between an adjective and noun, or noun and adjective, *vice versa*, or an adjective and participle; as *laughter-loving, cloud-compelling, rosy-finger'd, &c.* —As also by an adverb used as part of an adjective, as you may see in the words *well-concocted, well-digested, &c.* —But

* HORAT.

† John Smith writ also the *Hector of Germany*,
‡ Joshua Sylvester,

never by a full real adverb and adjective, as inly-pining, sadly-musing, and, to make free with myself, (though, I only did it by way of irony) my expression of simply-marry'd epithets; of which sort of novelties modern poetry chiefly consists. Nor should such compound epithets be looked upon as the poets making; for they owe their existence to the compositor of the press, and the intervention of an hyphen.

Much of the same analogy by which Dryden and Pope guided themselves in the present case, may be seen in the purer Greek and Roman languages: but all the hyphens in the world (supposing hyphens had been then known), would not have truly joined together the *dulce ridentem*, or *dulce loquentem*, of Horace.

In a word, some few precautions of the present kind are not unnecessary: English poetry begins to grow capricious, fantastical, and affectedly luxuriant; and therefore (as Augustus said of Haterius) *sufflamini paululum debet*.

Shall not every one mourn that dwelleth therein?

AMOS viii. 8.

I did mourn as a dove; mine eyes failed with looking upwards.

ISAIAH xxxviii. 14.

Fear not thou, my servant, saith the Lord; for I am with thee. I will not make a full end of thee; but correct thee in measure.

JER. xli. 46.

PAINS and diseases; stripes and labour too *!

“What more could Edom and proud Ashur do?”
Scourge after scourge, and blows succeeding blows?—

Lord, has thy hand no mercy, and our woes

No intermission? Gracious Being, please

To calm our fears, and give the body ease!

The poor man, and the slave of ev'ry kind,

Midst pains and toils may gleams of comfort find;

But who can bear the sickness of the mind?

The pow'r of melancholy mounts the throne,

And makes the realms of wisdom half her own †:

Not David's lyre, with David's voice conjoin'd,

Can drive th' oppressive phantom from the mind ‡?

No more the sun delights, nor lawns, nor trees;

The vernal blossoms, or the summer's breeze.

No longer echo makes the dales rejoice

With sportive sounds, and pictures of a voice ||:

* The hint of this emblem is taken from our venerable and religious poet, F. Quarles, L. III. Embl. 4. Mr. Dryden used to say, that Quarles exceeded him in the facility of rhyming.

Quarles's book, and the emblematical prints therein contained, are chiefly taken from the *Pia Desideria* of Hugo Hermannus. The engravings were originally designed by that celebrated artist C. Van Sichem.

† Dan. iv. 34.

‡ 1 Sam. xvi. 23.

|| Agreeably to this is a lovely piece of imagery in the holy Scriptures:

“The earth mourneth and languisheth; Lebanon is ashamed, and bewen down; Sharon is like a wilderness; Basban and Carmel shake off their fruits.”

ISAIAH xxxiii. 9.

Th' aerial choir, which sung so soft and clear,

Now grates harsh music to the froward ear:

The gently murm'ring rills offend from far,

And emulate the clangour of a war:

Books have no wit, the liveliest wits have none;

And hope, the last of ev'ry friend, is gone!

Nor rest nor joy to virtue's self are giv'n,

Till the disease is rectify'd by heav'n.

And yet this Iliad of intestine woes

(So frail is man) from seeming nothings rose:

A drop of acrid juice, a blast of air,

Th' obstruction of a tube as fine as hair;

Or spasm within a labyrinth of threads.

More subtle far than those the spider spreads *.

What sullen planet rul'd our hapless birth,

Averse from joys, and enemy of mirth?

Wat'ry Arcturus in a luckless place

South'd †, and portended tears to all our race:

With him the weeping Pleiades conjoin,

And Mazzaroth made up the mournful trine ‡:

Orion added noise to dumb despair,

And rent with hurricanes the driving air;

And last Abinthion || his dire influence shed

Full on the heart, and fuller on the head.

Oft have we fought (and fruitless oft) to gain

A short parenthesis 'twixt pain and pain;

But, sick'ning at the cheerfulness of light,

The soul has languish'd for th' approach of night:

Again, immerst in shades, we seem to say,

O day-spring ¶! gleam thy promise of a day §.

On this side death th' unhappy sure are curst,

Who sigh for change, and think the present worst:

Who weep unpity'd, groan without relief;

“There is no end nor measure of their grief!”

The happy have waste twelvemonths to bestow;

But those can spare all time, who live in woe!

Whose liveliest hours are misery and thrall;

Whose food is wormwood, and whose drink is

gall **.

Banish their grief, or ease their irksome load;

Ephraim at length was favour'd by his God ††.

Ah, what is man, that demigod on earth?

Proud of his knowledge, glorying in his birth;

Profane corrector of th' Almighty laws,

Full of th' effect, forgetful of the cause!

* Isaiah lix. 5.

† South'd, a received term in astrology.

‡ Job xxxviii. 31, 32. According to Scripture-Astronomy, these three were all watery signs, and emblematical of grief. The fourth constellation, named Orion, threatened mankind with hurricanes and tempests. Sandys understood the passage in the same manner as I do. See his excellent paraphrase on Job, folio, page 49, London 1637. Mention is again made of the Seven Stars (Pleiades), and of Orion, Amos v. 8.—and Job ix. 9.

|| The Star of bitterness, called Wormwood, Rev. viii. 10.

¶ Job xxxviii. 12. Luke i. 78. Ανατολή ἐξ ὄψεως. This poetical word, day-spring, expressing the dawn of morning, has been never adopted by our poets, as far as we can recollect.

§ Deut. xxviii. 66, 67.

** Jerem. xxiii. 15.

†† Ibid. xxxi. 20.

Why boast of reason, and yet reason ill?
 Why talk of choice, yet follow erring will?
 Why vaunt our liberty, and prove the slave
 Of all ambition wants, or follies crave?
 'Tis the lot of him, furnam'd the wife,
 Who lives mistaken, and mistaken dies!
 The sick less happy, and yet happier live;
 For pains and maladies are God's reprieve:
 This respite 'twixt the grave and cradle giv'n,
 Is th' interpos'd parenthesis of heav'n!
 Too often we complain—but flesh is weak;
 Silence would waste us, and the heart would
 break.

Behold yon rose, the poor despondent cries,
 (Pain on his brow, and anguish in his eyes)
 What healthy verdure paints its juicy shoots,
 What equal circulation feeds the roots:
 At morning-dawn it feels the dew-ting'd ray,
 But opens all its bosom to the day.
 No art assists it, and no toil it takes*,
 Slumbers at ev'ning, and with morning wakes†.

Why was I born? Or wherefore born a man?
 Immense my wish; yet tether'd to a span!
 The slave, that groans beneath the toilsome oar,
 "Obtains the sabbath of a welcome shore:"
 His captive stripes are heal'd; his native soil
 Sweetens the memory of foreign toil.

"Alas my sorrows are not half so blest;"
 My labours know no end, my pains no rest!
 Tell me, vain-glorious Newtons, if you can,
 What heterogeneous mixtures form the man?
 Pleasure and anguish, ignorance and skill,
 Nature and spirit, slav'ry and free-will:
 Weakness and strength, old-age and youthful
 prime;

Error and truth; eternity and time!—
 What contradictions have for ever ran
 Betwixt the nether brute and upper man‡?
 Ah! what are men, who God's creation scorn?
 The worm their brother;—§ brother elder-born!
 Plants live like them, in fairer robes array'd,
 Alike they flourish, and alike they fade.
 The lab'ring steer sleeps less disturb'd at night,
 And eats and drinks with keener appetite,—
 Restrain'd by nature just t' enjoy his fill;
 Useful, and yet incapable of ill.

Say, man, what vain pre-eminence is thine?
 Each sense impair'd by gluttony and wine||:
 Thou art the beast, except thy soaring mind
 Aspires to pleasures of immortal kind:
 Else, boasted knowledge, hapless is thy curse,
 T' approve the better, and embrace the worse!

* Matth. vi. 23.

† Concerning the sleep of plants, see an ingenious
 Latin treatise lately published in Sweden.

‡ Poetical definition of a centaur.

§ Job xvii. 14.—There is a remarkable passage in
 the Psalms upon this occasion, where the worm takes
 place of the monarch: "O praise the Lord, ye moun-
 tains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts
 and all cattle; worms and feathered fowls; kings of the
 earth and all people; princes and judges of the world."

|| PSALM cxlviii. 10. Septuagint version.

|| If we pamper the flesh too much, we nourish an
 enemy; if we defraud it of lawful sustenance, we destroy
 a good citizen.

ST. GREGOR. Homil.

So Annas owns the miracle, and then
 (Wilfully blinded) persecutes again*.
 To minds afflicted ever has been given
 A claim upon the patronage of heav'n:
 (Whilst the world's idiots ev'ry thought employ
 With hopes to live and die without annoy).

In the first agonies of heart-struck grief,
 Heav'n to our parents typify'd relief†.
 Th' Almighty lent an ear to Hannah's pray'r‡,
 And bless'd her with each blessing, in an heir.
 Whilst Hezekiah §, earnest in his cause,
 Gain'd a suspension of great nature's laws,
 And permanence to time;—For lo! the sun
 Retrac'd the journey he had lately run.

But most th' unhappy wretch, aggriev'd in
 Rais'd pity in the Saviour of mankind||. [mind,
 He ask'd for peace; heav'n gave him its own rest;
 Demons were dumb, and Legion dispossess'd.
 Wither'd with palsy'd blasts, the limbs resume
 Thy strength, O manhood, and, O youth, thy
 Syro-Phenicia's maiden re-enjoy'd [bloom¶!

That equal mind, which Satan once destroy'd**.
 And, when the heav'nly Ephphatha†† was spoke,
 The deaf-born heard, the dumb-born silence broke.
 Th' ethereal fluid mov'd, the speech return'd;
 No spasms were dreaded, no despondence mourn'd.

Then rouse, my soul, and bid the world
 adieu,

Its maxims, wisdom, joys and glory too;
 The mighty ΕΤΡΗΚΑ‡‡ appears in view.

§§ Just so, the gen'rous falcon, long immur'd
 In doleful cell by osier-bars secur'd,
 Laments her fate; till, flitting swiftly by,
 Th' aerial prize attracts her eager eye:
 Instant she summons all her strength and fire;
 Her aspect kindles fierce with keen desire;
 She prunes her tatter'd plumes in conscious pride,
 And bounds from perch to perch, and side to side:
 Impatient of her jail, and long detain'd,
 She breaks the bounds her liberty restrain'd:
 Then, having gain'd the point by heav'n design'd,
 Soars 'midst the clouds, and proves her high-born
 kind.

When Adam did his paradise forego,
 He earn'd his hard-bought bread with sweat-
 ing brow.—

Give us the labour, but suppress the woe!
 Merit we boast not: but Christ's sacred side
 Has pour'd for all its sacramental tide!
 No sin, no guile, no blemishes had he;
 A self-made slave to set the captive free!

* Acts iv. 6. 18.

† Gen. iii. 15.

‡ 1 Kings i.

§ 2 Kings xx.

|| Mark v. 3—9. And also "The spirit of the
 Lord is upon me (saith Christ): he sent me to heal the
 broken-hearted," &c. Luke iv. 18. Compare likewise
 Isaiah lxi. 1.

¶ Matth. iv. 24, &c. Acts viii. 7.

** Mark vii. 26.

†† Ibid. 34.

‡‡ See DRYDEN'S Relig. Laici; and PRIOR'S Ode
 intitled, What is man? ΕΤΡΗΚΑ signifies Finding
 out the great point desired.

§§ The hint of this simile is taken from Quarles.

Yet pain and anguish still too far presume;
Just are heav'n's ways, and righteous is its
doom.

All chastisements, before we reach the grave,
Are bitter medicines, kindly meant to save.
Thus let the rhet'ric of our suff'rings move;
The voice of grief is oft the voice of love *!
The bed of sickness, (after cares and strife)
Is weak man's cradle for a second life;
Death's but a moment; and, before we die,
We touch the threshold of eternity!

* *There is sometimes a certain pleasure in weeping:
It is a sort of consolation to an afflicted person to be thor-
oughly sensible of his affliction.* ST. AMBROSE.

So, stretch'd beneath the juniper's chill shade,
Th' afflicted prophet * in despondence pray'd:
"Oh, take the burthen of my life away,
Dead are my fires; nor better I than they:"
At length a seraph cry'd, "Arise and eat;
Behold thy bev'rage, and behold thy meat:
Heav'n's one repast shall future strength supply
For forty days, till Horeb meets thy eye †.
The good man neither fears, desponds, nor faints,
Arm'd with the heav'nly panoply ‡ of saints.

* *Elijah.*

† *2 Kings xix. 4—8.*

‡ *Eph. vi. 14—17.—Panoply (from the Greek) a
complete suit of armour.* MR. POPE, DRYDEN.

MEDITATIONS ON CHRIST'S DEATH AND PASSION.

AN EMBLEM.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was
bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement of
our peace was upon him. ISAIAH liii. 5.

Σός εἰμι, ΧΡΙΣΤΕ· σῶσόν, ὡς Αὐτὸς Θέλεις.
GREG. NAZ. *Carm. Iamb.*

RESPICE DUM TRANSIS, QUIA SIS MIHI CAUSA
DOLORIS.

HASTE not so fast, on worldly cares employ'd,
Thy bleeding Saviour * asks a short delay:
What trifling blifs is still to be enjoy'd,
What change of folly wings thee on thy way?
Look back a moment, pause a while †, and stay.
For thee thy God assum'd the human frame;
For thee the guiltless pains and anguish try'd;
Thy passions (sin excepted) his became:
Like thee he suffer'd, hunger'd, wept, and dy'd.

Nor wealth nor plenty did he ever taste,
The moss his pillow, oft his couch the ground;
The poor man's bread completed his repast;
Home he had none, and quiet never found,
For fell reproach pursu'd, and aim'd the wound ‡:

* *Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. The way
wherein thou oughtest to walk; the truth which thou de-
sirest to obtain; and the life of happiness which thou
longest to enjoy.* ST. AUGUST.

† *If you labour for a time, you will afterwards en-
joy an eternity of rest. Your sufferings are of a short
duration, your joy will last for ever: and if your reso-
lution wavers, and is going to desert you, turn your eyes
towards mount Calvary, and consider what Christ suf-
fered for you, innocent as he was. This consideration
will enable you to say in the event, that your sufferings
lasted only for a moment.* IDEM.

‡ *Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and
death of Christ.* ST. AUGUST.

*For he (Pilate) knew that the chief priests had de-
livered him for envy."* MARK XV. 10.

*An ancient heathen also bath personified Envy, and
painted her in a mischievous attitude:*

The wise men mock'd him, and the learned scorn'd;
Th' ambitious worldling other patrons try'd;
The pow'r that judg'd him ev'ry foe suborn'd;
He wept unpity'd, and unhonour'd dy'd.

For ever mournful, but for ever dear,
O love stupendous! glorious degradation!
No death of sickness, with a common tear;—
No soft extinction claims our sorrows here;
But anguish, shame, and agonizing passion!
The riches of the world, and worldly praise,
No monument of gratitude can prove;
Obedience only the great debt repays,
An imitative heart and undivided love!

To see the image of th' All-glorious Pow'r
Suspend his immortality, and dwell
In mortal bondage, tortur'd ev'ry hour:
A self-made pris'ner in a doleful cell,
Victim for sin, and conqueror of hell *!
Lustration for offences not his own!
Th' unspotted for th' impure resign'd his breath;
No other off'ring could thy crimes atone:—
Then blame thy Saviour's love, but not his death.

From this one prospect draw thy sole relief,
Here learn submission, passive duties learn;
Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief:
Eschew each danger, ev'ry good discern,
And the true wages of thy virtue earn.
Reflect, O man, on such stupendous love,
Such sympathy divine, and tender care †;

————— *Gnara malorum,
Invidia infelix! animi vitalia vidit,
Ladendiq; vias.*

* *Nolo vivere sine vulnere, cum te videam vulneratum.*
BONAVENT.

*To know God, without knowing our misery, creates
pride: To know misery, without knowing Christ, causes
despondence.* ST. AUGUSTIN.

† *They make a free-will offering to God, who, in the
midst of their sufferings preserve their gratitude and ac-
knowledgements.* CASSIAN.

Beseech the Paraclete † thine heart to move,
And offer up to heav'n this silent pray'r.

“ † Great God, thy judgments are with justice
crown'd,
To human crimes and errors gracious still;
Yet, though thy mercies more and more abound,
Right reason spares not fresh-existing ill,
Nor can thy goodness counterwork thy will.
Ah, no! The gloom of sin so dreadful shows,
That horror, guilt, and death the conscience fill.

* *God's Holy Spirit worketh in the following manner
in his rational children. It instructs, moves, and admonishes: as for example, it instructs the reason, moves the
will, and admonishes the memory.*

ST. GREGOR. in *Moral.*

† *Translated from the famous French ode of M. de
Barreaux.*

“ *Grand Dieu! Tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité,*” &c.

Eternal laws our happiness oppose:
Thy nature and our lives are everlasting foes!

“ Severe thy truth, yet glorious is thy scheme;
Complete the vengeance of thy just desire;
See from our eyes the gushing torrents stream,
Yet strike us, blast us with celestial fire;
Our doom, and thy decrees, alike conspire.
Yet dying we will love thee and adore:—
Where shall the flaming flashes of thy ire
Transpierce our bodies? Ev'ry nerve and pore
With Christ's immaculate blood is cover'd o'er
and o'er.”

When we praise God we may speak much, and
yet come short: wherefore in sum, He is all.
When you glorify him, exalt him as much as
you can; for even yet he will far exceed. And
when you exalt him, put forth all your strength,
and be not weary: for you can never go far
enough. *ECCLUS. xliii. 27.—30.*

CONTENTS.

WORKS OF SWIFT.

	Page		Page
The Author's Life, - - - - -	iii	The Windsor Prophecy, 1711, - - -	19
POEMS.		Epigram Extempore, - - - - -	ib.
Ode to the Honourable Sir William Temple, written at Moor Park, June 1689, -	1	Epigram, 1712, - - - - -	ib.
Ode to King William, on his Success in Ireland, - - - - -	2	Corinna, 1712, - - - - -	ib.
Ode to the Athenian Society, - - -	3	Ireland's Invitation to Dismal, to Dine with the Calve's-head Club, - - - - -	20
Written in a Lady's Table-Book, 1699, -	5	Peace and Dunkirk: being an Excellent new Song upon the Surrender of Dun-	
Mrs. Herris's Petition, 1699, - - -	6	kirk to General Hill, 1712, - - - -	ib.
A Ballad on the Game of Traffic, written at Dublin Castle, 1699, - - - - -	7	Horace, Book I Ep. VII. Addressed to the Earl of Oxford, 1713, - - - -	ib.
A Ballad, - - - - -	ib.	Horace, Book II. Sat. VI. - - - -	22
The Discovery, - - - - -	ib.	The Author upon himself, 1713, - -	23
The Problem, "That my Lord Burkleigh Stinks, when he is in Love," - - -	8	The Faggot. Written when the Ministry were at variance, 1713, - - - -	ib.
The Description of a Salamander, 1706, -	ib.	Catullus de Lesbia, - - - - -	24
To the Earl of Peterborough, who com- manded the British Forces in Spain, -	9	Epigram, from the French, - - - -	ib.
On the Union, - - - - -	ib.	On a Curate's Complaint of Hard Duty, -	ib.
On Mrs. Biddy Floyd; or, The Receipt to form a Beauty, - - - - -	ib.	A True and Faithful Inventory of the goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Lara-	
Apollo Outwitted. To the Honourable Mrs. Finch, afterwards Countess of Win-		cor, - - - - -	ib.
chelsea, - - - - -	ib.	Cadenus and Vanessa. Written at Wind-	
Vanburgh's House. Built from the ruins of Whitehall, - - - - -	10	for, 1713, - - - - -	ib.
Two Riddles, - - - - -	11	To Love, - - - - -	31
The History of Vanburgh's House, - -	ib.	Ode to Spring. By a Lady, - - - -	ib.
Baucis and Philemon.—On the ever-la- mented loss of the two Yew-trees in the Parish of Chilthorne, Somerset, 1708, -	12	Ode to Wisdom! By the same, - - -	32
Elegy on the supposed death of Partridge; the Almanack Maker, 1708, - - - -	13	A Rebus. By Vanessa, - - - - -	ib.
Merlin's Prophecy, 1709, - - - - -	14	The Dean's Answer, - - - - -	ib.
A Description of Morning, 1709, - - -	ib.	Horace, Book II. Ode I. Paraphrased. Ad- dressed to Richard Steele, Esq. 1714, -	ib.
A Description of a City Shower, - - -	15	Horace, Book I. Ep. V.—John Dennis the sheltering Poet's Invitation to Richard	
On the little House by the Church-yard of Castlenock, 1710, - - - - -	ib.	Steele, the secluded Party-writer, and Member, to come and live with him in	
The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod, 1710, - - - - -	16	the Mint, 1714, - - - - -	33
Atlas; or the Minister of State. To the Lord Treasurer Oxford, - - - - -	ib.	To Lord Harley, on his Marriage, 1713, -	34
A Town Eclogue, 1710, - - - - -	17	In Sicknefs. Written in Ireland; October 1714, - - - - -	35
Epitaph inscribed on a Marble Tablet, in Berkely-Church, - - - - -	ib.	The Fable of the Bitches. Written in the year 1715, - - - - -	ib.
The Table of Midas, 1711, - - - - -	ib.	Horace, Book III Ode II. To the Earl of Oxford late Lord Treasurer, - - -	36
An Excellent new Song. Being the intended Speech of a Famous Orator against Peace,	ib.	Phyllis; or, the Progress of Love, 1716, -	ib.
		Ad Amicum Eruditum Thomas Sheridan, 1717, - - - - -	37
		Horace, Book IV Od IX. Addressed to Archbishop King, 1718, - - - -	
		To Dr. Delany, Nov. 10. 1718, - - -	ib.

	Page		Page
A Left-handed Letter to Dr. Sheridan, 1718, - - - - -	38	bly presented by Mr. Sheridan in Person, with Respect, Care, and Speed, -	58
A Motto for Mr. Jason Hazard, Woolen-Draper in Dublin, - - - - -	39	To Dr. Sheridan, on his "Art of Punning," - - - - -	59
To Dr. Sheridan, 1718, - - - - -	ib.	Stella to Dr. Swift, on his Birth-day, Nov. 30. 1721, - - - - -	ib.
Stella's Birth-Day, March 13, 1718-19, -	ib.	To Stella, on her Birth-day, 1721-2, -	ib.
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift, 1719, - - -	ib.	On the great Buried Bottle. By Dr. Delany, - - - - -	60
The Dean's Answer, - - - - -	ib.	Epitaph, by the same, - - - - -	ib.
Stella's Birth-Day, 1720, - - - - -	40	Stella's Birth Day: A great Bottle of Wine long buried, being that Day dug up, 1722-3, - - - - -	ib.
To Stella, who collected and transcribed his Poems, 1720, - - - - -	ib.	A Satirical Elegy on the Death of a late Famous General, - - - - -	60
To Stella, visiting me in my Sickness, 1720, - - - - -	41	Dean Smedley's Petition to the Duke of Grafton, - - - - -	61
An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, - - - - -	42	The Duke's Answer. By Dr. Swift, -	ib.
Epitaph on a Miser, - - - - -	ib.	Verses by Stella, - - - - -	62
To Mrs. Houghton of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift, -	ib.	Jealousy. By the same, - - - - -	ib.
Verses written on a Window, at the Deanry House, St. Patrick's, - - - - -	43	Dr. Delany's Villa, - - - - -	ib.
On another Window, - - - - -	ib.	On one of the Windows at Delville, -	ib.
Apollo to the Dean, 1720, - - - - -	ib.	Carberia Rupes in Comitatu corgagenci, 1723, - - - - -	63
News from Parnassus. By Dr. Delany, -	44	Carberry Rocks. Translated by Dr. Dunkin, - - - - -	ib.
The Run upon the Bankers, 1720, - -	ib.	Upon the horrid Plot discovered by Harlequin, the Bishop of Rochester's French Dog. In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory, 1723, - - - - -	ib.
An Excellent New Song, on a Seditious Pamphlet, 1720, - - - - -	45	Stella at Wood-Park, - - - - -	64
The Progress of Beauty, 1720, - - -	46	Copy of the Birth-Day Verses on Mr. Ford, - - - - -	65
The Progress of Poetry, - - - - -	47	Joan cudgels Ned, 1723, - - - - -	66
The South-Sea Project, 1721, - - -	ib.	A Quibbling Elegy on Judge Boat, 1723, -	ib.
The Dog and Shadow, - - - - -	49	Pethox the Great, - - - - -	ib.
To a Friend, who had been much abused in many different Libels, - - - - -	ib.	Mary the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan, 1723, - - - - -	67
Billet to the Company of Players, - -	ib.	A New-year's Gift for Bec, 1723-4, -	68
Epigram, - - - - -	50	Dingley and Brent. A Song, - - -	ib.
Prologue to a Play for the Benefit of the Distressed Weavers. By Dr. Sheridan, -	50	To Stella. Written on the Day of her Birth, but not on the Subject, when the Author was sick in Bed, - - - - -	ib.
Epilogue. By the Dean, - - - - -	ib.	On Dreams. An Imitation of Petronius, -	ib.
A Poem, by Dr. Delany, on the preceding Prologue and Epilogue, - - - - -	51	Whitfield's Motto on his Coach, 1724, -	69
On Gaultstown House. By Dr. Delany, -	ib.	Sent by Dr. Delany to Dr. Swift, in order to be admitted to speak to him when he was deaf, 1724, - - - - -	ib.
The Country Life, - - - - -	ib.	The Answer, - - - - -	ib.
Thomas Sheridan, Clerk, to George Nim-Nan-Dean, Esq. - - - - -	52	A Quiet Life and a Good Name. To a Friend who Married a Shrew, 1724, -	70
George Nim-Nan-Dean's Answer, - - -	59	The Birth-Day of Manly Virtue. Inscribed to Lord Carteret, 1724, - - -	ib.
George Nim-Nan-Dean's Invitation to Thomas Sheridan, - - - - -	ib.	Verses on the upright Judge who condemned the Drapier's Printer, - - - - -	71
To George Nim-Nan-Dean, Esq. upon his incomparable Verses, &c. - - - - -	54	On the same, - - - - -	ib.
To Mr. Thomas Sheridan, upon his Verses written in Circles, - - - - -	ib.	On the same. (The Judge speaks,) -	71
On Dr. Sheridan's Circular Verses. By George Rochfort, - - - - -	55	Riddles by Dr. Swift and his Friends. Written in or about the Year 1724, -	ib.
On Dean Jackson's Picture, - - - -	ib.	A Receipt to restore Stella's Youth, 1724-5, -	77
On the same Picture, - - - - -	ib.	Stella's Birth-day, 1724-5, - - - -	78
Dan Jackson's Defence, - - - - -	56	An Epigram on Wood's Brags Money, -	ib.
Mr. Rochfort's Reply, - - - - -	ib.	A Simile, on our want of Silver; and the only way to remedy it, 1725, - - -	ib.
Dr. Delany's Reply, - - - - -	57		
Sheridan's Reply, - - - - -	ib.		
A Rejoinder, by the Dean, in Jackson's name, - - - - -	ib.		
Another Rejoinder, by the Dean, in Jackson's name, - - - - -	58		
Sheridan's Submission. By the Dean, -	ib.		
To the Rev. Daniel Jackson. To be hum-			

CONTENTS.

903

	Page		Page
Wood, an Insect, 1725, - - - - -	79	Cantata, - - - - -	97
On Wood the Iron-monger, 1725, - - -	ib.	Epitaph at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, -	ib.
Will Wood's Petition to the People of Ire-	ib.	My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint	ib.
land, - - - - -	ib.	against the Dean, July 28. 1728, - - -	ib.
A New Song on Wood's Halfpence, - -	80	A Pastoral Dialogue, - - - - -	99
A Serious Poem upon William Wood, Bra-		On the Five Ladies at Sots-Hole, with the	
zier, Tiuker, Hardwareman, Coiner,		Doctor at their Head. Sent as from an	
Founder, and Esquire, - - - - -	81	Officer in the Army, - - - - -	100
To Dr. Sheridan, - - - - -	ib.	The Five Lady's Answer to the Beau, with	
To Quilca, a Country-house of Dr. Sheri-		the Wig and Wings at his Head, - - -	ib.
dan, in no very good Repair, 1725, - -	82	The Beau's Reply to the Five Ladies' An-	
The Blessings of a Country Life, 1725, -	ib.	swer, - - - - -	ib.
The Plagues of a Country Life, - - -	ib.	The Journal of a Modern Lady. In a Let-	
Dr. Sheridan to Dr. Swift, - - - - -	ib.	ter to a Person of Quality, 1728. - - -	101
A Portrait from Life, - - - - -	ib.	A Dialogue between Mad Mullinix and Ti-	
Upon Stealing a Crown when the Dean was		mothy, 1728, - - - - -	103
asleep. By Dr. Sheridan, - - - - -	83	Tim and the Fables, - - - - -	105
The Dean's Answer, - - - - -	ib.	Tom Mullinix and Dick, - - - - -	ib.
The Storm: Minerva's Petition, - - -	ib.	Dick. A Maggot, - - - - -	106
Ode on Science, - - - - -	84	Clad all in Brown. To Dick. Imitated	
Stella's Birth-Day, March 13, 1726, - -	ib.	from Cowley, - - - - -	ib.
Horace, Book I. Ode XIV. paraphrased,		Dick's Variety, - - - - -	ib.
and inscribed to Ireland, 1726, - - -	85	An Epistle to General Gorges and Lady	
Verses on the sudden drying up of St. Pa-		Meath, - - - - -	ib.
trick's Well, New Trinity College, Dub-		Verses on I know not what, - - - - -	107
lin, 1726, - - - - -	ib.	Dr. Swift's Complaint on his own Deafness.	
On reading Dr. Young's Satires, called the		With an Answer, - - - - -	107
Universal Passion, by which he means		Dr. Swift to himself, on St. Cecilia's Day, -	ib.
Pride, 1726, - - - - -	86	On Pady's Character of the Intelligencer, -	ib.
The Dog and Thief, 1726, - - - - -	87	Parody on a Character of Dean Smedley.	
Advice to the Grub-Street Verse Writers,		Written in Latin by himself, - - - - -	108
1726, - - - - -	ib.	Paulus. By Mr. Lindsay, - - - - -	ib.
To a Lady, who desired the Author to		The Answer. By Dr. Swift, - - - - -	ib.
write some Verses upon her in the He-		A Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer	
roic Style. Written at London in		and Dr. Jonathan Swift. In allusion to	
1726, - - - - -	ib.	Horace, Book II. Sat. I. - - - - -	109
A Young Lady's Complaint for the stay of		On Burning a dull Poem, 1729, - - - - -	110
the Dean in England, 1726, - - - - -	90	An Epistle to his Excellency John Lord	
A Letter to the Dean, when in England,		Carteret. By Dr. Delany, 1729. - - -	ib.
1726, - - - - -	ib.	An Epistle on an Epistle from a certain	
Palenodia. Horace, Book I. Ode XVI. -	90	Doctor to a certain great Lord. Being a	
Bec's Birth-day, Nov. 8. 1726, - - -	91	Christmas-box for Dr. Delany, - - - - -	111
On the Collar of Tiger, Mrs. Dingley's Lap-		A Libel on the Reverend Dr. Delany, and	
Dog, - - - - -	ib.	his Excellency John Lord Cateret, 1729. -	112
Epigrams on Windows. Most of them		To Dr. Delany, on the Libels written against	
written in 1726. - - - - -	ib.	him, - - - - -	113
To Janus, on the New Year's-Day, - -	92	Directions for making a Birth-day Song,	
A Pastoral Dialogue. Written after the		1729, - - - - -	115
news of the King's Death, - - - - -	ib.	Bouts Rimes. On Signora Domitilla, -	117
Desire and Possession, 1727, - - - - -	94	Helter Skelter: or, the Hue and Cry after	
The Furniture of a Woman's Mind, 1727, -	ib.	the Attornies upon their Riding the Cir-	
Clever Tom Clinch going to be Hanged,		cuit, - - - - -	ib.
1727, - - - - -	95	The Logicians Refuted, - - - - -	118
Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope, while he was writ-		The Puppet Show - - - - -	ib.
ing the Dunciad, - - - - -	ib.	The grand Question debated: Whether	
A Love Poem from a Physician to his Mis-		Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a	
treffs. Written at London in the year		Barrack or a Malt House, 1729, - - -	119
1727, - - - - -	ib.	To Dr. Swift. By Sir Arthur Acheson, -	121
Dean Swift at Sir Arthur Acheson's in the		Drapier's Hill, - - - - -	ib.
North of Ireland, - - - - -	96	The Dean's Reasons for not Building at	
On a very old Glass at Market-hill, - -	ib.	Drapier's-Hill, - - - - -	ib.
Answered Extempore by Dr. Swift, - - -	ib.	A Panegyric on the Dean, in the Person of	
On Cutting down the old Thorn at Market-		a Lady in the North, 1730, - - - - -	122
hill, - - - - -	ib.	Twelve Articles, - - - - -	123

	Page		Page
The Revolution at Market-Hill, 1730, -	125	The Parson's Case, -	150
Traulus. A Dialogue between Tom and Robin, 1730, -	126	The Hardship upon the Ladies, 1732, -	ib.
Robin and Harry, -	128	A Love Song, in the Modern Taste, 1733, -	ib.
To Betty the Grizete, 1730, -	128	On the words Brother Protestant and Fellow Christians, so familiarly used by the Advocates for the repeal of the Test-Act in Ireland, 1733, -	151
Death and Daphne. To an agreeable Young Lady but extremely Lean, 1730, -	ib.	The Yahoo's Overthrow; or, the Kevan Bayl's new Ballad, upon Serjeant Kite's insulting the Dean, -	ib.
Daphne, -	129	On the Archbishop of Cashel, and Bettlesworth, -	152
The Pheasant and the Lark. A Fable. By Dr. Delany, 1730, -	ib.	On Poetry. A Rhapsody, 1733, -	ib.
Answer to Dr. Delany's Fable of the Pheasant and the Lark, -	131	Horace, Book IV. Ode XIX. imitated. To Humphrey French, Esq. 1733. -	156
On the Irish Club, -	132	A new Simile for the Ladies. By Dr. Sheridan, 1733, -	157
The Progress of Marriage, -	ib.	Answer by Dr. Swift, -	ib.
An excellent new Ballad; or, the True English Dean to be Hanged for a Rape, 1730, -	133	A Vindication of the Libel; or, a new Ballad, written by a Shoe-boy, on an Attorney who was formerly a Shoe-boy, -	158
On Stephen Duck, the Thresher and favourite Poet. A Quibbling Epigram, 1730, -	134	A friendly Apology for a certain Justice of Peace. By way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinson, Esq. -	159
The Lady's Dressing-room, 1730. -	ib.	Dr. Sheridan's Ballad on Ballyspellin, -	ib.
The Power of Time, 1730 -	135	Answer by Dr. Swift, -	160
On Mr. Pulteney's being put out of the Council, 1731, -	ib.	Horace, part of Book I. Sat. VI. Paraphrased, -	161
Epitaph on Frederick Duke of Scomberg, 1731, -	136	On a Printer's being sent to Newgate, -	ib.
Cassius and Peter. A Tragical Elegy, 1731, -	ib.	The Day of Judgment, -	ib.
A Beautiful Young Nymph going to Bed. Written for the honour of the Fair Sex, 1731, -	137	Verses sent to the Dean on his Birth-day, with Pine's Horace, finely Bound. By Dr. T. Sican, -	ib.
Strephon and Chloe, 1731, -	ib.	On Psyche, -	162
Apollo; or, a Problem solved, 1731, -	140	The Dean and Duke, 1734, -	ib.
The Place of the Damned, 1731, -	ib.	On Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, -	ib.
Judas, 1731, -	ib.	Epigram, -	163
An Epistle to Mr. Gay, 1731, -	ib.	A Character, Panegyric, and Description of the Legion-Club, 1736. -	ib.
On the Irish Bishops, 1731, -	142	An Apology, &c. -	165
On the Death of Dr. Swift, -	ib.	The Dean's manner of Living, -	166
An Epistle to two Friends. To Dr. Helsham, -	146	Verses made for Fruit-Women, &c. -	ib.
To Dr. Sheridan, -	147	On Rover, a Lady's Spaniel. Instructions to a Painter, -	167
Dr. Helsham's Answer, -	ib.	Ay and No. A Tale from Dublin, 1737, -	ib.
Epigram on the Busts in Richmond Hermitage, 1732, -	ib.	Dr. Swift's Answer to a Friend's Question, -	ib.
Another, -	ib.	Apollo's Edict, -	ib.
A Conclusion drawn from the above Epigrams, and sent to the Drapier, -	ib.	Epigram, -	168
Dr. Swift's Answer, -	ib.	Epigrams occasioned by Swift's intended Hospital for Idiots and Lunatics, -	ib.
To the Reverend Dr. Swift, with a present of a Paper Book, finely bound on his Birth-day, Nov. 30. 1732. By John Earl of Orrery, -	ib.	On the Dean of St. Patrick's Birth-day, Nov. 30 St. Andrew's day, -	ib.
Verses left with a Silver Standish on the Dean of St. Patrick's Desk, on his Birth-day. By Dr. Delany, -	148	Epistle to Robert Nugent, Esq. with a Picture of Dean Swift. By Dr. Dunkin, -	169
Verses occasioned by the foregoing Presents, -	ib.	Inscription intended for a Monument, 1765, -	170
The Beasts Confession to the Priest, on observing how most Men mistake their own Talents, 1732, -	ib.	Epigram occasioned by the above Inscription, -	ib.
Advice to a Parson, 1722. -	150		

CONTENTS

203

WORKS OF THOMSON.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life	174	To Dr. Delacour, in Ireland. On his Prof-	
THE SEASONS.		pect of Poetry,	273
Spring, 1728,	181	Song,	274
Summer, 1727,	190	Verfes address'd to Miss Young,	ib.
Autumn, 1730,	204	A Poem facred to the Memory of Sir Isaac	
Winter, 1726,	215	Newton. Inſcribed to the Right Ho-	
A Hymn,	223	nourable Sir Robert Walpole,	ib.
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, AN ALLEGORICAL		A Poem to the Memory of the Right Ho-	
POEM.		nourable Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor	
Advertiſement,	225	of Great Britain. Addreſſed to his Son,	276
Explanation of Obſolete Words,	ib.	To his Royal Highneſs the Prince of	
Canto I.	226	Wales,	278
Canto II.	232	Ode,	279
BRITANNIA a, POEM,	239	Epitaph on Miſs Stanley, in Holyrood	
LIBERTY, a POEM, IN FIVE PARTS.		Church, Southampton,	ib.
Dedication to his Royal Highneſs Frederick		To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of	
Prince of Wales,	242	Stradiſhall, in Suffolk, 1738.	ib.
Part I.—Ancient and Modern Italy com-		A Paraphraſe on the latter part of the	
pared,	ib.	Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew,	ib.
Part II.—Greece,	246	The Incomparable Soporific Doctor,	280
Part III.—Rome,	250	The Happy Man,	ib.
Part IV.—Britain,	255	On the report of a Wooden Bridge to be	
Part V.—The Proſpect,	266	built at Weſtmiſter,	ib.
ELEGIES, SONGS, &c.		Songs,	ib.
Elegy on the Death of his Mother. From a		A Nuptial Song, intended to have been in-	
MS. in the Collection of the Earl of Bu-		ſerted in the fourth Act of Sophoniſba, a	
chan,	272	Tragedy,	281
Elegy on the Death of Mr. Aikman the		Ode,	ib.
Painter. From the ſame,	273	To Seraphina. Ode,	ib.
Song. Written in his early Years, and after-		Ode on Æolus's Harp,	282
wards ſhap'd for his Amanda. From the		Hymn on Solitude,	ib.
ſame,	ib.	Prologue to Mr. Mallet's Muſtapha,	ib.
		Dennis to Mr. Thomſon, who had procur'd	
		him a Benefit-Night,	283
		Epitaph on Mr. Thomſon,	ib.

WORKS OF WATTS.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life,	287	HORÆ LYRICÆ.	
RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.		BOOK I.—Sacred to Devotion and Piety.	
On reading Mr. Watts's Poems, ſacred to-		Worſhipping with Fear,	303
Piety and Devotion. By Eufebia,	293	Aſking leave to Sing,	ib.
To Mr Watts, on his Poems. By Philo-		Divine Judgments,	ib.
mela,	ib.	Earth and Heaven,	304
To Mr. Watts, on reading his Horæ Lyricæ.		Felicity Above,	ib.
By Joſeph Standen,	294	Self Conſecration,	305
To Mr Watts, on his Divine Poems. By		The Creator and Creatures,	ib.
Henry Grove,	ib.	The Nativity of Chriſt,	ib.
To Dr. Watts, on the Fifth Edition of his		God Glorious, and Sinners ſaved,	306
Horæ Lyricæ. By Britannicus,	ib.	The humble Inquiry. A French Sonnet imi-	
Preface,	296	rated, 1695.	ib.
		The Penitent Pardoned,	ib.

	Page		Page
The Revolution at Market-Hill, 1730, -	125	The Parson's Case, -	150
Traulus. A Dialogue between Tom and Robin, 1730, -	126	The Hardship upon the Ladies, 1732, -	ib.
Robin and Harry, -	128	A Love Song, in the Modern Taste, 1733, -	ib.
To Betty the Grizete, 1730, -	128	On the words Brother Protestant and Fellow Christians, so familiarly used by the Advocates for the repeal of the Test-Act in Ireland, 1733, -	151
Death and Daphne. To an agreeable Young Lady but extremely Lean, 1730, -	ib.	The Yahoo's Overthrow; or, the Kevan Bayl's new Ballad, upon Serjeant Kite's insulting the Dean, -	ib.
Daphne, -	129	On the Archbishop of Cashel, and Bettlesworth, -	152
The Pheasant and the Lark. A Fable. By Dr. Delany, 1730, -	ib.	On Poetry. A Rhapsody, 1733, -	ib.
Answer to Dr. Delany's Fable of the Pheasant and the Lark, -	131	Horace, Book IV. Ode XIX. imitated. To Humphrey French, Esq. 1733. -	156
On the Irish Club, -	132	A new Simile for the Ladies. By Dr. Sheridan, 1733, -	157
The Progress of Marriage, -	ib.	Answer by Dr. Swift, -	ib.
An excellent new Ballad; or, the True English Dean to be Hanged for a Rape, 1730, -	133	A Vindication of the Libel; or, a new Ballad, written by a Shoe-boy, on an Attorney who was formerly a Shoe-boy, -	158
On Stephen Duck, the Thresher and favourite Poet. A Quibbling Epigram, 1730, -	134	A friendly Apology for a certain Justice of Peace. By way of Defence of Hartley Hutchinson, Esq. -	159
The Lady's Dressing-room, 1730. -	ib.	Dr. Sheridan's Ballad on Ballyspellin, -	ib.
The Power of Time, 1730 -	135	Answer by Dr. Swift, -	160
On Mr. Pulteney's being put out of the Council, 1731, -	ib.	Horace, part of Book I. Sat. VI. Paraphrased, -	161
Epitaph on Frederick Duke of Scomberg, 1731, -	136	On a Printer's being sent to Newgate, -	ib.
Cassius and Peter. A Tragical Elegy, 1731, -	ib.	The Day of Judgment, -	ib.
A Beautiful Young Nymph going to Bed. Written for the honour of the Fair Sex, -	137	Verses sent to the Dean on his Birth-day, with Pine's Horace, finely Bound. By Dr. T. Sican, -	ib.
Strephon and Chloe, 1731, -	ib.	On Psyche, -	162
Apollo; or, a Problem solved, 1731, -	140	The Dean and Duke, 1734, -	ib.
The Place of the Damned, 1731, -	ib.	On Dr. Rundle, Bishop of Derry, -	ib.
Judas, 1731, -	ib.	Epigram, -	163
An Epistle to Mr. Gay, 1731, -	ib.	A Character, Panegyric, and Description of the Legion-Club, 1736. -	ib.
On the Irish Bishops, 1731, -	142	An Apology, &c. -	165
On the Death of Dr. Swift, -	ib.	The Dean's manner of Living, -	166
An Epistle to two Friends. To Dr. Helsham, -	146	Verses made for Fruit-Women, &c. -	ib.
To Dr. Sheridan, -	147	On Rover, a Lady's Spaniel. Instructions to a Painter, -	167
Dr. Helsham's Answer, -	ib.	Ay and No. A Tale from Dublin, 1737, -	ib.
Epigram on the Busts in Richmond Hermitage, 1732, -	ib.	Dr. Swift's Answer to a Friend's Question, -	ib.
Another, -	ib.	Apollo's Edict, -	ib.
A Conclusion drawn from the above Epigrams, and sent to the Drapier, -	ib.	Epigram, -	168
Dr. Swift's Answer, -	ib.	Epigrams occasioned by Swift's intended Hospital for Idiots and Lunatics, -	ib.
To the Reverend Dr. Swift, with a present of a Paper Book, finely bound on his Birth-day, Nov. 30. 1732. By John Earl of Orrery, -	ib.	On the Dean of St. Patrick's Birth-day, Nov. 30. St. Andrew's day, -	ib.
Verses left with a Silver Standish on the Dean of St. Patrick's Desk, on his Birth-day. By Dr. Delany, -	148	Epistle to Robert Nugent, Esq. with a Picture of Dean Swift. By Dr. Dunkin, -	169
Verses occasioned by the foregoing Presents, -	ib.	Inscription intended for a Monument, 1765, -	170
The Beasts Confession to the Priest, on observing how most Men mistake their own Talents, 1732, -	ib.	Epigram occasioned by the above Inscription, -	ib.
Advice to a Parson, 1722. -	150		

CONTENTS:

203

WORKS OF THOMSON.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life	174	To Dr. Delacour, in Ireland. On his Prof-	
THE SEASONS.		pect of Poetry,	273
Spring, 1728,	181	Song,	274
Summer, 1727,	190	Verfes address'd to Miss Young,	ib.
Autumn, 1730,	204	A Poem facred to the Memory of Sir Isaac	
Winter, 1726,	215	Newton. Inſcribed to the Right Ho-	
A Hymn,	223	nourable Sir Robert Walpole,	ib.
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, AN ALLEGORICAL		A Poem to the Memory of the Right Ho-	
POEM.		nourable Lord Talbot, Lord Chancellor	
Adverſement,	225	of Great Britain. Addreſſed to his Son,	276
Explanation of Obſelete Words,	ib.	To his Royal Highneſs the Prince of	
Canto I.	226	Wales,	278
Canto II.	232	Ode,	279
BRITANNIA a, POEM,	239	Epitaph on Miſs Stanley, in Holyrood	
LIBERTY, a POEM, IN FIVE PARTS.		Church, Southampton,	ib.
Dedication to his Royal Highneſs Frederick		To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of	
Prince of Wales,	242	Stradiſhall, in Suffolk, 1738.	ib.
Part I.—Ancient and Modern Italy com-		A Paraphraſe on the latter part of the	
pared,	ib.	Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew,	ib.
Part II.—Greece,	246	The Incomparable Soporific Doctor,	280
Part III.—Rome,	250	The Happy Man,	ib.
Part IV.—Britain,	255	On the report of a Wooden Bridge to be	
Part V.—The Proſpect,	266	built at Weſtmiſter,	ib.
ELEGIES, SONGS, &c.		Songs,	ib.
Elegy on the Death of his Mother. From a		A Nuptial Song, intended to have been in-	
MS. in the Collection of the Earl of Bu-		ſerted in the fourth Act of Sophoniſba, a	
chan,	272	Tragedy,	281
Elegy on the Death of Mr. Aikman the		Ode,	ib.
Painter. From the ſame,	273	To Seraphina. Ode,	ib.
Song. Written in his early Years, and after-		Ode on Æolus's Harp,	282
wards ſhaped for his Amanda. From the		Hymn on Solitude,	ib.
ſame,	ib.	Prologue to Mr. Mallet's Muſtapha,	ib.
		Dennis to Mr. Thomson, who had procured	
		him a Benefit-Night,	283
		Epitaph on Mr. Thomson,	ib.

WORKS OF WATTS.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life,	287	HORÆ LYRICÆ.	
RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.		BOOK I.—Sacred to Devotion and Piety.	
On reading Mr. Watts's Poems, ſacred to-		Worſhipping with Fear,	303
Piety and Devotion. By Eufebia,	293	Aſking leave to Sing,	ib.
To Mr. Watts, on his Poems. By Philo-		Divine Judgments,	ib.
mela,	ib.	Earth and Heaven,	304
To Mr. Watts, on reading his Horæ Lyricæ.		Felicity Above,	ib.
By Joſeph Standen,	294	Self Conſecration,	305
To Mr. Watts, on his Divine Poems. By		The Creator and Creatures,	ib.
Henry Grove,	ib.	The Nativity of Chriſt,	ib.
To Dr. Watts, on the Fifth Edition of his		God Glorious, and Sinners ſaved,	306
Horæ Lyricæ. By Britannicus,	ib.	The humble Inquiry. A French Sonnet imi-	
Preface,	296	tated, 1695.	ib.
		The Penitent Pardoned,	ib.

	Page		Page
A Hymn of Praise for Three great Salvations.—1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1688.—2. From the Gun-Powder-Plot, Nov. 5.—3. From Popery and Slavery, by King William of glorious Memory, who landed, Nov. 5. 1688. Composed Nov. 5. 1695, - - - - -	307	their Burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram, - - - - -	322
The Incomprehensible, - - - - -	ib.	The Answer by a French Protestant, - - - - -	ib.
Death and Eternity, - - - - -	308	The Happy Rivals. Devotion and the Muse, - - - - -	ib.
A sight of Heaven in Sicknes, - - - - -	ib.	<i>The following POEMS of this BOOK are peculiarly dedicated to DIVINE LOVE.</i>	
The Universal Hallelujah, Psalm cxlviii. Paraphrased, - - - - -	ib.	The Hazard of Loving the Creatures, - - - - -	323
The Atheist's Mistake, - - - - -	309	Desiring to Love Christ, - - - - -	324
The Law given at Sinai, - - - - -	ib.	The Heart given away, - - - - -	ib.
Remember your Creator, &c. Eccl. xii. - - - - -	310	Meditation in a Grove, - - - - -	ib.
Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise ye the Lord, - - - - -	311	The Fairest and the only Beloved, - - - - -	ib.
The welcome Messenger, - - - - -	ib.	Mutual Love stronger than Death, - - - - -	325
Sincere Praise, - - - - -	ib.	A Sight of Christ, - - - - -	ib.
True Learning. Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of Mr. Poiret, - - - - -	312	Love on a Cross, and a Throne, - - - - -	326
True Wisdom, - - - - -	ib.	A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper. In imitation of Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3. - - - - -	ib.
A Song to Creating Wisdom, - - - - -	ib.	Converse with Christ, - - - - -	ib.
God's absolute Dominion, - - - - -	313	Grace shining, and Nature fainting. Sol. Song, i. 3. & ii. 5. & vi. 5. - - - - -	327
Condescending Grace. In imitation of cxivth Psalm, - - - - -	314	Love to Christ Present or Absent, - - - - -	ib.
The Infinite, - - - - -	ib.	The Absence of Christ, - - - - -	ib.
Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, Praise ye the Lord, Psalm cxlviii. 12. - - - - -	315	Desiring his Descent to Earth, - - - - -	328
Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, Praise ye the Lord, Psalm cxlviii. 10. - - - - -	315	Ascending to him in Heaven, - - - - -	ib.
The Comparison and Complaint, - - - - -	ib.	The Presence of God worth Dying for: or the Death of Moses, - - - - -	ib.
God Supreme and Self-sufficient, - - - - -	316	Long for his Return, - - - - -	ib.
Jesus the only Saviour, - - - - -	ib.	Hope in Darknes, - - - - -	329
Looking upward, - - - - -	ib.	Come, Lord Jesus, - - - - -	ib.
Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning, - - - - -	ib.	Bewailing my own Inconstancy, - - - - -	ib.
The God of Thunder, - - - - -	317	The Conclusion. God exalted above all Praise, - - - - -	330
The Day of Judgment. An Ode. Attempted in English Sapphick, - - - - -	ib.	BOOK II.— <i>Sacred to Honour, Virtue, and Friendship.</i>	
The Song of Angels above, - - - - -	ib.	Dedication to her Majesty, - - - - -	330
Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, Praise ye the Lord, - - - - -	318	Palinodia, - - - - -	331
The Farewell, - - - - -	ib.	To John Looke, Esq. retired from Business, - - - - -	ib.
God only known to Himself, - - - - -	317	To John Shute, Esq. (afterwards Lord Barrington). On Mr. Locke's dangerous Sicknes, sometime after he had retired to study the Scriptures, June 1704, - - - - -	332
Pardon and Sanctification, - - - - -	ib.	To Mr. William Nokes. Friendship, 1702, - - - - -	ib.
Sovereignty and Grace, - - - - -	ib.	To Nathaniel Gould, Esq. afterward Sir Nathaniel Gould, 1704, - - - - -	ib.
The Law and Gospel, - - - - -	ib.	To Dr. Thomas Gibson. The Life of Souls, 1704, - - - - -	ib.
Seeking a Divine Calm in a restless World, - - - - -	320	False Greatness, - - - - -	333
Happy Frailty, - - - - -	ib.	To Sarissa. An Epistle, - - - - -	ib.
Launching into Eternity, - - - - -	ib.	To Mr. T. Bradbury. Paradise, 1708, - - - - -	334
A Prospect of the Resurrection, - - - - -	ib.	Strict Religion very Rare, - - - - -	ib.
Ad Dominum nostrum et Servatorem Jesum Christum. Oda, - - - - -	321	To Mr. C. and S. Fleetwood, - - - - -	335
Sui-Ipsius Increpatio. Epigramma, - - - - -	ib.	To Mr. William Blackbourne, Esq. Casimire, Lib. II. Od. II. imitated, - - - - -	ib.
Excitatio Cordis Cælum Versus, 1694, - - - - -	322	True Monarchy, 1701, - - - - -	ib.
Breathing towards the Heavenly Country. Casimire, Book I. Ode XIX. imitated, - - - - -	ib.	True Courage, - - - - -	336
The Hundredth Epigram of Casimire. On Saint Ardalion, who from a Stage-Player became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom, - - - - -	ib.	Free Philosophy. To the much honoured Mr. Thomas Rowe, the Director of my Youthful Studies, - - - - -	ib.
When the Protestant Church at Montpellier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protestants laid Stones up in		To the Reverend Mr. John Howe, 1704, - - - - -	337
		The Disappointment and Relief, - - - - -	ib.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
The Hero's School of Mortality, - - -	338	On the sudden Death of Mrs. Mary Peacock. An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condolence to Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amsterdam, - - -	356
Freedom, 1697, - - -	ib.	Epitaphium Viri Venerabilis Dom. N. Mather, - - -	ib.
On Mr. Locke's Annotations, upon several parts of the New Testament, left behind him at his Death, - - -	ib.	To the Reverend Mr. John Shower, on the Death of his Daughter Mrs. Anne Warner, - - -	357
True Riches, - - -	339	On the Death of an Aged and Honourable relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13. 1693, - - -	358
The Adventurous Muse, - - -	ib.	A Funeral Poem on the Death of Thomas Gunston, Esq. Presented to the Right Honourable the Lady Abney, Lady Mayorefs of London, July 1701, - - -	359
To Mr. Nicholas Clarke. The Complaint, - - -	340	An Elegy on Mr. Thomas Gouge. To Mr. Arthur Shallet, - - -	363
The Afflictions of a Friend, - - -	ib.		
The Reverse; or, The Comforts of a Friend, - - -	341	DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.	
To the Right Honourable Lord John Cutts, at the Siege of Namur. The Hardy Soldier, - - -	ib.	Preface.—To all that are concerned in the Education of Children, - - -	365
Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c. 1708, - - -	ib.	Song I. A general Song of Praise to God, - - -	366
Few Happy Matches. Aug. 1701, - - -	342	Song II. Praise for Creation and Providence, - - -	ib.
To David Polhill, Esq. An Epistle, Dec. 1702, - - -	ib.	Song III. Praise to God for our Redemption, - - -	367
The Celebrated Victory of the Poles over Osman the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian Battle. Translated from Casimire, Book IV. Ode IV. with large Additions, - - -	343	Song IV. Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal, - - -	ib.
To Mr. Henry Bendysh, Aug. 24. 1725, - - -	344	Song V. Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land, - - -	ib.
The Indian Philosopher, Sept. 3. 1701, - - -	345	Song VI. Praise for the Gospel, - - -	ib.
The Happy Man, - - -	ib.	Song VII. The Excellency of the Bible, - - -	ib.
To David Polhill, Esq. An Answer to an infamous Satyr, called "Advice to a Painter;" written by a nameless Author, against King William III. of glorious Memory, 1698, - - -	346	Song VIII. Praise to God for learning to Read, - - -	368
To the Disconcerted and Unquiet. Imitated partly from Casimire, Book IV. Ode XV. - - -	347	Song IX. The All-Seeing God, - - -	ib.
To John Hartopp, Esq. - - -	ib.	Song X. Solemn Thoughts of God and Death, - - -	ib.
Thomas Gunston, Esq. Happy Solitude. Casimire, Book IV. Ode XII. imitated, - - -	348	Song XI. Heaven and Hell, - - -	ib.
To John Hartopp, Esq. The Disdain, 1700, - - -	ib.	Song XII. The Advantages of early Religion, - - -	369
To Mitio, my Friend. An Epistle, - - -	349	Song XIII. The Danger of Delay, - - -	ib.
On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, just after Mr. Dryden. An Epigram, 1700, - - -	352	Song XIV. Examples of early Piety, - - -	ib.
An Epigram of Martial to Cirinus. Inscribed to Mr. Josiah Horte, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland, 1694, - - -	ib.	Song XV. Against Lying, - - -	ib.
Epistola Fratri suo Dilecto, R. W. J. W. S. P. D. - - -	353	Song XVI. Against Quarreling and Fighting, - - -	370
Fratri E. W. olim Navigaturo, Sept. 30. 1691, - - -	ib.	Song XVII. Love between Brothers and Sisters, - - -	ib.
Ad reverendum virum Dominum Johannem Penhorne, Adolescentiæ meæ preceptorem, - - -	ib.	Song XVIII. Against Scoffing and calling Names, - - -	ib.
Votum, seu vita in terris beata, - - -	354	Song XIX. Against Swearing and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain, - - -	ib.
To Mrs. Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe. On the sight of some of her Divine Poems, never Printed. July 19. 1706, - - -	355	Song XX. Against Idleness and Mischief, - - -	371
Stanzas to Lady Sunderland, at Tunbridge Wells, 1712, - - -	ib.	Song XXI. Against evil Company, - - -	ib.
Book III.—Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.		Song XXII. Against Pride in Clothes, - - -	ib.
An Epitaph on King William III. of glorious Memory, who died March 8. 1701, - - -	ib.	Song XXIII. Obedience to Parents, - - -	ib.
		Song XXIV. The Child's Complaint, - - -	ib.
		Song XXV. A Morning Song, - - -	372
		Song XXVI. An Evening Song, - - -	ib.
		Song XXVII. For the Lord's-Day Morning, - - -	ib.
		Song XXVIII. For the Lord's-Day Evening, - - -	ib.
		The Ten Commandments, out of the Old	

	Page		Page
Testament, put into Short Rhyme for		A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS.	
Children, Exodus. Chap. xx.	372	The Sluggard,	373
The Sum of the Commandments, out of		Innocent Play,	ib.
the New Testament, Matth. xxii. 37	ib.	The Rose,	ib.
Our Saviour's Golden Rule, Matth. vii. 12.	ib.	The Thief,	374
Duty to God and our Neighbour,	ib.	The Ant, or Emmet,	ib.
The Hofannah; or, Salvation ascribed to		Good Resolutions,	ib.
Christ,	373	A Summer Evening,	ib.
Glory to the Father and the Son, &c.	ib.	A Cradle Hymn,	ib.

WORKS OF A. PHILIPS.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life,	379	To Miss Margaret Pulteney, Daughter of	
Dedication to his Grace Thomas Duke of		Daniel Pulteney, Esq. in the Nursery,	
Newcastle,	383	April 27. 1727,	399
Preface to the Pastoral Poems,	ib.	To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mo-	
PASTORAL POEMS.		ther's Arms, May 1. 1724,	ib.
The First Pastoral,	384	To the Right Honourable Robert Walpole,	
The Second Pastoral,	385	Esq. June 15. 1724,	ib.
The Third Pastoral,	386	Supplication for Miss Carteret, in the Small-	
The Fourth Pastoral,	387	pox, Dublin, July 31. 1725,	400
The Fifth Pastoral,	389	To Miss Georgiana, youngest Daughter to	
The Sixth Pastoral,	390	Lord Carteret, August 10. 1725,	ib.
The Stray Nymph,	391	EPIGRAMS, &c.	
The Happy Swain,	ib.	Upon the Toasts of the Hanover Club,	401
EPISTLES.		On a Company of bad Dancers to good	
To a Friend, who desired me to write on		Musie,	ib.
the Death of King William, April 20.		Epigram,	ib.
1702,	392	In Answer to the Question, What is	
From Holland, to a Friend in England,		Thought?	ib.
1703,	ib.	To Mr. Addison on Cato,	ib.
To the Earl of Dorset, Copenhagen, March		On Wit and Wisdom. A Fragment,	ib.
9. 1709,	393	Epitaph on the Monument of Penelope,	
To the Right Honourable Charles Lord		youngest Daughter to Robert Philips of	
Halifax, one of the Lords Justices ap-		Newton-Regis,	ib.
pointed by his Majesty, 1714,	ib.	The Fable of Thule, unfinished,	ib.
To the Honourable James Craggs, Esq. Se-		TRANSLATIONS.	
cretary at War, at Hampton Court,		The First Olympionique of Pindar. To	
1717,	394	Hiero of Syracuse, victorious in the	
To Lord Carteret, departing from Dublin,		Horse-race,	402
1726,	395	The Second Olympionique. To Theron of	
ODES.		Agrigentum, victorious in the Chariot-	
Songs,	396	race,	404
To Signor Cuzzoni, May 25. 1724,	ib.	The First Ode of Anacreon. On his Lute,	406
To the Memory of the late Earl of Halifax,		The Second Ode. On Women,	ib.
June 30. 1718,	396	The Third Ode. On Love,	ib.
To the Honourable Miss Carteret,	ib.	An Hymn to Venus. From the Greek of	
On the Death of the Right Honourable		Sappho,	407
William Earl Cowper, 1723,	397	A Fragment of Sappho,	ib.
To the Right Honourable William Pulte-		To Mr. Ambrose Philips, on his distressed	
ney, Esq. May 1, 1723,	398	Mother, anonymous, from Steele's Col-	
		lection,	ib.

CONTENTS.

WORKS OF HAMILTON.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life, - - - - -	411	Palinode, - - - - -	437
POEMS,		Horace, Book I. Ode VII. imitated. To the	
To a Young Lady, - - - - -	413	Earl of Stair, - - - - -	438
Contemplation, or, the Triumph of Love, -	ib.	Horace, Book I. Ode XI. imitated. To	
To the Countess of Eglintoun, with the		Miss Ersk—, - - - - -	ib.
Gentle Shepherd, 1726, - - - - -	417	Horace, Book I. Ode XXII. imitated. To	
Ode. To Fancy, - - - - -	419	R— S—, - - - - -	ib.
Ode, - - - - -	420	Horace, Book I. Ode XXIII. imitated. To	
Another, - - - - -	421	Miss D—, - - - - -	439
Ode on the New Year, 1739, - - - - -	ib.	Horace, Book I. Ode XXIV. imitated. To	
Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir, 1745, -	422	a Young Lady on the Death of her Fa-	
On seeing Lady Mary Montgomery sit to		ther, - - - - -	ib.
her Picture. In imitation of Spenser's		Horace, Book I. Ode XXII. imitated. To	
Style, - - - - -	423	his Lyre, - - - - -	ib.
Miss and the Butterfly. A Fable. In the		Horace, Book I. Ode XXIII. imitated, -	440
manner of the late Mr. Gay, - - - - -	ib.	Horace, Book II. Ode IV. imitated. To	
To a Lady, on her taking something ill		the E— M— of S— d, - - - - -	ib.
that the Author said, - - - - -	424	Horace, Book II. Ode XVI. imitated. To	
Upon hearing his Picture was in a Lady's		the Earl of M— t, - - - - -	441
Breast, - - - - -	ib.	Horace, Book IV. Ode IV. imitated, -	ib.
To a Young Lady, on her Singing, -	ib.	Horace, Book I. Epistle XVIII. imitated,	442
Songs, - - - - -	425	Pindar's Olympic, Ode I. translated, -	445
The Braes of Yarrow. In imitation of the		Ode II. - - - - -	447
ancient Scottish manner. To Lady Jane		The parting of Hector and Andromache.	
Home, - - - - -	426	From the Sixth Iliad of Homer, - - -	450
The Flowers of Yarrow. To Lady Mary		First Scene of the Philoctetes of Sophocles,	451
Montgomery, - - - - -	428	The Episode of Lausus and Mezentius.	
Songs, - - - - -	ib.	From the Tenth Book of Virgil's Æneis,	ib.
Epitaph on Lord Newhall, - - - - -	429	King Lear's Speech to Edgar, taking a	
Epitaph on Lord Binning, - - - - -	ib.	view of Man from the side of his mis-	
Epitaph on Sir James Suttie, - - - - -	ib.	eries, - - - - -	454
Epitaph on Mrs. Colquhoun of Luss, -	430	To a Swallow. From Anacreon, - - -	ib.
Epitaph on Mrs. Keith, - - - - -	ib.	To a Dove. From Anacreon, - - -	ib.
Epitaph on Mrs. Hepburn, - - - - -	ib.	The XIXth Ode of Anacreon, - - -	ib.
Epitaph on Miss Seton, interred in the		The XXth Ode of Anacreon, - - -	445
Chapel of Seton House, - - - - -	ib.	Love turned to Despair, - - - - -	ib.
Epitaph, - - - - -	ib.	The Youngest Grace. A Love Elegy. Ad-	
Epitaph on Mr. Cunningham of Craig-		dressed to a Lady who had just finished	
ends, - - - - -	ib.	her fifteenth Year, - - - - -	ib.
On a Summer House in my Garden, -	ib.	To Mrs. A. R. - - - - -	456
On a Dial in my Garden, - - - - -	431	To H. H. in the Assembly, - - - - -	457
On an Obelisk in my Garden, - - - - -	ib.	To a Gentleman going to Travel, - -	ib.
Inscription on a Dog, - - - - -	ib.	To Lady Mary Montgomery, - - -	459
The Wish, - - - - -	ib.	Part of the XIth Epistle of the First Book	
A Soliloquy. In imitation of Hamlet, -	ib.	of Horace, imitated, - - - - -	461
A Soliloquy. Wrote in June 1746, -	ib.	The Corycian Swain. From the Sixth Geor-	
A Serious Thought, - - - - -	432	gic of Virgil, - - - - -	ib.
Doves. A Fragment, - - - - -	ib.	The Rhone and the Arar, - - - - -	462
The Flowers. A Fragment, - - - - -	ib.	The Parody. By Mr. W—, - - - - -	ib.
The Episode of the Thistle, - - - - -	ib.	Song. To a Lady who ridiculed the Au-	
Speech of Randolph. A Fragment from		thor's Loves, - - - - -	ib.
Bruce, - - - - -	435	Epigram on a Lion enraged at seeing a Lad	
Horace, Book I. Ode V. imitated, - -	437	in the Highland Dress, - - - - -	ib.

	Page		Page
MITHRIDATES. After the manner of the		Epitaph on Mr. Basil Hamilton,	464
French Dramatic Rhyme of Racine,	ib.	Epitaph,	ib.
Epitaph on Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood,	464	Psalm LXV. imitated,	ib.

WORKS OF G. WEST.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life,	467	On the Abuse of Travelling. A Canto. In	
Dedication to the Right Honourable Wil-		imitation of Spenser,	481
liam Pitt, Esq. and to the Honourable		Education. Written in imitation of the Style	
Sir George Lyttleton, Bart.	471	and Manner of Spenser's Faery Queen.	
		Inscribed to Lady Langham, widow of	
		Sir John Langham, Bart.	486
		Father Francis's Prayer. Written in Lord	
		Westmoreland's Hermitage,	494
		A Description of the Cell,	ib.
		An Inscription in the Cell,	ib.
		Inscription on a Summer-House belonging	
		to Mr. West, at Wickham, in Kent,	ib.
		The Institution of the Order of the Garter;	
		a Dramatic Poem,	495

WORKS OF COLLINS.

	Page		Page
THE Author's Life,	511	Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy.	
		Written May 1745,	525
		Ode to Evening,	526
		Ode to Peace,	ib.
		The Manners. An Ode,	ib.
		The Passions. An Ode for Music,	527
		An Epistle addressed to Sir Thomas Han-	
		mer, on his Edition of Shakspeare's	
		Works,	528
		Dirge in Cymbeline,	529
		Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson,	530
		Verses written on a Paper containing a	
		piece of Bride-cake,	ib.
		Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the	
		Highlands of Scotland; considered as the	
		subject of Poetry. Inscribed to Mr. John	
		Home,	ib.
		Song. The sentiments borrowed from	
		Shakspeare,	533
		Observations on the Oriental Eclogues,	ib.
		Observations on the Odes, Descriptive and	
		Allegorical,	537

WORKS OF DYER.

	Page
THE Author's Life, - - -	547
POEMS.	
Grongar Hill, - - -	551
The Ruins of Rome, - - -	552
The FLEECE.—Book I. - - -	557
Book II. - - -	563
Book III. - - -	568

	Page
The Fleece.—Book IV. - - -	574
The Country Walk, - - -	579
The Inquiry, - - -	580
An Epistle to a famous Painter, - - -	581
To Aaron Hill, Esq. on his Poem called Gideon, - - -	ib.
To Mr. Savage, Son of the late Earl Rivers, - - -	582
An Epistle to a Friend in Town, - - -	ib.
To Mr. Dyer. By Clio. - - -	ib.

WORKS OF SHENSTONE.

	Page
THE Author's Life, - - -	583
ELEGIES WRITTEN ON MANY DIFFERENT OC- CASIONS. - - -	III
A Prefatory Essay on Elegy, - - -	593
Elegy I. He arrives at his retirement in the Country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of Simplicity, - - -	595
Elegy II. On posthumous reputation, - - -	596
Elegy III. On the untimely death of a cer- tain learned acquaintance, - - -	ib.
Elegy IV. Ophelia's Urn, - - -	ib.
Elegy V. He compares the turbulence of Love with the tranquility of Friendship, - - -	597
Elegy VI. To a Lady on the language of Birds, - - -	ib.
Elegy VII. He describes his vision of an ac- quaintance, - - -	ib.
Elegy VIII. He describes his early love of Poetry, and its consequences, - - -	598
Elegy IX. He describes his disinterestedness to a friend, - - -	599
Elegy X. To Fortune; suggesting his mo- tives for repining at her dispensations, - - -	ib.
Elegy XI. He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over, - - -	600
Elegy XII. His Recantation, - - -	ib.
Elegy XIII. To a friend, on some slight oc- casion estranged from him, - - -	601
Elegy XIV. Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to in- timate the advantages of his own, - - -	ib.
Elegy XV. In the memory of a private fa- mily in Worcestershire, - - -	602
Elegy XVI. He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation, - - -	603
Elegy XVII. He indulges the suggestions of Spleen, - - -	604

	Page
Elegy XVIII. He repeats the song of Colin, a discerning Shepherd; lamenting the state of the Woolen manufactory, - - -	604
Elegy XIX. Written in Spring 1743, - - -	605
Elegy XX. He compares his humble for- tune with the distress of others; and his subjection to Delia with the miserable servitude of an African slave, - - -	606
Elegy XXI. Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britains. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746, - - -	ib.
Elegy XXII. Written in the year - - -, when the rights of sepulture were so fre- quently violated, - - -	607
Elegy XXIII. Reflections suggested by his situation, - - -	608
Elegy XXIV. He takes occasion from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life, - - -	609
Elegy XXV. To Delia, with some flowers; complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune, - - -	ib.
Elegy XXVI. Describing the sorrows of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour, - - -	610

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

Rural Elegance. An Ode to the late Duchess of Somerset. Written 1750. - - -	611
Ode to Memory, 1748, - - -	613
The Princess Elizabeth: A Ballad alluding to a story recorded of her, when she was prisoner at Woodstock, 1554, - - -	614
Ode to a Young Lady, somewhat too solici- tous about her manner of expression, - - -	ib.
Nancy of the Vale. A Ballad, - - -	615
Ode to Indolence, - - -	ib.
Ode to Health, - - -	ib.

	Page		Page
To a Lady of Quality, fitting up her Library, 1738.	616	The Progress of Advice. A common Case,	632
Upon a Visit to the same, in Winter, 1748,	ib.	A Ballad,	633
An Irregular Ode after Sicknefs, 1749,	617	Slender's Ghost,	ib.
To a Lady, with some coloured patterns of Flowers, October 7. 1736.	618	The Invidious,	ib.
Written in a flower Book of the Author's own colouring, designed for Lady Plymouth,	ib.	The Price of an Equipage,	ib.
Anacreontic, 1738,	619	Hint from Voiture,	634
Ode. Written 1739,	ib.	Inscription, to the memory of A. L. Esq.	ib.
The Dying Kid,	ib.	To a Friend,	ib.
SONGS WRITTEN CHIEFLY BETWEEN THE YEARS 1737 and 1742.		The Poet and the Dun,	635
Song I. I told my nymph, &c.	620	Lines written at an Inn at Henley,	ib.
Song II. The Landscape,	ib.	A Simile,	ib.
Song III. Ye gentle nymphs, &c.	ib.	The Charms of Precedence. A Tale,	ib.
Song IV. The Sky-lark,	ib.	Ode to be performed by Dr. Brettle, and a Chorus of Hales-Owen Citizens,	637
Song V. On every tree, &c.	ib.	Cupid and Plutus,	ib.
Song VI. The attribute of Venus,	621	Epilogue to the Tragedy of Cleone,	638
Song VII. The lovely Delia smiles, &c.	ib.	MORAL PIECES.	
Song VIII. When bright Roxana, &c.	ib.	The Judgment of Hercules,	ib.
Song IX. Valentine's day,	ib.	The Progress of Taste; or the Fate of DELICACY. A Poem on the temper and studies of the Author; and how great a misfortune it is for a man of small estate to have much taste, —	
Song X. The fatal hours, &c.	ib.	Part I.	642
Song XI. Perhaps it is not love, &c.	622	Part II.	643
Song XII. O'er desert plains, &c.	ib.	Part III.	644
Song XIII. The Scholar's Relapse,	ib.	Part IV.	646
Song XIV. The Rose-bud,	ib.	Economy, a Rhapsody, addressed to young Poets, —	
Song XV. Winter, 1746,	ib.	Part I.	647
Song XVI. Daphne's Visit,	623	Part II.	649
Song XVII. Written in a collection of Bacchanalian Songs,	ib.	Part III.	651
Song XVIII. When bright Ophelia, &c.	ib.	The Ruin'd Abbey; or the Effects of Superstition,	652
Song XIX. Imitated from the French,	ib.	Love and Honour,	655
A Parody,	ib.	The School Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser,	658
The Halcyon,	ib.	Epitaph,	660
Ode,	624	INSCRIPTIONS.	
A Pastoral Ode. To the Hon. Sir Richard Lyttleton,	ib.	On a Tablet against a Root-House,	661
Verfes written towards the close of the year 1748. To William Lyttleton, Esq.	625	On an Urn,	ib.
Love and Music. Written at Oxford when young,	626	To Mr. Doddsley,	ib.
Comparison,	627	On the back of a Gothic Seat,	ib.
Ode to Cynthia, on the approach of Spring,	ib.	On the back of a Gothic Alcove,	ib.
Jemmy Dawson. A Ballad written about the time of his execution, 1745,	ib.	On a Seat under a spreading Beech,	662
A Pastoral Ballad, in Four Parts,	628	On a Seat,	ib.
LEVITIES; OR PIECES OF HUMOUR.		On the Affignation Seat,	ib.
On Miss M—s's Dancing, 1743,	630	On an Ornamented Urn, inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of the Author's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age,	ib.
Impromptu to Miss Utrecia Smith, on her not Dancing, 1743,	ib.	On a Seat,	ib.
Flirt and Phill; a decision for the Ladies,	ib.	On a Seat, at the bottom of a large Root, on the side of a slope,	ib.
Stanzas to the memory of an agreeable Lady; buried in marriage to a person underserving her,	ib.	On a small Obelisk in Virgil's Grove,	ib.
Colemira; a Culinary Eclogue,	ib.	On a Stone, by a Chalybeate Spring,	ib.
The Rape of the Trap. A Ballad, 1737,	631	On a Stone Seat, making part of a Cave	ib.
On certain Pastorals	632	On two Seats to two of his most particular Friends,	ib.
On Mr. C—, of Kidderminster's Poetry,	ib.	On a Statue of Venus de Medicis,	ib.
To the Virtuofos,	ib.	Intended to be written at the beginning of	
The Extent of Cookery,	ib.		

CONTENTS.

913

	Page
a collection of Flowers, which the Author coloured for Mrs. Jago	663
Proposed to Mr. Graves by the Author; as a proper Inscription for himself,	ib.
On an Urn in Hales Owen Church, in memory of the Author. By Mr. Graves,	ib.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

Written on a Ferme Ornée near Birmingham. By the late Lady Luxborough,	ib.
To the Author; at the Leafowes. By Mr. Graves,	ib.

	Page
Verfes received by the Post, from a Lady unknown, 1761,	664
On the discovery of an Echo at Edgbaston. By	ib.
To Mr. R. D. on the death of the Author,	ib.
Verfes written at the Gardens of the Author, near Birmingham, 1756,	665
To the Author, in his Sickness. By Mr. Woodhouse,	666
Verfes left on a seat. The hand unknown,	ib.
M. S. Gulielmi Shenstone,	ib.

WORKS OF MALLET.

	Page
THE Author's Life,	669
Dedication to the Right Honourable William Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of England,	679

POEMS.

Of Verbal Criticism,	680
Verfes presented to the Prince of Orange, on his visiting Oxford, in the year 1734,	682
Original copy of the Verfes occasioned by Dr. Frazer's rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen,	ib.
Prologue to the Siege of Damascus, spoken by Lord Sandwich,	683
Epilogue to the Brothers, a Tragedy, by Dr. Young,	ib.
Prologue to Mr. Thomson's Agamemnon, Impromptu, on a Lady who had passed some time in playing with a very young Child,	684
Epigram on seeing two Persons pass by in very different Equipages,	ib.
Epigram on a certain Lord's passion for a Singer,	ib.
A Simile on Prior, applied to the same person,	ib.
On an Amorous Old Man,	ib.
On I. H. Esq.	ib.
A Fragment,	ib.
Cupid and Hymen; or, the Wedding-day,	685
Epigram written at Tunbridge Wells, 1760,	687
An Ode in the Masque of Alfred,	ib.
THE EXCURSION. in Two Cantos,—	
Canto I.	688
Canto II.	692
AMYNTOR and THEODORA; or the HERMIT, Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield,—	
Preface,	695
Lines to Mrs. Mallet,	696
Canto I.	697
Canto II.	701

Vol. IX.

	Page
Canto III.	703
Truth in Rhyme. Addressed to the Duke of Marlborough,	707
Lines to the Author. By Chesterfield,	708
Advertisement,	ib.
To the Author of the preceeding Poem. By S. J. Esq.	709
The Discovery. Upon reading some Verfes, written by a young Lady at a Boarding-School, September 1760,	ib.
The Transfiguration. In imitation of Milton's Style,	710
Verfes written for, and given in print to a Beggar,	711
The Reward; or, Apollo's acknowledgements to Charles Stanhope. Written in 1757,	ib.
Tyburn. To the Marine Society,	712
Zephyr; or the Stratagem,	714
Edwin and Emma,	716
Extract of a Letter from the Curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of the preceeding poem. To Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick,	717
On the Death of Lady Anson. Addressed to her Father,	ib.
A Funeral Hymn,	718
To Mira, from the Country,	ib.
A Winter's Day. Written in a state of melancholy,	719
Prologue to the Masque of Britannia,	ib.
Inscription for a Picture,	720
Song,	ib.
To Mr. Thomson, on his publishing the second edition of his Poem, called Winter,	ib.
William and Margaret,	721
Epitaph on Mr. Aikmen, and his only Son; who were both interred in the same grave,	ib.
Epitaph on a young Lady,	ib.
Song. The Birks of Endermay,	722
Thomson's Verfes to Miss Young,	ib.

3 M

WORKS OF AKENSIDE.

	Page
THE Author's Life, - - -	725

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

Advertisement to the First Edition, - -	733
The Design, - - -	734
Book I. - - -	735
Book II. - - -	740
Book III. - - -	746
Notes on the Three Books of the Pleasure of Imagination, - - -	751

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

The General Argument, - - -	756
Book I. 1757, - - -	ib.
Book II. 1765, - - -	762
Book III. 1770, - - -	768
The Beginning of Book IV. 1770, - -	772

ODES.

Book I. Ode I. Preface, - - -	773
Ode II. N ^o I. For the Winter Sol- stice, 1740, - - -	ib.
N ^o II. On the Winter Sol- stice, 1740, - - -	774
Ode III. To a Friend unsuccessful in Love, - - -	775
Ode IV. Affected Indifference, - -	ib.
Ode V. Against Suspicion, - - -	776
Ode VI. Hymn to Cheerfulness, - -	ib.
Ode VII. On the use of Poetry, - -	777
Ode VIII. On leaving Holland, - -	778
Ode IX. To Curio, - - -	779
Ode X. The Muse, - - -	780
Ode XI. On Love. To a Friend, - -	ib.
Ode XII. To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bart. - - -	781
Ode XIII. On Lyric Poetry, - - -	782
Ode XIV. To the Hon. Charles Townshend, - - -	783
Ode XV. To the Evening Star, - -	ib.
Ode XVI. To Caleb Hardinge, M. D. -	784
Ode. XVII. On a Sermon against Glory, - - -	ib.

	Page
Ode XVIII. To the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Huntingdon, - -	785
Book II. Ode I. The remembrance of Shak- speare, - - -	787

Ode. II. To Sleep, - - -	788
Ode III. To the Cuckow, - - -	ib.
Ode IV. To the Hon. Charles Townshend, - - -	789
Ode V. On Love of Praise, - - -	790
Ode VI. To William Hall, Esq. - -	ib.
Ode VII. To the Right Hon. Benja- min Lord Bishop of Winchester, -	791
Ode VIII. - - -	792
Ode IX. A Study, - - -	ib.
Ode X. To Thomas Edwards, Esq. -	ib.
Ode XI. To the Country Gentle- men of England, - - -	793
Ode XII. On recovering from a fit of sickness, - - -	794
Ode XIII. To the Author of the Memoirs of the House of Branden- burgh, - - -	795
Ode XIV. The Complaint, - - -	ib.
Ode XV. On Domestic Manners, [unfinished] - - -	799
Notes on the two Books of Odes, - -	ib.
Hymn to the Naiads, - - -	797
Notes on the Hymn to the Naiads, -	800

INSCRIPTIONS, EPISTLES, &c.

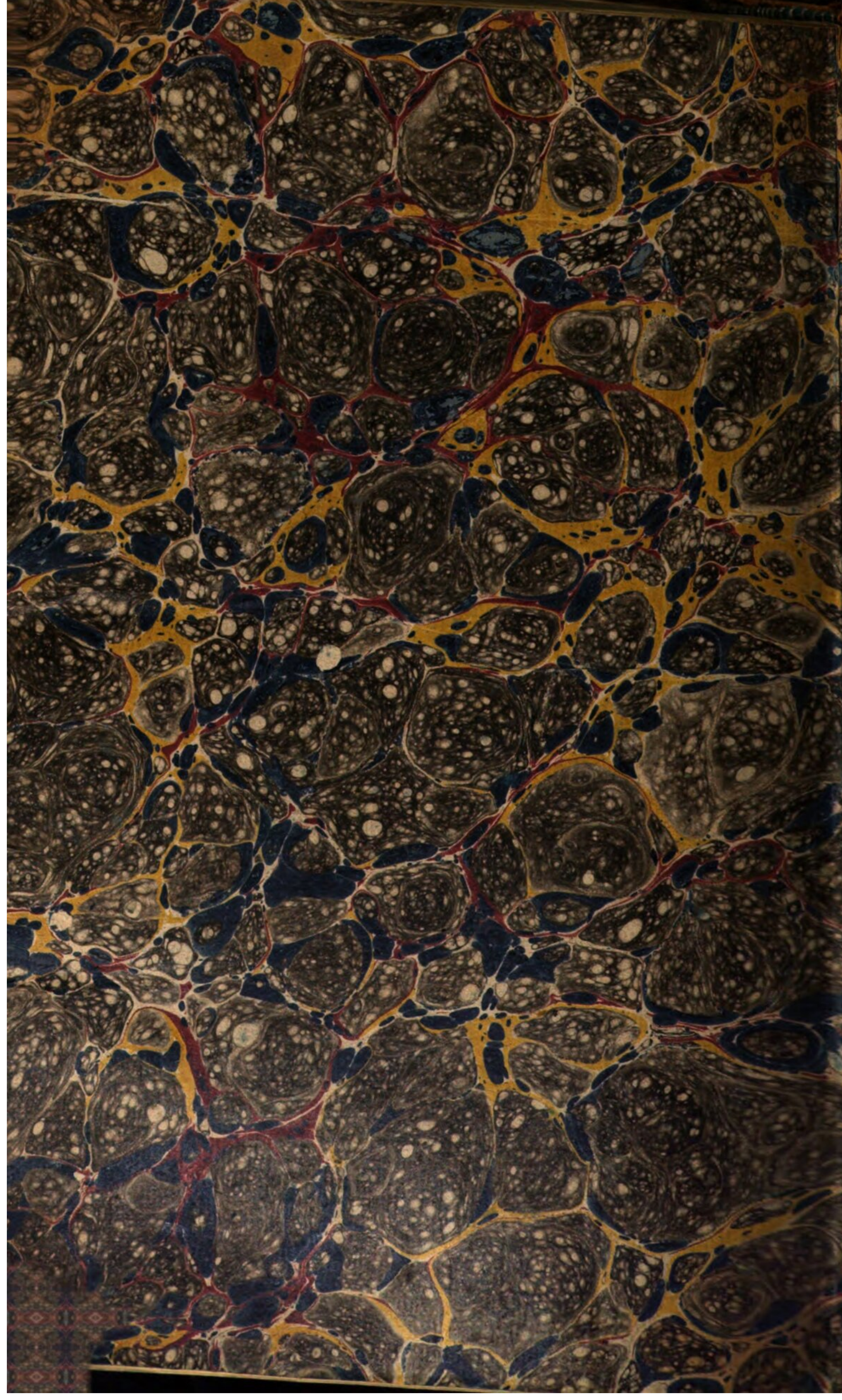
I. For a Grotto, - - -	803
II. For a Statue of Chaucer at Woodstock, -	ib.
III. Whoe'er thou art whose path, &c. -	ib.
IV. O youths and virgins, &c. - -	804
V. Gulielmus III. Fortis Pius, &c. - -	ib.
VI. For a Column at Runnymede, - -	ib.
VII. The Wood Nymph, - - -	ib.
VIII. Ye Powers unseen, &c. - - -	ib.
IX. Me though in life's sequester'd vale, -	ib.
Epistle to Curio, - - -	805
Love. An Elegy, - - -	808
A British Philip; occasioned by the in- sults of the Spaniards, and the present preparations for war, 1738, - - -	809
Hymn to Science, - - -	810

WORKS OF HARTE.

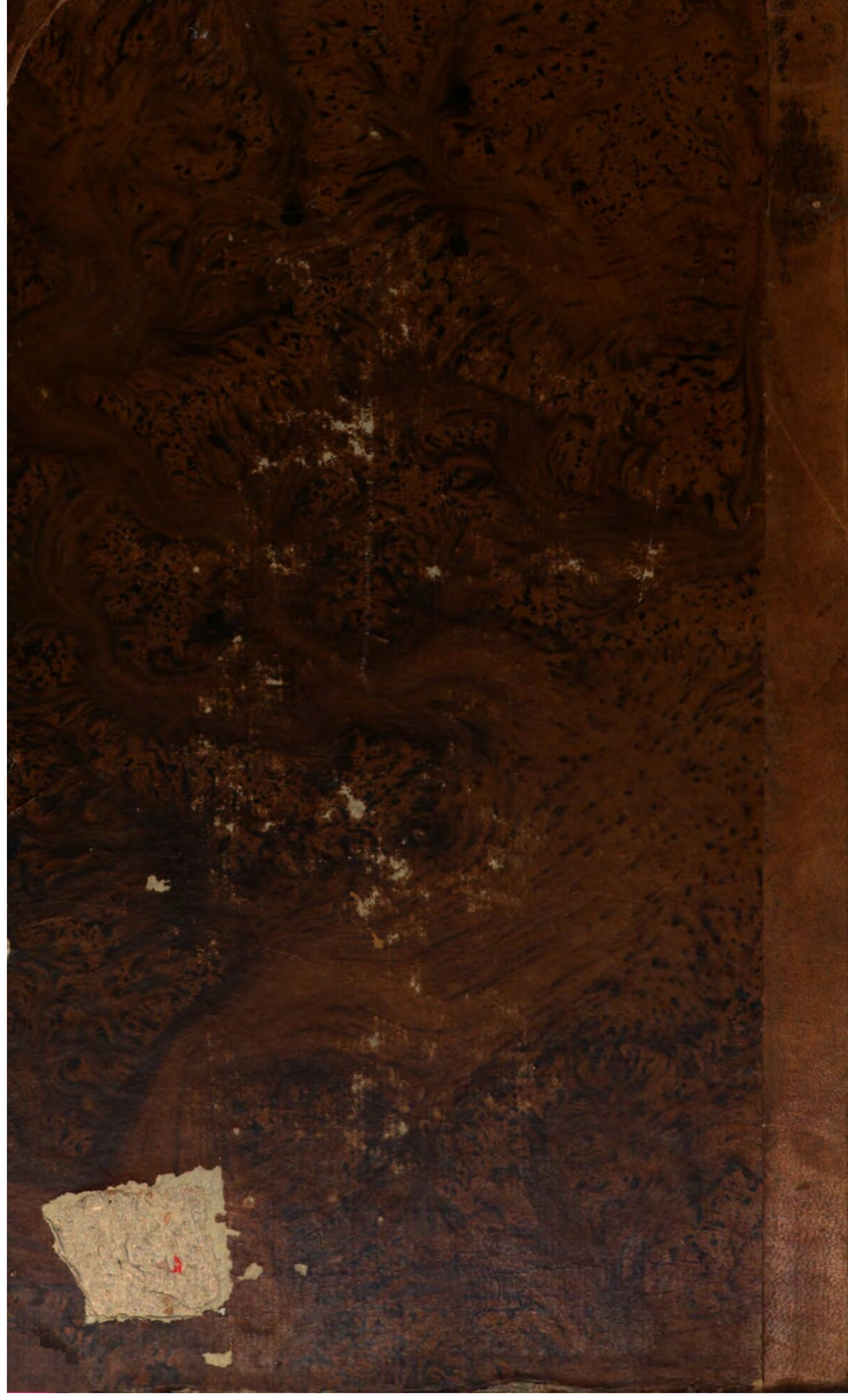
	Page		Page
The Author's Life, - - - -	815	To Mr. Pope, - - - -	835
Dedication to the Right Hon. Charles Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, -	819	The Sixth Thebaid of Statius, - -	836
Advertisement, - - - -	ib.	Notes upon the Sixth Thebaid of Statius, -	846
An Essay on Painting. To the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Pembroke, - - -	820		
An Essay on Satire; particularly the Dun- ciad, - - - -	825		
TRANSLATIONS, PARAPHRASES, &c.		DIVINE POEMS.	
Acontius to Cydippe. From Ovid, -	927	Dedication to the Reverend Mr. Hildrop, Master of Marlborough School, - -	852
Part of Pindar's First Pythian Ode Para- phrafed, - - - -	831	Psalm CIV. Paraphrafed, - - -	ib.
The Epifode of Orpheus and Eurydice. Translated from the Fourth Georgic of Virgil, - - - -	832	Psalm CVII. Paraphrafed, - - -	853
To the Right Honourable Lady Hertford, upon the Birth of Lord Beuchamp, -	ib.	To my Soul. From Chaucer, - - -	854
The Army of Adraftus and his Allies, marching from Argos to the Siege of Thebes. From the Fourth Thebaid of Statius, - - - -	833		
A Simile on a Set of Tea drinkers, -	ib.		
The fame diversified in Ancient Metre, -	ib.		
A Soliloquy, occasioned by the Chirping of a Grafshopper, - - - -	ib.		
The Story of Arethufa. Translated from the Fifth Book of Ovid's Metamorpho- fes, - - - -	ib.		
Angerianus de Cælia, Epig. 40, - -	834		
Cupid Mistaken. From the Sports of Cu- pid, written by Angerianus, - - -	ib.		
To a Young Lady, with Mr. Fenton's Miscellany, - - - -	835		
To the Prince of Orange, on his passing through Oxford, on his Return from Bath, - - - -	ib.		
		FABLES, VISIONS, EMBLEMS, &c.	
		Preface, - - - -	ib.
		Chrift's Parable of the Sower, - -	855
		The Ascetic: or, Thomas à Kempis. A Vision, - - - -	857
		Contentment, Industry, and Acquiescence, under the Divine Will. An Ode. Writ- ten in the Alpine parts of Carniola, 1749, - - - -	864
		The Vision of Death, - - - -	866
		The Courtier and Prince. A Fable, -	872
		The Enchanted Region: or, Mistaken Plea- fures, - - - -	876
		Eulogius: or, the Charitable Mafon. An Hiftorical Fable, - - - -	878
		Macarius: or, the Confessor. An Epiftle to the Rev. Dr. Robert Hort, Canon of Windfor, - - - -	886
		Boetius: or, the Upright Statesman. A fuppofed Epiftle from Boetius to his Wife Rufticiana, - - - -	889
		Religious Melancholy. An Emblematical Elegy, - - - -	896
		Meditations on Chrift's Death and Paffion. An Emblem, - - - -	899

WORKS OF HART

Page		Page	
817	To Mr. Pope.	815	The Author's Life.
818	The Sixth Theban of Statius.	816	Dedication to the Right Hon. Charles Earl
819	Notes upon the Sixth Theban of Statius.	817	of Pembroke and Monmouth.
	DIVINE POEMS.	818	Advertisement.
	Dedication to the Reverend Mr. Hildrop.	819	An Essay on Painting. To the Right Hon.
819	Master of Marlborough School.	820	Thomas Earl of Pembroke.
820	Plains CIV. Paraphrased.	821	An Essay on Satire; particularly the Dan-
821	Plains CV. Paraphrased.	822	cial.
822	To my Soul. From Chaucer.	823	TRANSLATIONS, PARAPHRASES, &c.
823	TABLES, VISIONS, EMBLEMS, &c.	824	Accession to Cydippe. From Ovid.
824	Præface.	825	Part of Pindar's First Pythian Ode Para-
825	Chiff's Parable of the Sower.	826	phrased.
826	The Absence of Thomas à Kempis.	827	The Epistle of Orpheus and Eurydice
827	Vision.	828	Translated from the Fourth Georgic of
828	Commentary, Industry, and Asceticism.	829	Virgil.
829	under the Divine Will. An Ode. With	830	To the Right Honourable Lady Hertford.
830	top in the Alpine parts of Carthage.	831	upon the Birth of Lord Bessborough.
831	1740.	832	The Army of Adria and his Allies
832	The Vision of Death.	833	meeting from Ager to the base of
833	The Countess and Prince. A Fable.	834	Thence from the Fourth Theban of
834	The Enchanted Region: or, Mithras Plan-	835	Station.
835	et.	836	A simile on a set of Tea-drinking.
836	Enigma: or, the Charitable Nation. An	837	These are divided in Ancient, Modern,
837	Historical Fable.	838	A Soliloquy, occasioned by the Chipping of
838	Mithras: or, the Conqueror. An Epistle	839	a Christian.
839	to the Rev. Dr. Robert Hurd, Canon of	840	The story of Arcturion. Translated from
840	Windsor.	841	the Latin Book of Ovid's Metamorpho-
841	Boccius: or, the Knight's Sonnetman. A	842	logue.
842	Imagined Epistle from Boccius to his Wife.	843	Advertisement to the Gallic Epic, &c.
843	Rafines.	844	Advertisement. From the House of Ca-
844	Rafines. An Epistle.	845	ried, written by Aristarchus.
845	Epistle.	846	To a Young Lady, with Mr. Fenton's
846	Advertisement on Chiff's Death and Pillow.	847	Advertisement.
847	An Emblem.	848	To the Prince of Orange, on his passing
		849	through Oxford, on his return from







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